The World's Columbian Catholic Congresses

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Brother Maurelian, on behalf of all Catholic Educators, greeting Monsignor Satolli, special delegate to represent Pope Leo XIII. at the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition.

MONSIGNOR O'CONNELL. ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI. BROTHER MAURELIAN.

. . . THE . . .

World's Columbian Catholic Congresses

WITH AN

EPITOME OF CHURCH PROGRESS

CONTAINING

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE

EMBRACING

Official Proceedings of all the Chicago Catholic Congresses of 1893, giving in full the Addresses delivered by Monsignor Satolli, Apostolic Delegate; His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; Archbishop Ireland; Archbishop Corrigan; Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand; Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Monsignor Nugent, of Liverpool; Reverend P. J. Muldoon, and Honorable C. C. Bonney, of Chicago.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN EPITOME OF CATHOLIC CHURCH PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

ALSO

Furnishing complete accounts of the various Diocesan Exhibits, Religious Teaching Order Exhibits, Individual Exhibits, Classification of Exhibits by Dioceses, Parish Schools, Academies, Colleges, etc.

Catholic Education Day at World's Columbian Exposition

WITH

Addresses by Most Reverend P. A. Feehan; Most Reverend John J. Hennessy; Most Reverend P. J. Ryan; Honorable Morgan J. O'Brien, of New York; Honorable Thos. J. Gargan of Boston, and others.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

Published with the approbation of His Grace, The Most Reverend Archbishop of Chicago.
Preface by Rev. P. J. Muldoon.

CHICAGO:
J. S. HYLAND & COMPANY.

IMPRIMATUR:

✠ Patrick A. Feehan,

Archbishop of Chicago.

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CHICAGO.

PREFACE . . .

THE period of the World's Columbian Exposition has been one of pleasure and education. Shortly, according to present indications, not only the exhibits will be returned, but also the magnificent palaces on the shore of the great lake will be destroyed. Those who have enjoyed the privilege of a visit to the wonders of Jackson Park will bear with them a life-long blessing. The millions of our countrymen who have been unable to avail themselves of this great educational exhibition must enrich themselves by such printed accounts as American enterprise may place within their reach.

In the name of these many millions we hail with gratitude, not only the volumes descriptive of the Fair in its exhibits, its architecture, and its landscape features, but also the works bearing upon the congresses, and special days at the Fair, for these latter contain the ripest erudition of the Old and New World.

The present volume has the worthy aim of giving a wider audience to the Catholic Congress held during the past summer, and of affording sound instruction on that most important subject, Catholic education, through the speeches of Education Day. The guides upon mountains have spoken wisely and well, but save through the instrumentality of such a volume how narrow the audience!

The various congresses were watched with interest, attended in large numbers, and reported in a princely manner, but none received such marked attention from people and press as the Catholic Congress. From the opening prayer to the last word of the strong resolutions, the halls were filled, and seeds were sown that no doubt will one day bear rich fruit. Notwithstanding all this, a feeling of sadness steals in the heart, when we consider that the congress convenes after many trials, difficulties, and expense; listens (without discussion) to admirable papers, and adjourns, trusting to the enterprise of publishers to continue the work of the congress by placing the essays before the people. In its sessions, all is vitality, but after adjournment, there is no

organization to spread abroad that vitality and render practical the suggestions that have been wisely made in various channels of charity and education. We reflect, how justly we leave others to decide, would it not be practical and extremely beneficial to have as an adjunct of every such congress a permanent committee or organization to nurture the good seeds, and make daily more manifest the glory of the spouse of Christ in her charity, strength, intelligence, organization, and unity.

This volume will, in a small way, supply such a need, hence we most affectionately wish it a godspeed on its apostolate, for if God blesses good books, how fruitful must be the benediction bestowed upon a work avowedly Catholic.

Besides the work of the Catholic Congress, this volume presents the admirable speeches on Catholic education delivered in Festival Hall on Catholic Education Day. The educational question is one of the questions of the day. It can not be thrust aside. There is a necessity for sound doctrine on this important topic. In these speeches the Catholic will more clearly understand the true reason for the Catholic school, and non-Catholic will readily perceive that conscience and not bigotry prompts Catholic parents, who value the souls of their children above their bodies, to eagerly make every sacrifice to enrich their offspring with the choicest of legacies, the faith of Jesus Christ. After perusing these strong and sound speeches, Catholics will more cheerfully bear the double burden, and the opponents may pause and question, "Well, after all, is not the position of the Catholic Church logical?" To Catholics and dissenters these burning words must have more than transient effect.

The Columbian Exposition gloriously surpassed all former efforts in the same line, and unmistakably the Catholic Church never worked so energetically or displayed herself so conspicuously to engage the respect, admiration, and love of the world as in this Exposition. All classes and creeds, some in praise, others in criticism, announced that the Catholic Church had caught every inspiration, and had taken advantage of every opportunity. We feel that this was nowhere more conspicuously patent than in the Catholic Educational Exhibit. Catholics visited the section, and beheld in astonishment the abundance, variety, and general perfection of the exhibit. They departed proud that they were of the fold, and silently promised to be more generous in the future in aid of the good cause. Non-Catholics found their way to the Catholic exhibit, and some willingly, others spitefully, pronounced it a revelation, a lesson, and a herculean task wonderfully well accomplished. The Catholic educational display has advanced among Catholics at one bold stroke the cause of Catholic education a quarter of a century, and among non-Catholics it has undoubtedly dissipated prejudices that in the usual flow of events would not have been obliterated in fifty years.

Listen to the statement of the *Popular Educator*, published in New York. "The parochial-school system has scored a point at the Fair, giving much good reason for the erasure of the past criticism that parochial schools teach sewing and catechism. Sewing and beautiful embroideries and water-color drawings are there, to be sure, making the aisle rich with tints, but there is also plenty of good work in the line and apparently according to the methods of the public schools." (Nov., 1893.)

The Chicago Herald of June 5, 1893, says: "In the southeastern section of the Manufactures Building, on the gallery floor, is an exhibit which should attract the attention and excite the admiration of all good people, be they Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, or the people who are responsible for the show. The Catholic Educational Exhibit is the feature referred to. It is not intended as a religious propaganda; it is simply a material exposition of what the people of one great faith can do in the way of promoting humanity and the world's progress. All together, when fully installed, the Catholic Educational Exhibit will be one of the most interesting features of the great Fair." We might quote indefinitely from non-Catholic sources the highest encomiums passed upon the exhibit, but we refrain, and beg to place before you the kind and strong commendation of Dr. Selim H. Peabody, the Chief of the Liberal Arts Department. From his official capacity and his intimate knowledge with the various exhibits in his department, his judgment implies far more than that of any other.

In his speech of reception of the exhibit from Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D. D., as president of the Catholic Exhibit, Dr. Peabody was frank and generous to state that he considered the Catholic Educational Exhibit not only one of the choicest of his department, and a revelation to the American public, but also one of the great features of the Exposition. At another date, in response to Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D. D., who presented the Educational Exhibit of the Archdiocese of Chicago, he said: "It affords me much pleasure to be present to-day, as I stand before you, the Chief of the Liberal Arts Department, to receive in the name of the great Columbian Exposition the Chicago Educational Exhibit. None save those who have labored in this field can value the vast amount of labor of such an exhibit, and one so neat, and so tastefully arranged. Without flattery, I can honestly say and feel that the compliment is justly given that the Chicago Exhibit is the gem of my department. We may have different views in school policy, still I feel that all true educators will be greatly benefited by our entire Educational Exhibit. You may see what we are accomplishing and we may examine the result of your school system. The result of such intercourse in the Exposition will be a broader conception of education and a larger love for all who are tending to one end, namely, to make our youth holier, truer scholars, and better citizens."

We feel it incumbent upon us to record the written testimony of the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Francis Satolli, D.D., made after a careful scrutiny of the exhibit. It is as follows: "I admire the evidences of good methods of teaching in so many branches of instruction, but most particularly do I admire the perfection of all the work exhibited. I regard the Catholic Educational Exhibit as the glory of the church and Catholic institutions. The whole American country will appreciate it."

These encomiums from such eminent educators crown the Catholic Educational Exhibit with laurels that years will render more beautiful and significant. The year 1893 will be the turning point in educational life. The difficulties of the past for Catholics have been many and severe. Thank God, as the country has prospered, we, one-sixth of its population, have shared in its prosperity, and our opportunities were never better, or our difficulties fewer than at present, and hence we may consistently hold fast to the safe-teaching "Catholic education for Catholic children." Since we have accomplished so much in our infancy and with limited means, may we not justly cherish brighter hopes for our Catholic schools in the near future, even if totally deprived of state aid, justly ours but unjustly withheld? We consider that such hopes are well founded, because our people are richer and better educated, our churches at least partly built, and our schools throughout the country partially in operation. Let us then cherish the fond hope that no very distant day will behold free Catholic schools, thoroughly and consistently Catholic, open to every Catholic child in America. It will be accomplished though, only through the faith that prompts to works. That faith which teaches the wealthy to give generously of their abundance, and inspires the poor to make sacrifices to put their children within the influence of the best of all knowledge, the knowledge of God.

We trust that this volume may aid in the movement to render our schools more numerous and more finished, by imparting the true meaning of education to those who should assist in the good work.

CHICAGO, November 16, 1893.

P. J. MULDOON,
Holy Name Cathedral.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY

OF THE

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

CHICAGO 1893.

GENERAL OFFICERS:
President—Charles C. Bonney.
Vice-President—Thomas B. Bryan.
Treasurer—Lyman J. Gage
Secretaries—{ Benj. Butterworth. / Clarence E. Young.

Chicago, June 8, 1894.

MESSRS. J. S. HYLAND & Co., Publishers, Etc.,
323 Dearborn Street, City.

Gentlemen:

I have examined with much interest the large and handsome volume recently issued from the press under the title of "The World's Columbian Catholic Congresses and Educational Exhibit," with the Imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, and a preface by the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago. You have by this publication rendered an important service, not only to the Catholic Church, but to the general American public which manifested so deep an interest in the proceedings of the Catholic Congress. You have thus made easily accessible the addresses delivered and the papers read before the Congress, many of which were characterized by remarkable eloquence, liberality and learning It is universally admitted that the Catholic Congress held at Chicago last year, was one of the most important and commanding of the great series of World's Congresses which will make the year 1893 illustrious in human history.

Containing as it does the very Cream of Catholic thought it will be of even greater interest to the Protestant public than to Catholics, for it will show to the former the hardships and persecutions through which the Catholic Church of America has come into the perfect, civil and religious liberty which is now enjoyed under the Constitution of the United States, alike by Catholic and Protestant, by Jew and Gentile.

The full account of the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, adds much to the interest and completeness of the work.

Wishing you a large and satisfactory circulation of your publication, I am, with much respect,

Very sincerely yours,

Charles C. Bonney.

President of World's Congresses, 1893.

. . . FROM HIS GRACE . . .

Francis Archbishop Satolli,

Delegate Apostolic.

The Catholic University,

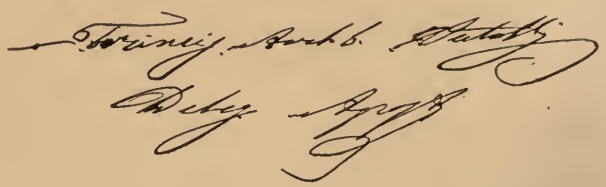
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 15th, 1893.

MESSRS. J. S. HYLAND & Co.

DEAR SIRS:

Allow me to express my thanks for the copy of the "Catholic Congress Edition of the Columbian Jubilee" you so kindly sent me. As you have received so many other congratulatory letters from so many distinguished Prelates, I can do nothing better than adopt their sentiments, and, in conclusion, express my deep appreciation for your work, and my sincere hope for its deserving success.

Believe me, Yours truly,



"This volume will supply a need, hence we most affectionately wish it a godspeed on its apostolate, for if God blesses good books, how fruitful must be the benediction bestowed upon a work avowedly Catholic."—*Chancellor Muldoon in Preface.*

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THE second Catholic Congress of the United States was held in the great and prosperous city of Chicago, Ills., September 4–9, 1893, and offers a noble landmark in these outlines of the career of Holy Church on American soil.

The busy Western metropolis had been the theater, during the summer months, of a stupendous "World's Fair" of arts and industries, held under Government auspices in honor of the quarto-centenary of the discovery by Christopher Columbus. Visitors from all nations thronged to this Columbian Jubilee—an appropriate title for such a grand Catholic assembly—and advantage was taken of the occasion to hold a series of congresses of more than national interest, the beautiful Art Palace provided by the Exposition authorities being devoted to their sessions. Here, accordingly, was held the Catholic Congress, which was the Mecca, from day to day, of vast crowds of the faithful, and was honored by such an attendance of our prelates and clergy as were never before present at an assembly of the kind. In many respects, indeed, the gathering was unique even in the history of the Church of God, and in the addresses and papers delivered on the occasion, the more relevant of which are here presented, may best be learned the

inspiration, the aims, and the glorious work of the Columbian Catholic Congress, as it was officially styled.

On the morning of September 4th, the first day of the assembly, the Holy Sacrifice was offered in its behalf at St. Mary's church—the oldest and formerly the cathedral parish of Chicago—in the presence of H. E. Cardinal Gibbons, the Most Reverend Archbishop of the diocese, and many illustrious prelates and priests, besides the body of the delegates who were to participate in the Congress. The Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. J. Dunne of Chicago, with Rev. J. Ballman of Sag Bridge as deacon, and Rev. J. P. Dore as sub-deacon. The discourse of the occasion was made by Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Chancellor of the Chicago archdiocese, as follows:

SERMON OF WELCOME.

Your Eminence, Most Reverend Archbishops, Right Reverend Bishops, Very Reverend and Reverend Brethren of the Clergy, Brethren of the Laity: Through the graciousness of my superior, the greatest pleasure of my life, and an honor never to be forgotten, has been placed within my keeping. It surpasses me to rise to the full dignity of this occasion, and to welcome, in terms appropriately tender and sufficiently strong, this vast congregation of the priests of the Most High and brethren of the laity assembled together, not for self-glorification, but to seriously discuss weighty and pregnant subjects, and to solve, as far as possible, vexatious questions crying aloud for a solution. To your Eminence, to Archbishops, Bishops from home and abroad, to the very reverend and reverend brethren of the clergy, and a host of brethren of the laity, in the name of our most worthy Archbishop, I can declare no more than, brethren of the Faith, accept and share our good will and our hospitality; accept and share the hospitality of Chicago, justly termed, by her progress and generosity, the "Queen of the North and the West."

REV. P. J. MULDOON, CHANCELLOR OF CHICAGO ARCHDIOCESE.

Genuine and broad as this expression is, permit me to briefly place before you other reasons why you should recognize that you are at home here and with your own in numbers, in thought, and in works.

Chicago, my friends, stands unique in city building and challenges the world in the progress with which God has blessed her. Sixty years ago Chicago meant a lonely fort upon the banks of a muddy stream; to-day she is the admiration of two hemispheres. And forget not that Catholic hearts and Catholic hands have not been inactive during these three-score years, and as proof over one hundred churches within the boundaries of our city open wide their portals and beg you, during your stay, to make them your own, and one-third of the population of this mammoth city joins in one profound chord of proud welcome and extends to you the hand of fellowship, saying "we are one in faith, in motives, and in interests."

Yet more: not alone does Catholic Chicago greet you, but the entire commonwealth speaks in no uncertain terms to this as to every other Congress to the World's Fair city, for this is our year of jubilee, this our day of joy, this our time of reception. But to whom

SCENE AT THE ART PALACE, CHICAGO.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN CATHOLIC CONGRESSES IN SESSION.

more appropriately than to Catholics could the word of good cheer, "Hasten and partake," be extended, for Catholics, and Catholics alone, are the only representatives of that Church which had being, when he who to-day is revered with unheard-of praise set forth to discover the Western world. Catholics listened to his projects, strengthened his hands, and made possible by their aid and encouragement our meeting in Chicago to-day.

Besides, it seems you enter upon a soil permanently your own, for hear you not the feeble voice of the humble Jesuit missionary lying upon a rude couch in a ruder dark hut? He appears to say in dulcet tones, "Thank God you follow where I have led. Chicago should be the home of Catholicity before aught else, for I was the first white man who looked upon its foundations, first blessed its soil, and from my heavenly home I to-day bless and welcome you and pray God that your deliberations may be fruitful in the extension of that Faith which two hundred years ago I preached on this very spot to the red men who were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death." Again, sixty years ago, through the exertions of our Father St. Cyr, the first church whose spire received the kiss of the sun, rising out of the bosom of Lake Michigan, was Catholic and dedicated as St. Mary's of the Lake.

Yet more, the spirit of kinship entices you nearer and forbids a halt in any exterior sanctuary, for the White City waves its flags in joy, and Columbus, the saintly Catholic mariner, in triumphal chariot comes to greet you, and the mighty Exposition proclaims in power beyond ten thousand tongues the glorious works of Catholic peoples and individuals. The aroma of Catholic life is so clearly discernible in this greatest undertaking of the 19th century that every nook and corner voices the sentiment, "Rejoice and be glad, all Catholics who enter here; rejoice and be glad, for the same genius that made the Church the mother of art, the fosterer of education, the protector of the poor and defenseless, reigns triumphant here." From the Catholic chapel on the south, a picture of Catholic times, redolent of Catholic life and art, and surrounded by the famous caravels with the Immaculate Virgin upon the prow of the Santa Maria, as if now keeping vigil over the destinies of the New World as when guiding Columbus on his first voyage, away to the villages on the north, and from the Liberal Arts Building on the east to the Woman's Building on the west, all manifest in grand unison by the works they contain the broadness, the liberality, and the genuineness of Catholic teaching, and proclaim anew the Church to be the salvation of all that is best for man.

This unsurpassed Columbian Exposition places a new gem in the crown of Mother Church, for no object lesson of the greatness and universality of the Church has within modern times been placed so impartially and publicly before just and inquiring minds.

Above all this, my friends, another sturdier reception awaits you from the truth-seekers throughout the world. Assembling for the amicable discussion of important and pertinent subjects, and especially at this time, when all avenues lead to Chicago, and when the wires radiate every item of interest to the extremes of the earth, you hold the attention of the entire truth-seeking world. And no matter how bitterly at times the Church may be or may have been assailed, she has at all times commanded, and does at present command, the respect of the majority of intelligent mankind. This vast audience, seeking something higher and more permanent than is at present within its grasp, wishes you Godspeed, for it comprehends that your aim is to better and assist humanity. The poor, the rich, the educators, the American citizens all appear with upturned faces, hoping from you for some new inspiration, appealing to you for some potent consolation, awaiting patiently the portrayal by you of the richest ideas for the man and the citizen. They greet you with the heartiness of those who have long gazed wistfully for the white sails upon the ocean's bosom, and they pray with the fervor of the interested that God may direct your thoughts and keep your words strong for righteousness, clean from personalities, healthful to the wounded and inspiring to the negligent.

What a pulpit to preach from, and what an intelligent, numerous audience to listen. This is surely an opportunity of a century! Beg, then, the Holy Ghost to enlighten your minds and strengthen your hearts during the Holy Sacrifice, that the pure and undefiled teaching of the Church, in statement and in application, may worthily proceed from your lips. None save God can possibly count the vast influence this representative body must necessarily and naturally exert, not upon Catholics alone but especially upon our non-Catholic brethren. Leaders of one-sixth of the entire population of America, spokesmen of ten millions of free people, assisted by worthy representatives from other nations, surely the outcome of your deliberations will be something extraordinary in the religious world.

Purblind indeed would we be did we not interpret the signs of the age aright.

A magnificent, a wonder-working century. Old ideas have been torn asunder, theories made principles or cast to the winds. Every fiber of American life speaks of energy and perseverance, and if not at all times progress, at least mutation, generally indicative of at least the desire of progress. So much for the material side, but can we predicate the same general onward movement in the social and moral life? We fear not. The same unrest prevails—the same mutation is under way, but alas, how frequently does it remain a pure mutation without progress. The materialism and humanitarianism have impregnated the spiritual, and the cry for light which we hear on all sides is all the more poignant and its echo resounds more sadly mournful, because we detect in it so much of materialism and pure humanity, unregenerated by the grace which makes the human at least in part divine.

We hear this mournful cry in various forms. One blinded to higher things boldly announces that no provident eye watches over the poor and that the poor man must be a providence to himself. Another asks what is religion, or is there any religion? Again we hear an unfortunate shipwrecked mariner proclaim that we should wipe out entirely the idea that man can be saved by dogma, and in its place preach the eternal truth that man is saved by his character and that creed and dogma dwindle into insignificance in comparison with character. Who shall pour oil upon these troubled waters? Quis medicabit? Who except the sons of that Church founded by Christ to heal the wandering, wounded nations until the consummation of the ages? New dogmas are not necessary. Within the dispensary of the Church are medicines potent enough to heal the ills of those unfortunates, but oh, how tender, how delicate, must be the hand that will apply them.

The Church of saints and martyrs is more than equal to the delicate task, but only through her devoted children in the practical, everyday exercise of two virtues, always a part of sanctity — namely, self-sacrifice and activity. Yes, my friends, self-sacrifice, which signifies more than leading Christian lives and strict adherence to the dogmas of the Church. This is stationary Christianity. The monks of old and the confessors of the Faith went forth and brilliantly illustrated the beauty of Christianity by their teachings, and the people converted their neighbors by their heroic acts of charity. Our heart rejoices at the outlook, for self-sacrifice opens up an expansive field to the missionary in the United States, but oh, how narrow and how galling to human pride and sloth is the path that leads thereto and the paths that intersect this field of gold in an infinity of directions! To curb our own passions is only elementary; we must cut deeper, bring purer blood; aye, we must penetrate to the very center of our life and give a portion of this life to the stricken and needy, and then, and then only, will the hungering, inquiring multitude turn to us as guides and leaders in a noble cause, and petition us to know the Spirit that moves us into such arduous fields, and, knowing, they will kneel and adore.

Such abnegation implies activity. No sluggard can be found within the ranks. The watchwords of the age are "to do and dare," and since ours is the merchandise of Heaven, shall we falter in the competition? The words of the Spanish philosopher may be justly here applied:

"The little minds which do not carry their views beyond a limited horizon; bad hearts which nourish only hatred and delight only in exciting rancor and in calling forth the evil passions; the fanatics of a mechanical civilization, who see no other agent than steam, no other power than gold and silver, no other object than production, no other end than pleasure; all these men, assuredly, will attach but little importance to the observations which I have made; for them the moral development of individuals and society is of little importance; they do not even perceive what passes under their eyes; for them history is mute, experience barren, and the future a mere nothing. Happily, there is a great number of men who believe that their minds are nobler than metal, more powerful than steam, and too grand and too sublime to be satisfied with momentary pleasure.'

Far be it from me to criticise the noble efforts of contemporaries in spreading Faith or to reflect upon the past. Their works are their monuments. The past century of Church work is a wonderful foundation; but the future, what possibilities! The superb magnificence of the opportunity turns the head, and must set ablaze the heart of every Catholic. We can not live on the glory of the past; ours it is to raise the walls upon the foundations and leave to another generation the ornamentation of the edifice. When souls are to be saved and when generous, honest souls are hurrying hither and thither in the shadow of death, following foolishly phantom lights, who will rest, who will spare the sacrifice and sit with hands piously folded pronouncing the idle word, "enough"? None; for we expect the reward of the Master who acted so generously

toward the one who had not folded the talent in the napkin. We must labor valiantly, that those following the deceptive glare of false teaching may be brought within the vivifying influence of the Light of the World, and their gain will be our reward.

For these various reasons, my dear brethren, we welcome you; the needy in moral and intellectual life we welcome, and Christ, who promised reward for the smallest act in His name, draws you nearer to His Sacred Heart and blesses and welcomes you.

On the conclusion of the sacred services the delegates marched in procession to the Art Palace, the Cardinal and other dignitaries accompanying in carriages. These were welcomed at the door of the beautiful edifice by President Bonney of the World's Congress Auxiliary, and other officials, and in a very few moments the Hall of Columbus, designated for the larger assemblies, was filled in every part. The decorations were rich and appropriate, the colors of the Sovereign Pontiff being conspicuous.

THE FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS

Were promptly inaugurated by Hon. W. J. Onahan of Chicago, Secretary of the Committee on Organization, who said:

Gentlemen, and I am happy to add, *Ladies*—for there are ladies among the appointed delegates to the Catholic Congress: It is my pleasant and honorable duty, representing the committee on organization, to call to order the Columbian Catholic Congress, which I now cordially do. The first words to be addressed to you are naturally words of hearty welcome. By no one may those words be more graciously or more appropriately spoken than by the venerable and Most Reverend Archbishop of Chicago.

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN'S WELCOME.

Members of the Catholic Congress—both the ladies and the gentlemen composing it: It is for me a most happy occasion that it becomes my duty, in the name of the Catholic body of this city, and also in my own, to welcome you to Chicago. You are assembled here from various portions of our country, not only from the parts that are near but also from the most remote. You must have been brought together by a strong, high motive, as you are bound together when you come here by the strongest of all bonds, that of a common Faith. You come in the spirit of our Faith, actuated, directed by our Faith. You come not to question or to affect, in any way whatever, the ancient Faith and discipline of the Catholic Church, but you come to discuss some of the great questions and problems of life and of our time that are intimately connected with, and that spring from, the teachings of our Catholic Faith. There are no questions of our time more interesting or more important than those that are on the programme of the Catholic Congress.

We have that great question of the independence of the Holy See: you have that great question—one of the greatest of all—that of Catholic education. Then you have the great social questions of the day, the ideas of which have been taken, in a great measure, at least, from the encyclicals of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. You come here then with very grave responsibilities. You come, as it were, as the center of the Catholic Church. You come representing its thought, its life, its interests. You do not represent yourselves individually, nor do you represent any special theories or fancies of individuals of our times; but you represent parishes, congregations, bishops, whole dioceses, great States—you represent all these vast and mighty interests, and as a vast body you represent at least the ten million members of the Catholic Church, if not more. You come then as if to a great center. You come as brave, wise men to discuss great questions for the interests of those millions.

You don't come to please yourselves; you don't come for the mere pleasure of coming, nor for recreation, as so many multitudes are coming just now to our city, though these need not be excluded; but you come principally for that grand, high work that has been placed in your hands of looking after the interests that are involved in some of the great questions that will be discussed and spoken of in this assembly. You assemble here to day in a high spirit of loyalty to the Catholic Church, of loyalty to its supreme pastor, Pope Leo XIII. You come together as sons of the great head of the Faith. You come mindful that God's Church is your great mother, and, as the loyal sons in a family will always uphold the dignity and honor of the family, so will this vast assembly

uphold before the whole world the honor, the nobility, and the dignity of the Catholic Church. Not less are you concerned for the interests of our common country. The men of other lands are to-day, and to-morrow will be, looking to the results of this Catholic Congress in Chicago. The world is full of agitation. Men's minds are everywhere active, and men in every civilized land to-day and to-morrow will be looking forward to know and to see what free men in a free land can feel and think about the great questions that are agitating our times, and that are everywhere pressing for a solution. You have then at heart the honor and the dignity of the Church and of the whole Catholic Faith. You will watch over them carefully in your addresses and in your deliberations. We know and believe, all of us, earnestly and firmly, that no word will go out to the world from this Catholic Congress that will wound or offend in the slightest degree the Catholic conscience or Catholic feeling of our people throughout the United States.

We know that all your deliberations will be guided by that Spirit under which you have sat to-day. Within an hour or so you have been in God's presence and in his temple, and you have asked the Spirit of God to come down to your souls and guide your deliberations. We all hope that the Spirit of God and the Spirit of light will be with you, and that everything you say or do will be guided by that high, strong fidelity of Catholic sons to our Catholic Faith, and that everything you say or do will be distinguished by the dignity and the harmony that we have the right, as we have every reason, to expect from this great representative body of the Catholic Faith and the Catholic people. You will have the pleasure now of hearing from Mr. Bonney, the gentleman who has been the life and soul of all these organizations and congresses, except the Catholic Congress, connected with the great Exposition.

Hon. Chas. C. Bonney, who is a non-Catholic lawyer, then delivered what may be termed the "official" welcome:

PRESIDENT BONNEY'S ADDRESS.

Officers and Members of the Columbian Catholic Congress: In the name of the World's Congress Auxiliary, organized to conduct the moral and intellectual part of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893; and in the name of the Government of the United States, which invited all nations to participate in the congresses to be held under the auspices of the Auxiliary; and in the name of fifty millions of non-Catholics who love justice and believe in equal religious liberty for all men, I salute you and bid you welcome. This memorial building, and every facility which the World's Congress Auxiliary can command, is most cordially offered for the purpose of your Congress.

That a great change has come in the relations of the Catholic Church and the Protestant churches with each other is known throughout the world. That this change has largely increased human happiness and has in many ways promoted the cause of peace and progress is also widely acknowledged. A brief reference to some of the leading causes of this change seems, however, especially appropriate to this occasion, and may serve to strengthen the gracious bonds of charity and affection which are now gently drawing nearer and nearer to each other all the various branches of the great family of mankind. Of those causes the benign spirit of the new age should first be named.

Descending from the sun of righteousness this spirit of progress is filling the whole earth with its splendor and beauty, its warmth and vivifying power, and making the old things of truth and justice new in meaning, strength, and energy to execute God's will for the welfare of man.

Among the secondary causes of the change to which reference has been made there are several which it seems a duty as well as a pleasure to recall on this occasion. The noble and successful work of the Catholic Church, in the field of practical temperance reform, first attracted the attention and won the sympathy of the Protestant people of America.

The new Catholic movement for the relief and elevation of the toiling masses, which culminated in the great Papal encyclical on the condition of labor, deepened the interest of the Protestant world in the work of the Catholic Church and excited the love and admiration of many non-Catholics. The new Catholic activity in the extension of higher education is another cause of the better relations which have recently been established. For science and art and literature are of no sect or creed. They belong to man, whatever may be his political or religious views, and are bonds of fraternity everywhere. Over the grave in which was buried the dead strife of former generations the

LEO XIII.

apostles of the new age have clasped hands in a new pledge of fidelity in the pursuit of learning and virtue, and the life that is called charity.

There is one important particular in which the ideas of Catholic educational leaders are in peculiar accord with the original American doctrine of popular education. The third article of the great ordinance of 1787, for the government of the territory of which Chicago is the metropolis, declared that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

Not knowledge only; not knowledge and morality merely, but religion, morality, and knowledge, sacred trinity of the powers of human progress, are essential to the proper education of the people.

The new apostles of Catholic progress have become especially endeared to enlightened Protestants. Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, can hardly be more beloved nor his loss more sincerely mourned within the Catholic Church than without its fold. His gracious and earnest words on "Protestant Dissenters," "Disinherited Christians," "Blameless Ignorance," and "Unconscious Catholics" won for him and the Catholic Church hosts of friends outside of his own communion.

In America the work of his brother cardinal, His Eminence James, Cardinal Gibbons, honorary President of this Congress, has been equally auspicious. His book on "Our Christian Heritage," in which he gladly holds out to Protestants the right hand of fellowship for union against the common foe, commends him eloquently to them as well as to his own brethren.

The burning words of His Grace Archbishop Ireland in the advocacy of temperance, education, social purity, and every moral virtue have made his name and Church household words in many Protestant homes.

When a Catholic bishop like Bishop Spalding of Peoria, speaking for Catholics, says, "We love liberty, we love knowledge, we love truth, we love opportunity; and forgetting nationality, forgetting sects, forgetting all save God's image in every human being, we would uplift men by uplifting humanity," millions of Protestant hearts respond, Amen! Amen!

But a greater agency of union and progress still remains to be named—the illustrious head of the Catholic Church, Pope Leo XIII., than whom no more able, enlightened, and benign pontiff has borne the name of Holy Father in a thousand years. Like the morning bell of a new age, his earnest words, in speaking of the American people, are: "I love them and I love their country. I have a great tenderness for those who live in that land, Protestants and all. Under the constitution, religion has perfect liberty, and is a growing power. Where the Church is free, it will increase; and I bless, I love Americans for their frank, open, unaffected character, and for the respect which they pay to Christianity and Christian morals. My only desire is to use my power for the good of the whole people—Protestants and Catholics alike. I want the Protestants as well as the Catholics to esteem me." Is it any wonder that Pope Leo XIII. is respected and beloved by the Protestants to whom these words were addressed?

On the Protestant side similar causes have been at work, producing similar results. The time now at command will not permit a presentation of these results, but it may suffice to say that it has culminated in the arrangements for the World's Religious Congresses of 1893.

Blind, indeed, must be the eyes that can not see, in these events, the quickened march of the ages of human progress toward the fulfillment of the divine prophecy of "one fold and one shepherd," when all forms of government shall be one in liberty and justice, and all forms of faith and worship one in charity and human service.

With these sentiments I greet and welcome the Catholic Congress of 1893.

The most generous applause, which only needs mention here, had accented the various addresses so far, being raised to the point of enthusiasm by the following beautiful

ADDRESS OF H. E. CARDINAL GIBBONS.

What an inspiring and consoling spectacle is this! Whether I consider the magnitude of your numbers or your representative character—for you represent almost every State and diocese and city of the Union—or whether I contemplate the intelligence that beams on your faces, I can not but exclaim: This is a sight well calculated to bring joy and gladness to the heart of American Catholics.

During the past four months millions of visitors have come from all parts of the United States, nay, from every quarter of the globe, to contemplate on the Exposition

grounds the wonderful works of man. They knew not which to admire more—the colossal dimensions of the buildings, or their architectural beauty, or the treasures of art which they contained. The caskets and the gems were well worthy of the 19th century, worthy of the nations that brought them, worthy of the indomitable spirit of Chicago. Let us no longer call Chicago the windy city, but the city of lofty aspirations. Let me christen her with another name—let me call her Thaumatopolis, the city of wonders, the city of miracles. And the director-general, with his associates, deserves to be called the Thaumaturgus of the enterprise.

But while other visitors have come to contemplate with admiration the wonderful works of man, with the image of man stamped upon them, you have come here to contemplate man himself—the most wonderful work of God, with the image of God stamped upon him. Others are studying what man has accomplished in the material world. You are to consider what man can accomplish in the almost boundless possibilities of his spiritual and intellectual nature. You will take counsel together to consider the best means for promoting the religious and moral, the social and economic well-being of your fellow-citizens.

It is true, indeed, that your deliberations will not be stamped with the authority of legislative enactments, like the proceedings of Congress and the decrees of a national council. Nevertheless they will go far toward enlightening public opinion and molding and shaping public thought on the great religious, moral, and social questions of the day.

When I look into your earnest and intelligent faces I am almost deterred from imparting to you my words of admonition. But you know well that we clergymen are in the habit of drifting unconsciously into the region of exhortation, just as financiers drift into the region of dollars and cents and figures. I may be pardoned, therefore, for giving you a word of advice. In all your discussions be ever mindful of the golden saying of St. Vincent Lerins: "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas: In essentials, unity; in doubtful things, liberty; in all things, charity." Happily for you, children of the Church, you have nothing to discuss in matters of faith, for your faith is fixed and determined by the divine Legislator, and we can not improve on the creed of Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

But between the calm and luminous region of faith and the dark and chaotic region of error there lies a vast field for free discussion. I should be very sorry that any member of this Congress should attempt to circumscribe this free space by erecting his little fence of ipse dixits, and saying to all others: "I am Sir Oracle; thus far you shall come and no farther." Let all your proceedings be marked by courtesy and charity, and by a spirit of Christian forbearance toward each other. Never descend to personalities. Many a delicious speech has lost its savor and been turned into gall, because a few drops of vituperation had been injected into it. The edifice of moral and social improvement which you aim to build, can never be erected on the ruins of charity.

Perhaps the best model of courtly dignity and courtesy that I could set before you is W. E. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man. I happened to be in the House of Commons in 1880, when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, as he is to-day. A very long debate was going on regarding taxation. The ministry were in favor of transferring a tax from the grain to the malt and of relieving the farmer at the expense of the brewer. It was a measure that would bring joy to the heart of the Archbishop of St. Paul. A young lord on the opposition side was making a dreary speech to the effect that it was better to let well enough alone, and that the relations between the tax collector and the tax payer were of an amicable character and should not be disturbed. As soon as it was announced that Mr. Gladstone was going to speak, the house was suddenly aroused from its lethargy and was inflamed with enthusiasm. He was greeted with cheers. He had spoken but a few words when he was rudely interrupted by the young lord. Mr. Gladstone gracefully bowed to his opponent, receded a step, and sat down. When his lordship had finished he resumed his speech; he dissected his opponent with his Damascus blade; his lordship cheerfully submitted to the operation because the blade was pointed not with poison, but with honey.

"I have studied the subject of finance," said Mr. Gladstone, "under Sir Robert Peel. I have sat at his feet like Saul at the feet of Gamaliel. I am an old man and have not the sanguine temperament of my honorable young friend. And as for me, I never expect to see the day when the tax collector and the tax payer will rush into one another's arms and embrace one another."

God grant that our fondest anticipations of your labors may be realized, and that the invocation to-day of the divine blessing, which is so full of hope, may be crowned at the end of your sessions by a Te Deum full of joy and gratitude for the success of this

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

convention. As an earnest of this result I hold in my hand a letter which I had the honor to receive the other day from him who has been so beautifully and justly extolled by the preceding speakers. I hold in my hand a letter from His Holiness Leo XIII., and in this letter he pours out upon you all his apostolic paternal benediction. May the blessing of the Holy Father, may the blessing of Almighty God—his God and our God, his Father and our Father—descend upon you all and upon your deliberations. May his blessing enlighten your minds and inflame your hearts and be a happy earnest of the harmony and union that will dominate all your proceedings.

Following is the translation of the letter of the Holy Father referred to in His Eminence's address, and which was then read to the Congress by Hon W. J. Onahan:

POPE LEO'S GREETING AND BLESSING.

Leo XIII., Pope: To our Beloved Son James Gibbons by the Title of Santa Maria in Trastevere Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Baltimore, Beloved Son: Health and apostolic benediction. It has afforded us much satisfaction to be informed by you that in the coming month of September a large assembly of Catholic gentlemen will meet at Chicago, there to discuss matters of great interest and importance.

Furthermore, we have been specially gratified by your devotion and regard for us in desiring, as an auspicious beginning for such Congress, our blessing and our prayers. This filial request we do indeed most readily grant, and beseech Almighty God that by his aid and the light of his wisdom he may graciously be pleased to assist and illume all who are about to assemble with you, and that He may enrich with the treasures of his choicest gifts your deliberations and conclusions.

To you, therefore, our beloved son, and to all who take part in the Congress aforesaid and to the clergy and faithful committed to your care, we lovingly in the Lord impart our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-three and of our pontificate the sixteenth.

LEO XIII., *Pope.*

The temporary organization of the Congress was then announced by Mr. Onahan, as follows:

Temporary chairman, Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien of New York.

Secretaries, James C. Lawler, Prairie du Chien; Professor James F. Edwards, University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and James F. O'Connor and John M. Duffy of Chicago.

This was speedily followed by

JUDGE O'BRIEN'S ADDRESS AS CHAIRMAN.

Gentlemen: The official call issued by the committee on organization, which has been printed and is now in the possession of all the members present, relieves me from the necessity of stating the objects of this Congress. That call defines and limits its scope to the consideration of the social question, to which has been added that of Catholic education and the independence of the Holy See. As stated in that call, "permanent and effective results and enduring benefits are looked for at our hands as a fitting outcome of this memorable assemblage of Catholic intelligence and Catholic earnestness." No more fitting time or place could have been selected than the present to give expression to those sentiments which, as Catholics, we hold in common, and for the purpose of consulting upon those measures which are of most importance to our Church and country. This city has been selected by the Nation as the place to celebrate by a Fair which, in its proportions and beauty, surpasses all that the creative genius of man has attempted or accomplished, and the event thus celebrated has been fraught with such momentous results and happiness to man as to make it the most memorable in the history of civilization. Naturally our minds go back to that event through the vista of years; we see the march of progress, the development of material and mechanical triumphs, and above all the struggle for emancipation and freedom, which has finally culminated in the freest government the world has ever seen. When we remember how, over the trackless ocean, Columbus and his little band of followers came, soon to be succeeded by others who, penetrating impenetrable forests, removed the physical obstacles to development; how they established, through their religion, zeal, and courage, society and government and laws, and how they finally threw off a foreign yoke and established an independent Government upon a foundation which

guarantees the fullest and greatest freedom to the individual, and how to these were added commerce and art, poetry, eloquence, and song, it becomes a just subject for pride to all those who had any hand in producing such magnificent results.

If any justification were needed for our assemblage here to-day it is furnished by the recollection that it was a Catholic monk who inspired Columbus with hope; it was Columbus and a Catholic crew that first crossed the trackless main; that it was a Catholic queen who rendered the expedition possible, and that it was a Catholic whose name has been given to the entire continent. Ay! more than this, the early history of our country is the history of its Catholicity. And the Catholic names given to the early discoveries in the four quarters of our country attest the fact that Catholics were the discoverers. And it is impossible to read the history of our country without recalling the exploits of Ponce de Leon, Cartier, Balboa, Marquette, De Soto, Melendez, La Salle, Champlain, and others whose names can never be obliterated, because molded in enduring brass upon the massive gates of the capitol at Washington; nay, more, the very soil on which this city stands was sanctified by the great missionary, Marquette, who was here in 1674 to 1675, and whose body even now rests on the opposite shores of Lake Michigan. How fruitful of good results his works were, may be known by recalling a single fact that to-day, in Chicago, the spires of more than a hundred Catholic churches glisten in the morning sun. We can, moreover, truthfully say that not a land was found, not a mountain crossed, not a valley entered, or a stream forded, but Catholic missionaries led the way. And wherever from the depths of primeval forests cities, towns, and States sprang up; where, instead of the savage, there appeared men longing for freedom, there will we find the mark of the missionary's footsteps. And from that time down to the present, whether groaning under the iron heel of despotic rulers, whether amidst the trials of our revolutionary struggle, whether amidst the wars that succeeded wherein the autonomy of our nation was threatened, there, sharing with their fellow-countrymen in the trials and tribulations and in the subsequent triumphs, were to be found the Catholics.

Our country, therefore, is doubly dear to us. We were here at its first discovery, we participated in its struggle for civil and religious liberty, and in turn have participated in its glories and enjoyed peace, security, and happiness. It is more dear to us, because in this land above all others the old Faith has fair play. Its schools, its churches, and its cathedrals are not the result of the contributions of unstable governments, but are the gratuitous offerings of more than ten million of freedmen.

We fully realize, however, what has been said by a great writer, that a nation, like a man, may live to the fullness of its time or perish prematurely by violence or internal disorders.

The world knows of but two principles of government. One, the power of the sword sustained by the hand that wields it; the other, the power of the law sustained by a virtuous people. Or, differently expressed, there is the principle of force and the principle of love. Our form of government being a republic is essentially founded upon the virtue of its citizens, and this foundation can neither be weakened nor destroyed without threatening the entire social structure. The early discoverers of America, as well as our revolutionary forefathers, were imbued with strong religious principles upon which alone virtue can be grounded, and this, added to their hardy and physical natures, laid the foundations and gave the impetus to that splendid civilization which is now the heritage of all.

While, therefore, glorying in our triumphs and proud of our wonderful development, we could not, if we would, fail to discover those dark and ominous clouds which hover over our national firmament and which are the inevitable forerunners of a violent storm. The presence of these clouds is not difficult to account for. The hardy and rugged virtue of our forefathers no longer exists; for the history of our country will show that the moral decadence of our people has kept rapid pace with the augmentation of our material prosperity. That we have steadily advanced materially is unquestioned; our towns, cities, and States have multiplied, our citizens have amassed wealth running into the millions and hundreds of millions; our corporations are striding a continent; but under the shadow of this magnificent prosperity we find incipient pauperism and discontent; men, women, and children without the necessaries of life, deprived of religion and education, and who are prevented from participating in those blessings which God seemingly intended for all.

The thoughtful statesman of America, the hopeful patriot, and the virtuous citizen knows and feels that the evils that menace our national prosperity—that the apparent social inequalities and the rights of capital and labor—can be reconciled in some way consistent with the preservation of law and order; in some way consistent with the

preservation of the rights of all, so as to prevent the outbreak of a class of men who are prepared to seize upon any occasion, and are seemingly mad enough in their fury to tear down the very constitution upon which our peace, our happiness, and our security depend.

We think the remedy is to be found alone in a return to those principles of virtue and religion with which our forefathers were imbued, and upon which our Government was founded, and which we think is alone needed to restore the original vigor of the nation. It must be remembered that materialism, infidelity, agnosticism, and other forms of irreligion have never been fruitful either in forming or perpetuating a state. Like all negative principles, there is included within them a principle of destruction; they are powerful in the direction of pulling down, but never of building up. And against irreligion, the implacable foe to our present civilization—whatever form it may assume—all those, whether Protestant or Catholic, who believe in the vital force of religion have a common ground upon which they can stand. Not only in this have we a bond of union with our Protestant countrymen, when in good faith these are engaged in disseminating virtue and religion, but also in general charities, which look to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, the sick, and the aged, as well as measures designed to suppress intemperance and gambling, and prevent the desecration of the Sunday. These are among the subjects which will receive consideration by this Congress, and it is in a spirit of generous rivalry—according to all the same religious freedom which we claim for ourselves—that we endeavor to discharge that duty which we owe to our Church and to our country. As stated in our call: "All men feel and admit that the present relations of labor and capital are strained and unreasonable; that civil and social order are seriously menaced, trade and business hampered."

Under such conditions, if but true to the principles which have animated our past and secured our present, we Catholics can render a signal service at this time to our country by suggesting the remedies for these evils which threaten our national existence, and which can be applied in a way consistent with vested rights and prevent outbreaks which would menace those blessings of life, liberty, and property which our constitution guarantees; thus again emphasizing our loyalty and devotion to that country whose interests are linked with every fiber of our hearts.

The deliberations of this Congress, therefore, are pregnant with important consequences to our Church and our country, and our proceedings will be watched with interest by all.

That the solution of the present social difficulties is to be found in the Catholic Church we know, for, as has been well said, "that Church is the friend of the poor, the champion of the oppressed and the downtrodden, the inflexible enemy to injustice of whatever kind wherever found, and is recognized as the synonym of authority, the foe to lawlessness, and the champion of law and order." Over the halls of this Congress, therefore, we will write the poet's words, so that all the ends we aim at shall be "our God's, our country's, and truth's."

Opportunity was given at this point to hear some of the distinguished prelates from foreign lands, the first of these who spoke being the Most Rev. Archbishop Redwood of New Zealand. He said:

A VOICE FROM NEW ZEALAND.

I shall ever consider this day as one of the happiest and most privileged of my life. Some months ago while I was in my diocese in New Zealand, I learned through the newspapers and through the very modest advertisements from this great city of Chicago, of the wonderful Columbian Exposition about to be held. I said to myself it would be a great pleasure, a great intellectual enjoyment, to be present at that great event, to see the marvelous productions of the human mind, to see the variety that has come forth from the genius of man; but I further said to myself that I have seen the greatest expositions of Paris and of London, and other parts of Europe, and that while no doubt this might be on a grander scale, still after all it is chiefly a manifestation of man's progress in the material world. Looking upon it in that light I made up my mind not to come.

But afterward I happened to hear that this Exposition was to be suddenly raised far above any other exposition ever known in the annals of mankind. I learned of the Auxiliary Congresses to be attached to this Exposition, and that other works of man were to be considered—that he was to be viewed in his mind, in his heart, in his soul; that man was to be viewed as a social being; and that in the Auxiliary Congresses all the most burning problems of the day were to be discussed by the most distinguished

members of the laity of the United States. They were to be brought together as one grand focus, whose light was to be turned upon the most burning and actual questions of the times. When I heard this I made up my mind that I should come. I said to myself that it was like going to school again. I told my people I was coming to Chicago to meet, as it were, the very élite of the human mind, in the very center of the most intellectual life of the great Republic, of the great Union of man, governed by a vast democracy that is now wielding, you may say, the scepter of progress and of the world. But I never thought I would have the honor and the privilege of addressing this attendance. I intended to come as a listener. I wanted to hear what was said upon all the great questions of the day. I wanted to be abreast of the times, for I think every bishop and archbishop should be abreast of the times, or rather that he ought to be before the times.

Perhaps some of you may think New Zealand is still a land of cannibalism—a land in which you expect to find in every house good provision of roast missionary. But we are a progressive people in that far-off land; there we venture on experiments and try issues very quickly. We are, in fact, the world's experimental country. Some of those things which you are discussing here—for instance the eight hours' day—has been in existence in New Zealand for some years. I said to myself no doubt in that wonderful American country, where there is so much freedom and such determination for progress, where the characteristic of the people is a horror of routine, I must naturally hear suggestions and see new lines of thought open before me—new solutions of grave questions, and therefore, if I have to keep myself abreast of the times and *a fortiori*, if I have to go before the times, there is no place I can visit so appropriate to obtain correct information on burning subjects of the hour as at the Columbian Exposition of Chicago and the World's Congress Auxiliary. Then another thought struck me—that such a meeting of the élite of the Catholic intellect, both ecclesiastical and lay, must prove a great instrument for the progress of our holy religion which every missionary and every bishop has so deeply at heart. I said what we want in the 19th century is to see the Catholic Church everywhere, to see her penetrate into all kinds of assemblies, to see her make herself known; for if she were only known the whole world would be at her feet—that is, the world worthy of our consideration. It is because she is not known that she is often maligned in good faith. Well, we have to make her known, and where is it more possible to make her known better, to bring her focus of light into the most progressive country in the world? Here we meet to discuss the different problems of the day. We will show her influence in the great questions of education and labor and finance. I say the Church should be heard in every kind of public assembly. When the shackles of prejudice are passed from the human mind she must stand forth in her innate beauty. I have come nine thousand miles to assist in this assembly, and it is one of the proudest privileges in my life to take part in it.

Following this Archbishop from Britain's remotest colony came the words of him who is pastor in her mighty capital of London. Monsignor Nugent of Liverpool was present to act as spokesman for the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and thus delivered the message entrusted to him:

FROM THE SEE OF WESTMINSTER.

My Lord Cardinal and Ladies and Gentlemen: I stand here as the messenger of congratulation and of the deepest interest of Cardinal Vaughan in the great Catholic work which will take place in this city during this week; but before I read his letter I wish to express how much I have felt those tender and affectionate references that have been made during the last two days to the illustrious and late lamented Cardinal Manning. When it was conceived of having a Congress of English-speaking people he was one of the first who was consulted upon the matter. The first proposition was that it should be held in London, but he, with his wonderful grasp of character, knew that with our crippled ideas and habits this was the true field for the expression of the Catholic mind upon all those great social questions which are the very root, not only of religion but of the stability of society. It has been my lot to have worked with Cardinal Manning, closely and intimately, and to have shared his confidence since the year 1853; and when I go back I shall be able, I trust, to place an immortelle upon his grave of the expression, the Catholic expression, aye, the universal expression, of honor for the deep interest which he took in the people, irrespective of creed or nationality. Cardinal Vaughan has been brought up, I may say, under his wing, and he has commissioned me thus to convey his sympathy.

Mgr. Nugent then read the following letter:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S. W., Aug. 15, 1893. *My Dear Mgr. Nugent*:—As Mgr. Gadd is not going to the States, I shall be much obliged if you will kindly represent me at the Columbian Catholic Congress. Kindly express as publicly and as heartily as you can the deep interest with which I follow the life and conduct of the Catholic Church in the United States. The interest is quickened by the personal relations of friendship which I have long since been happy enough to establish for myself among many of the clergy and laity in America. I rejoice to witness the Catholic Church entering thus deeply into the foundation and structure of the great civilization, which is covering so vast an area of the world's surface. The great social problem, which is the problem of our day, can only be solved by the action of Christianity. The American Church knows this, and the efforts which its cardinals and archbishops and bishops are making in this direction are most instructive to us here in England, who pursue our way, perhaps, rather more slowly, though traversing the same path, amid similar difficulties. Pray, therefore, express my own admiration and appreciation of the noble Catholic efforts which are being made at the present moment in Chicago. The Church has only to be known in order to be esteemed. A great service to religion and to the American people and to the advance guard of modern civilization is rendered by the determination of the American hierarchy to present the Catholic Church as distinctively modern in character, as she is venerable and ancient—to present her to the people as "of yesterday, to-day, and forever." Believe me, dear Mgr. Nugent, your faithful and devoted servant,

HERBERT CARDINAL VAUGHAN,
Archbishop of Westminster.

Continuing, Mgr. Nugent said:

My Lord Cardinal, I have been asked to say a few words, but this is not the time. when that clock already tells me it is ten minutes after one; but if I might express my feelings briefly I would say: Gentlemen, you have come from the different parts of this country and have before you a high mission. All over the world the struggle at present is how to lift up our people and to make them take their social position, and, just as they rise in the social scale, to remember they have duties to perform. If we have to build up our people and to save them from the terrible dangers that surround them in modern life, it must be by successful laymen remembering their social duties, and that after success comes terrible responsibilities, and that the more we succeed in the world the heavier and deeper are those responsibilities.

This ended the introductory exercises, when the following committee was appointed on organization:

D. B. Bremner, Ill.; William P. Breen. Ind.; Francis T. Furey, Pa.; Jeremiah Fennessy, Mass.; M. Smith Brennan, Del.; L. V. O'Donoghue, N. Y,; Michael Brennan, Mich.; P. P. Connor, Mo., and John B. McGorick, N. Y.

From the many able papers read in the Congress during this first day, the place is given to that of Dr. R. A. Clarke of New York, on

COLUMBUS; HIS MISSION AND CHARACTER.

Because of his exalted mission and character, America and the world honor Columbus. Not the least of these honors is this assembly of the second Catholic Congress of the United States at this fair city of Chicago.

That Columbus had a high and mighty mission is proved by four grand and salient facts in his wonderful career. First, he foresaw and foretold his mission; secondly, he trained himself especially for it throughout his life; thirdly, he undertook it—the most startling of human enterprises; fourthly, he achieved it.

The mission and character of Columbus are so thoroughly blended and interwoven, yet so admirably composed of varied and divergent forces, all united in a grand entirety, that it is impossible to view them separately—I shall treat them as an unique and majestic unit. They are one in origin, nature, kind, and caste, and mutually dependent in their harmonious action and great results. They are like a vast and graceful celestial rainbow, spanning the heavens, resting upon hemispheres, analyzing yet blending the beautiful rays of the sun, and sustained by the moisture from land and ocean. Such a phenomenon is not so beautiful in its parts, as grand and majestic in its whole. Such are the mission and character of Columbus, containing like the seven radiant prismatic colors, seven transcendent features: First, the inspiration; second, the preparation;

third, the faith; fourth, the apostolate or mission; fifth, religious zeal; sixth, the undertaking; seventh, the accomplishment.

Systems of worlds and universes, moving and harmonizing in boundless space, are grand and majestic evidence of creative and almighty power and glory. But what is the physical universe, what are countless centers and systems of universes, to that incomparable creation, that moral and intellectual being, superior to all matter—man? What are they to man, the lord of planets, worlds, and systems, and under whose dominion and for whose use they have been created by the Omnipotent? Regent of the King of Kings? Viceroy of the kingdom of heaven? Minister of the supernatural? United to the Godhead by a Savior becoming man; the price of a Savior's blood; himself both patriarch and prophet, priest and crusader!

Human history shows how man's genius, courage, intellect, ambition, powers of conquest, have explored, discovered the earth, and adorned with every culture this planet-inheritance he received from his heavenly Father. But what would mankind have been without that heroic caste of character and achievement, which the leaders and heroes of the race have exerted to best and greatest results? What, without those venerable patriarchs of old who, standing midway between heaven and earth, have been the law-givers of the soul—a Noah, to rescue the race; a Moses, to lead it to the promised land; a Solomon, to guide it by his wisdom; a David, to teach the royal road of penance; a Peter, laying the foundation of the Papacy; a Paul, to convert the nations; a Thomas Aquinas, to expound the mysteries of Christian theology; a Patrick, to convert a nation of saints and scholars; a Thomas-a-Becket, to uphold the law and die for it; an Ignatius, to create the link between the old monasticism and the modern religious; a Leo XIII., to expound the higher and the social law to men? And what without a Constantine, to see the cross and believe; an Alfred the Great, to found the Christian commonwealth on the unwritten law; a St. Louis, to show how a ruler can be a saint; a Washington, to emancipate his country?

The heroes of the race ennobled it by their works until a world seemed explored and conquered in its vast proportions. Mankind, in the midst of such achievements and conquests and in the fulness of time, produced a type of the race, a hero, a leader, a true Christian gentleman; a link between the middle ages and the new epoch which he himself inaugurated; the blended representative of ages mediæval and modern; science and faith, united in him, harmonized; child of the Church; antagonist of every popular superstition; crusader, ambitious to redeem the holy sepulcher; a sailor who voyaged to every corner of the known earth and, with true genius, declared that there was more to know and more to discover. So vast had been his travels and voyages that I might apply to him the verses of those English poets, Beaumont and Fletcher:

> There is a traveler, sir; knows men,
> Mariners, and has plowed the sea so far
> Till both the poles have knocked: he has seen the sun
> Take coach, and can distinguish the color
> Of his horses, and their kinds.

He was a man almost without scholastic or scientific learning, grasping the profoundest knowledge and revealing the most hidden truths to the incredulous learned; a man who united in himself the prophet and the explorer; a man who bravely lived down an ocean of reproach, ridicule, denial, and calumny; a man, from his boyhood, with a marked mission, which he religiously embraced, with an inevitable destiny, for which he sedulously trained himself; a man who believed in his destiny, who announced his mission and rested not, amid appalling obstacles, until he had fulfilled them both—Christopher Columbus!

Had he a mission? Yes, a mission of unequaled grandeur and beneficence. Every fact I am about to mention has a direct bearing on the mission and character of Columbus. Was he not born and reared in poverty, obscurity, and labor? A sailor from boyhood, the child of the seas for over twenty years, tempest-tossed, battle-scarred, shipwrecked, a voyager over the earth and encompassed by every temptation to crime—he emerged from such a life with his faith undimmed, his soul unsullied, his piety as tender as a mother's love, his filial affection and sense of duty unbroken, his whole character enriched with grace. Twenty-one years of utmost exposure to prevailing sin and profanity failed to tarnish the purity of his soul, and it was never known during his entire life that a profane or immodest word ever passed his lips. Father Arthur George Knight, the English Jesuit, said of him: "Few men indeed, perhaps only saints, have escaped like Columbus, with unwounded conscience from such turbulent scenes." When he arrived at Lisbon to commence his mission, a man of thirty years, his hair was gray with toil, hardship, danger, contact with peril and death, with sudden reverses and

personal escapes; but his heart was young and tender; his cheeks bore the blush of youth and modesty; his voice and speech, eloquent and melodious; his carriage, manly and graceful; his eye, vivacious; his stature, robust; his manners, dignified; his presence, engaging; his conversation, grave yet attractive; his presence inspired interest, inquiry, respect, sympathy, veneration, awe. Did he acquire these graces from a sailor's life on the Mediterranean in the 15th century, when a sailor's life was spent in strife with pirate, corsair, Mohammedan? This man of the sea, deprived of chapel, priest, sacrament at Lisbon, was early and late before the altar and the tabernacle; his form devoutly bent in prayer became familiar to the worshipers at the Lisbon Cathedral and the chapel of the Convent of All Saints. Was this the training he received amid the struggles and exposures of naval warfare and adventure on the seas? Did he arrive at Lisbon, after twenty years of seafaring, laden with the booty of captured pirates or of the merchant marine? No, he was poor and friendless. He met at Lisbon not a friend or acquaintance, except his younger brother Bartholomew, who, poor and friendless as himself, like him gained a precarious livelihood by the art of drawing maps and charts.

But there was something marvelous in Columbus, which proved his mission. This stranger, sailor, dreamer, without an introduction received a welcome into the good old social circles of the capital; in centers of nautical and maritime experience, science and distinction, he was welcomed and listened to; he became allied by marriage with three ancient and distinguished families—the Perestrellos, the Monizes, and the Aranas. But, stranger than all, this obscure mariner associated with the learned and the scientific men of his age, corresponded with scholars and scientists in different lands and harangued universities, prelates, ministers, and cabinets The palaces of capitals opened to him; he appeared at court and was the equal of kings and princes. He dictated terms to kings, and, with sybilline mysticism, repulses only enhanced the value of his secrets. There was a nobility, a royalty in his presence, in his associations, aspiration, and purposes of which history gives us no parallel in the lives of men. What is the mystery? What the secret of this interesting and progressive stranger?

Everything about Columbus, his striking personal appearance, which was imposing; his poverty, which never detracted from his dignity; his acquired and practical learning, which never affected him with the pretentions of pedantry; his affability, which never impaired a reserve that was ever remarkable and pleasing in his intercourse; his social qualities, which harmonized with his characteristic gravity; his thoughtfulness, which never disappeared in the busy intercourse of the world; his marked purpose, which gave to his movements the energy of immediate undertakings; a physiognomy, which seemed to reveal and yet conceal the inner movements of an ever active yet meditative mind; a profound and mediæval cast of religious devotion and contemplativeness, which inspired veneration and won for him the friendship of pious laymen, of dignified prelates, of secluded monks, and of sovereign pontiffs.

In him also, according to a tradition recorded by the Count de Lorgues, the five senses were trained to acuteness in a fine degree, as witnessed by the most acute hearing which enabled him to catch the first sounds of danger on the sea and of approaching storms. By the keenness of his sight, which enabled him to meet many a direful crisis on sea and land and to discern the minutest shades and differences and to measure distances in his pursuit of continents and worlds; by the refinement of his taste, which enabled him to study the qualities and properties of nature; by the delicacy of his sense of smell, which enabled him to scent in advance the odors of continents he was seeking, the perfume of their flowers, fruits, and forests, and the ozone of their atmosphere; by the nicety of his touch, which aided his studies in physics, and at night in sleep protected him from sudden personal danger, and enabled him to know of perils at sea from every movement of his ship. Of him it has been said: "Columbus possessed visibly the three theological virtues; he practiced constantly the four cardinal virtues: the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost were apparent in his life, and we find God admirable in him as he is always in his saints." Frugality, abstemiousness, neatness, purity of language, utter subjection of a temper naturally violent, charity in word and deed, and profound piety were among the qualities which marked him as a man with a high mission and which fitted him for its accomplishment. Such was his religious character and life that he spent much time in prayer, studied the Scriptures and the fathers with profound astuteness, observed the fasts and vigils of the Church, attended mass on shore every day, practiced vows, pilgrimages, and votive offerings, recited daily to the entire canonical office of the cloister, and wore, sometimes publicly and at others under the gaudy insignia of office, the coarse habit and girdle of St. Francis, and he was versed in theological, patristic, and ecclesiastical lore. He was subject to violent and excruciating attacks of illness, to a profound lethargy, and to visions occurring at periods and in

times of extraordinary disaster, misfortune, and illness—caused by excessive vigils, labors, and exhaustions of mind and body—occurring, as they did, in many of the most critical crises of his eventful life and career, and during these mental and physical prostrations, from his couch of illness and apparent death, he directed and navigated fleets in unknown seas, prosecuted voyages of momentous consequences, made and recorded observations and thoughts on the most new and startling phenomena of nature, and conducted enterprises of the utmost importance to mankind. He arose from such crises of health and approaches of death with a marvelous recuperation, which he and some of his biographers have regarded as miraculous.

The mission of Columbus was manifold, as is shown by his many transcendent achievements and services; by the services he rendered to religion, to science, and to humanity. His mission is proved by the absence of chance and by the manifest assumption by him of a great task; by his preparation and fitness for it; by its achievement. Strike from the history of mankind and from the present development of human affairs what Columbus undertook and achieved, the world will go back four hundred years; four hundred years of unprecedented progress in human culture, in civilization, in the humanities, in the arts and sciences, in the Christian missions and apostolate, in the practical application of the great principles of government and liberty, in commerce; in the arts of war and peace, in the efforts and approaches to the benign substitution of peaceful arbitration for human warfare, of progress in testing the inherent power of religion and of Christianity. As types only of all this, compare a caravan of camels loaded with Oriental products crossing the deserts for twelve months—compare it with the voyage of the modern steamship around the world, accomplished now in sixty-five days. Compare the slowly pacing camel itself with our modern steamship, now called the camel of the seas! Compare the first voyage of Columbus—three months and eight days in crossing the Atlantic—compare it with the same voyage accomplished now in five days, nineteen hours, and twenty-five minutes! From these pass to the comparison of higher and holier things; to the progress of mind, and soul, and humanity. It was Columbus who brought together those two great currents of human life which had run in different hemispheres, had never known each other, had never worshiped at the same altar. To achieve all this he had to discover a new world. Such was his mission. Such was his fulfillment.

Not only had Columbus such a mission in the design of Providence, but he was himself a firm and unswerving believer in that mission; that his mission came from God; that he was commissioned to do the work of heaven on earth. He announced his mission to the world, and he offered himself an ardent missionary to the apostolate of Christendom in bringing new and boundless realms, buried in ignorance of Christ and in heathenism, into the Christian fold. He announced a further, and what he esteemed a paramount purpose, of devoting his expected immense revenues from the Indies to the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher and the Holy Land and restoring them to the Christian world. These great objects he never lost sight of and he never ceased to aim at their accomplishment. In that solemn and characteristic act of his life, his last will, he commences with these self-dedicatory words: "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, who inspired me with the idea and afterward made it perfectly clear to me that I should navigate and go to the Indies from Spain, by traversing the ocean westwardly."

This avowal of his mission is repeated in many letters and writings of the illustrious admiral. The most solemn and sublime self-dedication to God and his work and to the Christian apostolate that a Christian layman could possibly make was that which Columbus prepared and addressed to the Spanish sovereigns before sailing on his fourth voyage, which was based upon a profound study of the Scriptures, and whose remarkable title was in itself a self-ordination: "Collection of Prophecies Concerning the Recovery of Jerusalem and the Discovery of the Indies." Therein he solemnly announced himself as one chosen of God from his earliest years for the discovery of the New World and the redemption of the Savior's tomb; that Providence had inspired him with study that educated himself for this work by leading him to embrace a sailor's life from the age of fourteen, to observe and ponder over the phenomena and secrets of nature and of the earth, and to study with eagerness the greatest work and chronicles in geography, cosmography, navigation, astronomy, and philosophy. He said that by those studies God had opened his mind "as by a hand," an invisible hand, and that he was thus inspired and consumed with the idea of discovering the New World and of opening the way to all Christendom. He reminds Ferdinand and Isabella: "I spent ten years at your august court in discussions with persons of great merit and profound learning, who, after much argument, ended by declaring my projects to be chimerical. Your Majesties alone had faith and constancy. Who can doubt that it was the light

derived from the Sacred Scriptures that enlightened your minds with the same rays as mine?" In this remarkable letter he extols the wondrous methods of the Holy Ghost, guiding the chosen instruments of Providence and educating them for their vocation and its accomplishment. He displays great learning in setting forth definite canons for scriptural interpretation, based upon St. Augustine, St. Thomas, St. Isidore, and Gerson.

He claims that his mission to discover a new world and its fulfilment was predicted by the inspired prophets; quotes the prophecies themselves, and then follows them up with cogent arguments, interpretations, and citations from the Fathers of the Church. This "ambassador of God," as the Count de Lorgues calls Columbus, self-dedicated by the very prayer with which he commenced every act of his life, and every writing of his pen, "Jesu cum Maria, sit nobis via," proves that he was always on the way, forever journeying toward a goal, an end, an achievement, perpetually laboring in his great mission. He chose for the companions of his sublime mission the immaculate Mother and divine Son; Jesu cum Maria!

Columbus, in the benign economies of Providence, and of Christian policy, and in the profound studies of philosophic history, has been likened to the patriarchs and prophets of old and the founders of states and nations. It is thus that he has been compared with Moses and David and with other patriarchs. The extraordinary and symbolical names he received in baptism and significantly bore and cherished, were both emblematic of his mission and prophetic of his vocation. Columbo, which means a dove, indicated his mission of peace, good-will, and salvation between the old Christian world and the new heathen world, which he discovered and went to convert. And Christopher means Christ-Bearer—not the ordained eucharistic priest, but, in another and exceptional sense, one who carries the living and teaching Christ, the brother, Redeemer, and Savior of man in his human, divine, and missionary personality, across continents and over oceans to other continents and oceans to the utmost boundaries of the earth. There was an ancient legend in Christian hagiography which, whether a reality or an ideality, derives its chief significance and value from its being prophetic of Christopher Columbus—the legend of St. Christopher, the patronal saint of Columbus, whose pagan name was Opheus.

Tradition, including Dr. Alban Butler's "Lives," makes St. Christopher a Syrian by nationality, a giant in stature, strength, and in prayer, miraculously converted from paganism and choosing the name of Christopher or Christ-Bearer, and after bearing Christ, symbolized in the Christian Faith, through Palestine, Asia Minor, and crossing oceans, with Christ upon his shoulders, he finally won the crown of martyrdom under the Emperor Decius. So truly prophetic was this legend of Columbus that after the latter had carried Christ across the Atlantic to unknown countries he had discovered, the legend seemed to loom up in sacred literature on account of the achievement of the great Christopher and then became merged in the reality. Even the image of the saint thenceforth bore the features of Christopher Columbus instead of the legendary saint, as was the case in the celebrated vignette in the map of Juan de la Cosa, in which also the literal name of Columbus was omitted, because it was rather represented by the image of the saint crossing the ocean with the Christ upon his shoulders, the features being those of Christopher Columbus, for it was he who carried the Redeemer's name across the ocean, as divinely expressed, "to them that have not heard of Me and not seen my glory."

The parallel between Columbus and Moses is equally or more striking. Both were living patriarchs of living races of men believing in the true God. Fifteen hundred years before the coming of Christ, Moses delivered the law of God to his people; fifteen hundred years after the birth of Christ, Columbus delivered the law of Christ to other worlds and continents which he discovered. Moses and Columbus were each forty years of age when they began the active missions they received from the same God. Both Moses and Columbus left wife and family heroically to perform the will of God. While the sea opened a passage for Moses to pass over, the ocean of darkness and storms, the then dread Atlantic, gave Columbus a first, a safe and gentle passage over its bosom. Moses gave the law of the covenant; Columbus announced the law of the New Testament. Moses appealed prophetically to the cross in the Greek Tau on the gateposts of the chosen people; Columbus carried the cross of Christ with him, saluted it, and planted it in the virgin soil, the cross made of mighty trees cut from primeval forests. Moses received repulses and even violence from his own people; Columbus endured the mockery and ingratitude of those he served. Both died in poverty—outcasts. Both reached the promised land and saw it. Moses was never permitted to enter it; Columbus never reached and never saw or entered the Indies which he sought, but, unlike Moses, he raised up new kingdoms and empires to Christ, planted the seeds of Faith over conti-

nents, and in his tracks have followed knowledge, Faith, civilization, free republics, and human liberty. Unlike Moses, he entered the promised land. Columbus felt an inward resemblance to Moses and to David, for, after likening himself to Moses, he said: "Let them give me what name they will, for, in fine, David, the wise king, was a shepherd, and he became king of Jerusalem, and I serve the same Lord who raised him to such high estate."

He was compared to St. Thomas the Apostle, who carried the Faith of Christ to the same peoples of the East, whom Columbus sought to visit and evangelize, and whom he believed he had discovered. According to traditions, St. Thomas, under sacred Indian names, evangelized the Indian tribes of America. Scholars point to distinct traditions and fragmentary creeds of Christian origin, and the Spanish missionaries of the 16th and 17th centuries were amazed at finding among the Indians of North and South America the prevalence of crucicultus and the attribution of miraculous qualities to ancient crosses, preserved and venerated from remote antiquity by the American Indians.

Christian scholars of four hundred years have found nine different passages in the Old Testament which they recognize as prophetic of Columbus, his mission, and his discovery. Some have traced in sacred verses descriptions of his ships, the very caravels he commanded and reproductions of which even here you have seen, and allusions to his armorial ensigns. Illustrious contemporaries of Columbus recognized his divine mission. The great Cardinal Ximenes and the learned Archbishop Diego de Deza of Seville, openly favored or advocated the project and mission of Columbus at the very time he was claiming to be the chosen missionary of heaven. And the great scientist of Spain, Jayme Ferrer, said of Columbus to Isabella: "I believe that in its deep mysterious designs divine Providence selected him as its agent in this work, which I look upon as the introduction and preparation of things which the same divine Providence has determined to make known to us for its own glory and the salvation and happiness of the world." And again: "I behold in this a great mystery." And addressing Columbus himself, he says: "In your mission, senor, you seem an apostle, a messenger of God, to spread his name in unknown lands."

The Count de Lorgues, in presenting the cause of Columbus to Rome for canonization, exclaims: "Evidently God chose Christopher Columbus as a messenger of salvation." And while our own Washington Irving says that he was led to know how much of the world remained unknown and was led to meditate on the means of exploring it, says that "The enthusiastic nature of his conception gave an elevation to his spirit and a dignity and loftiness to his whole demeanor," and that "his views were princely and unbounded," I can not pass over the high tribute of the English Jesuit, Father Arthur George Knight, to his genius, his learning, and his zeal for the conversion of the heathen and for bringing "the nations in willing homage to the feet of Jesus Christ, reigning once more in the Jerusalem of the Christians."

Typified by his symbolical names, foretold in ancient prophecy and sacred song, believed in and announced by himself, the mission of Columbus was providential. Even from the standpoints of skepticism, of the utter denial of the supernatural, and of agnosticism, Columbus, in fact, by his aspirations, his self-preparation, and his very enterprise, in the natural order, as a man, he made a mission for himself. His contemporaries also, men of learning, intellect, and religion, acknowledged his mighty vocation to great and stupendous achievements. Such men in every age, down to our own time and country, have paid homage to his recognized and acknowledged mission. There was something that marked Columbus out from other men—there was in him not only those traits of character which I have mentioned, that learning, that zeal, that courage, that faith, that unbounded zeal—but there was in his whole mental and moral structure, in his profound studies and deep reflection, his familiarity with sciences, and his quick seizure of the mysteries and secrets of nature, and of the physical world, in his very visions and dreams, his constant intercourse with the supernatural—such a combination of qualifications as placed him on a higher plane than ordinary men. There is in revealed and supernatural religion a spirituality, a religious mysticism in which the saints alone seemed to move and soar.

In this sense Columbus was a true mystic—one who saw in the fall of the sparrow, in the raiment of the lily and the rose, the mystic and ever-provident hand of God, and in every turn in his own eventful and dramatic career he recognized his own immediate touch with the ever-present Deity. He was a pilgrim, staff in hand, of religion and science, recognizing perfect union and accord between them. He was a pilgrim in the flesh, staff in hand, wending his way to shrine and altar, to fulfill a vow made at sea or to take a votive offering in return for many a deliverance from the perils of the sea

He was a crusader, and he bequeathed a crusader's injunction upon his heirs, never to rest until the Holy Sepulcher was redeemed and restored to Christendom. He was a rigid observer on land and sea of the fasts, vigils, and feasts of the Church. With all this, he was a man among men. Conceiving a high estimate of his services, insisting on providing title, offices, and estates for himself, and his posterity and successors: worthy of his position as the discoverer of the New World, he was a man in touch with earth and heaven.

The part he took in that momentous act, when the Sovereign Pontiff in 1493, just after the discovery of America, was called upon to arbitrate, for the preservation of the peace of the world, between the two leading maritime powers of the world, Spain and Portugal, then struggling for the supremacy of the unknown half of the earth, was such participation in the crucial events in the history of mankind as no man was ever before or since called upon to perform, second only to his own discovery of the New World. Then there was but one known hemisphere, and even its hemispherical form was not then known, Columbus, Dr. Toscanelli, and, perhaps, a few other learned ones being the sole expounders of the sphericity of the earth. Portugal was claiming distant lands, discovered by a southern and eastern route, and Spain was claiming distant lands, discovered by Columbus by a western route. No line had been drawn to mark off the east or the west. The character of a crusade had been bestowed upon these explorations and discoveries by the bestowal of papal blessings and indulgences. The nations appealed to Pope Alexander VI. In the then confused condition of geographical knowledge, where and how could a line be drawn? It was Columbus that gave this mystic line that preserved the peace of nations.

On his first voyage, on September 13th, just a month before land was discovered, Columbus, who had watched incessantly the magnetic needle and its variations in those unknown seas, and to whom the mysteries of heaven and earth then centered in that little magnet, observed that the needle ceased for a moment to vibrate, and pointed to the true north. This mysterious meridian was west of the Island of Flores. Immediately the mystery was solved. The east and the west were separated by a mystic line. When the Sovereign Pontiff came to divide the unknown world between the maritime nations, after the return of Columbus to Europe in the following year, the critical embarrassment of the situation was relieved through the remarkable discovery by Columbus of the line of no variation of the needle, and this line, by a singular coincidence, passed from pole to pole without touching the land, and without dividing an island. From these facts resulted the celebrated bull of demarkation, issued by Pope Alexander VI., on May 3, 1493. Now for the first time an east and a west were recognized and demarkated. The line was accepted. Afterward diplomacy of jealous nations effected a change of the papal line farther to the west. Under this change Portugal acquired the immense empire of Brazil; but for this change Spain would have preserved her claim to the New World entire. The bull of demarkation served the great purpose of preserving peace. Neither the Pope nor Columbus would ever consent to change it. Columbus, on his death-bed, inserted a clause in his will repudiating the new line, which had cost Spain the loss of more territory than she now owns on the earth, and she then solemnly reaffirmed the original line of no variations of the magnetic needle as the true line which God had established to separate the eastern and the western hemispheres.

The mission and character of a man who achieved so much, relying solely on his genius and on heaven, are marked out and sustained by every word I have said of his humble origin, his poverty, his maritime education, his studies, his correspondence with learned men, his personal bearing, appearance, and magnetism, his profound sense and practice of religion, the broaching of his new theory of the earth, his appeals to nations, his inflexible maintenance of it, his prophecy of the result, the prophecies of sacred Scripture, the apostolic character which he infused in the enterprise, his dedication of all to the conversion of heathens, and the redemption of Jerusalem, his poverty in the midst of grandeur, his wrongs and his sorrows, the bestowal of another's name upon the world he had discovered, the ingratitude of his king, and now, the contrast, the reverse current of honor and praise, which the world unites in bestowing upon his memory.

Columbus foresaw and predicted much; and much that he predicted was fulfilled. Errors of detail in so vast a field of new ideas, undertakings, and results, in which he was the pioneer, enhance the grandeur of his real achievement. His promise to lead Christian Europe with its missionaries to the boundless empires of Oriental potentates, which would embrace the Faith, has been more than realized by the rise and growth of Christian empires and republics in the world which he discovered. His offer to carry missionaries to the mythical Christian prince of the Orient, the Prester John, who tradi-

tion said had sent ambassadors to Rome in the middle ages to ask Christian missionaries, has been realized in the many delegations of the red men sent to ask that Catholic priests be sent among them, and by the acceptance of the Faith of the black gowns, by the Indian tribes of North and South America.

Let us recall the first visit of the Catholic missionary to the Indians of this State, in whose great and justly proud metropolis we are assembled this day to honor Columbus. It was the famous Jesuit black gown, Father Marquette. When he saluted the chief and his tribe they called out the word Illinois. The meaning of the Indian name Illinois is, "We are men." Well does this name describe the present men of Illinois, and of Chicago, our hosts, who have given us such a welcome to this Catholic Congress.

When Father Marquette, with the mute but appealing symbol of the cross, announced his mission to the Illinois Indians, Hiawatha, in the language of our poet Longfellow, said:

Beautiful is the sun, oh strangers,
When you come so far to see us:
Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you came so far to see us!

Then Father Marquette made answer to the chief:

Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary.

So, too, was the prophecy of Columbus answered and fulfilled by the touching appeal, which, after the establishment of our independence as a nation, the Catholics of this country made to Rome for the appointment of a bishop and for missionaries to be sent to the infant Republic, and, by the action of Rome, in appointing to the exalted position of first bishop an American priest in the person of John Carroll, the patriarch of Catholicism in America, and by the growth of that august hierarchy which he founded, and which is now composed of seventeen archbishops, in one of whom we recognize with pride the worthy bearer of the princely honors of the Roman cardinalate, whose august body is completed by an eighteenth archbishop in the person of the distinguished papal delegate; of seventy-five bishops, two archabbots, and ten abbots, and of nearly ten thousand priests, all carrying before them the very cross which Columbus was the first to plant in American soil. He promised popes and kings that his discoveries would lead to the spread of the Catholic Faith among millions of human beings; look around you and see the fulfillment of this promise in nearly one hundred millions of Catholics in North and South America. If the southward flight of birds had not induced Columbus to change his course to the south, he would have landed, first of all, on the soil of our own Republic, where there now worship before the cross which he brought over the Atlantic fourteen millions of Catholics, true and loyal sons of the Church; yes, fourteen millions of Catholics, represented here and now in this hall by their appointed delegates, assembled in the second Catholic Congress of America, in honor of the name, the virtues, the achievements, in recognition of the exalted character and mission of Christopher Columbus.

As a fitting pendant to Dr. Clarke's beautiful paper, and also as being in line with the subject matter of "The Columbian Jubilee," may well appear here a paper by Miss Mary J. Onahan of Chicago, on

"ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC."

Ideals are the great exemplars of the world. Inasmuch as men and women have high ideals, inasmuch as they have lived up to them, insomuch have they been great, insomuch have they been good, insomuch have they been glorious.

That the ideal of womanhood which called to Isabella in the 15th century was a great and a high one, and her life with but few, if any, missteps, gradually evolved toward it, this many biographers have shown, but it remains for the Catholic biographer to prove that this ideal, inasmuch as it was great and good and glorious, was the logical outcome of the Catholic Faith, which was her heritage. If she was pure in an age of impurity, if she was brave in an age of cowardice and oppression, if she was womanly when the type of womanhood was Queen Elizabeth of England, she was all of these things because of the Faith that was in her, for by it she patterned her life, by it she must be judged now.

The 19th century hugs to itself many delusions, none greater than the claim that it has discovered woman—woman that has come down to us from Adam all the way!

MARY J. ONAHAN,
CHICAGO.

ANNA T. SADLIER,
NEW YORK.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR,
CHICAGO.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY,
BOSTON.

Æsop's fly, perched upon the axle of the chariot wheel, and exclaiming exultingly, "What a dust I do raise!" is but the symbol of a universal weakness. The present age always seems the most glorious age, its progress the most wonderful progress, and its importance far greater than the importance of any that has preceded it. So in the glamor of this delusion we almost forget that woman was a power, morally, socially, and intellectually, in the 15th century as in the 19th; that the doors of universities were open to her, that she not only studied but actually taught within their sacred precincts. In the University of Salamanca she had a place, and when Isabella, on ascending the throne, set about the acquisition of the Latin tongue it was to a woman that she turned to be her tutor. Nay, we can go further back than the 15th century, and to other parts of the world than Spain. In Italy, in the 13th century, a noble Florentine lady contended for and won the palm of oratory in a public contest in that city with learned doctors from all over the world. Further back still, in the 4th century, St. Catherine, of Alexandria, standing in the great hall of the royal palace, in the presence of the emperor and the assembled notables of his kingdom, converted by her learning and her wisdom the forty venerable philosophers arrayed against her. Plato and Socrates this modest Christian maiden could quote, and she knew by heart the books of the Sibyls.

The age of woman dates not from the 19th century, but from the 1st; is due not to modern civilization, not to modern progress, but to something grander than either—the mainspring of both—the religion of Christ and of his Church.

The greatness of Isabella need not, therefore, be looked upon as something extraordinary and unaccountable. She was merely the logical outcome of the country in which she was born and the religion in which she was bred—Catholic Spain of the 15th century. To understand the character of Isabella it is necessary to at least outline the political condition of the country in which she lived. Spain in the 15th century was not, as it afterward became, one of the greatest powers of Europe. It was divided into petty states, of which Navarre, Aragon, and Castile were the most important. Overrun by the Moors and tyrannized by numerous factions of the nobility, no wonder that Spain seemed to many a desolated country. And yet there was a spirit of freedom and of that modern shibboleth—democracy—among its people which no other country of Europe could match. "We, who are each of us as good as you," ran the oath of allegiance taken by the Spanish Cortes to a new king, "and who are all together more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government if you maintain our rights and liberties, but not otherwise."

It was over this people that Isabella was to reign. The court of her brother, King Henry of Castile, was a debauched one, the king himself a coward and worse, who drained the already meager royal treasury by his luxury and extravagance. Fortunately for Isabella her youth was not destined to be spent amid the glitter and frivolity of the court. Like the great majority who in after life have attained distinction, her youth was almost a solitary one—for solitude vivifies the powers of the soul. Until the age of sixteen she lived in retirement in the little town of Arevalo, under the care of her mother. Here this young Castilian girl came to understand the great heritage of her Faith and the responsibilities which were involved in her future.

The Church in the 15th century was indeed in the shadow of desolation, though here and there were wondrous bursts of light. The See of Rome was in continual turmoil, sometimes usurped by men whose lives only proved the gospel saying that the "gates of hell could not prevail against it." But however weak and unworthy her rulers, the Church of Christ was still there unfolding the wisdom of her Founder. Her great sacraments were being administered, sacraments which change the whole meaning of life. Isabella, too, received them; her young soul pondered over them; her young heart grew richer and sweeter in their graces. Baptism, marking with its chrism the child of a king and the child of a peasant as equal before God, inheritors of the Most High; penance, teaching that, no matter how great the sin, how despairing the sinner, the mercy of God is greater; confirmation, making of him a soldier valiant and true; the Holy Eucharist outrivaling in the estimate it puts upon man all the theories of the most ultra of optimists, outshining their wildest dreams. These and the other great sacraments of the Church were the heritage of this young Spanish princess in the 15th century, as they are the heritage of so many other young souls here and now in America, and all over the world in the 19th.

Religion is the atmosphere of the soul. It vivifies, colors, gives strength and light and beauty. (The inner spirit of religion is more than an intellectual question—it is a question of conduct, of self-government.) This inner spirit of religion, of law, permeated the whole life and character of Isabella. The Faith that had been handed down

to her from ages, the faith for which saints had lived, and martyrs had died—it was her faith, too. It filled her soul with radiance, it made life great, full of meaning, sublime. When the girl became a woman her hand was sought in marriage by numerous suitors. She was present with her brother at an interview with King Alphonso of Portugal, who sought her hand, but neither threats nor entreaties could induce her to accede to a union so unsuitable from the disparity of their years. The Marquis of Calatrava, a fierce and licentious nobleman, next pressed his claim, whereupon Isabella shut herself up in her room and, abstaining from food and sleep, implored heaven to save her from the dishonor of such a union. Among her other suitors were the Duke of Gloucester, infamous forever under the title of Richard III., and the Duke of Guienne, brother of Louis XI., of France. They were all of them unsuccessful. For once old heads and young hearts were in unison. Statecraft, as well as youthful preference, pointed to Ferdinand of Aragon. The superior advantages of a connection, which should be the means of uniting the people of Aragon and Castile, were indeed manifest. Yet Isabella was too true a woman to be moved to so important a step by purely political reasons. She dispatched her chaplain to the courts of France and Aragon, and when he returned with the report that the Duke of Guienne was a feeble, effeminate, watery-eyed prince and that Ferdinand on the other hand was possessed of a comely figure, a graceful demeanor, and a spirit that was up to everything, Isabella was not slow to decide. She resolved to give her hand where she felt that she could give her heart. Owing to the intrigues of King Henry and his persistent efforts to thwart the marriage, the lovers were obliged to resort to subterfuge. Disguised as a mule driver, Ferdinand set out at the dead of night from the court of Aragon accompanied by a half-dozen of his followers, supposed to be merchants, while, to divert the attention of the Castilians, another cavalcade proceeded in a different direction with all the ostentation of a public embassy, from the court of Aragon to King Henry. Ferdinand waited on the table, took care of the mules, and in every way acted as servant to his companions. In this guise, with no other disaster save that of leaving at an inn the purse which contained the funds for the expedition, Ferdinand arrived late at night at one of Isabella's strongholds, cold, faint, and exhausted.

On knocking at the gates the travelers were saluted with a large stone rolled down from the battlements, which came within a few inches of Ferdinand's head, and would doubtless have put an end once and for all to his romantic enterprise. Expostulations were followed by explanations; when the voice of the prince was recognized by friends within great was the rejoicing, and trumpets proclaimed the arrival of the adventurous bridegroom. Arrangements were at once made for a meeting between the royal pair. Ferdinand, accompanied by only four of his attendants, was admitted to the neighboring city of Valladolid, where he was received by the Archbishop of Toledo, and conducted to the apartment of his mistress. Courtly parasites had urged Isabella to require some act of homage from Ferdinand in token of the inferiority of the crown of Aragon to that of Castile, but with true womanly dignity she refused to do so. She never forgot that she was a woman even though a queen, and would not allow a sign of inferiority from one who was to be her husband. The interview lasted two hours. Ferdinand was at this time eighteen years of age, Isabella a little older. His complexion was fair though bronzed by constant exposure to the sun; his eye quick and bright. He was active of frame, vigorous of muscle, invigorated by the toils of war and the exercises of chivalry, and one of the best horsemen in the kingdom. His voice was sharp and decisive, save when he wished to carry a point. Then his manners were courteous, even insinuating. Isabella was a little above the middle size, her blue eyes beamed with intelligence, her hair was light, inclining to red, her manners dignified and modest.

When the preliminaries of the marriage were adjusted, so great was the poverty of the parties that they had to borrow money to defray the expenses of the ceremony. But in spite of all opposition, in spite of such humiliating obstacles, Ferdinand and Isabella were married on October 19, 1469, in the presence of the Archbishop of Toledo, the Admiral of Castile, and all of the nobility that espoused the cause of the youthful pair.

The first few years of married life were uneventful, but on the death of the king, in 1474, and the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella, the country was plunged into the war of the succession. The royal pair had refused from the beginning to be put in leading-strings by the Archbishop of Toledo, and the haughty prelate, disgusted with treatment to which he had not been accustumed, withdrew from their court and espoused the cause of the unfortunate Joanna, boasting that "he had raised Isabella from the distaff and he would send her back to it again." The death of the King of Aragon at this time called Ferdinand to the throne, thus uniting the two crowns. It would be

useless to dwell upon this long and stormy period. At one time, indeed, all parties were so worn out by the war that the King of Portugal, who had been affianced to Joanna, offered to resign all claims to the throne of Castile upon the cession of certain provinces. Ferdinand and his ministers were willing to accede to his proposal, but Isabella proudly replied that "she would not consent to the dismemberment of a single inch of Castile." After a struggle of nearly five years, a treaty was at last arranged, the King of Portugal resigned his pretentions to the throne, Joanna entered a convent, and Ferdinand and Isabella, relieved from the pretentions of ambitious rivals, were allowed to turn their attention to the internal welfare of their kingdom.

One of their first acts was to reform the laws, to prohibit the adulteration of money, and to gradually lessen the overbearing power of the nobility by the elevation of the Cortes. On certain days of the week the king and queen presided personally at the court of justice, and so prompt and so just were their decisions, that it came to be said that it was more difficult and more costly to transact business with a stripling of a secretary than with the queen and all her ministers.

There are many stories told of Isabella's promptness and heroism in the presence of danger. When news was brought to her of the revolt of the city of Segovia, she at once mounted her horse and, accompanied by a band of her followers, effected an entrance through one of the gates. Riding direct to the citadel, where the tumult was at its height, she demanded of the enraged populace the cause of the insurrection.

"Tell me what are your grievances," said she, "and I will do all in my power to redress them, for I am sure what is for your interest must also be for mine and for that of the whole city."

Such conduct won the respect, admiration, and love of her subjects. The insurrection was put down and the mob dispersed, shouting "Long live the queen."

One of the stumbling-blocks of the biographer in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella is the inquisition. Volumes have been written about it—they need scarcely be added to. Primarily a political rather than a religious institution, as Prescott, a Protestant authority, says, it had origin partly, it is true, in a misguided zeal, but far more largely in avarice and greed. It was aimed at the Jews, whose position in Spain had long been a humiliating one, the outcasts of society, but whose wealth excited the cupidity of the nobles. To hold Isabella responsible for the injustices of the inquisition would be as absurd as to blame Washington for the evil of slavery, as absurd as to expect in the 15th century the enlightenment of the 19th. All history is a record of progress from ignorance to knowledge, from weakness to strength, from bondage to freedom. The history of the Moors in Spain, the recital of the splendors of their stately capital of Grenada and of its gradual overthrow, and of the subversion of the Arabian empire in Europe is a more alluring subject. Irving has dwelt upon it in his own picturesque and fascinating style. The Moors were as fierce and terrible in battle as they were luxurious and effeminate in peace. Cordova, with its narrow streets that seemed to whisper nightly of strange adventures, its lofty houses with turrets of curiously wrought larch or stone, its marble fountains and white columned mosques, its airy halls fragrant with the perfume of the orange, the olive, and the pomegranate—all this has a peculiar fascination for the student and the traveler.

In these wars with the Moors, as in all other wars, Ferdinand assumed the command of the army, while Isabella directed the internal arrangements of the kingdom, and supplied the sinews of battle. She held herself, indeed, ever in readiness to go to the front, and in some cases was called by her husband to do so when the spirits of the soldiers were flagging, and he wished to infuse new ardor into the struggle. She always responded with the greatest alacrity, and it was due to her wisdom that many reforms in camp life were instituted. She was the first to establish what were then known as "queen's hospitals"—tents for the sick and wounded. She was, in the words of Prescott, "the soul of this war," and her ever-present motive was zeal for religion. When the army lay encamped before Grenada, she appeared on the field superbly mounted and dressed in complete armor; she visited the different quarters and reviewed the troops. Everywhere she aided the king by her wise counsel, her consummate management, and her inalienable purpose. In 1492 Grenada fell, and with it the Moslem empire of Spain.

The traveler can still see the rocky eminence in the Alpuxarras from which the Moorish king took his last farewell of the scenes of his departed greatness, as the gleaming turrets of Grenada, crowned with the victorious ensigns of Spain, faded in the distance. The spot is called to this day the "Last Sign of the Moor."

1492 brings us the most important event in the reign of Isabella, the discovery of America. How Columbus had vainly importuned his native city of Genoa, had sought

the aid of the King of Portugal, all the weary, fruitless years that passed waiting at the court of Spain, and how finally, in direst poverty and despair, he sought at the convent of La Rabida for food and drink for himself and his little son—all this there is no need to tell. The first astronomer who advanced the theory that the stars were worlds like our own was probably met with no more incredulity than the Genoese visionary, who, standing in the midst of the Spanish court, pleaded for this land of the Western sphere.

His learning, we are told, took all by surprise, but it convinced few. Isabella alone, who from the first seems to have been favorable to him, was won by his enthusiasm, and when there was some question of the means necessary to equip the ships, royalty declared that she assumed the undertaking for her own crown of Castile, and was ready to pawn her jewels if the funds in the treasury were found inadequate. Thus did the belief of a Franciscan monk and the unfaltering enthusiasm of a woman prevail over the arguments of men of science and the incredulity of statesmen. No need to tell of that voyage, the three small ships setting out so dauntlessly, guided by one who had a dauntless heart—

Over the wide unknown
  Far to the shores of Ind,
On through the dark alone,
  Like a feather blown by the wind;
Into the West away,
  Sped by the breath of God,
Seeking the clearer day
  Where only his feet have trod.

Beautiful as are those lines they scarce equal in grandeur and simplicity that sentence of Columbus, written in his log-book: "To-day we sailed westward, which was our course."

Woman's faith, called, until proved, woman's credulity, once more rose triumphant, and Isabella has no fairer crown than that woven by her trusted and valiant admiral. "In the midst of the general incredulity," wrote Columbus, "the Almighty infused into the queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy, and whilst everyone else was expatiating only on the inconvenience and cost, her highness, on the contrary, approved it, and gave it all the support in her power."

Religious zeal had dictated the war against the Moors; religious zeal urged Isabella to sanction the seemingly hopeless voyage of Columbus, and when these voyages were crowned with success her first solicitude was the welfare of the benighted and helpless natives. In view of Isabella's known principles and her many stringent measures, it is a little singular that her attitude on the subject of slavery of the Indians should ever be questioned. When the most pious churchmen and enlightened statesmen of her time could not determine whether it was or was not lawful and according to the Christian religion to enslave the Indians; when Columbus himself pressed the measure as a political necessity, and condemned to slavery those who offered the slightest opposition to the Spanish Invaders, Isabella settled the matter according to the dictates of her own merciful and upright mind. She ordered that all the Indians should be conveyed back to their respective homes, and forbade, absolutely, all harsh measures toward them on any pretense. Her treatment of Columbus was equally generous. When, owing to various mistakes and misunderstandings, the reaction set in against him, and he was sent to Spain in irons, Isabella indignantly ordered that he be set free at once, and herself sent him the money to come in state and honor to her court. He came accordingly, "not as one in disgrace, but richly dressed, and with all the marks of rank and distinction. Isabella received him in the Alhambra, and when he entered her apartment she was so overpowered that she burst into tears and could only extend her hand to him. Columbus himself, who had borne up firmly against the stern conflicts of the world and had endured the injuries and insults of ignoble men, when he beheld the queen's emotion could no longer suppress his own; he threw himself at her feet and for some time was unable to utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings."

It was under her special protection that he set sail on his fourth voyage, from which Isabella did not live to see him return.

The uses of suffering! They have often been dwelt upon; possibly they can never be learned by hearsay. As a queen, Isabella attained the greatest glory; as a mother she was called upon to endure the deepest sorrow. The anguish of a father's or mother's heart at the loss, the ruin of a loved child—that, indeed, must be something that only they who have felt in all its anguish and all its bitterness can ever fathom. While her husband was engaged in his brilliant wars in Italy, and the great captian, Gonsalvo de Cordova, was daily adding new glories to the crown of Spain; while the fame of that

great prince of the church, Cardinal Ximenes, was spreading throughout Europe, Isabella's life, clouded by domestic misfortune, began gradually to decline. One after another her children had been taken from her by death and by misfortune worse than death. Her only son, Don John, died three months after his marriage. Her favorite daughter and namesake lived but a year after her nuptials with the King of Portugal, and their infant son, on whom were founded all the hopes of the succession, survived her but a few months. Isabella's second daughter, Joanna, married to Philip, Prince of the Netherlands, became insane, and there can be no sadder history than that of her youngest child, Donna Catalina, memorable in history as Catherine of Aragon.

These and other misfortunes clouded Isabella's years. When she felt the end to be not far distant she made deliberate and careful disposition of her affairs. Even on a bed of sickness she followed with interest the affairs of her kingdom, received distinguished foreigners, and took part in the direction of affairs.

"I have come to Castile," said Prosper Colonna on being presented to King Ferdinand, "to behold the woman who from her sick-bed rules the world."

There was no interest in her kingdom, her colonies, or her household that she neglected. In her celebrated testament she provided munificently for charities, for marriage portions to poor girls, for the redemption of Christian captives in Barbary. Patriotism and humanity breathed in its very line—she warned her successor to treat with gentleness and consideration the natives of the New World added to Spain; warned them also never to surrender the fortress of Gibraltar.

"By her dying words," says Prescott, "she displayed the same respect for the rights and liberties of the nation that she had shown through life, striving to secure the blessings of her benign administration to the most distant and barbarous regions under her sway."

The woman whom life had not daunted, death could not dismay. On the 26th of November, 1504, Isabella the Catholic breathed her last, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, and thirteenth of her reign. She had ordered that her funeral be of the simplest, and the sum saved by this economy be distributed in alms among the poor; that her remains be buried in the Franciscan Monastery in the Alhambra of Grenada, in a grave level with the ground and trodden down, and that her name be engraved on a flat tombstone. "But," she added, "should the king, my lord, prefer a sepulcher in some other place, then my will is that my body be transported and laid by his side, that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and through the mercy of God may hope again for our souls in heaven, may be represented by our bodies in the earth."

True queen and true woman she had proved herself through life, true queen and true woman she proved herself in death. The Catholic Church is not ashamed of the ideal in womanhood that it presents—an ideal that it has upheld for centuries, an ideal that is still shining as a new-risen star serene and beautiful in the summer sky. The queenly scepter of Isabella was laid aside, the womanly frame had long since crumbled into dust, but the Church of which she was so valiant a daughter, the Church that crowns her with that fairest of her titles, is not dead. It lives. The light of the eternal is in its eyes, life-blood courses in its veins, its strong arm reaches out now as it did in old Castile to the peasant in his hut, to the queen upon her throne. It stands to-day as it stood nineteen hundred years ago—logical, strong, consistent, serene. It is all of these things and more. It is dowered with immortality.

Therefore we hail not merely one of the many myriad of its daughters, but we hail the religion that made Isabella possible—the religion of the future, the religion that was taught by Christ himself in the purple-crowned hills of Galilee.

One more paper from the first day's proceedings is so important to the American Catholic as to demand admission to these pages. Its full title is: "The Relations of the Catholic Church to the Social, Civil, and Political life of the United States." It was furnished and read by a distinguished Maryland lawyer and soldier, Mr. E. H. Gans of Baltimore. Let us condense the title into

CATHOLICITY AND THE STARS AND STRIPES.

In this Columbian year all Americans are meeting together to celebrate the glories of the Republic. Within a domain, continental in its vast expanse, has been worked out on a stupendous scale the experiment of popular government, and now, after a century of trial, we assemble together to show the world how successful that experiment has been.

The palpable evidences of our material prosperity lie all about us. Would you have a portrayal of our boundless wealth, our diversified and inexhaustible resources, the marvelous results of our inventive skill, our triumphs over matter, go to yonder White City. Within its walls will be received impressions more vivid than those which any tongue, however eloquent, can create.

Material prosperity, however, does not make a nation truly great, nor is it the true measure of its success. There are many things in a nation's life more important than its wealth and power. It is, therefore, meet and proper that the spiritual and moral forces, which move and control this great confederation of States, should receive attention, and of these forces none is more deserving of examination than the gentle, benign, all-prevailing influence of the Catholic Church.

We Catholics, sons of the republic, come to her in her hour of triumph to say, All hail! to recall with pride the share which our forefathers had in establishing her institutions, and the equally important share we have in maintaining them in their integrity, and making them permanent. Yet 'tis passing strange that though we yield to no set, or class of men in our loyalty to free government, there are those, and the number is not inconsiderable, who would fain make it appear that we are not true and loyal citizens; that there is something in our belief inimical to the spirit of American institutions; that we are a transplanted foreign growth not indigenous to the American soil. The Catholic Church, they say, is a powerful, compact organization, the most wonderful the world has ever seen, through which its absolute ruler, sitting upon his throne by the banks of the Tiber, exerts an influence, which, if unchecked, will change the ordinary channels of our national life and subvert our liberties. These false notions, often boldly proclaimed, but more frequently insidiously disseminated through the community, are gradually melting away under the sunlight of the truth. They broke out into overt acts of violence during the feverish malignity of knownothingism, and even at this time hold potent sway over a large number of our fellow-citizens. There is an abundance of arrogance in these pretensions. They are born and nourished by an ignorance of the nature of the Church, and by false conceptions of the true spirit of our American institutions. Their pet theories are, forsooth, the only American theories, and their methods the exclusive American methods. All who oppose them are un-American. America, how many crimes are committed in thy name! It is time to strip the mask from these pretenders, and here in the full brightness of this centennial celebration to show the true relations between the Catholic Church, and the political, civil, and social institutions of the United States.

We come in no apologetic attitude. It was to the genius and bold intrepidity of a Catholic navigator that we owe the discovery of this continent. The bones of Catholic Americans whitened every battlefield of the Revolutionary War; Catholic Americans bore a prominent part in the establishment of our institutions, and the names of noble Catholics have from that time to the present been woven in our national traditions. We stand not upon the defensive. We claim that a man may not only be a Catholic and a true American citizen, but that if he is a good Catholic he is the best and most loyal of citizens.

The Church has no direct relations with any special form of civil government. Forms of government are the creations of man. The organization of the Church comes from God himself. Her empire is over the soul and the conscience; her power a moral not a physical power. Her kingdom is a spiritual kingdom and not of this world. Her mission of saving souls is a mission to the whole of humanity, and wonderfully is her organization adapted to accomplish the purpose of her Divine Founder. Being for the whole race, she is Catholic in space. She takes to her bosom the duskiest inhabitants of wildest Africa, the dwellers on Asiatic plains, the Siberian exile, the people of cultivated Europe, as well as the free American citizen. Under no form of government is she a stranger. The Church is the direct representative of God himself, and she is at home wherever she finds a beating human heart.

Being for the whole race, she is Catholic in point of time. She has seen the beginnings of all the modern civilized governments of the world, has witnessed their rise, their various mutations, and their development to the present time. She alone stands immutable, unchangeable. The empire of to-day may be the republic of to-morrow. The Church lives among them all, always the same and the same to all men. She speaks to prince, emperor, and king, as well as to the people, and with the same voice. Before her altars there is no recognition of nationalities. A man becomes subject to her ministrations not as an Englishman, Russian, or American, but as a man, a member of the whole human race. Of other church organizations, some ally themselves to the State and become part and parcel of the civil power, as in England and Russia; others finding

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN,
CHICAGO.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND,
ST. PAUL.

CARDINAL GIBBONS,
BALTIMORE.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN,
NEW YORK.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN,
PHILADELPHIA.

their home among the people of certain countries. All, however, receive their special tendencies from their environment, are of necessity local and national, and change in character from time to time with the changes in their surroundings. The Catholic Church alone embraces the entire world and works out her mission irrespective of the special forms of civil government under which her members may live.

Such being the nature and such being the mission of the Church, it is idle to talk of her being foreign, or un-American. These terms can be properly applied to those organizations which have for their subject a participation in the civil government of the world.

What, then, are the relations of the Church to our free institutions? How does she exert her influence? In what way and by what means does she affect our national life?

The fundamental idea of the American system of government is the sovereignty of the people. It is a government by the people and for the people. The halls of Congress and of the State legislatures are filled, not with rulers, but with representatives of the people, elected to carry out their ideas. Many political problems are of necessity solved by the independent judgment of our legislators, but the voice of public opinion is very potent, and the decisions of all great questions are ultimately referred, by means of frequent elections, to the people themselves. They make and unmake administrations. Their policy ultimately becomes the policy of the Government. They are in reality the rulers; the true sovereigns. They govern themselves.

This, however, is true of every democracy. There are found in the American system other principles almost as fundamental as the one we have been considering. We have a number of independent sovereign States and one sovereign nation. The powers which may be exercised by the States and those vested in the general Government of the United States are carefully defined by written constitutions. To each government the people have surrendered only so much of their sovereign power as in their judgment is necessary for the preservation of law and order, and the promotion of the general welfare; and against the abuse of power they have protected themselves by constitutional restrictions. No one can be deprived of life or liberty except by the judgment of his peers, nor can his property be taken from him except by due process of law. Freedom of speech and of the press, the right of peaceable assemblage to petition government for a redress of grievances are all fully secured.

Above all, the Government can not pass any law respecting the establishment of religion, nor interfere, in any way, with the liberty of every man to worship God in such manner as his conscience may dictate. The powers of Government are divided. The legislative, executive, and judicial departments are made, as far as possible, independent of each other, and a number of other checks and balances are provided, to the end that power shall not be abused. Not only is provision made against the abuse of power on the part of the Government but the people are protected aginst themselves. No sudden gusts of folly or passion, even on the part of the sovereign people can, except by revolution, make an absolute change in the Government. Under constitutional methods, such a change can only be worked out in such a length of time as will necessarily bring with it reflection, and the sober second-thought.

The American people secure to themselves their rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness by creating their own governments, managing them by their own representatives, and limiting their powers by fundamental constitutions. Their liberties are secured by law, the law is framed and executed by the Government, and the Government is controlled by the people. Each man is the equal of his fellows, and has an equal voice in the conduct of affairs.

This is the American system. The relations of the Church are therefore discerned in her relations to the sovereign people; the influence she exerts is over their minds and hearts, and she affects our national life by fashioning and directing their lives and conduct.

Instead of finding in the potent moral influence which the Church exerts over the people, anything hostile to American institutions, the candid inquirer will discover in her teaching and tendencies, the strongest safeguards for their permanence and stability.

Government, according to the Catholic Church, is ordained by God. Man is by nature social and must live with his fellows. This is impossible without government, and, therefore, Government is a necessity found in the nature of man as created by God himself. We further believe that no man has any inherent right to rule over other men, but every nation, taken as a collective moral unit, is, by the very fact that it is a nation, sovereign. This sovereign nation has the right to establish any form of civil government

which in its judgment is best suited to its character, and the form of government it adopts is sacred by the ordinance of God. "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but from God, and the powers that be are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase damnation to themselves."

The Catholic is loyal to the American Government as the legitimately established Government of this country, not because it is stronger than he. His principle of submission is not founded upon the idea of physical force, nor yet entirely upon his strong affection and patriotic predilection for its great principles. He is of necessity loyal because it is his conscientious duty. Patriotism is sublimated and becomes a religious obligation. Is there anything un-American in this? Does this teaching not tend to make good citizens?

If, now, instead of viewing the citizen distributively as a subject of the Government, bound by the virtue of obedience, we examine his relations to the Government as one of the sovereign people, we will perceive the influence of the Church to be equally salutary.

Among the many evils that afflict the body politic, none is more deplorable than the frequency with which the will of the people is frustrated by frauds in elections. This has been the theme of statesmen and political moralists for years. All recognize it as the cancer which has been insidiously attacking the very life of the nation, which must be eradicated and destroyed if we are to preserve our institutions in their integrity. Not only in the less important elections held in the various States has this malign influence been felt but upon the larger field of our national elections it succeeded, at one time, in placing the title of an American President in doubt, and in bringing the whole country to the verge of civil war.

Here, again, the Church intervenes. According to the teachings of our learned doctors, the political sovereignty which is vested in a nation, under the ordinance of God, is vested so that it may be used for the public good. When the people exercise sovereign political power, they exercise a power given to them by the Great Sovereign, in trust, and they are bound, in conscience, to perform the trust honestly and with fidelity.

Thus another fundamental political duty is transformed into a conscientious obligation. As no man can be disloyal to his Government and be a good Catholic, so no man can be a good Catholic and pollute the ballot-box, or in any other way fraudulently frustrate the electoral of the people. Is this teaching un-American?

But our American liberty, our freedom, the theme of our song—

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing—

How can an organization so despotic as the Church of Rome be anything but hostile to this, the very essence and spirit of our institutions? To what lengths do not prejudice and ignorance go in binding the eyes of men!

All the hostile criticism of the Church in this connection rests upon an ignorance of the real nature of liberty. To many unreflecting persons the word liberty conveys no meaning except the absence of restraint, the absence of any external power controlling the will. For them liberty means the right to follow their own wills and inclinations without let or hindrance. This, however, is the liberty of anarchy; it is not American liberty. We are free American citizens, but may we do as we like? May a man make a contract with me and break it with impunity? May he injure my property, infringe my rights or personal security, obstruct the conduct of my legitimate business, steal my goods, put a bullet through my brains, without becoming a subject for the coercive discipline of the law of the land?

Men can not live together without government, and government implies the restraining influence of law.

These ideas are not only obvious but they are very American. We find them incorporated in the fundamental charters of our liberties.

In the Declaration of Independence we read: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are established among men." The Constitution of the United States declares in its preamble: "We, the people of the United States, in order to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Therefore, by the highest American authority, for the security of liberty, governments are instituted and constitutions ordained and established. Liberty can not exist without the authority of government exercised under the forms of law.

But in order that the citizen may possess true civil liberty it is not only necessary that he should be subject to government but that government itself be restrained within proper limits; it must be just, and its sole end must be the public good. Any other governmental control would be despotic and tyrannical. It was to secure this kind of government that all the efforts of our forefathers were directed. Therefore it was that they insisted upon a government by the people themselves through their own representatives; for this reason the government agencies which they created were limited in their powers by written constitutions and fundamental rights reserved to the people; to secure this end the powers were divided into independent departments—the legislative, executive, and judicial. In a word, all the checks, balances, and guarantees devised by the framers of our Government were intended to secure to the people subjection to no laws except those which were necessary for the peace, good order, and prosperity of society.

This is the true spirit of our American freedom, and by no one has it been more aptly and eloquently portrayed than by Daniel Webster, the great expounder of the constitution. "All governments of law," he says, "must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and qualified rights. In other words, they must be subject to rule and regulation. This is the very essence of free political institutions. The spirit of liberty is indeed a bold and fearless spirit, but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating intelligence. It is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists upon securities; it entrenches itself behind strong defenses and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weakness of human nature, * * * and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits. Neither does it satisfy itself with flashy, illegal resistance to illegal authority. Far otherwise. It seeks for duration and permanence. This is the nature of constitutional liberty, and this is our liberty if we will understand and preserve it."

The Catholic Church welcomes this bright and beautiful spirit and takes it to her bosom, for she is its foster-mother. With tender devotion she nourished it through the ages. Time and again she has rescued it from the bold and impious hands of despots, whether they be kings, emperors, or a popular majority enthroned.

With the Church God is the only true sovereign and the source of all power. The sovereignty of the people comes from him as a sacred trust, and they must use this trust for the common weal. The Government called into being by them, in framing and executing laws, is but echoing the voice of the King of Kings, and obedience to it is obedience to God himself. Here is the ultimate sanction for human liberty. Subjection to no power except the power of the ruler of the universe—this is true liberty. Therefore, a government executing laws dictated by passion, personal ambition, greed of power, working injustice, is acting beyond the scope of its delegated power, and has not the sanction of God for its acts. It is tyrannical. And the Church condemns it and its authorized acts. Power without justice she will not recognize; and authority without right she deems usurpation.

Our American institutions are justly deemed the masterpiece of human contrivance for securing government which will rule only for the general good. It is in accomplishing precisely this result that the Church uplifts and sustains the weak hands of men by her potent spiritual power.

The Catholic Church has been the only consistent teacher and supporter of true liberty. In her spiritual empire over the souls of men, she is a government instituted and established not by the people, but by God himself. She administers laws; but they are divine, not human laws. Her children are protected from spiritual despotism, not by checks and balances of human contrivance, but by the sacred guarantee of the divine promise.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The Catholic Church has been divinely commissioned to teach the truth; and in the possession of the truth her children alone have true liberty. "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." With the Church spiritual freedom, as well as civil liberty, is possible only with law and government.

Is there anything un-American in this? Is it un-American to say that there is a sovereignty higher than the sovereignty of the people? Is it un-American to acknowledge subjection to God and his government? The American people are not, we think, prepared to admit that atheism, infidelity, and irreligion are part and parcel of their institutions.

Would that our countrymen should cease to view the Church through the dark mists of prejudice. If they observed her in the bright sunlight of truth they would see her sitting at the very fountains of their liberties, as their guardian spirit, preserving those bright and sparkling waters from pollution as they flow in copious and salutary streams over the green fields of our national life.

But from whatever point of view we examine our American institutions, we find them supported and sustained by the Church. The Declaration of Independence declares that "All men are created equal," and we have endeavored to follow the spirit of this truth in the practical workings of our Government, by giving each man an equal voice in the conduct of affairs, by discouraging ranks and classes, and by insisting upon perfect equality before the laws of the land.

But this democratic equality pales into insignificance before that taught and practiced by the Church. In her eyes all men are equal because they are sons of the same father and joint heirs of the heavenly treasure. Before her altars there is no precedence. The laborer on our streets has for companion the financial magnate; the lowly negro, once a slave in our Southern clime, bows with reverential awe side by side with the refined chivalric scholar, once his master, and the magdalen mingles her penitential tears with the chaste aspirations of the white-souled nun. No such real democracy can be found outside the Catholic Church.

And finally let us consider another striking characteristic of our American life. We boast with proper pride of the equal opportunity which every citizen has of rising, by his own merit, to the highest position of political honor. Any poor boy in the land has the right to aspire to a seat in Congress, to be vested with the judicial ermine, or, supreme honor, to occupy the chair once filled by Washington. There is nothing in the nature of our institutions which will make the fulfillment of his ambitious hopes impracticable. The brightest names in our history are the names of men who have sprung from an origin as lowly as his own.

Do you find this characteristic in Holy Church? Listen to the language of an eloquent Spaniard, a priest, one who lived in a monarchy and whose only practical acquaintance with democracy was with the democracy of the Church.

"In the Church, birth and riches are of no importance. If you are a man of high merit, untarnished by misconduct, and at the same time conspicuous by your abilities, your knowledge—that is enough—she will look upon you as a great man; will always show you extreme consideration, and treat you with respect, and listen to you with deference. And since your brow, though sprung from obscurity, is radiant with fame, it will be held worthy to bear the mitre, the cardinal's hat, or the tiara."

The history of the Church justifies this beautiful tribute. Many of our most famous pontiffs have been taken from the lowly walks of life, whilst the college of cardinals have received their honors, as a rule, solely as the award of merit and learning.

Have we not in this beautiful land of ours a most notable illustration of this truth? An humble American citizen is an august prince of the Church. In him, we have a living proof of all the principles for which we have been contending. He is a prince of the Church; and yet, is he hostile to democracy? He is infused with the very quintessence of the Catholic spirit; and yet, is he not the very incarnation of true Americanism? He knows full well the plenitude of his spiritual power, its high dignity, its wonderful authority; and yet, is he an enemy of American liberty? The whole country knows and acknowledges, that within the entire confines of the Republic there is no more ardent patriot, no more enthusiastic supporter of our American institutions than the gentle, modest, illustrious James Gibbons, Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore.

As the various special relations of the Church to the social institutions of the United States have been selected as the themes of other papers to be read at this Congress, I have deemed it best to make them the subject of no special comment. In her relations to them the constant aim of the Church, in addition to the benevolent work of alleviating distress, is to constantly augment the virtue and intelligence of the people. To this end she sanctifies the home, inculcates the principles of justice, and educates not only the intellectual but also the moral and religious faculties of the soul.

An acute and profound critic of our American institutions has recently said: "It may be thought that a nation which uses freedom well can hardly have too much freedom; yet even such a nation may be too much inclined to think freedom an absolute and all-sufficient good—to seek truth only in the voice of the majority, to mistake prosperity for greatness. Such a nation, seeing nothing but its own triumphs, and hearing nothing but its own praises, seems to need a succession of men like the prophets of Israel to rouse the people out of their self-complacency, to refresh their moral ideas, to remind them that the life is much more than meat and the body more than raiment, and that to whom much is given, of them shall much also be required."

We have among us our prophets of Israel, divinely commissioned, as were the holy men of old, to guide, instruct, ennoble, and elevate the nation; and the American people will have achieved their highest glory when they seek the words of wisdom and truth from their lips—when they voluntarily submit to the gentle ministrations of the priests and bishops of the Holy Catholic Church.

The evening session of this opening day resolved itself into something like a grand jubilation, so eager were the faithful to honor and to listen informally to their illustrious Pastors. The occasion was marked by the foll wing:

ADDRESS BY ARCHBISHOP P. J. RYAN OF PHILADELPHIA.

When the secretary of the Columbian Congress informed me this morning that I was expected to speak to you this evening, I should not have dared to slight you by coming before you with a few thoughts jotted down, if he had not assured me that these addresses were to be informal—that they were not expected to be prepared like the papers of the morning; they were to be addresses encouraging you, doing all that would be in our power to explain to you, perhaps more in detail, the objects of this great Congress. Therefore I come this evening to speak to you in an informal manner, possibly in a very desultory manner, but I hope the words I have to say to you will not be entirely without fruit. I feel that I am in my place when speaking at this Columbian celebration, because I feel, as a Christian bishop, that the discovery of Columbus was a triumph of Christianity, because whoever will examine the philosophy of his life, his motives for action, will find that the inspiration to spread Christian truth and with it Christian civilization, the civilization of our day, the charity, the tenderness, the advances in every direction, on the civilization of the past—that all these came from the deep religious principle within his nature; and as a Catholic I feel a just pride in thinking of the origin of this great country, which is to be in the future so marvelous in its effects upon human happiness, upon human progress, upon the intellect and the heart of man. And I remember that, warmed by Catholic feeling, illumined by Catholic faith, and clothed by Catholic love for our Lord, he came here to plant this civilization, and that he, the navigator of Genoa, came before the pilgrims from England, and the Santa Maria arrived long before the Mayflower.

I speak not this in boasting. It would not be his spirit, and on a great occasion like this, when all party lines should disappear, when in that magnificent and universal Christianity we meet to commemorate this great event, it is not a sectarian feeling, but it is in a Catholic and universal feeling in which I would find sympathy even in the non-Catholic descendants of these great pilgrim fathers. If we could imagine him as the patriarch Jacob when he fell asleep, and between earth and heaven there was the luminous avenue with angels ascending and descending; if Columbus, in his weary journeys looking for the means to prosecute his great discovery, should sleep and an angel of the Lord would point out to him the luminous pathway between the Old and the New World—point out the great future to him, the conversion to Christianity and civilization of the people of the New World; the cities that should rise in the future, the marvelous progress, the home for the exile and the persecuted—how his heart would throb with gratitude! Some of the things of which he may have dreamed were realized in his day. You remember that he returned to Spain, and when, with some of the docile Indians, he appeared at the court of Isabella the Catholic, and when he stooped—he, with the royalty of intellect before earthly royalty—with uplifted heart, and trusting not in the splendor of that intellect, but in Him, the "light of light" that had illumined it; when he spoke of the New World and its possibilities, physical and moral, and his heart glowed and his eyes glistened as in inspiration, and the heart of Isabella the Catholic went out to the glorious navigator, and the assembled court heard the words from the distant land, they all prostrated themselves, and from the palace chapel came the song of the Te Deum, "We Give Thanks." As they praised God in that Te Deum, it rang upon the soul of the navigator with a deeper significance than even upon the soul of Ambrose and Augustine, when they sang it a thousand years before. Now they could sing: "Thee Father Everlasting *all* the earth doth worship, Thee the Holy Church throughout *all* the world doth acknowledge." This was the beginning of his consolation, and as he looks down from glory—for we believe, as Catholics, that the dead take cognizance of the things that occur upon the earth—he sees this country advancing year after year in physical advancement, intellectual advancement, religious advancement. And now, ladies and gentlemen, particularly you members of the Columbian Catholic Congress, the Congress called after him, you have to continue his work, and continue it in that high order that should most of all please his spirit.

Before his time there were two worlds—separated. Between them rolled the dark ocean, and storms, terrible storms, agitated its ways. Monsters of the deep were beneath these waters. Columbus united these worlds. In this land, and for many years, there have been two moral worlds, separated by the ocean of prejudice, on which there have been storms of bigotry and hatred, and down among the coral rocks, down in the depths of the ocean, there have been deep animosities, wild spirits, that would separate these two worlds. There is the Catholic world and the non-Catholic world. Between them has rolled the ocean of prejudice—a dark ocean. Hearts that ought to have come nearer to each other, hearts that God made like each other, eyes that if they only looked into each other, He would have brought them together. It is the mission of the Catholic Congress to bring these two worlds nearer—to make men understand each other more fully, and this mission you have to act out, first of all by appreciating the great truth that the non-Catholic world is not opposed to the Catholic world at all, but to something which it thinks is the Catholic world. The very doctrines on which this animosity is formed are doctrines that we reject as emphatically, as constantly, as indignantly as the non-Catholic world could reject them. Therefore, we only ask to be known.

The anti-Catholic people had a cry, and they have it yet, of "No Popery." We join in it and say, "Know Popery," but we spell the word "k-n-o-w" popery. This morning, I confess, I was charmed and won over by the admirable address of Mr. Bonney. I know no interest he could have in flattering us; I know from his position and his evident honesty that he felt what he said. Seeing the initials of his Christian name, when I asked him, I had something like a premonition of what it might be, when he told me that his name was Charles Carroll, and that he was called after Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

For over forty years I have associated with non-Catholics. I know them, and I know that many of those that are called bigots hate the Church simply because they hate tyranny, because they hate hypocrisy, because they hate a number of things which they imagine are in the Catholic Church, and if they could love such a church, with such a view of it, they never would be worthy of receiving the True Faith. About a year ago I was invited to attend the annual dinner of the descendants of the pilgrim fathers in Scranton, Pa. All there, except the gentleman who accompanied me, and myself, were non-Catholics. I was surprised at the invitation. I promised, however, as I had to be in the city for a ceremony the next day, to attend the banquet. I declined saying anything however, until one proposed my health, and when I rose to speak I assure you that not even the Columbian Congress received me as enthusiastically as these children of the pilgrim fathers. There is a world full of principle, full of honesty, full of progress, full of intelligence, as we look across the water, separated from us, and we should be united with it. And because the members of the Catholic Congress are almost all laymen, it is their place so to speak and act, to bring us into contact more perfectly with that world. They will hear a layman when they will not hear a priest. They have to meet the laymen in daily life, in business, on many occasions when it is impossible they should meet the clergy, and they will have less suspicion of the layman, whom they know to be thoroughly honest, open, and frank, than of the priest, of whom they know so very little. Therefore, gentlemen and ladies of this Congress, it is your great privilege to do all that you can to explain to honest, open-hearted, fair-play-loving Protestant Americans that we do not believe but we anathematize and condemn many of the things that are laid to our charge, as articles of our Faith or as practices within the Church of God. And to do this effectually, through the action of the Congress, it must be clearly understood that the Catholic men of this Congress are left free by the clergy. There are articles of faith, there are essential practices of discipline, which can not be changed, but in the domain of free opinion, declared as such, no angel stands at the confines and says "thus far and no farther." This domain is immense, and to affect American people the Catholic layman must be understood to speak, not as our mouthpieces, but as free, intelligent Catholic American laymen.

It seems to me that the great unitive power to bring Catholics and non-Catholics together is that personal love for our Lord and charity toward his suffering children, on which both so perfectly agree. It is remarkable that when Christ sought a model of charity he selected not the orthodox Jew, but an heretical Samaritan, and made him the model for Jew and Christian for all time. Let us all meet in admiration and love for the great Founder of Christianity—the God of Columbus, and the inspirer and sustainer of our common Christian civilization. Let us bear in mind that our greatest enemies are sin, that corrupts the heart, and ignorance that obscures the intellect; and hence,

"Go forward in one hand bearing the Book of Christian Truth and in the other the Constitution of the United States."

FRANCIS, ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI, DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

that only the church bell and the school bell can prolong the echoes of the "Liberty Bell." United in love to Christ and to our suffering brethren for his sake, and zealous for the Christian civilization and true liberty which this zeal must produce, our perfect union is only a question of time.

SECOND DAY.

Tuesday's proceedings were of absorbing interest, and began by calling the roll of delegates to the Congress, their officers for the various dioceses reporting as follows:

LIST OF DELEGATES.

Kansas City—Chairman, S. A. Hegg; Vice-President, Judge Philip J. Henn; Committeeman, John H. Walsh.

Cleveland—Chairman, W. A. Lynch; Vice-President, F. J. Giebel, Jr.; Committeeman, C. X. Schlaudecker.

Fort Wayne—Chairman, John T. Meig; Vice-President, James Murdock; Committeeman, J. Ewing.

Vincennes—Chairman, John Breen; Vice-President, Charles A. Kolby; Committeeman, H. Canthorn.

Alton—Chairman, J. J. McInerney; Vice-President, Anton Binkert; Committeeman, Charles F. Degenhardt.

Portland, Maine—Chairman, M. R. Harrigan; Vice-President, D. J. Calahan; Committeeman, T. F. Donahoe.

Philadelphia—Vice-President, William F. Harrity; Committee on Resolutions, Martin Malony; Committee on Organization, Charles St Claire.

New York—Chairman, John D. Crimmins; Vice-President, John B. Manning; Committeeman, Victor B. Dowling.

Ogdensburg—Chairman, John B. Riley; Vice-President, Very Rev. T. E. Walsh; Committeeman, E. Villers.

Nashville—Chairman, William Hogan; Vice-President, Martin Kelly; Committeeman, Louis Kittman.

Denver—Chairman, E. L. Johnson; Vice-President, A. G. Gillis; Committeeman, R. S. Morrison.

Mobile—Chairman, Daniel S. Troy; Vice-President, Felix McGill; Committeeman, James G. Terry.

La Crosse—Chairman, J. J. Cavanaugh; Vice President, Joseph Boshert; Committeeman, Dr. Edward Evans.

Brooklyn—Chairman, John McCarty; Vice-President, W. Hynes; Committeeman, B. J. York.

Lincoln—Chairman, J. J. Butler; Vice-President, F. J. Redamacher; Committeeman, Aug. Essen.

Little Rock—Chairman, Judge Murphy; Vice-President, John M. Gracie; Committeeman, James A. Gray.

Kansas City—Chairman, John Risse; Vice-President, Edward Carroll; Committeeman, John O'Flanigan.

Harrisburg—Chairman, Peter A. Mahon; Vice-President, James Monaghan; Committeeman, Andrew Mayer.

Hartford—Chairman, J. J. Phelan; Vice-President, P. Harvan; Committeeman, C. T. Driscoll.

Galveston—Chairman, W. L. Foley; Vice-President, Joseph Engelke; Committeeman, John T. Brown.

Erie—Chairman, Major J. B. Reid; Vice-President, James R. Burns; Committeeman, P. C. Boyle.

Chicago—Chairman, Charles Mair; Vice-President, General George Smith; Committeeman, Thomas Moran.

Davenport, Iowa—Chairman, Fred B. Sharon; Vice-President, J. M. Galvin; Committeeman, J. J. Smith.

Dubuque—Chairman, P. H. Donlin; Vice-President, Thomas Connolly; Committeeman, J. H. McConlogue.

Concordia—Chairman, W. R. Geis; Vice-President, Charles L. Schwartz; Committeeman, Leon Werry.

Columbus, Ohio—Chairman, Luke G. Byrne; Vice-President, John A. Kuster; Committeeman, John C. Finerman.

Salt Lake City—Dominick McGuire.

Idaho—Chairman, Christopher Fahy; Vice-President, James F. Kane.

Milwaukee—Chairman, John Black; Vice-President, P. V. Druster; Committeeman, David Geraghty.

Wheeling—Chairman, Thomas Killeen; Vice-President, Charles A. Wingerter; Committeeman, W. S. Foose.

Indian Territory—Rev. D. I. Lanslots.

Arizona—Chairman, D. J. Brannen; Committeeman, M. J. Riordan.

Wilmington—Chairman, William Michael Byrne; Vice-President, J. Smith Brennan; Committeeman, Peter A. Harty.

St. Joseph—Chairman, Francis Browne; Vice-President, Thomas F. Ryan; Committeeman, James Hogan.

Syracuse—Chairman, Rev. Father Mullaney; Vice-President, Francis Baumer.

San Antonio, Texas—Chairman, J. C. Diemlann; Vice-President, H. P. Drought; Committeeman, Edward Braden.

St. Louis—Chairman, John J. Ganahl; Vice-President, Richard C. Kerns.

Omaha—Chairman, Thomas H. Dailey; Vice-President, John McCreery; Committeeman, J. C. Kinster.

Providence—Chairman, M. J. Harsen; Vice-President, M. Kelly, M.D.; Committeeman, T. E. Maloney.

Cincinnati—Chairman, John Rull; Vice-President, J. H. Kohmescher; Committeeman, Joseph P. Kealy.

Pittsburg—Chairman, C. F. McKenna; Vice-President, W. S. Head; Committeeman, T. J. Connor.

Ways and Means Committee—D. F. Bremner, Chicago; John B. Manning, New York; James Murdock, Indiana; James Black, Wisconsin; Anthony Kelly, Minnesota; Thomas C. Lawler, Wisconsin; Martin Maloney, Philadelphia.

Resolutions—T. A. Moran, Chicago; W. G. Smith, Philadelphia; O'Brien K. Atkinson, Michigan; Thomas J. Gargan, Boston; H. C. Semple, Alabama; Edgar H. Gans, Baltimore; C. A. Wingerter, Wheeling, W. Va; Dr. J. A. Outherlong, Louisville; Victor J. Dowling, New York; Bishop Ryan, Buffalo, and Bishop Watterson of Columbus.

BISHOP WATTERSON'S ADDRESS.

It is not my purpose to do more this morning than to sound the keynote for the discussion of the social questions involved in the comprehensive programme of this Congress. That note is found in the encyclicals of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., and I am glad that his illustrious representative, the most reverend apostolic delegate, is here to bless and encourage the discussion by his distinguished presence. He is the precious hostage of the Sovereign Pontiff's love for America and the pledge of his fraternal solicitude for our beloved country and its institutions. The Pope must teach the truth to the world, for the world has need of truth to live and prosper. The lives of Leo the Great, Gregory the Great, Gregory VII., Innocent III., Pius V., and Pius IX. illustrate the marvelous correspondence between the qualities of these men and the needs of their peculiar times.

Our present great and glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII., continues this wonderful harmony. He guards the truth, natural and revealed, in all its integrity, as did his glorious predecessors; and with exquisite tact and providential kindness he draws from the treasury of truth the teachings suited to the present hour. In these times, when men are calling into question the very principles on which not only the Church but society itself—individuals, families, and states—depends, the special mission of Leo XIII. seems to be to strengthen the foundations of the whole social fabric. By his personal dignity and goodness, the practical wisdom of his teachings and the firmness of his acts, he is giving the world to understand that the Pope is a great thing in the world and for the world; and intellects heretofore rebellious are accustoming themselves to think that, if society is to be saved from a condition worse in some respects than that of pagan times, it is from the Vatican the savior is to come. Truth is the generous blood which, coursing through the social body, gives it light and energy, health and beauty, unto all the ends for which it was established by the providence of God. Wherever truth is abandoned or disregarded, society must suffer, and society is suffering to-day because, to a large extent, it has practically rejected the great fundamental principles of Christianity, and substituted mere material and selfish interests as the moving force in the life of individuals and nations.

Behold, then, why Leo XIII. is recalling to the minds of men those great bed-rock truths, on which the health and life of nations and society depend—those truths that

made firm men of conviction and steadfast principles, and through principle and conviction, men of strong and sturdy natural and Christian character. It is such men that are always needed; it is such men that are specially needed to-day. Vigorous in all the fullness of harmoniously developed powers, devoted to higher than mere natural ends, alive to their duties as well as their rights, and ennobled by the love and faithful practice of those great principles of natural and Christian ethics which must underlie any safe system of social and political economy.

Leo XIII., like many of his illustrious predecessors in similar conditions of society, is fulfilling his special mission by defending the cause of the people against the encroachments of avarice and injustice, espousing the interests of the masses against the ruthless Moloch of misused wealth and power, and showing the shallowness of the social theories and mere philosophisms of the day, while upholding at the same time the rights of legitimate authority. The rationalists, materialists, socialists, and other mere humanitarians have been delivering natural reason itself to uncertainties the most poignant, the human heart to irregularities, and society to disorders, the inevitable consequence of a teaching without sound principles, and, therefore, without true morality. By awakening the love of strong and wholesome principles in the hearts of men capable of understanding, and inviting attention to the duties as well as the rights of men, in calling a return to those simple Christian truths on which society was reformed by our blessed Lord, Leo XIII. has been doing a grand work, not only for the present but for every future generation. There is not a question vital to modern society that he has not touched and solved in his great encyclicals on human liberty, political power, the Christian constitution of states, and the condition of labor.

The whole world listens with respect to his grand words, which excite our apprehension by revealing the mysteries of society and reassure us by pointing out their remedies. Brought into close and intimate relation with all conditions of mankind, he suggests the cure for the evils of our times and exhorts bishops, priests, and people, legislatures, and other departments of civil government to co-operate with him in the application of the remedies. He shows to-day what the history of the past can not but show to the sincere and candid student—that, as every single family, which is society in its germ, and every organized aggregate of families, called a state or nation, has its visible head for the preservation of union and the attainment of the ends of civil life, so, to promote order in society at large, the very unity of the human family supposes, under the providence of God, some visible and general authority superior to every other social power that will raise its voice, from pure and disinterested love of truth and justice, against the attacks of force and the encroachments of error and passion. He shows that the Papacy is this great necessity, this universal moral power in the world, the bond of union, and the principle of order in the human race, fixed by the hand of God in the midst of all society for the good of all society, revindicating, wherever its authority is recognized, the natural as well as the Christian dignity of man, and maintaining the rights and duties of individuals and nations in their integrity and just and even balance

Nor is the Catholic Church to be ignored in this great work. On the contrary, she is to be the most potent factor in reaching the consummation devoutly to be wished by all the lovers of their kind. And you, Catholic laymen and women, are to have an intelligent and active part in bringing about the improvement of the social system. You are to do it by your good example; you are to help it in various other ways. You are to spread the encyclicals of our Holy Father Leo XIII., not only among those of the household of Faith but also among your brethren outside the pale. You are to scatter them everywhere; you are to make them known to the people with whom you are brought into companionship in social and business life, and the seeds thus sown will bear speedy and happy fruitage. You are to organize Catholic workmen into associations; and, whether it is better to band them into Catholic associations under Catholic direction, or to try to desecularize already existing associations and infuse into them more of the spirit of Christianity, is a question that I leave to the deliberations of this Congress.

There is another thing that you all must take an active and interested part in. Intemperance is one of the great evils of society to-day. The annual drink-bill of the United States is said to be $900,000,000, and it is incurred for the most part by the working people. And let me say plainly here to-day that the very first encouragement of this work should be given by our bishops and our priests. For without their active interest and co-operation, nothing will be accomplished, even if you hold Catholic Congresses from now until the crack of doom.

Modern philanthropists have been trying to work out a social combination by which

men are to league together everywhere and thus contribute to the general good of all humanity; but, well meaning as they may be, they must be blind not to recognize in the Catholic Church a society, ever ancient and ever new, independent and always devoted to the general good, true to the spirit of patriotism by which we love and serve our country, and show ourselves ready to devote our fortunes and our very lives to its defense, and answering in every point to the needs of universal peace and harmonious prosperity.

While conceding to material progress an important share in the happiness of nations, she gives the world to understand that temporal prosperity is, after all, but a secondary element. She has developed the moral and religious nature in man by inspiring him with self-respect, charity for his brethren, reverence for the truth, love for the beautiful and the good, and a childlike submission to Almighty God and every authority that represents him here on earth. Such a doctrine does more for the solid happiness of society than all the efforts of mere political economists and humanitarian philosophers. Any plan that leaves out these things, be it otherwise ever so plausible for the improvement of society, will be but a temporary makeshift. Far from reaching the root of the evil, it will only postpone the social catastrophe that is threatening the world.

In our own beloved country, one of the richest on the globe, evils are growing to an alarming extent. Class is arrayed against class, labor against capital, and capital against labor. The spirit of unrest and discontent is stirring the masses. There is a great and crying injustice somewhere. The true relation of rights and duties, extending all through the complicated elements of society, is disregarded or not understood. The social machine has lost its equilibrium. How can it be restored? For my part knowing that whatever social improvement has taken place in the whole human race has been wrought out by the principles of true Christianity in its action on the human heart, I have little confidence in any other power. Civil legislation has done something, and it may do something yet, but only when in harmony with the Gospel of Christian love.

Bring, then, from the religion of Christ, those saving lessons of divine wisdom and goodness with which it abounds. Infuse its spirit into the hearts of men until, by its sweet influence, it overmasters the avarice and selfishness that have made them obdurate and insensible. Teach the rich to love money less, and men more, individual employers and corporations to look upon their employes not as soulless machines or mere material instruments of production and consumption, but to take reverend cognizance of their intellectual, moral, and religious natures; unite men into great trusts of mutual Christian love.

Teach the poor that while inequalities of condition and class must exist, they are to be filled with the love of their fellowmen; they are to be sensible of their responsibilities, as well as their rights, and are not to regard wealth as a good in itself, but bear patiently the ills of life. And if all will learn the lesson in practice as well as in theory, Christianity shall again have occasion to exult in the triumph of her principles, and the world to exclaim, as in ancient days, "Behold how they love one another!" Evils will be remedied to a great extent, and society will bear again moral and religious fruits, and upon this triumph of the future, Leo XIII. will have his powerful influence.

Just as Bishop Watterson had finished his noble address the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli, entered the hall, accompanied by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Paul. He was received with vociferous and prolonged cheering, in response to which the eminent prelate addressed the Congress in the Italian tongue, his remarks being thus interpreted immediately following, by Archbishop Ireland:

MGR. SATOLLI'S ADDRESS.

I beg leave to repeat, in unmusical tones, a few of the thoughts that his excellency, the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate, has presented to you in his own beautiful and musical Italian language. The Delegate expresses his great delight to be, this morning, in the presence of the Catholic Columbian Congress. He begs leave to offer you the salutation of the great Pontiff, Leo XIII. In the name of Leo he salutes the spiritual children of the Church on this American Continent; in the name of Leo he salutes the great American Republic herself.

It is, he says, a magnificent spectacle to see laymen, priests, and bishops assembled here together to discuss the vital social problems which the modern conditions of humanity bring up before us. The advocates of error have their congresses, why should

not the friends and advocates of truth have their congresses? This Congress assembled here to-day will, no doubt, be productive of rich and magnificent results. You have met to show that the Church, while opening to men the treasures of heaven, offers, also, felicity on earth. As St. Paul has said: "She is made for earth and heaven; she is the promise of the future life and the life that is." All congresses are, so to speak, concentrations of great forces. Your object is to consider the social forces that God has provided, and to apply, as far as you can, to the special circumstances of your own time and country these great principles.

The great social forces are thought, will, and action. In a congress you bring before you these three great forces. Thought finds its food in truth; so in all that you do, in all the practical conclusions that you formulate, you must bear in mind that they must all rest upon the eternal principles of truth. Will is the rectitude of the human heart, and until the human heart is voluntarily subjected to truth and virtue, all social reforms are impossible. Then comes action, which aims at the acquisition of the good needed for the satisfaction of mankind; and this again must be regulated by truth in thought and by virtue in the human will. The well-being of society consists in the perfect order of the different elements toward the great scope of society. Order is the system of the different relations of the different elements, one to the other, and these relations to which men are subject are summarized in three words—God, man, and nature.

Man has first of all his great duties to God, which never must be forgotten. He then has his duties to himself and to his fellowmen; and, finally, he has relations with the great world of nature over which his action is exercised. From the several considerations of these different relations spring up the great problems which at all times have vexed man's mind—the great problems which to-day are before us in view of the different evolutions, social and otherwise, which mark our modern needs. Your Social Congress has convened to-day. Bear in mind that there was a first great Social Congress, which is to be the model of yours, which gave out the principles which must underlie your deliberations. The great Social Congress, the ideal and model of all others, was held when Christ, surrounded by the thousands of the children of Israel, delivered his great discourse on the mountain.

There the solution was given to human problems; there were laid down the vital principles. "Seek first the kingdom of God and its justice and all other things shall be added unto you," says the good book. "Seek first the kingdom of God." Look up to the divinity without which man is absolutely at sea. Fill out first your duties to God, without the observance of which other duties are a name. Seek God's justice in your relations one with another. Be guided by the eternal law of the Most High, and then all things shall be added unto you. Know God's truth and live by God's justice, and the peace and the felicity of earth shall be yours. The same great voice said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are they who thirst after justice; blessed are the merciful."

Men should not devote their whole being and all their energies to the seeking out of mere matter. "Blessed are the poor in spirit"—that is free and independent of the shackles of mere matter. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after justice"—justice first before self-satisfaction, before all attention to one's personal wants. And "blessed are the merciful." Blessed are they who know and feel that they don't live for themselves, whose hearts go out in sweetest mercy to all their fellows. History has proven that human reason alone does not solve the great social problems. These problems were spoken of in the pre-Christian times, and Aristotle and Plato discussed them. But pre-Christian times gave us a world of slavery when a multitude lived only for the benefit of the few.

There is authority throughout the story of man of a divine providential design. Blind is he who sees it not, and he who studies it not courts disaster. It was when Christ brought down upon earth the great truths from the bosom of his Father, that humanity was lifted up and entered upon a new road to happiness and felicity. Christ brought to nature the additional gift of the supernatural. Both are needed, and he who would have one without the other fails. The supernatural comes not to destroy or eliminate the natural, but to purify it, to elevate it, to build it up, and hence, since the coming of Christ, science, art, philosophy, social economy, all studies partake of the natural as well as the supernatural—the natural coming from man's own thoughts and man's own actions, and the supernatural pouring down upon those thoughts and actions direction, richness, and grace.

To-day it is the duty of Catholics to bring into the world the fullness of supernatural truth and supernatural life. This is especially the duty of a Catholic

Congress. There are nations who are never separated from the Church, but which have neglected often to apply in full degree the lessons of the gospel. There are nations who have gone out from the Church, bringing with them many of her treasures, and because of what they have brought yet show virgin light; but, cut from the source, unless that source is brought into close contact with them, there is danger for them. Bring them in contact with these divine forces by your action and your teachings. Bring your fellow-countrymen back; bring your country into immediate connection with the great source of truth and light, and the blessed influence of Christ and Christ's Church. And in this manner shall it come to pass that the words of the psalmist shall be fulfilled: "Mercy and justice have you one with another; justice and peace prevail."

Let us restore among men justice and charity. Let us teach men to be prompt ever to make sacrifice of self for the common good. This is the foundation of all social elevating movements; it is the foundation of your own Congress. Now, all these great principles have been marked out in the most luminous lines in the encyclicals of the great Pontiff, Leo XIII. We then study those encyclicals; hold fast to them as the safest anchorage. The social questions are being studied the world over. It is well they should be studied in America, for here do we have more than elsewhere the keys to the future. Here in America you have a country blessed specially by Providence, in the fertility of its fields and the liberty of its institutions. Here you have a country which will pay back all efforts, not merely tenfold, but a hundredfold; and this no one understands better than the immortal Leo, and he charges his Delegate to speak out to America words of hope and blessing.

Then, in conclusion, the Delegate begs of you American Catholics to be fully loyal to your great mission and the duties which your circumstances impose upon you. Here are golden words spoken by the Delegate in concluding his discourse: "Go forward! in one hand bearing the Book of Christian truth and in the other the Constitution of the United States."

Christian truth and American liberty will make you free, happy, and prosperous. They will put you on the road to progress. May your steps ever persevere on that road. Again he salutes you with all his heart. Again he expresses his delight to be with you, and again speaks forth to you in strongest and sweetest tones the love of your Holy Father, Leo XIII.

A pleasing incident of this session was an invitation extended to the colored Catholics, who had begun holding their meetings in one of the lesser halls, to come in and participate in the general Congress. An original and philosophical presentation of the current topic was then made by Hon. E. O. Browne of Chicago, in the following terms:

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

In common speech, as in the scheme for this Congress, labor and capital are used as contra-distinguished terms—things set off against each other—the rights of the one and the duties of the other being the matters especially to be insisted on, and reconciled, if reconciliation may in any way be between things assumed thus to be so antagonistic and engaged in such an irreconcilable conflict. That there is such a conflict in appearance, is as evident as it is in appearance that the sun circles about the earth. But I hold it to be no more a real phenomenon of our social life and organization than the motion of the sun is of the natural world.

It is because I utterly dispute the thesis that capital and labor are antagonistic, that they have separate interests, that there are duties incumbent upon one which are not duties of the other, or rights belonging to the one which are not equally the rights of the other, that I have accepted the compliment conveyed to me by the request that I should read a paper at this Congress, provided that I could take for its text but one member of the announced subject of discussion. "The Rights of Labor," simply, is my thesis, and I hold that this includes both the rights and duties of capital, for capital is but crystallized, accumulated labor, having no possible interests, economically speaking, diverse from those of labor. In one view it is but a subdivision of labor; in another, but a tool which labor has itself fashioned by its own hands, which is used solely in its own hands, and which is entitled, therefore, in and by itself, to that protection and consideration only which its creator, owner, and user demands for it, as one of its valuable adjuncts and belongings.

Briefly, my argument is to be that capitalist and laborer, economically speaking, are the same, entitled to one transcendent, all-important right, the right to liberty, and

subject to one controlling obligation or duty, so to use that liberty as not to violate the freedom of any other. Carried to their only possible, rational, and logical conclusion, I shall contend that these propositions lead to the demonstration that the present lamentable condition of labor, or more properly and accurately speaking, of the laborer, is due not to encroachments, invasions, or injustice by capital or the capitalists, but by their common antagonist, monopoly and the monopolists, against whom it is indeed most necessary and wholesome that the rights of the laborer should be most strenuously asserted and defended. Not too loudly can the note of alarm be struck, nor the call to arms sounded.

To sustain my argument I need first to state clearly the sense in which I use, and as I submit accurately, use, the terms with which I am dealing. What is labor, what is capital, what is monopoly? To define labor in economics is easy. It is the employment of energy, physical or mental, toward the production of wealth in the largest sense—of goods, of those things, that is, which make for the health, comfort, instruction, and pleasure of men. But the words "production of wealth" are to be taken in no narrow sense. All will admit doubtless that wealth, for example, is as much produced by the excavation of a tunnel through the Alps, as in the rolling of the railroad iron which is laid through it after it is excavated, but the equally salient facts are not so well understood and plainly admitted, perhaps, that equally with him who fashions it, that man produces wealth who transports a thing from a place where it is not desired, or desired but slightly, to another where it is strongly desired, or who as a shopkeeper keeps it in store until the consumer at that point needs it. And it is even less apparent, perhaps, that the priest, the poet, or the minstrel, who by his exertion encourages and increases the potential energy of the manual laborer, is economically, under our description, a laborer, too. But these propositions are after all the commonplaces of political economy, and I must assume, not argue them, and ask you to think of labor in this large and comprehensive sense whenever I use the term in this paper.

Of capital it is a less simple task to make a definition which may be denominated both accurate and economically orthodox. But this springs not from any inherent difficulty or vagueness in the conception, but solely from the loose, unprecise way in which writers on political economy, accounted orthodox, have used the word. But the general idea, which has always, although with more or less vagueness and want of precision, been attached to the word in economic discussion, and which may therefore be properly presumed to be the meaning which belongs to it in the scheme of subjects chosen for the consideration of this Congress, has been expressed by late economic writers with substantial accuracy as "Wealth in process of exchange."

This, it will be seen, excludes what some political economists have inconsiderately included in the term capital—wealth reserved by its owner for consumption in his own physical and personal necessities—comforts and pleasures, and limits it to wealth used in the assistance of labor in the production of other wealth, in the course of which assistance to labor this wealth is changing form or use. For exchange in the sense in which it is here used does not mean the mere passing from hand to hand, but also such transmutations as occur when the reproductive forces of nature are utilized for the increase of wealth.

It is not necessary to allude to the vulgar and absurd conception of capital as money, and of the capitalist as the man who has stores of currency, for there is no one here, I am sure, who does not realize that money itself is but a labor-saving tool of trade to facilitate exchange, useful in the highest degree, but not even indispensable to life, civilization, and forming in its aggregate amount but a very small and insignificant part of that stored-up result of labor properly called wealth. The capitalist is not the man who has money necessarily. He may have no considerable amount of it, and yet in other forms of wealth—useful in production—be rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Of course, under any usual or ordinary conditions, money being the commonest medium of exchange, this possession of exchangeable wealth will give him great power of obtaining quantities of money should he prefer, as he very seldom will do, to have his wealth in that particular form. But it may be necessary to call particular attention to the fact that this definition of capital excludes many things which are carelessly and incorrectly called capital which are not wealth at all, for wealth consists economically only of goods, good things adapted by the energy, mental or physical, of man to the use of man. It is, therefore, the result of labor applied to natural opportunities, or, as we call them generically, land. Labor and land, therefore, are the primary and only essential factors of the production of wealth, but a portion of the stored up wealth which labor applied to land has produced assists and increases the power of labor under the name of capital.

But it is evident that there are powers and privileges belonging to certain classes in every existing social organization, which, although not capital and not wealth in any

sense whatever, give the persons and classes enjoying them the advantages which belong to capital and to the possession of true wealth. I am not here denying the necessity, the justice, or the propriety of the arrangements which give those powers and privileges, but merely calling attention to their existence. The people with these privileges and powers have the ability to control the labor of others, and to obtain the use of others' capital upon terms dictated not by free contract, but in a greater or less degree by their own choice. If you can for a moment eliminate from it any opprobrious signification, it would be most convenient to call this class in economic organization monopolists, as distinguished from laborers and capitalists, and, abstractly to speak, of labor, capital, and monopoly as three contradistinguished things. But it is to be borne in mind that monopoly is not like capital, the product of labor, at all. Wealth, of which capital is a part, is the natural product of the combination of labor and land, the natural result of the one applied to the other. Monopoly is the result of artificial, man-made conventions, agreements, institutions, and laws. To it belong all such things as franchises or rights, so-called, guaranteed to some people by some social convention or institution which others are not allowed to enjoy or compete for, all patent privileges, by which a portion of the labor of others goes to the original inventor or designer of some product of labor, and, infinitely more important than anything else falling under this classification, the guaranteed exclusive possession of purely natural opportunities, or land, in the economic sense, by which must be understood to be meant land in the narrower sense, without consideration of improvements—water powers, air, harbor facilities, and the use of natural bodies of water of whatever form or nature. For such guaranteed exclusive possession makes of the class of land-owners necessarily a class of monopolists. The land is not the result of their labor, or of any other human being's. It does not fall under the accurate definition of wealth, much less of capital. But the right to its exclusive possession gives, and gives with more certainty than any other thing, the advantages of the possession of wealth and the means of procuring it by the control and utilization for one's self of the labor of others.

As the oriental aphorism well puts it, "To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it." White parasols and elephants made with pride are the flowers of a grant of land, or, as Carlyle has it, "From a widow gathering nettles for her children's dinner, the perfumed land-holding seigneur can by a subtle alchemy extract every third nettle and call it rent." I am not intending by this assertion of its character as monopoly to attack land-ownership, even in its present form, or under its present unrestrained and unlimited conditions. I have an abiding conviction that that form and those conditions ought to be changed, an unwavering faith that they must and soon will be so changed, but even the suggestion of this obligation and necessity I leave for the conclusion of my paper, while that in a changed and modified form such ownership as is involved in the private individual, guaranteed continuous and permanent possession of land, is right, proper, and necessary, I propose distinctly hereafter to point out. But I wish to insist here upon the essential nature of land-ownership. If it be a proper and necessary monopoly, it is none the less monopoly, as we have used that word in contradistinction from labor and capital.

When James I. granted to Buckingham the exclusive privilege of making gold and silver thread and prohibited under severe penalties all manufacture of it save under Buckingham's license or control, the income which flowed into the favorite's coffers was not a return to capital,—it was the profit of monopoly, taken as a toll or tax from the labor and capital of others, enslaving the first and confiscating the second. And when the iron mine operator pays to the holder of the title of the land on which that mine was found, but who has had nothing to do with its development or its working, a royalty on each ton of ore taken from it, that income of the mine owner is equally with Buckingham's, simply the profit of monopoly, a tax or toll upon the production of laborers therein employed and the capital by which that labor is assisted. The one may have been iniquitous and unnecessary, the other praiseworthy and necessary, monopoly. Be that as it may, they are both monopolies.

And now that I have endeavored to make clear the distinction between labor, capital, and monopoly, I wish to postpone suggestion of the rights of labor as against monopoly and to address myself to the immediate question: What are the rights of labor as against capital?

Is not the answer obvious from the statement of their nature which has been made? The rights of a laborer against a capitalist (labor against capital is but a vague way of expressing this concrete idea) are his rights as against another laborer, no more and no less. They do not belong to contradistinguished classes at all. At the very utmost, assuming the natural opportunity on which labor can act to be freely obtainable, the

capitalist can be but the assistant of the laborer, who is willing to use the tools and assistance he offers for a part of the product of the more efficient labor which can thus be performed. Nothing has been more successfully disproved than the proposition that it is capital which employs labor. It is labor which employs capital as its tool. But we must keep in mind ever in considering this statement the distinction that has been made between capital and monopoly. Capital does not only employ labor, it is labor that employs capital. But monopoly does employ both labor and capital and at its own terms—in other words, in a sense it enslaves them.

To return. I have said that at the utmost the capitalists can be nothing but the assistants of laborers, but as a matter of fact they are very largely the laborers themselves. Not only are they clearly distinguished and antagonistic classes, they are not even separate classes at all. Every street laborer with his own pickax is a capitalist as well as a laborer, he can only be a laborer without being a capitalist if he is utterly without tools and is furnished them by others. And even then he may not be, for the capital which is used by labor as an assistance in all great works is generally, through the agency of a complex system of credits, a part of the wealth which the banks and various financial institutions of a country concentrate, manage, and control, but are far from owning. That wealth is very largely the property of laborers of all sorts and kinds. Every workman who has a savings deposit, or a share of building company stock, is furnishing capital to assist labor and of course is a laborer as well as a capitalist. And who should be the capitalist but the laborer? There were in any primitive state of society but two factors in production, the laborer and the natural opportunities he worked on.

Assuming the natural opportunities for work to be free, the laborers must have had all the results of production which are their natural wages. Nor under such a condition of freedom of natural opportunities could a class of capitalists distinct from laborers ever grow up even, for while undoubtedly in time some more provident than others would store up more of the products of labor to assist their own labor in future production and to the others it would be worth, and they would bid for it, a portion of the product of their labor, as thus assisted by it, yet the opportunity and ability to labor being always existent, capital would no more than in the beginning of the community life be indispensable to the life or production of the laborer, and it could and would demand and receive no more than its value as a tool increasing the efficiency of his labor. In such a state of freedom for labor, we may well be sure that no such idea as that of a wage fund would take root, nor capital become concentrated in the hands of a small class. But if, by some man-made law, some institution or convention of society, be it praiseworthy or blameworthy, such a position of advantage is granted or guaranteed to either capitalist or laborer, as places the other in a position where his freedom in the contract is gone—for example, if the social organization is so arranged that the capitalist can, with much greater ease than the laborer, become the monopolist, and either pass from the class which loans to labor its efficient tools to the one which controls the only opportunities for the use of either labor or tools, or, as generally happens, conjoin in his own person the two characters, there arises naturally, and at once, an apparent contest between the capitalist and laborer, such as at present exists. But it is not between the capitalist and the laborer as capitalist and laborer. It is between the monopolist and the man seeking an opportunity to labor. On the one side, theoretically, are the persons holding the natural opportunities on which alone labor is of any utility or effect, and who demand for the use of them as rent—toll, the profits of monopoly—as large a portion of the product of such labor as they can get. On the other are ranged together both capitalists and laborers, demanding only the chance to labor in and on those natural opportunities, but willing to give up for the use of them only the smallest part of the product of their labor for which they can obtain it. Natural opportunities, immense in quantity and number as they are, are limited by definite and measurable bounds, unlike the amount of capital (for the possibilities of the production of wealth are practically illimitable). Here the pinch begins. Here the contest must rage.

The laborer may make such terms, and come to such agreement with the capitalist, or the capitalist with the laborer, as they may choose. By themselves they will be futile, for labor, with or without the tool called capital, can find no employment except by application to monopoly. On the other hand, if monopoly gives its permission, labor can make its own way and sustain itself without the assistance of capital at all. It need never do so, however, for whenever the ability and opportunity for profitable work exist in the same control, capital flows and asks investment as naturally as water rolls down hill.

The correla'ive rights and duties of the laborer, then, I repeat, as against the cap-

italist, and of the capitalist against the laborer are the same. They are the rights and duties, too, of each laborer as against every other laborer, and of each capitalist as against every other capitalist.

The right is the right to liberty; that is, the right to one's own self, and the product of one's own labor, which involves entire freedom of contract. The duty is the duty of so using and limiting that liberty as to preserve the equal freedom of all others. Viewed from such a standpoint, of course the wrong theoretically involved in the intimidation of men willing and anxious to work, which frequently accompanies labor agitations and strikes, and the interference which then frequently takes place with their freedom of contract, becomes clear, and so, it seems to me, does the similar wrong which interferes with the freedom of contract in relation to the interest which the capitalist may ask for the use of the tool which he proffers to the laborer.

It is not due to anything in the inherent relations of capital and labor at all, that these views of rights and wrongs are not universally recognized under present conditions. It is because these relations are complicated by the antagonism that I have indicated heretofore. Capital and labor on the one side must meet monopoly on the other. And because of the great ease with which the capitalist can become the monopolist, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the certainty with which the monopolist becomes also to some extent the capitalist, a general looseness and vagueness of thinking has placed on the words "capitalist" and "capital" an economical and social meaning which belongs not to them, but to "monopolist" and "monopoly" alone.

In a scheme like that of this Congress I would have named as the subject of discussion not "The Rights of Labor and the Duties of Capital," but "The Rights of Labor and Capital and the Duties of Monopoly." Capital, as I have shown, is, after all, but a subdivision of labor, and the terms might well be shortened to the contradistinguished ones, labor and monopoly. It is to the maladjustment between these two that I believe the economic misery of the world to-day is due, that misery for which the Holy Father so truly says some remedy must be quickly found. This it is that calls so loudly for the vindication of the rights of labor. For what is the result of the present conditions? Are not the material wants and desires of men everywhere those which the physical resources of this wonderful earth on which we have been put are able on the expenditure of labor to supply? Are not those physical resources lying in great proportion unworked and idle all over the globe? We have but scratched the surface of the earth, the treasures of its deeps have been but barely uncovered. On the other hand, are the skill and industry wanting in mankind to develop those resources? Look about you at the great exhibition and reply. But notwithstanding the co-existence of the wants, the resources, and the skill and industry, millions of willing men stand unemployed, while coal mines are unworked, and wheat fields untilled, and women and children in our great cities die of cold and starvation.

It has become fashionable in our day to deny the existence of natural human rights, to declare that civilization knows no general law but that of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, to hold that there is no remedy for human wretchedness but to limit population, that nature is niggardly and the economic problem lies in production and not in distribution. This is atheism, not Christianity. As men and women who believe in our holy religion which teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man we can have none of it. For us God is no niggard and no bungler. He has not brought into the world more men than the world can abundantly supply with the means of a healthy, natural, developing life, nor men without the ability to turn these means to account. It is not the problem of production that confronts us, it is the problem of distribution, and our errors and mistakes in its solution must result from ignorance or denial of the law, in accordance with which he would have us act.

I say that maladjustments of the relations of monopoly and labor are the cause of the economic misery of men. Let me give you, as it were, a glimpse of what I mean by a concrete example. Such an illustration sometimes lights up an argument better than explanation can do. In the coal-mining region of Pennsylvania the coal miners suffer much discomfort from the heat in the summer time. Ice is a comfort or luxury which their wages do not permit them to purchase. In the winter there are frequently seasons of enforced idleness for them. During one of these seasons some years ago, it occurred to some of them to cut and store for future use and the increase of their comfort during the coming summer, ice that formed in the numerous sink holes on the mining corporation's land, and which in all previous years had melted unutilized in the spring. The ice-cutting commenced, the telegraph bore from the resident agent to the company's offices in Philadelphia the news of it, and bore back again the laconic message: "Permit no ice to be cut except on payment of rent." Then the ice-cutting ceased, and the ice as usual melted in natural course.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN.
SAN FRANCISCO.

ARCHBISHOP HENNESSY.
DUBUQUE.

ARCHBISHOP KATZER.
MILWAUKEE.

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI.
WASHINGTON.

ARCHBISHOP JANSSEN.
NEW ORLEANS.

Do not misunderstand me. I have not said—I am not now saying—that monopoly and privilege are in themselves wrong. I assert, indeed, the very reverse. Some monopolies are necessary and as natural in the order of things as is the sunshine. Others, though not necessary, are undoubtedly expedient. The guaranteed private possession of land is of the former kind; patent rights and franchises examples of the second. But undeniable monopolies though they be, it is no wrong in itself to society that patentees' rights should exist. The inventors that profit by them have given a return to society in the new and useful ideas they have furnished to mankind. Nor is a franchise, a law granting to one man or a collection of men, privileges or rights withheld from others, necessarily a wrong. It and all other monopolies, however, become so whenever their beneficiary fails in that return to society which is a full and fair equivalent for the right of monopoly which has been conferred upon him.

And it is so with the greatest of all monopolies, the right of individuals to the exclusive and guaranteed possession of the earth's surface. The monopoly of individual possession of land is as necessary to the civilized life of man as the existence of the natural opportunities themselves; civilization of necessity evolves it. Without it no people can rise above the grade of a pastoral tribe. And as continuity and permanency of tenure is necessary, and as land differs in desirability and the difference is constantly varying in amount, the law of rent arises. As stated by all political economists worthy the name, it is that the rent of land is determined by the excess of its produce over that which the same application can secure from the least productive land in use, or, to put it in another form, less liable to the misapprehension that it applies to agricultural land alone, "the ownership, *i. e.*, the exclusive possession and control of a natural agent of production will give the power of appropriating so much of the wealth produced by the exertion of labor and capital upon it as exceeds the return which the same application of labor and capital would secure in the least productive occupation in which they freely engage."

This law of rent is as fixed a factor in economic science as is the law of gravitation in physics. The exclusive possession and control is necessary, the power of appropriation goes with it. What is the duty of the holder of the monopoly to the society which invests him with it? This is the question which confronts us, and which must be answered if the rights of labor and capital are to be protected, and the duties of monopoly enforced, for it is clear that what goes to monopoly and is not returned to society in some adequate form and amount, is so much taken from labor and capital of the product of their exertions.

Economically, I believe that liberty, the right of each man in himself to the whole product of his labor, is the ideal to be reached, and that when the product of labor constitutes the wages of labor, as Adam Smith a century ago declared was natural, and not until then, will the so-called labor problem be solved. Centuries ago, before the beginning of this marvelous era, with its prodigious increase in the effectiveness of labor by the mastery which man has obtained over the powers of nature, this question of the duty of the "lords of the land" was one with which the Church had often to deal.

Every element of the feudal system not formed by was influenced and modified by the Church, and in the feudal system, peculiar obligations, strenuously maintained, were imposed in return for the privilege of receiving rent. Among them were the support of the civil list, the public defense, the cost of public worship and instruction, and the care of the sick and destitute. What other are the purposes of taxation to-day? Against the protest of a priest who told them that they were remitting to the proprietors a tax which was one of the conditions on which they held their land, and reimposing it on the labor of the nation, the French Constituent Assembly, in 1789, abolished tithes and turned over the support of the clergy to general taxation.

The Long Parliament in the abolition of military tenures took from monopoly the burden of the consideration on which it held the common property of the nation, and saddled it on the people at large in the taxation of all consumers. Both actions were hailed, and doubtless intended by lovers of freedom, as steps in advance, but to those who think with me they were the most disastrous of mistakes. We think that if these feudal dues of monopoly were now in force, changed only in form for adaptation to the changed times, and if monopoly and privilege paid to the community which guarantees them existence, the due pecuniary reward or compensation justly and properly chargeable to them, all other taxation could be abolished, and that all which makes law instituted monopoly and privilege, the enemy of labor and capital, would be thereby destroyed. Of the products of labor and capital there would be two parts, one going to the individual producers according to the part each had taken in the work of production, the other to the community as a whole, to be distributed in public benefits to all its members.

It is no part of my purpose to attempt in this paper, at this time, to sustain this practical proposition for the improvement in present social conditions.

I have tried only to point out that the antagonism is not between labor and capital, that it is between labor and monopoly, that the right of labor is liberty to enjoy the fruits of its exertion, that the problem is not to define the duties of capital, but of monopoly and privilege. How well I have succeeded it is for you to judge, but this I know, that nowhere is a fitter place to discuss the social problem and to find its solution than in the societies of the Holy Church; nowhere are men more clearly called to the work than are the clergy and laity of his Church, who summed up his teachings in social philosophy in the sublime utterance, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

A justice of the supreme court of the United States, in a remarkably inapt phrase, as it seems to me, addressing students of a law school in one of the great universities, spoke recently of the age-long struggle between "private rights and public greed."

In a more truthful, and I hope a more truth-loving spirit, I suggest to you that "the rights of labor, the duties of monopoly" are involved in the age-long struggle between private greed and public rights.

That in that great struggle the Catholic Church, which gave liberty to the slave, which emancipated woman, which has ever been the greatest of all bulwarks and defenders of human liberty, will give her countenance and aid to the oppressed and struggling masses, is certain. It is proven by her history. It is a part of her mission. To doubt it were impiety and heresy.

A paper on the same theme, by another eminent member of the Chicago bar, John Gibbon, LL.D., was substantially as follows:

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

The unrest and discontent felt and heard in every line of social and industrial life are but the protests of a struggling humanity against hardships and oppressions which are the necessary outgrowth of the strained and abnormal conditions existing between labor and capital,—conditions which if not speedily remedied, may work the debasement of the one, and the destruction of the other. The folly of labor is no more reprehensible for these conditions than the greed of capital. For years the tendency of the times has been toward the enslavement of the individual through the domination of the masses on the one hand, and the monopoly of capital through trusts and combines on the other, and whoever imagines that there is in legislation or statecraft, a short cut by which the conditions wrought by both these causes may be reached, adjusted, harmonized, and remedied other than by mutual concessions based upon mutual interests is shortsighted, if not visionary. That legislation is beneficial, and sometimes necessary to compel the performance of duties which ought to be discharged voluntarily, I admit, but in respect to matters of a social and industrial nature, which are so largely dependent upon natural conditions, legislation may aid, but can not create them.

That hardships and oppressions have existed for all time does not prove that they are a heritage of the human family. "And there shall be no poor nor beggar among you," is a divine command, while "the poor ye shall have always with you," is but the voice of prophecy. The former is the law proclaimed, the latter the result of its non-observance. Every man born into the world owes certain duties to society, and paramount to all others is the duty to support himself, and those naturally dependent upon him, and of equal importance in the scale of primary duties are obedience to law and respect for the rights of others. The performance of these primary obligations no man should be permitted to evade or ignore.

In the proposals we advance, if we hope thereby to accomplish beneficial results, we must recognize the changes which are constantly occurring in natural conditions, for these changes necessarily affect the industrial life of the people. The conditions which existed fifty, or even twenty-five, years ago do not exist to-day. Fifty years ago the surplus labor of the country found employment in reclaiming and cultivating the waste lands of the fruitful West; but now nearly all the available lands have been appropriated, so that surplus labor no longer finds remunerative employment there, and the stream of immigration has ceased to flow toward the setting sun.

Thirty years ago surplus labor found employment in the army, in the building of railways, in the improvement of rivers and harbors, and in many other enterprises which existed as a result of the war then being waged for national supremacy. These changes which are wrought by what may be termed natural causes only, serve to emphasize the

fact that in the field of labor, as in the whole domain of industry, supply and demand must ever be controlling factors, and the economist who ignores this fundamental truth in seeking a wise solution of the all-important problem now agitating the public is a dreamer or a demagogue.

Whatever speculations or theories we may advance or proclaim it should be conceded that unless labor is reduced to a condition of servitude, the amount of wages to be paid and the amount of work to be done at a certain price must always remain the objects of free and open bargain. Under such circumstances, the connection between employer and employed has the advantage of a voluntary association, in which each party is conscious of benefit, and each feels that his own welfare depends, to a great extent, on the welfare of the other. But the instant wages ceases to be a bargain, the instant the laborer is paid—not according to his value, but to an established scale; both employer and employed are no longer free agents, and all the incentives to mutual advantages are taken away, and the kindness which naturally arises from a voluntary association, as well as the mutual benefits, is wanting.

It must also be conceded that trades unions and associations of that nature, when properly conducted, are designed to do much good. They will prove beneficial in educating the workmen, in inviting discussion respecting proposals advanced looking to the elevation of labor—beneficial in assisting members to obtain employment, beneficial in bringing before the public their wants and molding public opinion in favor of granting them—beneficial from a political point of view, because by united action they may obtain legislation which as individuals they could not secure. But when they go beyond these objects, as they sometimes do, the state, rather than the trades unions, is to blame in not making adequate provision for the adjustment of differences which inevitably grow out of the relation of capital to labor. In every other department of life the differences which emanate from contractual relations are regulated by common or statute law, and why should the conflicts arising between labor and capital be left to the will or caprice of the haughty capitalist on the one hand, or the aggrieved laborer on the other?

The right to enjoy life and to strive in the pursuit of happiness may be classed among the absolute rights of man. The right to sustain life in case of necessity—the right of a starving man to a portion of his neighbor's food—is paramount to all human enactments. But the right to live, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, does not mean merely the right to exist. The man who tills the soil, the man who forges the iron, the man who pushes the plane, ought to be afforded the opportunity of providing for himself food, raiment, and shelter. Moreover, as the family is ordained of God, and the basis of all human society, the head of the family is not only entitled to all these things for himself but for his wife, children, and all those of his household. Hence when a powerful manufacturer draws around him a community of men, women and children, his duty toward them is not fully discharged by the mere payment of wages. The conditions which he has created impose upon him corresponding duties, and it is no answer to the neglect or refusal to perform them to say that they are not imposed by the law of the land, or that they do not grow out of any compact or agreement with the community thus organized.

This moral duty has been given practical effect, with excellent results, at Essen and Altendorf, Germany. For example, the number of men employed by the Krupps is 25,200, who, with their families, amount to 87,900 people. The corporation builds and rents all dwellings for its workmen, provides co-operative stores, and boarding accommodations for unmarried men, and attends to the prevention of sickness by careful sanitary regulations. The death rate is smaller than any other community in Europe. The lives of the employes are required to be insured, and in addition Mr. Krupp provides pension and relief funds for the injured and bereaved. He also provides schools for the children of his employes, and churches for the religious training of all connected with his establishment.

The Krupps have been able, through their social work, to center so fully the interests of their employes in the neighborhood in which they live, and so to unite them with the interests of the firm, that their men have exhibited less desire to change employment and have been less affected by labor disturbances than in any other parts of the country. Co-operation and profit-sharing have been conducted with satisfactory results in many lines of industry both here and in Europe, and from the harmony existing in these communities between employer and the employed, it is safe to conclude that the vexed labor problem may be solved through mutual concessions based on mutual advantages.

The idea of master and servant grows out of the domestic relations, and while it may be less culpable for a man to neglect providing for the support and comfort of his serv-

ants than it would his wife and children, still it is a crime against the natural and divine law for him to do so. Whoever neglects this moral duty in the one case is amenable to the law of the land, and why not extend that law to include those who disregard it in the other? My contention is that what has been accomplished by voluntary action, and as a moral obligation on the part of humane employers, might be enforced as a legal duty in respect to those who regard their workmen as merchantable commodities.

In the abstract it is perceived that everyone has a natural right to use and enjoy his property in such manner as he pleases, and if an employer of labor it is his privilege to employ whom he will, at the best prices he may; but abstract principles and natural rights are subordinate to the laws of human necessities and the well-being of the people. The absolute right of man to the enjoyment of his own property exists only in a state of nature where no relative rights intervene and so long as he is able to defend his possession. But as soon as society is organized and the individual becomes dependent upon the community for all the rights and privileges which he enjoys, corresponding duties arise, which grow out of the compact and are binding upon him whether he wills it or not, and whether defined by law or stipulated by contract.

Justice to labor does not imperil or impair capital. The stability and progress of a country must depend upon the character of the industrial classes, and whether the standing of the working population is to be debased or elevated must depend upon the relation they sustain to the common conditions of their country. Ownership of property is the true status of liberty, and as the idea of home is the initial point around which clusters every ennobling virtue, it should be the duty of corporations and individuals who establish industrial centers and manufacturing communities to provide homes for men and families engaged in their employment. All honor is due to the noble, charitable, and humane men and women who devote their time and contribute their means for the care, nourishment, and comfort of children whose mothers are forced to toil for bread, but there should be no occasion for the infants' corral or the robust man's almshouse in well-governed communities. Their existence belies social progress and is repugnant to the plan of a wisely governed state.

The highway of nations is strewn with the ruins of the democracies of the past. Their decline and fall can be truthfully ascribed to the defect in their policy, which, while recognizing and protecting political equality, failed to provide for an equality of conditions such as would have prevented the conflicts between the rich and the poor, conflicts which grow into the revolution that results in despotism. The struggle between the rich and the poor, between those who own property and those without property, is now more general, if not more alarming, than ever before in the history of the world. This struggle must increase in scope and intensity until in our political economy man is acknowledged to be superior to wealth, and, as a consequence, that the rights of the many are paramount to the privileges of the few. Then will follow the complete emancipation of labor from the practical ownership which now holds it in bondage, and unto it will be given an equitable portion of the wealth it produces in alliance with capital.

So far as my observation goes, I am led to believe that the conflicts between employer and employed find their origin in the false relations existing between the people and the land, and between labor and capital; and until we unite labor and capital in a closer union based upon a more equitable division of profits, and effect a more general distribution of the land among the subordinate holders of power, these evils will be intensified even unto the utter destruction of our democracy.

Next to the right of life and liberty there is nothing so sacred to an American as the right of property; and in our efforts to rectify the wrongs of labor and to bring about a more equitable division of the land among the people, they must be accomplished not by subversion of justice, not by invasion of right, not by destruction of tenures, not by forfeiture of titles, not by community of property, not by single tax upon land, not by shackling individual exertion, not by blasting personal ambition, not by turning the hands of progress back upon the dial of time, not by overthrowing established institutions which have been replenished, fostered, and fortified by the worth and wisdom of the best thinkers and purest men of all the ages that have gone before, but by marching onward and upward along the lines of duty and law, using the materials at our command to improve the condition of men as we find them.

It may be that there shall come no time, indeed, when there will not be, in lamentable contrast, poverty and wealth, suffering and affluence, misery and luxury. It may be that there shall come no day which will not see one class of men with only the labor of their hands to sell and another whose business it is to buy this primal commodity; and that the one shall endeavor to market his only ware at the highest obtainable

price, and the instinct of greed compel the other to buy as cheaply as he can. But I believe that there shall be, in time to come, a vast improvement in the aggregate comfort and independence of the laboring class, between the power of money in that coming day and its influence in the present. Another epoch, as I believe, will turn away in horror from the pestilential tenement houses and the hordes of hungry and homeless ones of the 19th century.

The troubles and dangers that confront us as a nation must be met and conquered within our own borders. There is no other possible escape. Emigration has been the safety and salvation of Eastern lands. There can be no emigration from America. This is the Mecca of the human race, the final resting-place of restless humanity.

Earth's imperial people have ever moved westward as if impelled by a resistless power divine, and parallel with their migrations civilization and sovereignty moved. The world's sceptre has made the circuit of the earth. First raised and wielded in Egypt, it passed to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to France, from France to England, and from England it is passing unto America, here to remain, for the Orient is just beyond us—the land where it first arose. By the logic of causes, that knows no change, the solution of the problem—mighty and grave—that confronts us as a people must be reached through agencies of our own, and that solution not only involves the life of the nation, but comprehends the future of the world.

An eloquent and instructive review was that of the Paulist Father, Rev. Walter Elliott, on the "Missionary Work of the Church in the United States." It ran as follows:

FATHER ELLIOTT ON CATHOLIC MISSIONARY WORK.

He stands erect and has a far outlook whose feet rest upon the mountain of the Lord. The ages move in review, the nations march past; his outlook is universal.

The outlook in the United States is many millions of independent men and women whose characteristics are liberty and intelligence. Their eternal destiny and the means of arriving at it are eagerly discussed, but amid a bewildering conflict of opinions. This most modern of nations yet holds to a vague idea of Christ as the world's redeemer, of the Bible as God's book; for the rest, the only common creed is progress, human dignity, and the destiny of the great Republic. Any claimant for a hearing in religious matters must before all else be able to square his fundamental principles with these beliefs.

Catholics are mingled among this people in the proportion of about one to six, and are the only perfectly organized body of Christians. These are also distinguished by liberty and intelligence, though fully half are new-comers or their children. They are endowed with an absolutely certain knowledge of man's eternal destiny as well as of all the means of arriving at it, and are masters of the most renowned of intellectual forces—the faith of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. The problem is how to place this virtue of Catholic faith in a missionary attitude and secure it a hearing; how to turn all the organic and personal force of Catholic faith into apostolic zeal for the eternal salvation of the entire nation.

As a matter of fact, we are only beginning to act as if we felt that our fellow-citizens were our brethren in sore need of the truth of God. We have as yet failed, as a body, to take the entire American nation into account in a religious point of view, have not felt it a duty to proclaim to them that the certainty of Christ's truth is with us, that the pardon of sins is in the contrition, confession, and satisfaction of the sacrament of penance, that the union of their souls with God is in the communion of his Son's body and blood in the Eucharist—and the other necessary means of enlightenment and sanctification.

The problem is, how to induce Catholics to attempt the conversion of non-Catholics, and to realize that until they offer them the true religion there is a cloud upon their own title to it.

God would have us missionaries to the American people. Does any Catholic dare to contradict that? If so, let us hear from him.

Suppose that my neighbor's house and mine were separated by a dense wood, and that some morning I should wake to find a noble avenue cut through between us; what would such a miracle mean? That God willed me to make my neighbor my friend, to visit him familiarly, and to love him. God has done more than this with Catholics and non-Catholics in America, and by community of all that is good in civil and industrial life, by close social ties and personal friendships, has opened our hearts mutually to each other. Let us be friends in the truest sense of the term, the religious.

The dense and tangled forest of prejudice has already been pierced. That vice of

honest minds is now chiefly to be found among the more ignorant. Few converts but will tell you that their first step was surprise that Catholics had been falsely accused. There are men and women all round us who have but to learn *just what we are* as a religious body, to be led on to conversion; they already know that we have been basely calumniated. In the better class of minds we shall have to contend mainly with such difficulties as lie in the way of all supernatural religion—timidity, dread of the mysterious or a false view of reason's prerogatives, unwillingness to submit to the unchangeable truth. And in a multitude of other cases men and women fail to become Catholics only for the same reason that many of our own people refuse to be good Catholics—worldliness, sensuality, fastidious objection to our vulgar crowds, family pride, human respect. St. Paul's example shows how to deal with these: "And as he reasoned of temperance, and righteousness, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." If even that wretched bribe-taker trembled, our honest fellow-citizens will do more. Let us but manage to bring to bear a patient and intelligent exposition of what our religion actually does for us in our inner and outer life, and then a realization of the need of salvation, the shortness of life, and the rigors of the judgment will do the rest.

There can be but one excuse for a Catholic, especially one of intelligence, and above all a priest, not addressing our erring brethren: that they can not be induced to listen to him. And who has ever fairly sought a hearing and been denied it? How many instances are there where men of no peculiar gifts have filled their churches, and even public halls, with audiences full of Protestants, giving respectful attention to Catholic truth. The trouble is not want of audiences, but want of men and methods persistently to follow up the work.

The collapse of dogmatic Protestantism is our opportunity. Denominations, and "creeds," and "schools," and "confessions" are going to pieces before our eyes. Great men built them, and little men can demolish them. This new nation can not but regard with disdain institutions hardly double its own short life, and yet utterly decrepit; can not but regard with awe an institution in whose life the great Republic could have gone through its career nearly a score of times. I tell you that the vigor of national youth must be amazed at the freshness of perennial religion, and must soon salute it as divine. The dogmas of older Protestantism are fading out of our people's minds, or are being thrust out. It is not against the religion of men's ancestors, but against each one's religion of yesterday, as unsteady in grasp as it is recent in acquisition, that we have to contend—we who speak for Him who is of yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever.

Consider, then, how it is with our noble-hearted friends: in their case it is religion wandering here and there in search of a Church. How many earnest souls are about us, weary of doubtful teachings, glad to harken to, ay and to believe, anyone who promises them relief.

See, too, and admire, how their religious instincts strive after organic life. As Calvinism dies, Christian Endeavor is born and counts a million members in a day—good works making little of faith, as at first faith made little of good works. See that while Methodism leaves the slums and is petrifying in lordly temples and in universities, the Salvation Army scours the gutters it has turned from with loathing.

I tell you that the people around us are religious, that they long for God and are ready for those divine rules of the higher life called Catholicity.

No form of belief faces civilized irreligion with half the courage of Catholicity. A vigorous man exults in the trial of his strength. It is incredible that an intelligent Catholic shall not command the attention of thoughtful minds on questions of such absorbing interest as—What becomes of our dead?—Can we communicate with them?—Can we get along without the Bible?—What think you of Christ, whose son is He? We have the truth on all such vital questions; Catholic truth is simple, accredits itself, and is in the highest degree commendatory of the Church as compared with the Protestant denominations

Only make a parallel of Catholic principles and American fundamental ideas on human dignity, and you will perceive that we are up to the times and kindred to the nation. There can be little doubt that this Republic shall be made Catholic if we love its people as God would have us.

We are right, and we can prove it. How very much that means. It is God's will with men that those who are right shall know how to prove it, and those who are wrong shall be brought to listen to them. If all that we had to give were a right scheme of social amelioration, we should win the people, because we should be right; or if it were a true discovery of how to fully develop electrical forces, we should win the world of science and industry. But oh! it is the true religion of God about which we are right

—every man's sorest need, every man's sweetest joy. That is in our case the tremendous meaning of the claim, We are right, and we can prove it. The cruel fact is, that dreamers of social reform work harder and succeed better than we who are the children of light, and they whose only end is money are the best models in our day of devoted and well-directed endeavor.

Why, when it was to fly in the face of high Rome, to be burned to death, to be devoured by wild beasts, countless thousands yearly rushed into the Church. And now it is to float into the heaven of peace and joy, it is to taste the sweetness of the Lord Jesus Christ without any persecution, it is to embrace a religion whose dogma of human dignity and equality—listen to Leo XIII. as he expounds it!—adds to American greatness the placit of higher Rome.

I do not want to believe those prophets of ill-omen who tell us that we are shortly to find ourselves in the midst of a nation which has lost the knowledge of Jesus Christ as its redeemer, which knows no heaven or hell but the sorrows and joys of this fleeting life; but there is much to confirm that gloomy view. And what voice shall call them back from so dark a doom but the trumpet note of Catholic truth? Who should be foremost in print and on platform and in the intercourse of private life, pleading for Christ and offering his promises of eternal joy, if not Catholic bishops, priests, and laity?

The first element of hope in any enterprise is that the right sort of men and women are undertaking it. The sanctified soul makes the best missionary. Good men and women are the power of God unto salvation. The Bible is the Word of God, and it enlightens me; but a zealous Christian is another Christ to me. The union of men with truth is not union with books, or even ideas, but with God, and with each other; and that immediately.

The diffusion of Catholics among non-Catholics makes a personal and independent tone of Catholicity necessary in any case, but it also distributes missionaries everywhere, independent religious characters who can maintain the truth with the least possible external help. It is God's way. One by one men are born, become conscious of responsibility, die, are judged. One by one, and by personal influence, non-Catholics are made aware that *they are wrong;* and then one, and again another, of their Catholic friends personally influences them to understand that Catholicity is right.

Combined action can do much, but the supreme combination is that of virtue, and sympathetic interest in a single person. Family, social, business relations are made by Providence for this end; that they may become channels of heavenly influence.

Councils have done much for religion, but men and women have done more, for they made the councils. There were great councils during the two hundred years before Trent, and with them, and between them, matters grew worse. Why did Trent succeed?—held amid wars, interrupted, almost disjointed. Because the right sort of men at last had come: popes, bishops, theologians. It was not new enactments that saved us but new men—Ignatius and Philip Neri, Teresa and Francis de Sales, and Vincent de Paul, and their like.

The real force of life is personal, is soul upon soul, and must be our real missionary force.

Catholics are, therefore, to be made missionary by personal qualities which shall attract their non-Catholic acquaintances—the American virtue of self-control, independence of character, love of liberty and of intelligence, these must shine out with a Catholic lustre. To them must be added other natural virtues dear to our countrymen, such as truthfulness, candor, temperance, industry, fair dealing; these must find heroes and exemplars plentifully among us. All this is necessary to introduce the supernatural life, divine faith, and hope, and love; Catholic unity; confession and communion. "First the natural man and then the spiritual man," says the apostle. Give us fervent Catholics who are typical Americans, and brotherly love will do the rest. If non-Catholics are felt to be brethren by nationality, soon St. John's test will claim its application: "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren."

Interest in the advancement of God's kingdom must become a note of personal Catholicity. We must open our hearts to non-Catholics as to brothers and sisters; each of them who reaches the circle of our influence must feel our kindly interest in his religious state, if it be no more than sympathy with his sincere belief in what is common to all.

The men and women who are right will persuade those who are wrong, if they want to. Truth is mighty; but that means truth thrilling upon the lips of men and women, gleaming in their eyes, beautiful in their lives. We need not pray for orators; he that

speaks from the heart is eloquent enough. If a man loves American souls because Christ died for them, he will win his way to save them.

The personal use we make of the truth of God is a good test of our valuation of it. It is this way in the gift of the truth: if it is not worth sharing it is not worth keeping. A people not eager to share Catholicity with kindly neighbors and fellow-citizens are not likely to live up to it themselves; certainly they are not worthy to enjoy it, much less to transmit it to their children.

The biographer of St. Philip Neri, speaking of the singular power and warmth of the saint's heart-beat, says that "when he knew anyone to be tempted, especially with sensual temptations, he would draw him tenderly to his breast, and so dispel the temptation at once, and fill his soul with a sweet serenity and heavenly peace." Take your doubting non-Catholic friend to your heart, at least figuratively, and your words by their very tones of sympathy will dispel his errors.

The following lines from Cardinal Newman, entitled "The Religion of Cain," and headed by the text "Am I my brother's keeper?" are instructive:

The time has been, it seemed a precept plain
Of the true Faith, Christ's tokens to display;
And in life's commerce still the thought retain,
That men have souls and wait a judgment day;
Kings used their gifts as ministers of heaven,
Nor stripped their zeal for God of means which God had given.

'Tis altered now; for Adam's eldest born
Has trained our practice in a selfish rule—
Each stands alone, Christ's bonds asunder torn;
Each has his private thought, selects his school,
Conceals his creed and lives in closest tie
Of fellowship with those who count it blasphemy.

Brothers! spare reasoning; men have settled long
That ye are out of date and they are wise;
Use their own weapons; let your words be strong,
Your cry be loud, till each sacred boaster flies.
Thus the Apostles tamed the pagan breast.
They argued not but preached; and conscience did the rest.

Religion can not exist in the soul without a principle of fecundity by which it demands to be communicated. Selfishness, besides being a vice, is a malady. It was the primary evil of Protestantism, and it has proved its ruin. The Bible is the common heritage of God's children; the Reformers made it each man's private property; hence disunion and then doubt. And any Catholic who fancies that he can use his Faith as if it were his own exclusive property is in error, and is in danger of being decatholicized.

The missionary spirit is needed for our own inner life, in order that racial, local, family influences may be restricted to their subordinate spheres. These tend to supplant the universal. Nothing tends to make a man universal, catholic, better than the noble virtue of zeal for souls. "Blessed is the man who hath found a new friend" is perfectly true in its converse: blessed is the man who is true friend to another.

It is easy to see, therefore, that a spirit of defense is not the missionary spirit, but one of aggressive charity. The dread of defection, and the tendency to mournful exercises of reparation, indicate a tone of mind quite unmissionary. Catholic Faith is too often and too closely identified with religious traditions and practices brought from the Old World, producing a narrow and suspicious disposition. The sensation of exile is injurious to the missionary vocation. "To the Greek and to the barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise, I am a debtor."

To my mind our very dissensions, whether on matters of principle or of policy, are reason for encouragement, for they have shown an independence of conviction which yields to no human tribunal, and in bowing to a divine tribunal does so frankly and without cringing. Turn this independence of thought into missionary channels, and the results will be equal to our deep personal sincerity multiplied by the incalculable power of our divine organization.

How to go to work is an easy problem, since we have a perfect organization which can utilize the resources of modern civilization. Let us but have the determined purpose—the men of action bent upon success—and the ways and means are the divine methods of the Church and the modern opportunities of the press, the platform, and the incessant intercommunication of all classes in America.

American bishops, priests, and laity working together in an apostolic spirit will missionize the entire land in half a decade of years. The immediate effect will be to throw every form of error upon the defensive, to set every religiously disposed person to

sorting out and dividing calumny from fact, to start a small and perceptible stream of conversions in every locality. It seems like a dream, but it is really a vision of the future, and the not distant future either. Having done nothing, we have many thousands of converts. What may we not hope from a universal apostolate?

If what I have been saying is true, the practical suggestion which follows is that every diocese should have at least one or two priests who shall be exclusively missionary —I mean, of course, secular priests, and missionaries to non-Catholics.

As the bishop has one of his more experienced clergy to do bishop's work as Vicar-General, one of the younger priests to do bishop's work as secretary, an expert to do bishop's legal work as chancellor, so should there be one or two priests to do bishop's work as missionary to his "other sheep not of this fold," wholly devoted to arousing the consciences of non-Catholics. If there is an administrative need of help, and an epistolary and a legal need of help, so is there a missionary one.

And this is the answer to the difficulty. "The bishop hasn't got priests enough to take care of the parishes." If this were absolutely true he would dismiss his secretary to a parish, recall the professors in the seminary to parishes; if he can not take care of the necessary routine and educational work of the diocese without sharing it with the priests, neither can he the apostolic work without a missionary. Or is it not to be deemed a necessary work? Did the Holy Ghost say only that bishops were to *rule* the Church of God committed to them? Who was it that said, "Go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?" Have this and kindred texts no meaning for the Church in America?

The diocesan missionary should be the bishop's right arm, as the Roman Propaganda is the Pope's.

What can a priest do in his parish? He can give courses of doctrinal sermons, inviting the presence of all thinking men and women through the press—or he can get his neighbors to do this in his church for him. He can act and look and speak as belonging to this people and nation, deeply in the common welfare. He is the appointed champion of religion and morality in his parish, and he should act accordingly. He should be the public foe of all vice. In him gambling, and saloon-keeping and saloon-going, bribe-taking, and oath-breaking, should find their bitterest antagonist. He should be the known advocate of every good cause of whatever kind—well known as the friend of all good men. "I became all things to all men that I might gain some"—a saying often quoted, little understood, and less practiced.

All this is parochial duty anyway; but it is pertinent to our subject that such conduct builds the Catholic priest a pulpit in every household in his town, and enables him to introduce the Catholic religion to men's notice under the most favorable circumstances.

The parish priest should watch the local papers, and defend and advocate the truths of religion, natural and revealed. He should carefully provide that Catholic journals come to each family, and see to the distribution of the printed truth generally.

And this opens to view one of the mightiest of apostolates—the Apostolate of the Press.

In most places the secular press carefully excludes everything hostile to Catholicity, and opens its columns to communications from respectable Catholics, especially the clergy. Oh! why is not this golden and universal opportunity better utilized? There are multitudes of converts who were first drawn to us by a paragraph in the daily paper.

A small band of laymen in the city of St. Paul put their heads together and then their limited means, and the Catholic Truth Society of America is the result, beginning a glorious propaganda of the printed truth. One man in New Orleans, Judge Frank McGloin, has devoted the recent years of his life to the same work, and with marvelous success. Faithful souls are to be found in every parish who ask, "What can we do to save our neighbors and friends?" The answer is the Apostolate of the Press. The Catholic weekly and monthly press has a limitless missionary field, and is daily seeing its way better to cultivate it.

What gives much promise is that the Apostolate of Prayer is spreading everywhere. Many if not all the contemplative communities are engaged in it, and most heartily so. Men and women everywhere are being stirred by a secret thought—Let us pray for conversions. Those actively engaged say—Will they accept a book, leaflet, a Catholic magazine? If so, I leave to God the rest. Give me a non-Catholic audience, says the apostolical priest, and I leave to God the rest; it is God's will that I should seek a hearing from them. Prayer will do the rest. As a result of this apostolate of prayer,

men and women will everywhere arise among us gifted from on high with a life-mission to impart the truth to their fellow-countrymen.

You see, then, how to go about it. Not alone by spasmodic efforts of zeal (though even these are useful), not only by starting societies (though there is a wide field for all such, new and old), but each Catholic must have a missionary element in his personal belief and practice of religion.. And the Church is herself essentially a missionary society, not excepting her ordinary form of diocese and parish. Utilize this divine missionary society to its full capacity, but above all encourage personal zeal.

Let every parish have its stated courses of lectures and sermons for non-Catholics, and public prayers for their conversion, just as regular as the yearly Forty Hours' Devotions and the Lenten and Advent courses. Let there be a class of converts in all the larger parishes.

Let every Catholic periodical have its convert's department.

Let every diocese have at least one diocesan missionary.

Let every family have its little library of doctrinal and controversial books and pamphlets, its Catholic paper and magazine; every man and woman their little list of non-Catholic friends for whom they are ever praying and ever asking prayers, to whom they are ever talking and ever lending books.

Let the entire American Church face onward and move on, working and praying, toward the greatest victory of the Holy Spirit this thousand years—the conversion of the great Republic.

Of course objections are heard. For example: Keep to your place. I dread lest you will precipitate a public controversy in my parish. You are taking on yourself the work of the bishops. Why don't the bishops do it? Why don't the priests take up the work? Why don't the laity do their part? It's dangerous to make experiments. Where's your eloquence? Where's your learning? Have you ever made a course of philosophy? Don't be a crank, don't attempt the impossible. Don't be deluded by your study of early days—the Church is not what it once was. (That is to confess that it is now racial and not universal, no longer youthful, but old and stiff-jointed. Our Holy Mother, the Church, has passed the age of child bearing.) Be safe. There s a line in the way. Where's the money to come from? Are you the dynamite that's going to blow up the Presbyterian religion, the Episcopal, the Baptist, the Methodist—or the big religion which says mind your own business? John Hughes failed, John England and Martin Spalding failed—are you impertinent enough to think *you* can succeed?

Or other objections: They don't want you—they have no use for Catholicity. Establish my little sodality—that's the best thing to do. They are a rotten race and totally depraved; let's huddle ourselves and our little ones away from them, or they will contaminate us. They are as bad as outright apostates, nearly all in bad faith. A race that once has renounced the truth has never been known to return to it, etc.

Yes. Appeals to cowardice. Appeals to race hatred, to sloth, to despair. Such croakings once had weight, but that day is passed.

We everywhere behold signs of the opposite spirit. The diocese of Covington is given a farm, and the bishop sets it apart to support missionaries to non-Catholics.

Another bishop has engaged a missionary to assemble and address non-Catholic audiences in public halls in the smaller towns of his diocese; and several other bishops would be glad to make the same arrangement.

A zealous parish priest is inspired to pray for conversions, and from looking about him for company he prints a little prayer, and in less than a year more than a hundred thousand copies of it are asked for and distributed.

For the colored non-Catholics there is a young society, the Josephites, small in number but full of courage and hope, and equipped with a college and seminary for the training of missionaries. Associated with them is a body of apostolic women, the Mission Helpers. "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole earth," and "his gifts and calling are without repentance."

Multitudes among the surging crowds about us are now subject to a mysterious yearning toward the ancient religion of God, the ever-youthful Bride of the Lamb. One word from your heart, one glimpse of your shining altar, and the riddle of life is solved. All about us are minds darkened by passion, enslaved by lust, blinded by pride of wealth, in despair from poverty, sickness, disgrace; you have the cure upon your tongue if you have the love in your heart. They need the grace of God a thousand times more than you do. Will you not strive to give it to them?

They suffer from the deep wounds of adversity, and have no such balm of consolation as your good confession and happy communion. The toys of prosperity mislead them, for they have no such appreciation of the transitoriness of this life as the

Catholic religion imparts. They are just beginning life, and you offer them not the chart and comfort of heavenly truth—you who read the heavens and who know the paths of the great deep. They are dying on the burning desert, and you will not cry out to them, Ho ye that thirst! come to the waters.

How many of them look into human life and behold only vice and its writhing victims, and beyond this life only the blank of agnosticism; and you can people the air about them with many thousands of the angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect.

Young men are there, buffeting the flames of sensuality, and the sacrament of penance with its unearthing of the secret demon, and its finding of the true friend—which of you will not tell them of it? It saved you in youth, will not you offer it to them? How can we enjoy the grace of God, and be conscious that we have done positively nothing for those who are perishing for lack of it?

Come, then, Bishops of the Church of God! open wide your eyes, and from your mountain-tops see the States of America white for the harvest. "And Jesus when he came out saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things." (*Matt. vi. 34.*)

Come, ye priests of God, and join your voice with him who said: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; *them also must I bring*, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Come, ye men and women of the faithful laity, and join the glorious work of converting America; for the spirit of God is waiting to choose you all to be his messengers.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name, declare well his salvation from day to day, declare his glory among the nations, among all people his wonderful things." (*Ps. 96.*)

We may find no more fitting place for an admirable paper by George Parsons Lathrop, the distinguished New England convert, on the "Consequences and Results of the Discovery of the New World." It ran as follows:

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP'S ADDRESS.

To trace the consequences to religion, brought about by the discovery of America, would indeed be a long and laborious task. Those consequences, as I understand the term, were *immediate* influences on the human mind, and on human action. Under this head must be ranged the prodigious stir caused in Europe by the finding of another continent; the quickening of thought, the wider views it produced, and the fresh openings it made for worldly ambition or energy, as well as for piety, charity, and zeal.

The greed or enterprise of monarchs and merchants, of explorers, soldiers, adventurers, formed a part of the consequences that worked their effort at least on the outward history of religion. But what is more important is that the voyage of Columbus, prompted by an over-ruling desire to serve the cause of Christ—and aided in the same spirit by the benignant will of Isabella the Catholic—opened the channel for a new, a deep, and steady outpour of that apostolic zeal always inherent in the Church.

Nature abhors a vacuum; and so does religion, which always rushes in to fill the void of heathen ignorance or agnostic misbelief. The Church in the Old World, therefore, was thrilled and aroused by a desire to occupy and illuminate the whole of America with Christian life and knowledge. This was a consequence of farthest reach; and afterward it branched out in many other directions. The work and the triumph of Columbus gave a powerful stimulus to further voyages, and to commerce with distant places, in all quarters of the globe. We may say that the great Admiral's flag, as it fluttered over the Atlantic solitudes, became a signal which, in the next two centuries, was answered by hundreds of pennants hovering in remote seas, and marking the billowy paths pursued by countless missionaries.

It is impossible, in a short paper like this, to discuss the first part of the subject with anything like fullness; and the question of results is that which will need most attention.

Consequences are the rush of the torrent of deeds, as it cleaves its way. Results may be likened to the fixed course of the stream, after it has found its bed; together with the new beauties it has unfolded, the ruin it may have caused at certain points, or

the benefit which it confers, and the sparkling gold it sometimes brings to light. Consequence is motion, following from a first motion, a current of actions or events. Result is the fact which is established by the flowing of that current. Briefly, results are the summing up of consequences. Hence, it is chiefly with results that we have now to deal.

But, first, let no one rest content or indifferent with imagining that this subject is "un-practical." I know it is often said of congresses, schools, or lectures, that, if they do not incessantly treat the hard, gritty, grubby facts which confront us all individually, in our business or professional careers and daily problems, they are not "practical." I fully believe in the value and necessity of the immediate, every-day, direct view of things, and of instruction adapted to it. But that is simply the limited "practical." There is an unlimited practical, which is far more comprehensive and just as necessary. And nothing can be more unlimited and comprehensive in its practicality than the history and science of results.

In the vast field at which we are glancing, the first effect to be observed is the reflex action of the discovery of America upon Europe; and then we have to note the gradual shaping of results in America itself.

Spain's foothold in the Western hemisphere added immensely to her power among the nations—a fact which had much to do with later complications, political and religious. The jealousy which other European countries felt toward the peninsular empire, on account of this increased importance and control, arrayed some of them against it and also intensified the fervor with which they espoused the heresies of the "Reformation," since these were unrelentingly combated by Philip II. of Spain. Motley, who has celebrated the Rise of the Dutch Republic and the story of the United Netherlands as a grand campaign of Protestantism in conflict with Catholicity, says: "The object of the war between the Netherlands and Spain was not, therefore, primarily, a rebellion against established authority, for the maintenance of civil rights. To preserve these rights was secondary. *The first cause was religion.* The provinces had been fighting for years against the Inquisition. Had they not taken arms, the Inquisition would have been established in the Netherlands, and very probably in England, and England might have become in its turn a province of the Spanish Empire."

This, to Motley, is a thought quite unbearable; and it is upon his repugnance to it that he bases his whole treatment of the Netherlands matter. It seems to me that in so doing he reads and writes history backward, from the present into the past, instead of forward and straight forward from the past to the present. He injects into it the coloring of his own idea or prejudice as to what might have happened, and turns his narrative into a partisan justification. Thus he becomes one-sided and takes the tone of an advocate, instead of tracing events and results impartially. But the passage just quoted from him shows well enough how—a hundred years after the American discovery—Europeans mixed a good deal of religion with their warfare and put a good deal of war into their religion. That mingling of the two will explain why some of the consequences of the discovery were not immediately or wholly favorable to religion pure and simple. Motley also tells us of the counsel given by one Roger Williams, a Welshman—not the Welsh Roger Williams of Rhode Island, so conspicuous in the 17th century, but an earlier though equally pugnacious Roger, who served England and the States General as a soldier of fortune in 1584 and thereabouts. He advised a combined attack by sea on the colonies of Spain. Such an attack the English and Dutch afterward made successfully. Here we have the first momentous example of the manner in which the New World affected the civil and religious situation of the Old, and was in turn involved and affected by it.

At the same time single-minded Faith—apart from worldly considerations—had turned many hearts in Europe toward America and kindled the eyes of holy men with the light of a vision. For the first time the sun seemed to rise in the West. The land of the Occident was now the Morning Land to Christian hopes. The period of crusades to the Orient to rescue the sepulcher of Christ had gone by; but the new, more peaceful crusade of the 16th century had for its object the rescue of souls in America from the sepulchral darkness of heathenism. A great breeze of apostolic zeal streamed in that direction. Nevertheless the earliest consequences and even some of the later results appeared, or at least might be fancied, discouraging to the cause of religion or inadequate to its high standard.

The first gold taken by Columbus to Europe was made into a chalice, which is now preserved in the Cathedral of Seville; and it could well have been hoped that all the other first-fruits of the New World would be equally dedicated to the service of God. But the first settlements planted on Hispaniola became—notwithstanding the aspirations

of their founder, and the religious devotion connected with them—a scene of strife, moral disorder, injustice, and cruelty. Columbus, himself in one way the chief sufferer from these evils, also inflicted a great evil upon the original inhabitants, by sending home cargoes of them to be sold as slaves. And yet from this enslavement of the natives, destructive though it afterward was to them, arose Isabella's noble indignation at the traffic, and the first protest against human slavery in America, uttered by Father Anthony de Montesinos, in 1511.

The San Domingan cities of Columbus crumbled; his colonies faded away, and have been overgrown by something little better than the wild weed of civilization. Still, the country he first occupied has never again become un-Christianized. And, on the other hand, as an example of the complete triumph of gentle religion, we have the mission of Las Casas, afterward Bishop of Chiapa, in Mexico, who throughout his life successfully defended the Indians through slavery and oppression. Near Guatemala there was a province, Tuzulutlan, which the Spanish had invaded three times, suffering each time a bloody repulse. They called it "The Land of War," and did not dare approach it again. Las Casas offered to subdue it, but on condition that only spiritual weapons should be used, and that no Spanish colonist or soldier should be allowed to enter the territory for five years. This being agreed to, he penetrated with other Dominican fathers among the hostile dwellers there. In a few years they tranquilized and made Christians of the natives; and, in consequence of this, what had been so long "The Land of War" received from Charles V. the name which it bears to-day—that is *Vera Paz*, or "Land of Peace." Soon afterward Las Casas received the brief of Pope Paul III., which pronounced excommunication against all who should enslave or rob the Indians.

In the next century we find the great Franciscan, St. Francis de Solano, the apostle of Peru, overcoming alone and unarmed a furious multitude of savage warriors who were about to attack his native neophytes; and, eventually, spreading the gospel among those dusky swarms. When he died, a hundred tribes, throughout a tract of two thousand miles, burned lamps day and night in his honor, and besought him as their advocate in heaven. Although Urban VIII. forbade public devotion to Francis Solano until the claims of the saint should be further examined, the Indians—although faithful and docile in everything else—refused, for the space of twenty years, to cease from their open veneration. Then, realizing at last that they were doing their beloved apostle no honor by opposing the command of the Vicar of Christ, they brought in and surrendered all their lamps, and waited nineteen years longer for the decree of Beatification.

Thus, as Las Casas had taught the Indians of Tuzulutlan the lesson of peace and had impressed its name upon their very country, so the natives of Peru learned, through St. Francis Solano, the lesson of true obedience.

Marvelous were the achievements of these and other missionaries, and wonderful was the fabric of spiritual culture which they reared among the peoples of Southern and Central America and Mexico. Many suffered martyrdom, and all would gladly and gratefully have accepted it, had it come to them. The thought of violent death in such a cause had no power to alarm or deter them; but the violence and cruelty of some among their nominal followers, Spanish adventurers and soldiers of the baser sort, toward the natives, must have been hard to meet and endure. This was a consequence detrimental, indeed, to religion; and reference to it has often been made by men of later generations, to show that because the name of religion was sullied by these unworthy hangers-on, therefore religion itself must be false or unworthy. But do we not find records of similar cruelties in New England, toward both the red and the white man, and in the injustice perpetrated upon North American Indians in this great country of ours, not by arbitrary and lawless invaders or soldier governors, but by the lawful authorities of a constitutional government, which makes a special claim of loving justice and of maintaining the freedom and equality of all men? The truth is that every age and every race has exhibited the same conjunction of the sordid and sublime. Evil seems to delight in settling down as the next-door neighbor of good.

But, by the very contrast which the misdeeds of some of the Spanish invaders offer, the pure, unselfish course and the holy labor of monks and missioners glow with a luster all the more clear and brilliant. They counteracted even this drawback, and overcame every other obstacle by a power more than human. Instead of allowing the native races to be swept away by fire and sword, they saved them body and soul, and drew them gently into the fold of the One Shepherd. And there those races remain to-day. Some small portion of them are still unconverted; but a modern French naturalist, Alcide d'Orbigny, who personally visited thirty-nine nations of pure American race in South America, and gathered accurate statistics concerning them, found

that among all these nations or tribes there were only 94,000 pagans, while in the same district the native Christians numbered 1,600,000.

In his comprehensive and valuable report on Christian missions, T. W. M. Marshall says: "When nature divided the great American continent into two parts, she seems to have prepared by anticipation a separate theater for the events of which each was to be the scene, and for the actors who were destined to perform in either a part so widely dissimilar. The one was to be the exclusive domain of the Church, the other the battle-field of all the sects."

We who do not measure progress by material things only, or by mere smartness and superficial popular education, can rejoice heartily in the noble Christianizing of Southern America—which Mr. Marshall calls the Church's domain—and the thorough education, ingrained with religion, which the Church established there. In the later days of some of those Spanish-American countries, churches, convents, and colleges have been robbed or crippled by selfish, ambitious, and sometimes wholly irreligious men, who have masqueraded as republican leaders. But the damage appears to be on the surface only. The people are still Catholic. It is easier to rob churches than to steal souls.

These disasters came late in Southern America. Turning to North America, "the battlefield of all the sects," we see that things there have gone just the other way; disaster, which for a time seemed overwhelming, came first, and now a prosperity of the Church has resulted, which even 100 years ago would have been regarded as impossible of realization.

In the region which is now the United States, as Gilmary Shea well remarks, the Church did not wait for the formation of colonies. "Her priests," he said, "were among the explorers of the coast, were the pioneers of the vast interior; with Catholic settlers came the minister of God, and Mass was said, to hallow the land and draw down the blessing of heaven, before the first step was taken to rear a human habitation. The altar was older than the hearth."

To this terse and striking statement we may fitly add the remainder that these first-comers sought to give the new country a kind of consecration, in the very names that they bestowed. Santo Domingo means "Holy Sunday." Another great island in the Spanish Main was called Trinidad, or "Trinity." Ponce de Leon in 1513 sighted the coast on Easter Sunday, which is known in Spanish as Pascua de Flores; and hence the present name of Florida commemorates the sacred season of Easter. Wherever Catholics went, throughout North America, this delicate yet pervasive aroma of beautiful religious names and associations went with them and diffused itself like the perfume of incense, which lingers in the air and the memory. The spot where Mass was first said at St. Augustine was marked for a long time, on Spanish maps, as *Nombre de Dios:* that is, "Name of God." San Francisco, in California, keeps before us, by its name at least, the recollection of St. Francis of Assisi. In the middle West there is a peak still known as the "Mountain of the Holy Cross," from the cruciform mark of snow in the deep ravines of its rocky height. Many of the old religious names of places have been changed and effaced. But Santa Fé—signifying "Holy Faith"—yet survives in New Mexico. Maryland was named for that pious Queen of England, Henrietta Maria, whose second name of Maria—or Mary—was chosen for the Catholic colony because it was the name of the Blessed Virgin.

These may seem remote considerations. But there is a great significance in names and the way in which they are applied. Certainly it is interesting to observe that our country—which many persons are pleased to call, without authorization, a "Protestant country"—is so clearly marked in every direction with holy Catholic names, as well as with heroic Catholic traditions. The fact that these names have remained is emblematic of that other and deeper fact that the Faith itself has remained and increased, although at one time it seemed probable that nothing would be left of Catholicity here, *except* its names.

Within a period of 250 years from the first Catholic foundations in North America, nearly everything established by them had, to all appearance, been blasted. The settlements in Florida were devastated and burned by the Anglicans of South Carolina, and the territory itself was finally given up by Spain to England. Later on, Maryland—which, as a purely Catholic colony, offered peaceful life, liberty, and freedom of worship to people of every sect—had been treacherously undermined by Protestant immigrants, who overpowered the Catholics and condemned them to proscription. The great Catholic missionary organization in Canada had been destroyed. The Puritans had set up, and were maintaining immovably, their absolute intolerance and oppression in New England. Everywhere east of the Mississippi, Catholics were weighed down by an

arbitrary power, which deprived them of civil rights and could at any moment seize their property and drive them into exile. Even in the West and Southwest, where Catholics were still free under Catholic governments, the suppression of the Jesuits had stripped many districts of their priests and had left the faithful exposed to the dangers of isolation and religious decay.

This was the state of things in 1763, a dozen years before the American Revolution. Then came the Revolutionary War; and suppressed Catholic Maryland was promptly liberated and Catholic citizens were restored to their rights, because the other colonists knew and admitted that—when the pinch came—these citizens were absolutely loyal to the country, notwithstanding the wrongs it had inflicted upon them, and were essential to the success of its cause.

From the time when Catholic emancipation was declared on our shores, and ratified by the Constitution of the United States, which guarantee to every one the religious freedom that Lord Baltimore inaugurated on this continent; from that time, the Catholic and Apostolic Church has flourished amazingly within our North American borders. It was a good thing that all the sects found outlet here, and were enabled to carry on their battle to the fullest extent. It was a good thing that the Puritans should enter freely and have their way, and fancy that they possessed the whole land. Spain, France, and England—these three powers vied with each other in colonizing and trying to possess the New World, and especially this northern part of it. France and Spain were Catholic, and they rendered us the service of tingeing the country deeply with their faith. England became anti-Catholic and did her best to expunge the Faith from this realm which came under her rule. Yet, as history has resulted, the Church at last found her surest foothold in this country under the anti-Catholic dominion of England, which had tried so hard to suppress her; and the Church has since attained here, in a single century of freedom, a growth never paralleled in modern history.

This, then, is one of the most important results to religion of the discovery of America.

It was largely brought about, humanly speaking, as the Vicomte de Meaux tells us, in his recent book on "The Catholic Church and Liberty in the United States," by "the advent of the Celts of Ireland, and the Teutons of Germany to the first rank of Catholic peoples," in the United States; which he declares, "is the most astonishing phenomenon that the New World, at the end of this century, can offer to the contemplation of the Old World." In former times Frenchmen and Spaniards, both Catholic, strove against each other in North America; sometimes to the detriment of religious progress. Even the English James, Duke of York, also a Catholic, tried to oppose the French in Canada—for political and state reasons—by setting up in the province of New York an Iroquios village under charge of Jesuit priests, as a hostile offset to the French Indian villages supervised by Jesuits in Canada. To-day, certain rivalries between German and Celtic Catholics in the United States are not altogether unknown. Yet here we have this French Catholic of our time, the Vicomte de Meaux, honestly sinking all prejudices of the past or the present, and surrrendering himself completely to admiration of the way in which—by unforeseen means—the Irish and the Germans, oppressed at home, have become the central and immediate forces of Catholic advancement in America. Ought we not all to learn some pertinent and peaceful lesson from the struggles of the past, and this calm, impartial tribute of a modern Frenchman?

True liberty is what the Church most inculcates, and what it most needs. It has found it at last in this country, where at first its prospect of doing so seemed most unlikely. It is by such paradoxes that the divine power works, regardless of the self-interest, or even the most unselfish foresight and planning, of men. The complete separation of Church from state, which exists here, has been an immense advantage to religion, and will continue to be so by assuring it of entire independence in the pursuit of its spiritual aims.

But see: The development of this independence was opposed by nearly all the human forces which were in action during the period when it was maturing. The Puritans themselves, though rebels against Church authority, formed the closest kind of union between their own particular religious organization and their own form of civil government. When it became necessary to admit Catholics as political equals and fellow-citizens, the Puritans, who were in terror of the "Romish" influence that might be exerted upon the state, were obliged to abandon their own system of controlling the state by religious authorities, and to join in forbidding all connection of Church with state; so that they might be sure of shutting out the "Romanists" from such control. And this separation of Church and state proved to be precisely the most beneficial thing that could have happened for the progress of Catholic Christianity.

If Catholics had been able to establish, when they first set out to do so, a series of flourishing colonies along the seaboard of North America, and to maintain them unopposed, they would have built a rampart which the Pilgrims and later legions of Protestants would hardly have ventured to pass. As it was, the attempts of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Weymouth to plant Catholic colonies in New England failed; and wherever Catholic settlements *were* made along their coasts, from Florida to the St. Lawrence, they were overturned, cut down, or rendered powerless. So it came to pass that other elements pressed in, which, under different circumstances, would scarcely have ventured to do so. They throve, and came to believe that this portion of the continent was theirs. Their successors streamed in and believed the same. Circumstances led them—while they were opening the gates to every element of warring religious belief—to establish complete civil liberty and freedom of conscience; thereby opening the gates, also, to the one religion which does not mean endless division and war, but means peace. And everywhere they have gone, through all the great expanse of territory, they have come upon the old monuments and tokens of this religion which had preceded them—in Florida, in Maryland, in New York, up and down the Mississippi, in Canada, in New England itself, and in far-off California, where the restless tide of pioneer invasion ceased on the shores of the Pacific, at the feet of the old Catholic missions along that coast.

The whole country is surrounded by the early outposts of the ancient Faith. Their garrisons may have seemed dead, but they were only sleeping. The saints and missionaries of the past have apparently come to life once more, in all those little strongholds which enring the land and seemed to be ruins, but suddenly prove to be in full vigor of existence again. And in the train of these reviving memories and associations, an immense army of Irish, German, Italian, French, Polish Catholics have come upon the field.

Let them learn from the past, and avoid all strife, jealousy, or rivalry among races or families, which may retard religious and national progress.

When we perceive and comprehend how the apparent failure of early Catholic institutions in North America was the essential factor in bringing multitudes of non-Catholics hither—where they have developed within a cordon of Catholic historic associations, and have become mingled with a great body of living Catholics—and when we realize how it has taken 400 years for this country to realize that the hero, Columbus, whom the entire nation unitedly celebrates in 1893, was the colossal Catholic pioneer, then we shall begin to have some conception of the immense scale on which God works, and the patience with which he works.

When we realize, also, that the present condition of the true Faith in this country—with its millions of communicants, its thousands of church buildings and charitable institutions—has grown up against the opposition of those who attempted to mould the national life in a totally different direction, we can appreciate what St. Francis de Sales meant, when he said: "God makes people co-operate with him, when they are least aware of it."

THIRD DAY.

In its morning session of Wednesday the Congress was favored by the presence of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, who, on being introduced by the Chairman, was greeted with hearty applause, which he acknowledged in these gracious terms:

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I rise to thank you most sincerely for the very kind manner in which you have seconded the suggestion just proposed, and I am indebted to the delegation of New York for the words of welcome given through their president. I especially prize the welcome given by the audience in general, to nearly all of whom I am a stranger, and therefore their action is one of pure veneration for the episcopal office. It is, I need not say, a heartfelt pleasure to attend a celebration which is so appropriate an incident of this great Columbian Exposition.

Let us look back awhile. What were the motives of Columbus in undertaking his voyage of discovery? If we read his own letters, which are the authentic exposition of his reasons, we shall see that he was dominated by three great principles: First, the love of scientific knowledge; next, the love of his adopted country, and lastly, but most of all, the love of Holy Faith. He was impelled to his journey of discovery by a love of scientific knowledge, because he had long held that the world was round, and he felt that by continually journeying westward across the ocean he would come to some undis-

ARCHBISHOP KAIN,
ST. LOUIS.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH,
TORONTO.

ARCHBISHOP ELDER,
CINCINNATI.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU,
QUEBEC.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS,
BOSTON.

ARCHBISHOP GROSS,
OREGON.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK,
ST. LOUIS.

covered continent, and that scientific fact would be established for all time. Then to this love of science was added the debt of gratitude to Ferdinand and Isabella, particularly to that large-minded queen who was willing to pledge her jewels that the enterprise might be carried to a successful termination. Therefore in return for the assistance and encouragement of this noble-hearted queen he wished to add new jewels to the crown of Spain in the shape of lands not yet known to the civilized world. And far beyond this sentiment was the underlying love of the Faith, the love of converting souls and of bringing them into the light which shines from heaven.

Now, what are your motives in coming to this Columbian Catholic Congress? Are they not the same as those which guided Columbus? You show a love of knowledge by meeting to discuss the great problems which now agitate the world; and just as Columbus had a safe guide in that mariner's compass which kept him in his western course, so have you, in the teachings of the Holy Father, an unfailing guide which will bring you also to the land of promise. Then as to the love of country; are we not, we who are Catholics, all animated by the same feeling? Do we not love our country as the best land on earth? Does not all the devotion of our hearts go out toward it? And if Columbus desired to show his affection and gratitude to Isabella and the land of his adoption, I am sure that each one of us feels his heart swell with similar emotion. We have great pride in loving our country, for we feel that just as the Lord in the miraculous multiplication of the wine at the wedding feast saved the best for the last, so in the order of Providence, the land last to be discovered was our own fair land and the best. Then, again, you have come together as Catholics through love for the Church, love for the truth, love for souls. All of us here, from every part of the United States, with our brethren from abroad, are animated with the one faith and the one feeling that guided Columbus—the one love for our Divine Master; this is the mainspring of all our deliberations, and we are assured in advance that that guiding star will lead us safely to the haven of rest. And now, Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen, I have no right to interfere with the order of the day's proceedings and divert your attention from important papers, prepared with great care by those who are to address you. Therefore, simply, let me say in conclusion, that I trust the success of your deliberations will be commensurate to the noble aim you have proposed yourself, worthy of the great occasion that has called you to this Columbian Congress, and worthy of the queenly city that gives us such a hospitable welcome.

A still more fervent special ovation greeted the same distinguished Archbishop in the Thursday evening session, which was attended by many other illustrious prelates, following being the eloquent expression of

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S THANKS.

Most Reverend and Right Reverend Prelates, Ladies and Gentlemen: As an honest confession is said to be good for the soul, permit me, while gratefully acknowledging your most cordial welcome, to say how utterly abashed and overwhelmed I am at this immense outpouring and unexpected demonstration. When your Chairman kindly invited me to attend a reception to be offered by members of my own Diocese, I had no idea that this hall would be filled to overflowing; and I expected merely to say a few pleasant words and to pass the time in friendly conversation. Instead of this, an address is looked for from one who is almost totally unprepared to answer such expectations. However, if a speech must be made, let me try to analyze the cause of this most generous welcome.

In the first place, the poet says: "One touch of nature makes the whole world akin." If this be true, and we all feel the sympathetic thrill of our common humanity, much more does unity of faith bind together the children of God with the links of common origin, of commmon aspirations and common destiny. It is hard for us to realize the fact now, but nevertheless it is quite true, that until the blessed day when the Sermon on the Mount was preached, men were strongly divided against each other, and the idea of a common brotherhood was unrecognized. The weaker class was driven to the wall, becoming the prey of its more powerful neighbors. In Imperial Rome itself, in the days of its highest material splendor, by far the largest part of its population were slaves, over whom their masters wielded the right of life and death, with a recklessness that can only be fitly characterized as brutal. In the eyes of the law, slaves were not regarded as men, but as chattels. Now the law gives a man the right to use his goods and chattels, his own property, as he pleases.

As a sunbeam of light piercing a dark dungeon, as a strain of exquisite and heavenly music wafted to captives languishing in exile, was the letter of St. Paul, the

Apostle, to Philemon on behalf of a fugitive slave, a slave to be received by his Christian master, not now as a chattel, not even as a runaway to be punished for his transgression, but, as the Apostle says, "as a most dear brother." This incident alone shows how the Church began to knit together the ties of our common humanity, from the beginning. Again, take the well-known story of Fabiola, with which you are all familiar, a work of fiction, it is true, but one which faithfully portrays the state of Roman society in the 3d and 4th centuries. Probably you all remember the striking passage in which the writer describes the perplexity of Fabiola, on discovering by chance a passage of the Gospel in which the love of God for all His creatures is intimated, for "He makes His sun to shine on the good and the bad, and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust." Cardinal Wiseman, speaking of the embarrassment of Fabiola on reading such a declaration, compares it to the perplexity of an untutored mind in finding some shining stone by the wayside, unable to decide whether it be a precious gem or a worthless pebble. Even so, the beautiful doctrines of Christianity, now universally recognized, struck the Pagan mind, as late as the 4th century, as an enigma; for the Pagans doubted whether they were the revelation of a new and sublime philosophy, encircling all humanity in the folds of divine love, or whether they were mere idle speculations, pleasant, indeed, but never to be realized. It is evident that once the truth of our common origin, our common destiny, our redemption by the out-pouring of the same Precious Blood, permeated man's intelligence, the value of the human soul would begin to be appreciated at the same time, and consequently man soon perceived the consoling truth that the children of men being creatures of the same Heavenly Father, constitute but one great family. From the same truth evidently flowed the burning zeal of the Catholic Church, from the beginning, for the salvation of souls.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

Without glancing even for a moment at the missionary spirit of the Catholic Church throughout the onward course of its existence, let us confine our attention to one or two instances that bear on the present celebration. It was this grand and inspiring motive of the value of the human soul that, more than anything else, impelled Columbus to tempt unknown seas in order to spread the Gospel of Christ. Discouraged and despondent by many rebuffs, Columbus turned his steps to the Convent of La Rabida. Father Juan Perez, the hospitable guardian, was interested, it is true, in scientific discoveries, but his sacerdotal heart was still more touched at the possibility of leading innumerable souls to heavenly light, and he determined that Columbus should obtain the aid necessary to promote his enterprise. King Ferdinand, cool and calculating

statesman that he was, could not be insensible to the manifold advantages that might accrue to Spain from the discovery of the new territories, yet he hesitated, wavered, and delayed to act. Isabella listened to the selfsame story, and her instinct of piety was aroused, and she resolved that as souls might thereby be gained to God, she would give strong and efficacious help. Again, it is a striking fact, and one perhaps not generally known, that the flag of the Santa Maria in which the great admiral sailed was no other than the white and green banner of the holy office. What, was America discovered under the flag of the Inquisition? Even so. And here, again, we find a luminous proof, not only that the Church did not retard the progress of science by forbidding, as has often been asserted, the belief that the earth was round but, furthermore, that the most severe ecclesiastical tribunal on earth actually gave aid and encouragement to the discovery of this continent. Now, what was the reason of this encouragement, for reason there must have been? Can you assign a stronger motive, or a better reason, than the love of advancing the Christian religion, and of securing the salvation of souls—the spirit of faith?

Passing by four centuries and coming to our own days, what was the character of the Columbian Celebration, in the city of New York on the 12th of last October, and a little later in the city of Chicago? I mention these two cities because I had the privilege of participating in both celebrations. Without wishing to give offense, I think we can modestly claim that these were both distinctively Catholic celebrations. As a friend from Boston said to me at the time, the public-school children properly appeared first, and gave us a standard by which we might form our judgments, and then the Catholic children of our free schools followed, and, according to the testimony of the secular press itself, by their neatness, their proficiency in drill, their manly appearance, they undoubtedly carried off the palm. A similar scene was displayed in the long line of our 30,000 young men attached to various religious or literary societies. I had the honor, that evening, of being seated near the Vice-President of the United States, as well as our own chief executive, His Excellency, Governor Flower. Both were most favorably impressed by the numerical strength and bearing of our societies, and they added that young men so carefully nurtured by the conservative spirit of the Church could not fail to be patriotic and sterling citizens.

Permit me to point out still another manifestation of the same spirit of faith in the Catholic Educational Exhibit in the World's Fair. I hope all here present have seen this exhibition, and more than this, that our fellow-citizens at large will carefully examine the magnificent display made by our schools and academies. This exhibit speaks volumes for the self-devotion and enthusiastic service of our Catholic teachers, of our patient sisters and brothers, in the great cause of education. Without state aid, and contending with many obstacles, "they sow in tears," according to the Holy Scripture, "but they reap in joy." What is this, then, but a silent and yet most eloquent testimony of their faith? They recognize in the young child, humble and uncouth, if you will, a soul for whom the loving Saviour died, and of whom He said: "Forbid them not, but permit them, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Says St. John Chrysostom: "Noble indeed is the profession of the painter and the sculptor, who make the canvas breathe and the marble glow with instinct of life, yet nobler far is the work of him who forms the soul and the character of youth, and who moulds and fashions them to the lineaments of Christian virtue."

Such is the work accomplished quietly, patiently, perseveringly, in our Christian schools. Those who enjoy their benefits not only are devoted children of the Church but they will make the best citizens of the State. Among those educated in our schools you will find no anarchists or socialists, but thousands and thousands of brave men and true, who love their country, not only for its own sake but for conscience' sake; who willingly obey its laws, and who would shed their blood in its defense; men such as those of whom the poet sang in the person of Sir Galahad:

> His strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure.

These few remarks sufficiently prove the strong links which bind us together, and shed a new light on the meaning of the old Pagan, who, observing the conduct of our forefathers in the faith 1,400 years ago, exclaimed, with as much sagacity as truth: "See how these Christians love one another!"

Among the excellent papers of Wednesday's session a chief place must be given to that of F. M. Euselas on "Woman's Work in Religious Communities," or

THE CATHOLIC SISTERHOODS.

To compass within the prescribed limits an account of "Woman's Work in Religious Communities" is not less difficult than "to do" the Columbian Exposition in the few months allotted to its existence, remembering, as we are told, that allowing three minutes for each exhibit, one hundred years would hardly suffice for the task. In either case only a cursory view can be taken, leaving the rest to be inferred.

Monachism, or the state of religious seclusion more or less complete, antedates Christianity, being found among the Jews in the time of Elias. It is also a prominent feature of Brahminism; even to-day the lamaseries of Thibet exceed in number the monasteries of Italy or Spain. China, too, has its cloisters of Buddhist nuns, Kuanyim, the goddess of mercy, being their patron saint.

Its primitive form among Christians dates from the persecution under the Roman emperors, when converts took refuge in caves and deserts. Later on, preference for seclusion continued what necessity commenced, developing the community life, at first purely contemplative, then combined with the active; within the last century, the latter far outnumbered the spirit of the age, one of active zeal for human welfare, largely shaping vocations for such service; or, with fuller meaning, God thus guided means and instruments toward creation's destined end.

Nature is indeed a great diversifier; she "never rhymes her children, or makes two alike," thus meeting the ever-varying, never-ending needs of humanity. Vocations for so many different orders and for the myriad duties of each show how Infinite Wisdom ever adapts the demand to the supply, constantly giving us new orders or modifications of the old, using the feeblest instruments for the greatest designs, the poor and insignificant of earth being founders of the most efficient orders. "The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the mighty."

Our grand discoveries and inventions equally prove this fact, and we hold our breath in astonishment at the outcome. We say this or that man, almost by chance, perhaps, originated such an idea or wrought out a new principle in science. Galileo, grinding his lenses in a fortunate way, gave his magnifiers, then the telescope, our first refractor being from the brain and hands of the great Italian.

The experiments of Galvani upon the nervous condition of cold-blooded animals revealed their electricity, which Volta's genius utilized as an agent of wondrous importance. Later on still further developments were made by Franklin, Ampere, Davy, Faraday, Bunsen, and others, down to our own Morse and Edison, who have caught and chained the lightning's bolt, making it the electric motor in our mechanic and other arts.

How wonderful, we say, these discoveries of man's skill and genius! And so it is, of material things we take only a material view, always on the same dead level. Thus is our material nature stamped and reflected in opinions uttered or unexpressed. But, look higher; give the spiritual forces a chance, awaken their latent powers, what a change! Before, we saw through a glass darkly, now face to face, revealing the Divine Master behind Galileo, Newton, Herschel, and their confreres, giving inspiration and guidance. He was compass, rudder, and barometer for Columbus and other early navigators, sending their rude barks over unknown seas to this "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Alas, that we should lose sight of this fact in our mad rush for—we hardly know what. Weak man can originate and idea, when he can not even create a single grain of sand!

Through these mistaken views of life and its bearings, through our false standards of right and wrong, the greater part of time is spent in making and unmaking ourselves, in unlearning the world's wisdom, "which is foolishness before God."

Standing to-day proudest among earth's nations, since we welcome them all as friends and brothers to our shores, as they come laden with marvels of genius and industry never before dreamed by poet, painter, or prophet, we shall trace through all the great Master carrying out His designs. In God's creation each sentient being stands in an allotted niche, a spectacle to angels and men. Rightly measuring the scope of her being with the means at hand, she will work out that true mission.

Animated by these ideas, we see that by no other means could the great work of the sisterhood be accomplished. How simple the origin, how grand the consummation! Prayer for the salvation of their own and others' souls initiated the plan, giving relief to the poor, sick, and outcasts opened a broader field for devoted charity, bodily wants supplied, ignorance must be enlightened and religious truths inculcated. Thus, education through the progressive spirit of the age, rounded up the religious life in its beauty and completeness.

Viewed in this light sisters are before the world as representative women in its best sense, not as relics of a buried past, as fossils for spiritual geologists to examine, classify, and put behind glass doors to be labeled "Footprints of Creation," the first perhaps after the Azoic age. No, none of this; let them be the incarnate idea of the golden rule, the eleventh commandment clothed in flesh and blood, to whom its great author gives this consoling assurance: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The history of different religious orders and of the houses branching therefrom reads more like some legend of remote ages or a tale coined from the brain of a Jules Verne than a reality, so utterly opposed do methods and results appear. The laws of finance or the most ordinary business forms seem utterly ignored by sisters in general, the plans of architects and contractors set at naught to follow their own sweet will. Wading up to their eyes in seas of difficulty, personal, social, and financial, even in spite of these, by ways and means past finding out, save to the great-hearted and never-to-be-rebuffed nuns, they manage to come out of the fray with flying colors. Sacrifices that few would face count for nothing with them; to see a need is to meet it, urged on by that supreme motive, the salvation of souls at any cost.

Unlimited confidence is the backbone of their success; call it presumption, a tempting of God if you will, yet none the less effective is the result. Look at Mother Irene in charge of the largest foundling home in New York. In her simple faith she says:

"Father, please make a memento for my intention, I just want this piece of land adjoining our grounds."

"That property, mother! Why, do you know its worth? A quarter of a million at least."

"Yes, father, but I must have it as a playground for our poor little orphans."

"Well, mother, how much money have you now?"

"Not a cent yet, but never mind, prayer will win the day."

And it did.

Every religious house is more or less the fruit of earnest, confiding prayer. To understand this the better, we must deepen and intensify the true conception of a sister's life and work by a fair and critical examination, making due allowance for the defects and defections that more or less mark every organization, perfection never being found this side of heaven.

What then are the qualities insuring a sister's vocation? While the purest and holiest motives should be the animus of her work, a large fund of common sense, a practical matter-of-fact shrewdness must supplement the higher instincts; for remember your real Sister of Charity is not an angel plumed for her heavenly flight; she isn't expected to spend the day in perpetual adoration, while her orphans and pupils, the poor and the sick are—she doesn't know where. As the handmaid of our Lord, He wont do His work and hers too. She must be a minute-woman, ever on the alert, ready for the Master's call. She realizes that the highest aim and purpose, love being the exponent, are sent through her, the lowest organ. Herein lies her true sanctity, none other will pass current. Intense activity without the enthusiasm of impulse, constant devotion to present duty, with a sort of fiery patriotism, so loyal and unswerving as to care for naught save winning souls from their great enemy, mark the high and perfect aim of her whole life.

Do not mistake means for the end, the shadow for the substance; the whole is always greater than a part. It is not because of her high or low estate; it is not place, surroundings, or circumstances, prosperous or adverse, not her brilliant qualities, her this or that, which perfect a sister's life. It is herself—the great soul incarnate through and through—that does the work; it is the assurance of certain conviction and the eternal peace of an unshaken faith; it is her inner life, with its principles stable as a rock, pure as the diamond, that make her proof against any hindrance. No difficulty can be an obstacle to such a soul when that noble aim and high endeavor surcharge her whole being. Let duty call her to the battlefield or to the halls of science, to the leper's hut or the palace of princes, it is all one to her. A true religion still carries the selfsame purpose everywhere. God behind her, as His instrument, she is what she is, does what she does, and her end is gained. Hers is "the repose of a heart set deep in God." Let the world fully realize this, and, ceasing to criticise and cavil, it will admire and imitate.

We live in an age of thought, deep, critical, far-reaching, and sisters are no small factors here. Everything is on the alert. What has been, is, and shall yet be, are questions forcing themselves upon us, not as mere isolated events, like separate blades of grass in a field, but as links in God's great chain, girdling humanity and reaching from eternity to eternity.

It is an every-day wonder, both to those within and without the Church, that persons of sense and judgment should leave the world and all it holds dear for a convent life, impelled, as cynics say, by an ascetic whim, a sentimental notion, proof of a soft, weak spot somewhere. Passing strange indeed would it be if this were all; and, believe me, none would decry such a step more than the religious themselves. Let anyone thus impressed step into a Sister's shoes and look through her eyeglasses. A few whiffs of convent air would show her the mistake. A mere passing whim stand the test of a religious vocation! Why, the very assertion defeats itself, since the indispensables are wanting—intellectual power, moral force, and an intense sacred purpose that never counts the cost. Flesh and blood with sentimental notions are spurned beneath their feet as utterly unworthy of notice.

Call the Sisters cranks and idiots, if you will, their work a sham, but remember soft-brained people are liable to dub as a sham whatever they can not grasp. Tell me, could the mind of a crank plan and perfect such enterprises as we daily see carried on, year in and year out, century after century, to the remotest corners of God's universe? Their ideas mere pretension! Show me one solid, noble act ever built on a pretension, and it will be the first of its kind. Far easier to base the great pyramid of Ghizeh on a basket of eggs or a bag of feathers.

Sham ideas never started the first steam engine, never stamped our alphabet in type metal, never laid between Washington and Baltimore the first electric wire that now in long-drawn threads and cables is our master of masters and servant of servants. Still less could pretension lay the foundation of schools and orphanages, asylums and hospitals. Look a little farther, dig a little deeper, before laying such a charge at the door of the sisterhood. Little wonder that Job's comforters, predicting a failure, soon with astonishment say: "How is this? how do they manage it all?" Though puzzled ignorance may still jeer and laugh, thank God the number of censors is rapidly diminishing; experience and sound judgment are fast grinding the yeas and nays of old-time prejudice, giving a favorable verdict and above appeal. That which is seen with the eyes, heard with the ears, and which our hands have handled, is sufficient refutation. In letters of light, stamped by the Almighty, may be read their sacred purpose, noble work, and its marvelous results. The admission of non-Catholics, though tardy and almost perforce, only the more surely confirms this. "Don't know how it is," says one; "make up my mind a hundred times that I'll say 'no' to the Sisters' appeals, but they always get the better of me, and I'm a V or an X poorer each time"—richer, would it not be better to say?—"and now would you believe it, I actually stop them on the street."

Motives, measures, actions; real character stamps one for better or for worse; there is your true gauge, my friend, for the worth of a religious; it must out; if valuable it will be valued, if estimable, esteemed. It is the whole court of heaven speaking through the heart of mankind and saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Nor is this so strange after all, for, taking an all-round view of woman, she seems possessed with an insatiable desire to have a finger in every benevolent pie, whether it's rubbing goose-oil on Mrs. Neighbor's croupy baby or working out some great plan for the world's reformation. This master passion of her nature defies all restraint; bluff it on one side, sniff it on the other, hydra-headed, it still crops out, and we who know its blessed effects thank God for it.

The work of religious communities through all its ramifications represents the practical wisdom, intensified by critical observation, varied experience, and well-tried sanctity of generations upon generations, whose traditions become in turn stepping-stones for their successors. What have they done? Far easier to tell what they have not done. Their ubiquity is proverbial. Put your finger upon any spot of the habitable globe, and there will they be found. "It is a corner of God's earth," they say, "His footprints are already there; since He leads the way shall we not follow?"

The great success attending Sisters' work, with means so limited, is unquestionably due to the admirable system that marks the plan of each founder, as meeting the special ends in view. With wisely directed foresight the various rules and constitutions enter into minutest as well as most essential details. Each department has its special staff of officers and aids, directly responsible to the superior for efficiency. An interchange of officers from time to time is of mutual advantage; latent talent thus brought out adds to the general good of the community. Convent life is a wonderful developer. No delicately sensitized plate of the photographer ever evolved more marvelous effects. Out of an embryo Sister, seemingly inefficient every way, a shrewd novice mistress and wise superior will develop a true woman fitted for many and varied duties. Sudden emergencies throw the novice upon her own resources, and necessity becomes the mother of invention. One of these, timid to excess, left in charge of her class, thus relates her experience:

"They were only little tots, to be sure, but none the less did I quake when meeting that row of eager faces. One glance told me they were ready for frolic if I gave them half a chance; that wouldn't do. I must 'head them,' as the boys say, and I did, gaining a victory over them, but, still better, over my weak, foolish nature, making me a woman from that day to this."

Through such perfected system the work seems to do itself. Each new-born day, of course, is consecrated by the baptism of prayer, which, with other spiritual exercises, is renewed at intervals, closing with the same benediction; otherwise the routine is similar to that in any well regulated family. Each member, animated by the spirit of her order, feels in a measure responsible for its success, doing all she can to insure it. No honors whatever are attached to any appointments; if there are no mean offices in the courts of kings much less should there be in that of the King of Kings. Merit and ability must mark the positions held; these being interchangeable help to secure that perfect equality.

This practical view of a Sister's life will no doubt sadly disappoint many who regard it as a sort of saintly romance—an ethereal existence encircled by a mysterious halo. Let such remember that only out of these plain, every-day materials are wrought the saints whom we daily meet by hundreds and thousands, ever intent on some errand of mercy, since through all the spiritual life and motive give their touch and spur to every duty. They are the visible conductors of God's magnetism and electricity. Charged with this they must do his bidding.

Here, at our great Exposition, are seen Sisters with pencil and note-book in hand harvesting the ripened fruit and grain for their pupils. Tangible proofs of what they do for education are here before your eyes. Go to the southeast end of the gallery in the Liberal Arts Building, next to the French exhibit, and see for yourselves. While the practical side of life receives due attention, not less does the æsthetic. Their skill with the brush, pencil, and needle is proverbial. The Dominican Sisters of New Orleans, Sisters of the Precious Blood, of Charity, of Notre Dame, etc., give an exhibit that only true artists can furnish, yet these are but types of what may be seen in almost every convent throughout the world. Art is indeed innate, intuitive with the sisterhood; the love of the beautiful as a reflection of its divine author must ever be linked with love of Him to whom their lives are consecrated.

Here in the United States are 3,585 parochial schools, besides 245 orphanages and 463 other charitable institutions, in addition to 656 academies, using a total of 5,975 buildings, which, at a valuation of $3,900 each, represent an investment of $17,975,000. In addition to this the annual running expenses of these establishments, except the academies, which are supposed to be self-supporting, will not be less than $10,732,500. Besides thus providing for the common and higher education of the children, a large number of whom in charitable institutions are taken from the slums, many a reformatory, jail, and penitentiary with its staff of officers would be an additional tax upon the public purse. Let not this be overlooked in our estimate of results.

Nevertheless, great as is this material work, linked with it and far more effective is the higher and spiritual life infused into those under the Sisters' charge, from the frail infant, fresh from the hands of its Maker, on to the highest prelate whose first lessons in the principles of theology received from them, became the impetus and underlying current of his whole life.

The great question of religion or no religion, God or no God, in our school system, agitating, dividing, and colliding our educational leaders, here finds its solution in the Sisters' work. The grand motive urging, driving them on is that the life of Christ, in its fullness and beauty, in its strength and sanctity, and in its sublime perfection, as far as possible, may be first implanted and then wrought out of those who otherwise might know little of Christianity beyond a few formulas and a code of morals, shaped too often by human ideals and interests. Tell me in all sincerity, will your child be the worse for such training? Yet more. Side by side with each lesson, and running through it, the Sisters aim to put Jesus Christ, making him the inspiration, life, and motive of whatever is thought, said, and done. Trying to live his divine life themselves, and finding how blessed it is, they desire nothing less, yea, can give nothing more to these lambs of his flock. Indeed, there can be no more interesting study for the theorist and the reformer, the optimist and the pessimist, the conservative and the liberal than the origin, growth, and marvelous results of their work. In noting the lines taken by different orders, this fact may well be emphasized as a clew to their success, that in singleness of aim and purity of intention, all unite in the one endeavor of making the world better, wiser, and happier through their efforts; thus do they help on the federation of the human race, that glorious ideal of to-day to be merged into a more glorious reality of to-morrow.

The session of Wednesday evening was held in a densely packed hall, the enthusiasm of the gathering being especially awakened by this brilliant address of Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland on the subject of

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CHARITY.

I am sure that from this Congress dates a new era, an era in which, more than in the last, we shall go forth showing to the world that we are Catholics and Americans bearing, as the Apostolic Delegate said yesterday in magnificent words, in one hand the Gospel of Truth and in the other the Constitution of the United States. We need mottoes for our great work, and the motto was given to us yesterday in these words by the representative of the immortal Leo XIII. In one hand the Gospel of Truth—your faith to which you are to be absolutely loyal in all your thoughts, words, and actions; in the other the Constitution of the United States—showing yourselves to be, because you are Catholics, the best, warmest, and most loyal of Americans. There are Catholics —few of them, thank God!—who dare at times to criticise our manifestations of patriotism, calling these manifestations, as one lately has dared, travesties upon real patriotism. I believe those men speak from their own souls. There is no patriotism in their souls, and they can not see that there is patriotism in the souls of others. Why should we not be loud in our manifestations of patriotism? We love what is great and good; therefore we love the Republic.

We love what is given us by its institutions, liberty, and prosperity, and because we are Catholics we ought, if it were possible, to be more patriotic than others, because patriotism, for Catholics, is a virtue naturally, and a virtue supernaturally; because we are Catholics, we love with all the strength of our Catholic hearts the banner of the United States which sheds throughout the whole world the sweet perfume of liberty. We love the Constitution of the United States which grants to the Catholic Church, liberty such as she has nowhere else. We love America because there is here a country great and glorious, offering to the zeal and Faith of the Church a promising and fertile field, such as no ocean laves, such as no continent opens.

And let me counsel you to be always enthusiastically patriotic, and let it be known throughout the whole country that Catholics are, as I said, if possible more patriotic than other fellow-citizens, so that we show to the whole country what are the lessons of our Faith. We show to the whole country that in the hands of none others, in the hearts of none others, are the liberties and institutions of the Republic of the United States safer. This then the motto: The Gospel in one hand, and the Constitution of the United States in the other.

But a word on the Catholic Congress itself. It is held to bring out before the people the meaning of the encyclical of Leo XIII. on the social question. The Gospel of Christ is summed up by the Lord himself in these words: "Love God with all thy heart and soul, and thy neighbor as thyself." Christianity puts before us the two objects of our love. A religion which would confine our affections to God Himself would not be divine; it would not be a religion of the Gospel; God would not be satisfied with it.

Precisely because we love Him we must love all that He loves, and love, therefore, our fellow-man. Nor would it be sufficient to love the spiritual good of the neighbor; we must also love the temporal good; we must love him in soul and body; we must love him for the life to come and the life there is. The Gospel was throughout a great book of holy social work for men. The miracles of our blessed Lord were primarily exercised for the good of the body, for the temporal felicity of man, aiming, of course, through those miracles, to the spiritual good of man. God gave the earth for the children of men that they may live. He gave it to all, and while, because of the nature and necessary conditions of mankind, private property is required, yet God never so sanctified private ownership that, because of private ownership, any children of the Great Father of all should suffer from starvation.

It was God's intention that there should be a sufficiency for all, and it is the duty of each and every one to see that God's intentions are realized. God's will is that those who have an abundance of good things for themselves think of those who are in want, think of them as brothers and sisters of the same family; and when they refuse this universal charity, they lie in their prayers when they look up to the skies and say, "Our Father, Who art in Heaven."

This is the true Gospel of Christ. This is the true teaching of the Catholic Church. To-day the world, alas, is drifting away from its Christian moorings. It is our duty to mark before all eyes the path of peace and blessedness, to spread before the nations the

divine treasures in the bosom of the Church. Are you going to convert the world by argument? By no means. Argument convinces the mind; it does not move the soul. The age, moreover, is tired of argument. The age has told us the evidence it demands, and I admire the good sense of the age.

This age says to us, you profess to be the Church of the Gospel. Give us the Gospel in daily life; we judge the tree by its fruits. And in so saying it accepts our own challenge. The age is an age of humanity. It has caught up some of the lofty aspirations of the Christian soul in its great love for humanity, in the very profession of this love. The age demands charity, love for all of every language, every race, and every color — love of man as he came forth from the hands of his Creator. Our country is well filled with good works, charities of all kinds. Asylums are built for the poor and the blind, and the mute and the imbecile. The American state is essentially, in its instincts and aspirations, Catholic. Let us then take hold of these instincts and aspirations and show that they have all been perpetrated by our Church in the past.

The encyclical on the condition of labor is timely. This is what is needed—Catholic social work—social work to be done by all bishops, priests, nuns, and women and here precisely are our present efforts. Catholics have been half-inclined in the past to perform their social duties through representatives. It will not do to leave all this work to the priests and the sisters and the religieuse. Catholic laymen have been too quiet in the past. The Catholic laity have an individual duty in all these social questions, in all the works of humanity and of charity. In these matters we should not be afraid, as some have seemed to be, to co-operate with all who are doing good, whether they are just our kind of people or not, whether they be Catholics or not.

We say this is a glorious Church of ours—as, indeed, she is—and yet what a fearfully large proportion of those so-called saloons are held by Catholics and a fearfully large proportion who lose in them their souls are children of the Church. Here is work for all, here is work into which we ought to put all our religion, all our social and political energies, until our country is freed from these dreadful evils. We think we are good Catholics so long as our own private lives are not contrary to the law of God, but we have grave responsibilities besides this in our social relations and in our political life, and Catholics who vote for bad laws, who vote not for the suppression of great social evils, contradict the God of purity and holiness, contradict the Gospel of Christ and murder souls.

There is much we can do in many directions. Let not the laymen wait for the laymen, let not laymen wait for priest, let not priest wait for bishop, and let not bishop wait for the Pope. But let all go on in well-doing along the great road of social charity, and then we are living out Christ's Gospel and are leading the age, for which it hungers and thirsts, to that shrine which, when the nation comes to it, shall bear over its portals the name of the Catholic Church.

In the same session Rev. Father Patrick Cronin of Buffalo, N. Y., spoke vigorously as follows, on "The Church and the Republic":

This land, discovered by Catholic genius, explored by Catholic missionary zeal, baptized in the blood of the Catholic revolutionary heroes, and preserved in unified glory by the prowess of Catholic arms on many a gory field—is it any marvel that the Church should have phenomenally grown and flourished here?

The same showering mercies of the skies which fructified the labors of the missionaries were not and are not absent during our episcopal rule. When Bishop Carroll took possession of his see in Baltimore the Catholic population of the Republic was not more than 50,000. What is it to-day? Surely not less than 10,000,000! The Flagets, the Cheveruses, the Kenricks, the Timons, the Spaldings, are names not born to die; and their successors to-day are well worthy of their great prototypes.

The American hierarchy stands peerless before the world. Yet among them there have been and there are giants. Three especially were sent by God, whose names were John, whose deeds will ever be golden urned in the heart of the American Church—John England, John Hughes, John Ireland. The first, a marvel of eloquence, learning, and courage, could scarce find place to lay his weary head when first he bore the cross to the haughty South. On the day of his all-too-early death the whole city of Charleston was in tears. The second, a man of metropolitan largeness, whose heart never quailed before a foe, stood at the chief gateway of our immigration, gathered his people around him with paternal solicitude, and, like another Jonathan, slew, with pen and tongue, the Know-nothing philistine who dared to trespass upon their rights!

The third. What shall I say of him? Happily he still lives. You all know him as well as I. As yet in the midsummer of his days, he has already written his name in

characters of golden light upon the heart and brain of the American Church. To the eloquence, activity, and learning of John England, John Ireland adds the combative courage and progressive leadership of John Hughes. Loyal to the core to Rome and to its every teaching, he is intensely American, and cherishes as the apple of his eye the free institutions of this Republic. He has a hold upon the popular heart which, with the possible sole exception of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, no other American prelate ever held. Such men are the Church's jewels, which she cherishes with more than a Cornelia's pride.

I now come to the latest manifestation in the Church's development in the United States. Need I say that it is symbolized by the magic name Satolli! A name hailed and revered by the whole American people. Why? Because it means law, justice, liberty, and peace! Because it means progress and not reaction. Because it means home rule and not rule of 4,000 miles away, with all its chronic difficulties and proverbial tardiness. Because it means that henceforth the church is to be governed in the United States by her established canons, and not by the caprice of any individual, however learned or holy. Because it means that the Church, now grown to maturity, has burst her missionary swathing bands; that she stands forth not only emancipated forevermore, but that "divinely tall and most divinely fair," she shall no longer be covered with the moth-eaten rags of a dead and buried past, but shall henceforth be clothed in the queenly splendor of her rightful inheritance.

But Satollicism means even more than this. It is no longer a question whether America is hostile to the institutions of the Catholic Church. The burning question is, whether the Catholic Church is hostile to the free institutions of America. The coming of Satolli is a final and irrevocable answer to the latter, while the universal outburst of acclaim that signalized his advent shows the hearty friendship with which America hails the co-operation of the Church.

I shall only add that Satolli's mission here is beyond recall. He is here with the permanency of Rome's everlasting rock. All blessing and glory to that mission and to the person of America's first resident apostolic delegate, and fadeless laurels for the peerless Pontiff that sent him.

A valuable and suggestive paper was read during this session, by its author, Rev. James M. Cleary of Minneapolis, on the subject of

THE DRINK EVIL.

No congress of earnest men in our time and country can justly consult the best interests of their fellowmen, and ignore a thoughtful consideration of the drink evil. Many honest and conservative men hesitate to enter upon a discussion of the evils of intemperance, and to openly ally themselves with temperance workers lest they be accused of fanaticism or misunderstood by those whose good opinion they highly esteem. Every great and noble work in the history of human progress has suffered from the intemperate zeal of its friends and from the hypocrisy of its avowed advocates. But the temperance cause has suffered more, I imagine, from the apathy of timid friends than it has from either hypocrisy or fanaticism. It is a cause that in a special manner needs the support of honest, conservative, and thoughtful men.

Intemperance is a crying sin of our land, and with marvelous ingenuity has kept pace on its onward march with our unrivaled prosperity and progress. Something over nine times as much intoxicating drink is consumed in the United States to-day as there was forty years ago, and we have only about three times as many people as we had then within our borders. No evil existing among us menaces so boldly the peace, prosperity, happiness, and moral and religious welfare of our people as the evil of excessive drinking. No other social evil disturbs the family relation and renders the domestic life of men, women, and children so inhuman and hopeless as the evil of excessive and habitual indulgence in strong drink. Intemperance unfits husband and wife for the duties of parentage, the most sacred and solemn in the entire catalogue of human obligations. It destroys the sense of decency and honor, silences conscience, and deadens the best instincts of the human heart. There is no bright side to the picture of strong drink in the home. This hideous and brutalizing vice can not be condemned too severely, and those who have experienced much suffering from its influence may be pardoned if they are unsparing against every effort that tends to widen the way for the spread of habitual drinking among us.

The Church, through the united voice of our bishops assembled in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, warns its members against the dangers of the drink habit and the temptations of the saloon. The same Council warns our Catholic people

against the business of saloon-keeping, as "An Unbecoming Way of Making a Living." A man can not be a good Catholic, a loyal follower of the teachings of the Church, and be a good friend of the saloon. We should at least have the courage to follow where our chief pastors lead, and our Catholic loyalty is not above suspicion if we are not as ready to condemn the drink evil as our bishops, who have been placed over us to rule the Church of God.

It is the crowning glory of the Catholic Church that, true to the spirit of her Divine Founder, she has never become the Church of any special class, as also she has not permitted herself to be narrowed down as the Church of any particular nation or generation of men. She is the Church of all times, all nations, and all classes and conditions of men. She is the living voice of God to cheer, instruct, and comfort all the people. But in this country, owing to the mighty wave of immigration from less favored lands during the past half-century, bearing a noble army of toilers to our hospitable shores, the great body of the wage-earners, the masses of the people, crowd around our altars, and with loyal honest hearts appeal to our Church to devote her best efforts to their moral and spiritual welfare. The great army of labor, the sinew of the nation, acknowledges a loyal allegiance to the Catholic Church. The debasing, brutalizing influence of excessive drinking, and the saloon environments fall upon the laboring classes of our people with more disastrous effect than upon those better favored by fortune. The dreadful vice of intemperance has made frightful havoc among our hard-working Catholic people.

What else but this spenthrift vice could afflict a large portion of our people with poverty so hopeless as to be like an incurable disease, a people to whom countless millions are yearly paid? What else huddles so many of them into the swarming tenement houses? I make no odious comparison between the intemperance of the wealthy and the intemperance of the poor. The heathenish vice of drunkenness is an abomination wherever its foul presence is known. I only state a fact which can not be set aside: a fact which the philanthropist and the statesman can not ignore, namely, that the greatest curse blighting the lives and desecrating the homes of the poor in this country to-day is the curse of drink. That homes of comfort are, alas, too often blighted by the presence of the demon of intemperance and drunkenness among the wealthier classes of the people is equally odious and even more disgraceful than among the poor. But the poor are greater sufferers, and hence enlist our deeper sympathy when intemperance blights their lifes, for in addition to the heartache and sorrow which the vice entails equally upon rich and poor, it adds the horrors of penury, beggary, and hopeless degradation to the lives of the children of toil.

Great and long-standing evils are not remedied in an hour. When we have to deal with human passion and human weakness, when we must conquer bad habits and diseased appetites, our progress will not be rapid, and discouragement and failure will often be our reward. Evil there will always be in the world, and human energy must not slumber because wickedness and sin remain.

The people look with longing and hope to the Catholic Church to lead them away from the bondage of drink. The Church that civilized the savage and that preserved the civilization which it erected on the ruins of barbarism, is able to rescue the masses of the people in this country to-day from the cruel thralldom of drink. The drink-curse is intrenched in custom, hence we must follow it into society. At all social assemblages of Catholics let them deny themselves the indulgence in intoxicating liquors and thus publicly proclaim their recognition of the principles of self-denial. At the reunion of friends and family connections, whether occasions of joy or of sorrow, let Catholics show their horror of drunkenness by denying themselves the use of strong drink. There is no gratification worthy of a Christian that can not be enjoyed without the use of intoxicating liquors. As an act of reparation for what our religion has suffered from intemperance, let our Catholic people proscribe intoxicants at all their public gatherings. Let there be such an earnest and potent public sentiment among our Catholic people that no liquor-saloon can crowd itself right up to the doors of our churches and thus, by its foul presence, tempt weak and unwary men to wickedness under the very shadow of the cross. If our prelates, priests, and people join hands together to work in harmony and strength for the realization of the admonitions of our plenary councils, the awful curse of intemperance can be almost entirely eradicated from among us. We must encourage, then, our total abstinence societies by every means at our command. We priests, mindful of Pope Leo's words, must "shine as models of abstinence," and by exhortation and preaching avert the many calamities with which the vice threatens Church and State.

Let there be a general and generous distribution of temperance literature, tracts,

lectures, statistics, and good reading among our people. And this work and agitation in favor of sobriety and temperance must be constant and active. The allurements of drinks are ever thrusting themselves in the pathway of men. Near to the house of prayer the workingman finds the drinking-saloon, cheerful, enticing, and hospitable, as he goes to worship God on Sunday morning. Close to the gates of the factory or mill the agents of alcohol ply their trade and tempt the weary toiler to spend for a moment's gratification his hard-earned money that is much needed in his humble home. Surrounded thus by attractive temptations, men need constant warnings, repeated admonitions and such wholesome influences as will strengthen and safeguard them against the overpowering spell of drink.

FOURTH DAY.

Thursday, the fourth day of the Congress, might well be called Woman's Day, the claims and glories of the gentler sex being eloquently presented by some famous Catholic ladies. The first of these was introduced by Right Reverend Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mo., in the following terms:

I came here to-day for the purpose of listening to a lady who deserves well of the Catholics throughout the United States, one whose name is a household word in every Catholic family throughout the land, who has written and lectured on the beauty, and culture, and refinement of the Christian art set forth by the Church in her galleries throughout Europe, the product of Christian artists, in a manner that is hers especially. She has had no equal among us in this respect. I came here to-day to listen to her, and to show my sympathy with the great work of this Catholic Congress, and not to address you. I will only say that it is an exceeding pleasure for me, and for every ecclesiastic who has witnessed this grand assembly, and listened to the eloquent discourses; we have been in admiration with all the people of this great city at this outpouring, at this manifestation of Catholic doctrine and Catholic activity, and culture and refinement.

It has been said by some of the public speakers who have given expression to their views during the past few days, that the United States is a country of great possibilities, a country where everything can be accomplished that is attempted by man; and it has been said, too, that all that the Catholic Church requires, is to be set forth before the eyes of our countrymen to be appreciated, loved, and respected throughout the land. I believe never before in the history of the American Church has this been done so eloquently, so magnificently as it has been by this grand Congress, or Congresses. In every part of this building there are persons setting forth the glory, and the power, and magnificence of the Church of one living God; and the newspapers of this great city are full of our doings. They are flashed to the ends of the country, and our name to-day is held in benediction because we have appeared to the people, I believe, as we have never appeared before.

The great questions that have agitated the human mind throughout the world have been treated here in the most masterly manner, and thoughts and problems and solutions have been set forth, based on the solid foundation of Christian truth and conducted in the spirit of Christian charity, in a manner that is marvelous and that is appreciated by the whole community in which we live. I say to you, however, not to be content with what you see and hear from this platform, but when you go forth to the World's Exposition fail not to see the works of Catholic charity, of Catholic intellect, of Catholic culture, set forth for the admiration of the world as they have never been set forth before. See the works of the holy nuns who are hidden from our gaze in their cloisters, unknown to the world except through the little ones of Christ as they grow up before us, as Jesus Christ of Nazareth did, advancing in age and wisdom before God and man.

See the works of education, the product of Christian education, refinement, and culture, and you shall be astonished, and it shall not be necessary for ecclesiastics to set forth before you the necessity of Christian education, for there is an object-lesson that lights up the charity of Christ, to impress you with the work that is being done in this great country. There is this remarkable about the exhibit: It is an evidence of Catholic education that can not be witnessed in any other department of the great Exposition; it is one in which to the knowledge of natural things there is given a refinement, a culture, and development of the moral nature in man.

I am sure that the hearts of the ladies will rejoice to-day when the venerable form of Miss Eliza Allen Starr shall be presented to you, and you shall hear from her lips

words of beauty and eloquence, describing the magnificence and the beauty of Christian art.

Beauty, expressed under visible forms, may be called the soul of that art which, under its almost infinite variety of mediums, marks the progress of the human race, is one of the tests of the human race, is one of the tests applied to nations and to epochs. What share has woman had in this beginning—that is, from Eve to the women of our own generation? For we must go quite one side of the book of Genesis, and quite one side of all the traditions of art, not to recognize that Eve, "the mother of all the living," contained in herself, as did Adam, the germs of those wonder-working periods in the liberal arts and sciences which have won our admiration.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned," was Eve, and we, her daughters, look back over the world's five thousand and almost nine hundred years, to claim for her those endowments which grace the highest civilization of to-day. No mention is made of her actual occupation in Genesis, but the old rhyme of Adam delving and Eve spinning, which the artists laid hold of even on the walls of Campo Santo, Pisa, gives us the impression that the first exercise in decorative art for the human race might have come, very naturally, from the hand of Eve, while the woman who remembered the loveliness of Eden must have had images of beauty in her mind which found expression under her skillful fingers. Tubal Cain may have taken from his mother, Zillah, what gave grace of form, as well as sweetness of sound to the musical instruments of the antediluvian artificer in metals; and we are quite sure that Joseph's coat of many colors owed its beauty to feminine hands.

No sooner, however, do we come to the Mosaic ritual than the skill, which monuments existing to-day prove to have belonged to the women of Assyria and Egypt, is found to have been practiced to a high degree by the Hebrew women under the shadow of Mount Sinai. The Greek scholar is never allowed to forget the web woven by the faithful Penelope, which not only gave evidence of her industry but of the imagination which endeavored to express, in the overshot figures of her tapestry, her admiration for her husband, Ulysses; while no barbarous tribe has yet come to light without giving numberless examples of the instinctive expression of beauty under visible forms at the hands of its women.

This universality of endowment, and this universality of its exercise, giving the foundation for woman's work in art hitherto, will continue to be the foundation on which her achievements in art will be based, furnishing an argument for our educators which will be fruitful of results favorable to those virtues that show most fair in woman.

Greece, pre-eminently the home of beauty, which gave heroes and poets to sing their praises, gave sculptors, also, to perpetuate their deeds in immortal marble; and to a daughter of Greece, Kora, who helped her father, Dibutades, in his modeling, we owe the reliefs which enabled the Attic sculptors to tell the stories of the gods on the pediments of their temples; for rilievo must always be regarded as the sculptor's medium of narration.

Of those who worked in color, we hear of Helena, belonging to the age of Alexander the Great, who painted for one of the Ptolemies the scene in which Alexander vanquishes Darius, a painting which is supposed to have been the original of a famous mosaic found at Pompeii; while an artist, Calypso, executed a picture which has been transferred from Pompeii to Naples under the title of "A Mother Superintending Her Daughter's Toilet." A Greek girl, Lala, a contemporary of Cleopatra, was so celebrated for her busts in ivory that the Romans erected a statue to her memory; and a Roman paintress, Lava, using her brush some seventy-nine years before the coming of our Lord, is the first person spoken of as painting miniature likenesses on ivory, which she executed with marvelous rapidity. According to Pliny, she ranked among the most famous artists of her time.

We shall refer to this miniaturist again, but to preserve a chronological thread on which to string our facts, we will mention here that benefactress to all succeeding time, Galia Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great, who, in 440, or during the pontificate of that Leo, the first of all pontiffs to be called great, caused to be executed, under his approbation, that arch of triumph which glorifies even the new Basilica of St. Paul outside the walls; this mosaic being, as Cardinal Wiseman declares in his "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," "the title-deed of the modern Church," to the veneration of Christendom. Not only this venerable monument, but very interesting mosaics were executed under her order at Ravenna, before which the traveler pauses under the spell of their Christian significance as well as beauty.

To return to our miniaturist, Laya, who may be said to lead one of the most beautiful processions in the story of art, for she was followed by legions of monastic workers

in the European cloisters, who, in the silence of monastic scriptoriums, adorned those choir books which are the ever increasing wonder of the lovers of art. Many of these monks are high on the roll of fame; but, working even more hiddenly than the monks of St. Columbkill's time, were legions of women, working so hiddenly, in truth, that it is only by the slip of a pen like Montalembert's that we are likely to hear of these nuns whose names were caught by the quick ear of Saint Bede the venerable; but the names of Saint Lioba, the cousin of Saint Boniface, of Saint Walburga, sister of Saint Wilibald, the nuns of Eiken and their two abbesses, Harlinda and Renilda, have come down to us by the fame of their pious labors over psalter and gospel; and all this in the 7th century, supplying links to the traditions of art which would prepare it for more favored periods.

Agnes, Abbess of Quidlenberg, was celebrated as a miniature painter in the 12th century, and some of her works are still so well preserved as to excite admiration. We know that at this present time painting in miniature, on vellum or paper, is practiced to a marvelous degree of perfection in our convents; and I can not refrain from speaking of a volume of transcribed poetry from the convent of the Benedictine nuns in our own city, with charming marginal decorations in gold and color by a Benedictine nun; while in the Convent of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Ind., are designs on panel, silk, vellum, paper, which will compare with the celebrated works of the 13th and 14th centuries.

In the 14th century, Sister Plautilla, a Dominican nun, won fame which compelled Vasari to name her pictures with praise; especially a Madonna bearing her Divine Child on her knees as he is adored by the magi, of which I have a photograph.

Alongside the Van Eycks, Hubert and John, is found their sister, Margaret Van Eyck, who worked in miniature under the patronage of the court of Burgundy, her fame extending to the far South. Often she worked with her brothers on their pictures, much in the way that the Robbia family worked together on the same compositions, showing that her style or handling was not inferior to that of her renowned brothers.

From these delicate and, as they are often called, feminine labors, we pass to the plastic art, in which Properzia di Rossi, of Bologna, so distinguished herself that Clement VII., having gone to Bologna to crown the emperor, Charles V., inquired for her, greatly desiring to see her; but, to his deep regret, was told that she had died but a few days before his arrival, not having completed her thirtieth year. Her works are still to be seen in the cathedral at Bologna.

It was to Sabina, daughter of that Erwin von Steinback, whose monument is the Strasburg Cathedral, that the ornamentation of this wonder of ages was in a great part committed. Not only did she complete the spire after her father's death, but designed and executed the sculptured groups of the portals, especially that of the southern isle. The name of De Pazzi, associated as it is with some of the choicest pages of saintly lore, is associated also with art. Caterina de Pazzi was born in 1566, of the old Florentine family, and retired, while still young, to a Carmelite convent, under the name of Maria Maddelina. There, under the protection and, we must believe, the encouragement of her superiors, she threw the energy of her ardent and noble soul into the works of her pencil and brush, which are still to be found in the cloisters of the Carmelites at Parma and in Santa Maria, in Rome. She was canonized by Clement IX.

As was to be expected, the cold wave which passed over Europe under the name of the reformation, chilling so many poetic and artistic souls, affected, in a special manner, the sensitive imaginations of women. Hitherto their ideals had been formed by that Faith which had so generously nourished arts and letters as well as souls. With a recoil which kept the traces of inherent delicacy, the women of those ages turned to nature, studying flowers, fruits, and landscapes; practicing, also, artistic industries, such as engraving, etching, lithography, indeed, every art medium which united them to the world of letters. One of these lovers of nature was Maria Sybilla Merian, who devoted herself not only to the study and classification of plants and insects, but to their representation with her brush. Not contented with these artistic labors in her native Holland, she visited, in 1869, Dutch Guiana, especially Surinam, remaining two years in America. On her return to Holland the admiration excited by her work was so great that she was induced to publish her researches in books which enjoyed a sale of successive editions.

The 18th century was beautified by a genius which has never lost its charm—Maria Anne Angelica Kaufman. Her mind turned instinctively to painting, which she enjoyed as other children enjoy play, and at a very early age she painted the Bishop of Como. In 1754 her father settled at Milan, when Angelica came directly under the influence of the works left by that master of Greece, Leonardo da Vinci, and of the more tender Luini. The decoration of a church in a secluded region was entrusted to

her father and herself, her own share winning the enthusiastic admiration of the Bishop of Constance. At Florence, and again at Rome, she enjoyed the society and instruction of the venerable Winckelmann. Goethe, with his æsthetically critical eye, was compelled to praise Angelica Kaufman. Art was to her the breath of life, and labor was her greatest delight. She died at Rome in November, 1807. All the members of the Academy of St. Luke assisted at her obsequies, and as with Raphael, her last picture was borne after her bier.

The 19th century brought to us of America, a warm breath from the realms of imagination. One hardly knows how it found its way to the sparsely adorned Puritan homes, and to the secluded ways of the daughters and granddaughters of revolutionary heroes. But the fact is all the same, and the growth of artistic ideas, moreover, seemed an indigenous one. Among the very first of our American women to give herself to art, was Sarah Freeman Clarke, the only daughter of a physician in Newton, Mass. Very scanty instruction in drawing, of any sort, was given in those days; but she got a glimpse, in some way, of drawing from nature, and it was her delight to wander over the picturesque country around her and bring home sketches of hills, and valleys, and homesteads.

One day as she was thus engaged, she heard some one come up behind her, look over her shoulder, then turn away, saying: "Oh, I thought it was Mis' James!" Who could this Mis' James be who had the same tastes as herself? She determined to find out, but even the doctor, her father, failed to have any knowledge of Mis' James, when the washwoman was questioned as a last resort. "Mis' James! Don't you know who Mis' James is? The crazy woman what takes her knitting and sets on her husband's grave!" "And thus," Miss Clarke says, "my first artistic studies were coupled with insanity."

Some years after a friend mentioned her case to Washington Allston, who invited her to bring her sketches to him, and he went so far as to paint a picture with her—his way of giving lessons. Thus Miss Clarke was Allston's first and only pupil. She visited Europe afterward with her mother and brother William, who is associated with the early days of Chicago. On their return, she accompanied him to our Lake City, and during her expeditions with him "the beauty," as she says, "of the prairie was made known to her."

She was the first person to open a studio in Chicago, and her magnificent pictures of oak openings and prairie adorned the homes of such lovers of art as William B. Ogden and Mr. Newberry. All of these, however, were lost in the great fire of 1871. One of her most remarkable pictures is a fragment of the temple of Esnah, Egypt, painted for Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, for whom she made her remarkable collection of Dante sketches, being pen and ink drawings of the spots mentioned by Dante in his "Divina Commedia," and which made one of the treasures of the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, in 1876. A duplicate of this collection was made for Lady Ashburton.

Following closely after Miss Clarke was Caroline Negus, born among the hills of Petersham, Worcester County, Mass. Caroline's ambition was to be a miniature painter; to learn her art of those who knew Malbone, and to do this, she not only taught the small school in our neighborhood, to which I was sent as a child, but practiced every industry her facile fingers could lay hold upon. It was under her that my own young fingers found guidance, and I well remember her charge to my mother: "Never allow her to copy anything but nature." Her career was eminently successful, her pictures on ivory, of such men as Emerson, placing her in the highest rank of American portrait artists.

The first sculptress to win recognition from Europe as well as America was the daughter of a physician near Boston, who gave her what he intended to be a training for health, but which developed in her the taste for plastic art. Every opportunity for a thorough course of sculpture which Boston possessed at that time was given to her, but as St. Louis gave more special advantages for anatomical studies she went to that city, and, in 1852, found in the sculptor Gibson, residing in Rome, what made her mistress of the technicalities of her art.

Although her works are to be seen in Europe and America, for she has enjoyed a singularly wide distinction, perhaps her most charmingly characteristic creation is that of Puck, which is as Shakspearean as Shakespeare himself in its poesy and drollery, is an exquisite piece of modeling and finished with untold pains. But it is to her latest work, Isabella of Castile giving her jewels to Columbus to defray the expenses of his first voyage, resulting in the discovery of America, that Harriet G. Hosmer has intrusted her fame. This was modeled in Rome from studies, as to likeness and costume, made most carefully from authorized monuments during the winters of 1890, 1891, and 1892.

The commission for this statue was given to Miss Hosmer by the Queen Isabella Association to be cast in bronze and of heroic size for "The World's Columbian Exposition," as a tribute from American women to the co-discoverer of America. The full-sized model of this statue, on a pedestal, designed by the best architect in Rome, in a beautiful material fitted for indoor exhibition, stands in the Isabella pavilion, just outside the walls of "the World's Columbian Exposition" grounds; but the statue which is now coming through the foundry of Signor Nelli, Rome, to appear in all the glory of bronze, with that perfection of workmanship which belongs to the eternal city, will stand in some one of the beautiful parks of our City of the Lake as a proof, not only of the noble intention of the Queen Isabella Association to honor Isabella, the co-discoverer of America, thus winning for itself the administration and best wishes of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., but of the determination of the Catholics of America, above all, of the Catholics of Chicago, to do poetic as well as historical justice to this noblest of uncanonized women and peerless Christian queen.

The fame of a Rosa Bonheur as a painter, not merely of animals, but of animals under the influence of maternal affection or under the inspiration of the national shows, the fame, too, of an Elizabeth Thompson, who has brought to our eyes not only the horrors of war, but, with a most womanly instinct, its grandest pathos, show how wide the pendulum of a woman's genius may swing and how readily the technique of modern schools is appropriated by women.

Who was it that lighted up, with a beauty all celestial, the gloomy depths of a catacomb chamber in the cemetery of Santa Priscilla before the close of the 1st century of the Christian era—before St. Peter and St. Paul had won their crowns or their palms? Lighted it up, not merely by her own maternal loveliness, but by the divine charms of the infant nourished at her virgin breast, and before whom stands the prophet Isaiah, pointing to the star above her head as typifying the star which had arisen out of Jacob, according to the prediction?

Who is it that is found again and again in the subterranean crypts not only of Santa Priscilla, but of Santa Domitilla and Santa Agnes, and of every catacomb lying under the smiling Campagna and vineyards of Rome, until we see her in the year 432, in all the beauty of imperishable mosaic, on the arch of triumph in Santa Maria Maggiore; thence onward, on the apses of Rome's loveliest basilicas, all through the hidden period of antiphonals and psalters, until art effloresced under Cimabue and Giotta and the holy breath of St. Francis and St. Dominic; onward still through the ages of Vienese and Florentine art, until Raphael, under what has always seemed a direct inspiration, gave to the world that hitherto unrivaled conception of Mary, the Mother of God, in what we know and reverence as the Madonna Sistina? There was not one great artist in all those ages, whether monk, or nun, or courtier, who did not invoke the patronage of Mary, nor is there a school or academy that can furnish ideals like those which Mary gives to the hearts of her faithful sons. Can she do less for her faithful daughters?

Therefore I say to the women of my own nation—put not your trust in academies or in schools of technique; but whether in the cloister or in the world, make Mary your art mistress, your guide, your inspiration, and she will bring to your imaginations what you will seek for in vain elsewhere. She will speak, also through your pictures and your sculptures to your generation, until they demand, like those ages of which we read, the works of your brush and of your chisel to kindle their devotion and urge them onward in the heavenly way. Do not tell me that the atmosphere of your native land is chilling to devotion. Make your own atmosphere; make it by frequenting the sacraments, by lives of loving devotion to the saints, by a frequent observance of, and attendance upon, all festivals; and not only will your own atmosphere be one springing forth lilies and roses, but it will be caught by your countrywomen, so that you will be asked for in their homes, will be placed before their children, and—glory of glories to a true Christian painter or sculptor—you will live and speak to them from the altar-piece and altar-niche.

Rouse then, oh my countrywomen, to the fullness of your vocation as artists! Use all the opportunities afforded you, not to win the poor fame awarded by gallery or salon, but aspire to that ideal which we have seen consistent with a life of a consecrated nun and even that of the saint—the Christian work of a Christian woman in Christian art.

In an essay entitled "Women and Mammon," Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of America's famous novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, pictured in words of beauty the ideal woman, and then drew impressive contrasts and teachings. Among many bright passages were these:

BISHOP GABRIELS,
OGDENSBURG.

BISHOP BRADLEY,
MANCHESTER.

BISHOP MAIS,
COVINGTON.

BISHOP SPALDING,
PEORIA.

BISHOP McCLOSKY,
LOUISVILLE.

BISHOP JENSEN,
BELLVILLE.

BISHOP COSGROVE,
DAVENPORT.

BISHOP RYAN,
ALTON.

WOMAN AND MAMMON.

The word man conveys to us the meaning at once only of courage, energy, constructive force. But when the word woman is presented to the mind, two diametrically opposed types are surely evoked—the woman who is pure and elevating and the woman who is at most pure in a limited sense, and who lives in an atmosphere of such attractiveness as is not elevating. This is the sort of woman who would rather disenchant her husband with life than give up the approving glances of a half-dozen admirers.

We will not describe her any more minutely, for it would be a picture of a frequent companion. A companion not all wicked, shining brightly in her beauty, seemingly sweeter than the women of true hearts, petted, clever, and gracious. But she worships mammon in that half-conscious way in which so many of us are guilty of evil. It is only righteousness which is always awake to its responsibilities, eager for its success in meeting them, and quick to detect the ease and unkindness of low principles.

Mrs. Lathrop described at length the influence upon the world of these two classes of women and concluded as follows:

Can it be that woman is, in the majority, forever to serve mammon? Is she, who is the mother of all perfect impulses, to be represented anywhere forever as the adorer of vanity? Is she always anywhere to appear laden with jewels, like a jeweler's showcase, and with jewels that are very likely gathered upon her bosom at the expense of health, or even the honesty of her husband? Must woman, who stands for the highest note of human perfection, who should, above all created beings, worship God, erect, upward-looking, must she stoop to mammon in coquettish courtesy, anywhere in this world of God? Oh, woman, the hour has struck when you are to arise and defend your rights, your abilities for competition with men, intellect, and professional endurance. The hour when your are to prove that purity and generosity are for the nation as well as for the home. If it is well for you to imitate the profoundest students, the keenest business minds, the sublimest patriots, is it not well for you to imitate the noblest and tenderest of your sex?

A most instructive and eloquent paper by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly of Philadelphia, Pa., was next read to the Congress on the subject of

WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

It was the genius of a woman, the generosity of a woman, that first made possible the discovery of America. But years before Isabella offered to sacrifice her jewels that Columbus might sail out of Palos, an Essex-born woman over in England, near St. Albans, had launched her little bark upon a sea almost as wide and trackless, almost as dim and perilous, as that through which the Santa Maria was later to plough its way. Dame Juliana Barnes, or Berners, a Catholic nun of Herefordshire, was the first person to write English verse. The father of Anglo-Saxon poesy was Caedmon, the monk of Whitby. The mother of English female authorship was Juliana, prioress of Sopewell Nunnery.

Food is here for much triumphant exultation in the glories of creed and sex. Our bosoms make haste to swell with honest pride, with womanly self-gratulation. But, my sisters, festina lente! The iconoclasts, alas, are busy and almost cruel. Modern and most destructive biographers rudely dispel the flattering illusions that have long veiled the memory of our literary primogenitrix.

Remorselessly they tell us that the venerable Dame Berners wrote verses on the most unfeminine, the most un-nunlike themes; that the "Book of St. Albans," published at Westminster in 1486 from some old, discarded type of Caxton, contained her three rhyming treatises on—on—(stop your ears, oh, outraged shades of the mystic and æsthetic nine)—on "Hunting," "Hawking," and "Coat Armor."

In the shock of this early English revelation, in the shame-faced effort to marry the mythical prioress to her verse, we remind ourselves that Dame Juliana was a lady of high degree, when the wine of youth ran red and hot in her veins, a 15th century Diana, in plumed hat and flying robes, following the chase with the gay knights and ladies of the court, and we say to ourselves: before this valiant woman hid her noble presence and masterful mind behind the convent grille she posed on her palfry among the gallants of the greenwood, her soul straining at its social restraints, and sounding the warning chime of its deliverance, even as the hooded falcon on her wrist strained at its silken jesses and jingled its silvern bells.

If Bales describes the noble Juliana as "an ingenious virago," he frankly admits that

her personal and mental endowments were of the highest character; and he goes on to explain, that, "among the many solaces of human life, she held the sports of the field in great estimation, and was desirous of conveying these arts, by her writing, to the youth, as the first elements of nobility. In the three centuries following the prioress of Sopewell Nunnery, few of her own countrywomen ventured after her into the new world of letters.

Germany had produced her sacred poet and dramatist, the Benedictine, Dame Hrosvitha, Italy her Catherine of Sienna, her Caterina Adorni, her Victoria Colonna. Spain had given birth to the mystical Teresa Ahumada (better known as Saint Teresa of Jesus); and the eldest daughter of the Church rejoiced in the brilliant glory reflected on her by the works of Marie de France, Marie de Gourney, Madame Guyon, Madame de Sevigne, and Madame Deshonilliere.

But, up to the middle of the 18th century the number of English women writers of any note could be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. To the originality and keen perceptions of one noble poetess, however (to Annie, Countess of Winchelsae, who wrote in the 17th century), Mr. Wadsworth pays this tribute: "It is remarkable that, excepting the "Nocturnal Reverie" by Lady Anne, and a passage or two in Pope's "Windsor Forest," the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons," does not contain a single new image of external nature.

"Literature," says Dr. Brownson, "can not come before its time. We can not obtain the oracle before the pythoness feels the God." And he further directs attention to the fact that "there is no literature, ancient or modern, which is not indebted for its existence to some social fermentation, or some social change or revolution.

The intellectual life of the 18th century seems to have been fermented by the strongest leaven of "social change," even as its civil atmosphere was surcharged with the electric currents of widespread revolution. Amid the upheaval of nations and the dismemberment of kingdoms certain volcanic tremors foretold the coming emancipation of woman's intellect.

Prior to the Augustian age of English literature there were few inducements, few opportunities for secular women to enter the arena of letters. Men barely tolerated their literary sisters, or cauterized them, if successful, with sneers and satires.

The very soubriquet "Blue Stocking," originated in 1786, as a term of derision for literary ladies; and the measure of approval accorded, at that era, to the works of Hannah More was mainly due, we are told, to the egotistic patronage of Garrick and Dr. Johnson. Sara Coleridge, daughter of the poet, does not hesitate to say in one of her letters: "The great mogul of literature (Johnson) was gracious to a pretender, whose highest ambition was to follow him at a humble distance. He would have sneered to death a writer of far subtler intellect and more excursive imagination who dared to deviate from the track to which he pronounced it good sense to be confined. He even sneered a little at his dear pet, Fanny Burney. She had set up shop for herself, to use a vulgarism; she had ventured to be original."

In truth, although Johnson protested to Mrs. Trale that "there were passages in Evelina which might do honor to Richardson," no one can read the "Diary and Letters of Fanny Burney" (Madame d'Arblay), gossipy and self-conceived as they are, without discerning the difficulties that handicapped the career of a lady of letters, even in the time of the third George. That boorish king rehearsing to one of his court ladies a certain interview with Dr. Burney reveals the latter's extraordinary terror at the discovery of his daughter's authorship. "Her father," said the king, "told me the whole history of her Evelina, and I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he were doing it at that moment. I can never forget his face while I live."

But, thank heaven, the day of class prejudice and narrow jealousies anent woman's work in literature has forever passed away. Through the widening of woman's sphere, through the opening of innumerable avenues to her higher education and intellectual advancement, the queen hath come at last to her own. The barefooted beggar maid before King Cophetua hath been lifted at last to her rightful throne at his side in the kingdom of letters.

While we agree with Brownson that woman was made for man and "in herself is only an inchoate man"—from a literary standpoint we must be willing to admit with Tennyson that

> Woman is not undevelopt man,
> But diverse.
> Not like to like, but like a difference

And be willing to accept from the same standpoint the dead Laureate's prophecy that

> In the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man.
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care.

"Till at length her work shall set itself to man's like perfect music into noble words." If she be the queen of beauty in the tournament of the world's thought, she must also be the queen of truth and purity. Like the woman of the gospel, she must hide her leaven in her three measures of meal; she must hide the truth of Christ, the purity of Christ, in poesy, fiction, and journalism, until the whole is leavened.

As Cardinal Newman said of Philip Neri's work in Rome, she must make use, in a corrupt and faithless generation, of the great counter fascinations of purity and truth; she must direct the current which she can not stop; sweeten and sanctify what God has made good, but man has corrupted and profaned.

Not mere elegance of diction, brilliancy of style, or perfection of technique, shall serve her ends. Her mission is a higher and holier one than the polishing of clever verses, or the perfecting of "a filigree tale in a paper cover."

Artificial flowers, fashioned by a Parisian hand, may be exquisite in form and color, but they lack nature's fragrance and honey-dew. All the pressure in the world can not distil from them one drop of the attar of roses, such as is yielded by the smallest bud in the rose gardens of Ghazebor.

An elaborate setting is employed to enhance an inferior gem; and the meretricious glitter of stage jewels often does duty for the pure radiance of diamonds of the first water.

"We are not," says Ruskin, "to set the meaner thing, in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing, in its mighty progress; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty."

Thought must be great enough, wise enough, strong enough to seize and shape its vehicle, making style ever secondary to sentiment.

"Landscape Gardening" is Emerson's synonym for an over-devotion to technique, and close and stifling is the confined atmosphere of Boyle O'Reilly's carver of cherry-stones in the "Art Master."

> For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions,
> And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile.
> Serene his ways through surging years and fashions,
> While heaven gave him his cherry-stones and file!

If, perforce, the queen must step down from her royal dais to champion the "rude hands" of social reformers, or to deal in her own realm with "wrongs and passions and throbbing hearts," she must not soil her white sandals or bedraggle the trailing splendor of her fair robes in the mire of the slums. It is proverbial that the worst corruption is of the best. Woman's influence in letters can never be an uncertain or negative one. If she does not elevate and strengthen she degrades and enervates.

The day was, when the startling realism of the Brontë sisters (to put it mildly) met with the sternest censure and fiercest ostracism of right-thinking people. Dr. Brownson goes the length of declaring that "there are passages in 'Jane Eyre' which show that women can enter into, and describe with minute accuracy, the grossest passions of man's nature, which men could not describe to their own sex without a blush." And yet, in their biography of its author, Mrs. Gaskill would have us believe that when Charlotte Brontë violated convention (again, to put it mildly), she did so unwittingly; and that the daring utterances of the Yorkshire curate's daughters were simply the innocent expression of morbid temperaments acted on by exceptional environments. Apologists have also been found for the agnostic sophisms and psychological subtleties of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, on the grounds that they are not set forth in "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve" with malice prepense and aforethought, for the destruction of believing souls, but that they are merely the grave, troubled exposition of the writer's private uncertainties in ethics, her own personal perplexities in dogma and doctrine. But, whether it be a question of murder or manslaughter, whether it be an indeliberate slaying of souls or a cold-blooded intent to kill, woe betide the woman who unsettles or confuses convictions of right and wrong in her readers' minds, or who leads them astray in issues of the affections or of the marriage relations! Like the fisherman of the Arabian legend, she has let forth unto destruction an evil and powerful genii whom she will never again be able to imprison in the gloomy casket of her own fancy.

It is in the field of fiction that the woman writer of the 19th century has

attained her highest success, has won her most enduring fame. Yet, sorrowful to say, the crab-like tendency of some of our modern women novelists seems to be to work backward to the contemplation and delineation of pagan models. They forget that the passionate song of Sappho must give way to the chaste "Magnificat" of Mary. Their gross indelicacy is due either to greed for gain or itch for notoriety. It is even said that a young authoress once begged an editor to denounce her work as indecent, in the hope that the scathing review might do for her novel what barring the mails did for "Kreutzer Sonata"—sellhalf a million copies of it! Too often, however, the women who befoul their pens in the cesspools of lewd sensualism and erotic romance (like certain delineators of the nude in art), pander unblushingly to the pruriency of the fleshly. They, indeed, create "words that burn"—yea, that burn with the lurid and unquenchable fires of hell, not with the pure and cleansing flame of Isaiah's celestial coal. Their muse, instead of swinging before the Most High a golden censer, sending forth delicious incense from consecrated resins, flourishes before the golden calf a brasier of dusky, smoldering charcoal, whence issue the deadly fumes of asphyxiation to all that is pure and noble in humanity.

Such women are the "Dorothy Draggletails" of literature. They may have learned, in common parlance, "to call a spade a spade," but in so doing they have furnished themselves with a spade to dig the grave of their own womanly delicacy and self-respect.

Ye nymphs, that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine it is well known
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But, tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine.

Commenting upon the assertion of Julian Hawthorne and others, that "literature in America is emasculated by convention," a reviewer not long since boldly declared in a leading Eastern magazine that "it is the fear of the young that emasculates it!"

Surely, this out-Herods Herod.

Accursed is the age, accursed the commonwealth, that ceases to respect, to reverence, the innocence of the young. Even the pagans wrote: "Maxima debetur puero reverentia;" and the ancient Egyptians at the obsequies of their dead, proclaimed the departed spirit damned or saved, according as it had wronged or reverenced little children during life. Conscientiously careful, tenderly strong, must be the pen that traces the first impressions upon the soft, pure wax of the virgin mind. Those gravings will outlive the inscriptions cut upon bronze and granite. "Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace," says Ruskin: "and strew chaff over in its transparent heat, and recover that to its clearness and rubied glory, when the north wind has blown upon it; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and to bring back the heavenly colors to him, at least in this world."

What Christian father would dare read aloud to his young sons the immoral tragedies or the disgraceful figures of George Sand? What Christian mother would dare lay open before the innocent eyes of her young daughters the shameless pages of "The Quick and the Dead," or "The Doomswoman," or deliberately put into their hands the lucubrations of Miss Braddon, or of that hydraheaded and sensuous gorgon of romance, yclept the Duchess?

Literature, it is true, as Cardinal Newman reminds us, can never be anything else than the manifestations of human nature in a human language; that, as science is the reflection of physical nature, literature is the reflection of nature moral and social. We can not eliminate the evidences of human passion from the records of human life, and our age of fiction is pre-eminently introspective and analytical. But surely, my sisters, in order to be true to nature, we are not called upon to dip our pens into the stinking slush of foul and debasing passions. In order to be faithful to reality we are not obliged to lay bare to the vulgar the most sacred esoteric mysteries; to make our toilets in public; to expose ourselves, as a master mind has phrased it, unveiled in the market-place, unveiled and unrobed to the gaze of a profane world.

Surgeons do not dissect their subjects on street corners. There is a native delicacy in true science as well as true art. Of Rembrandt's famous picture, "The Lesson in Anatomy," it has been remarked that the artist rivets the gazer's attention on the glowing, lifelike figures of the professor and his students rather than on the vivid, repulsive corpse that lies before them on the dissecting table.

If we must faithfully portray nature in our works, my sisters and colaborers, let us not forget the God of nature in his works. Let us give to the world something better than the vintage of an intoxicating and effervescing romance pressed from the dried grapes of exhausted passion and erotic pruriency. Let us offer it, not "devil's wine,"

but "God's wine"—a distillation from the fresh herbs and sweet-smelling simples of a chaste pasturage, giving to fainting souls and faltering heart the royal cordial of the golden and La Grande Chartreuse. The dove that goes forth from the saving ark of a purified literature must not pause to dissect the putrid carcasses tossed upon the rocks by the receding deluge of human passions.

"Let the carrion rot." Leave it to glut the rapacious raven, which shall return no more to gladden the yearning eyes of the watchers; which surfeited with rottenness shall never bring back to any longing soul the olive branch of God's eternal peace.

Once, in a literary circle of unusual brilliancy and culture, an American writer of some note read a paper to prove that there had never really existed a female poet! Beginning with poor, "sweet, smiling, violet-crowned Sappho," whose broken snatch of Grecian melody, sounding through twenty centuries, he scoffed at to the echo, he ran the gamut of the fair singers of the ages, dealing death to their pretensions and destruction to their fame. His coup-de-grace was a showing of the post-mortem decline of Mrs. Browning's literary repute. He enlarged upon the fact that during her lifetime, when any pilgrim visited the home of the Brownings in Italy, it was less with the view of meeting Robert Browning than his gifted wife, Elizabeth Barrett. But that, strange to say, since the latter's death, the star of her glory has been steadily declining, whilst the orb of her husband's fame had been as steadily mounting to its zenith.

A listener suggested that this might be because an age devoted to technique had launched its fiat against effusions which Miss Barrett wrote rapidly and from impulse, glorying, as Mr. Bethune remarks, "in her expedients to save time, though they took the shape of false rhymes or distorted syllables." But, when it was presently shown that a like decadence had waited upon the fame of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Landon, the Carey sisters, and others, whose technical expression was more painstaking and polished, we were forced to conclude, with Emerson, that some of the immortals were merely contemporaries; that, as a lady writer in the *Century* has lately shown in commenting on the oblivion fast closing around the name and works of the American, Margaret Fuller, it is to a strong personality that certain popular songstresses have owed their power over men, and that, with the vanishing of their personality, their power has ceased to exist. This is especially true of women of the transcendental school.

But to the 19th century alone belongs the authorship of American Catholic women. It has scarcely more than reached, indeed, its golden jubilee of existence. Yet while England points with pride to Adelaide Proctor, Lady Fullerton, Lady Herbert, Mary Howitt, Alice Meynell, Emily Bowles, and Mother Theodosia Drane, Ireland to Rosa Mulholland, Julia Kavanagh, Kathleen O'Meara, Cecelia Caddell, Ellen Downing, Katherine Tynan, and Mrs. Cashel-Hoey, France to Eugenie de Guerin and Mrs. Craven, Germany to Countess Hahn-Hahn, Spain to Cecelia Bohl de Faber, and Italy to Maria Brunnamonti, America enshrines in her Catholic heart of hearts the names of Anna Hanson Dorsey, Elizabeth Allen Starr, Margaret Sullivan, Christian Reid, Louise Guiney, Katherine Conway, Sara Trainor Smith, Agnes Repplier, Mary Elizabeth Blake, Harriet Skidmore, Ella Dorsey, the gifted Sadliers (mother and daughters), Ellen Ford, Mary Josephine Onahan, Helen and Grace Smith, the cloistered singers, Mercedes and Mother Austin Carroll, and a host of others who blend their sweet voices in the grand cantata of Columbian Catholic literature.

No meed of earthly glory shall fill the aspirations of the true Catholic woman writer. No crown of laurel or of pine shall satisfy the brow created for the amaranth of eternity. Her face is set toward the white city of the heavenly Jerusalem; her pen is illumined with the splendor that streameth from its gates of pearl; her highest ambition is to write her name in the book of life, beside the names of those whom her genius has ennobled, whom her gifts have drawn closer to God, whom her works have established in the perfection of his law. She may not be crowned after death as one of fame's immortals; her memory and her writings may not long survive her own day and generation, but, having done what she could, in her time, with the talent that was intrusted to her (and with it instructed "many unto justice"), she shall be crowned by the Lord God in his everlasting kingdom as one of those blessed toilers

> Whose works shall last,
> Whose names shall shine as the stars on high,
> When deep in the dust of a ruined past
> The labors of selfish souls shall lie!

The history and workings of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, whose delegates had been holding their Convention in one of the lesser halls, were thus presented to the Congress by Joseph A. Kernan, Jr., of Philadelphia.

THE WORK OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Before an audience of Catholics it would seem hardly necessary to say anything in explanation of the origin and aims of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, now in existence in France for sixty years and in our own country for almost half a century, and yet there is evidently a very imperfect knowledge of it, except in a general way. It is not unusual to hear even clergymen speak of the society as it now exists as being founded by its illustrious patron, St. Vincent himself, which is a natural error; but much graver ones are the result of ignorance on the subject. To those who have read the highly interesting life of Frederick Ozanam, by the late Kathleen O'Meara, some portion of this paper will be a repetition of what they have already learned, but as there are still good, active Vincentians who zealously follow in the footsteps of their founder and yet are ignorant of this charming book, it may safely be presumed that there are others in the same category.

What St. Vincent de Paul accomplished in the cause of charity is incorporated in the "Lives of the Saints" and in the "History of the Church in France," and existing monuments in the shape of institutions which owe their origin to his great zeal, for the poor are daily reminders of his wonderful success. More effective still, perhaps, in recalling and perpetuating his memory, are his "Daughters of Charity," as they were originally called, but whom we now recognize as "Sisters of Charity," known throughout the world, and especially in France, where their services in the hospitals and upon the field of battle have been honored by a government which ignores the crucifix they bear—the image of one whose religion that government seeks to abolish. In our own sad days of strife they rendered like service, and in these "piping times of peace," which may God prolong indefinitely, they quietly succor the orphan and the afflicted and allay the sufferings of the sick with their kindly care and ministrations; but the society of St. Vincent de Paul is everywhere a living witness to the great spirit of charity for which the saint's name has been so long a synonym.

In 1833, the year of its foundation, France had, within a few decades, passed through two revolutions, had gloried in its first empire, and was not entirely free from the influence of the prestige of the great conqueror who founded it. She had seen three restorations of the old monarchy, and was drifting toward another revolution, and that republic which was, in its turn, to be wiped out by a coup d'etat, and followed, or swallowed up, by the second empire. As has been said, the shadow of the first Napoleon, who had sought to subjugate the Church, yet brooded over her. There was still the pride of race in the hearts of her old nobility, there was revolutionary blood in the veins of her citizens, and these were irreconcilable. The teachings of Voltaire were widespread, the indifference of the self-styled Catholics was demoralizing, the general discontent of the masses apparent. The Church was fettered; her clergy had not the influence to be expected in a nation called the "eldest daughter of the Church," but happily France, with all her faults and her decadence, was never wanting in champions of the Faith. In every age she had faithful, exemplary, and valiant sons and daughters among the clergy, the religious, and the laity, to fight her battles against infidelity and indifference; to take a stand for law and order and Christian civilization against anarchy and its causes, and, if need be, to lay down their lives.

The government of the period was, practically, in the hands of men who were not Christians; Guizot, Cousin, Hugo, Lamartine were the prominent men of the day, the last of these being classed among the dilettante order of Catholics. At the same time, that restless and restive spirit, the Abbe de Lammenais, then in the zenith of his popularity, together with his milder, but not less distinguished associates, Lacordaire, Chateubriand, and Montalembert, were battling for the Church and its rights and privileges.

De Lammenais seemed the most brilliant star of the galaxy, but his "nonserviam" was a serious misfortune to the cause of Catholicity and still more disastrous to himself, for the great master mind, which could not learn humility and brook submission to the universal pastor, soon lost his influence and suffered the inevitable eclipse which attends all refractory children of the Church. But Lacordaire was faithful, and Montalembert and the others stood firm, and they gathered about them lesser lights but devoted followers. The spirit of faith and practical Catholicity in daily life among the laity was to be revived by the fervid eloquence of the great Dominican, and the ardor of the rank and file to be awakened and strengthened by the writings of his associates and their arguments in the senate and assembly.

The old college of the Sorbonne (now demolished, in part, to make way for a new structure), with its souvenirs of its founder, and, also, of its famous patron, Cardinal Richelieu, was the great center of learning; but none of its scientific or even philosophical

teachings were allied to religion; on the contrary, its lecture halls resounded with the logic of materialism. Students of the Lyceum, the College Stanislas, and other smaller schools of learning, where they either imbibed their faith or were taught to preserve it, were here exposed to the danger of losing it, unless they were fervent, steadfast souls. Among these were a few youths, of one of whom especially we have to speak.

Frederick Ozanam was born in 1813, at Milan, where his father settled during the first empire. The family traced its origin not only back to the period when, hundreds of years before, it became Christianized in France, but also to that Hebrew race, which formed the chosen people of the Old Testament, and whose genealogies are to be found in the Bible. Ozanam's father had served with distinction under the consulate, but when the first consul made himself emperor, the faithful officer, who seemed to be neither royalist nor imperialist, became disgusted with the new régime and refused a position under the imperial government, preferring to take up his residence in Milan, where he became an accomplished and successful physician. He was an exemplary Catholic, and it was natural that with such a sire and such a mother as was Madame Ozanam, Frederick should have passed his boyhood in the practice of the faith. His later environment in Paris exposed him, as it did a great many others, to temptations to waver, but his early training made him strong, and so we find him, at twenty, a youth of steadfast character, serious but enthusiastic. He went to Paris to pursue his law studies with assiduity and thoroughness, and later on—his ability being duly recognized—he received the appointment of professor of commercial law in Lyons, and subsequently, was made professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne. It was in this position that his genius shone out most brilliantly, and his Faith as well. He also entered the field of journalism and did good service for the cause of religion. His natural leanings were toward democracy, with more or less utopian ideas of the grand republic that was to be the great remedy for all political difficulties, the panacea for all social grievances, the great millennium for the poor and the oppressed. Like all earnest minds, he dreamed of the days that were never to come, of the ways that were never to be adopted, and he descanted upon those possibilities of the future which were never even to take the shape of probabilities. He was, however, in no sense a dreamer, but a practical Christian and a valiant champion of the right.

When fame and position were achieved and from the rostrum of that same old college of the Sorbonne he, in his turn, lectured the students who loved him so well, nothing deterred him from defending the truth and exposing error, and he seemed to have had the peculiar gift of ably answering the sophistry of his opponents and bringing their fallacious arguments to naught. His contributions to literature indicate the high order of talent, patient research, and convincing logic which characterized his lectures and his writings. It was at the early period of his life from which the society dates that Ozanam felt the lack of Christian teaching and the support of Christian example and companionship, as well as the longing for something higher and purer to actuate every-day life than the average student was satisfied with. Hence, in response to these aspirations and in direct answer to the taunts of his sneering associates, who asked for some tangible proof of his disposition to accomplish something practical, he and a few kindred spirits, encouraged by a friend of maturer years, M. Bailly, started the first "Conference of Charity," which was the nucleus of the present wide-spread society. They first put themselves under the protection of the Mother of God, making the sanctification of their own souls their main object. Their next aim was the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor, their moral and physical ailments—the former to be reached by assiduously caring for the latter.

A brief life, but a noble one, was that of Frederick Ozanam. We have only an imperfect portrait of him; a pen and ink sketch, which shows little more than a profile of a serious face upon which much study and the conscientious discharge of laborious duty, together with the suffering entailed by disease, have left their unmistakable traces; but he was cheerful and patient withal, a good son, brother, husband, and father, faithful to his friends and charitable to his enemies—if he had any. Although cut off in the prime of manhood, he lived to see the great success of the society which he had helped to establish, for he always disclaimed the honor of being the sole founder. For some time before his death, failing health forced him to intermit his duties, and he traveled in Italy and Spain, where his footsteps were marked by the establishment of conferences. The last of his excursions was to the little seaport of Antignano, which he left in the fall of 1853, hoping to breathe his last in Paris, the scene of his labors, but the Lord willed otherwise, and shortly after his arrival in Marseilles the closing scene set in and he died there on the 8th of September.

He has long ago, we trust, received his reward, and his confrères continue to cherish his memory with a respect and affection which will long survive the appreciation of his literary labors. He has had many worthy successors, also men of talent and distinction, in the government of the society—particularly in the council-general in Paris—and before giving a brief sketch of its progress and position in America, it may not be out of place to make, parenthetically, a few reflections on the influence of such men in the community. While we know that God has usually chosen the humblest instruments to propagate his Church, and, at times, some special devotion, still we all recognize the marked effect in our own day of good example, notably among that higher class of the laity to whom we are naturally inclined to look for models. We may recur to an incident in the life of Ozanam himself, as an illustration of this.

A prey, momentarily, to that weakness which is most fitly called human respect—a powerful motive, especially with Frenchmen—he entered a church in passing (for he was a devout man always), and there he saw, kneeling absorbed in prayer before the altar of Our Lady, that great scholar, the elder Ampère, in whose family he had happily found a home at a critical time. The young man confessed, afterward, that he was indescribably impressed and strengthened by the spectacle.

There are brave men, we know, in the humblest walks of life, but their deeds are not so manifest nor so likely to inspire emulation as the example of those in higher positions. The private in the ranks is as gallant and daring as his commanding officer, but when the latter is at the head of the charging columns all eyes are fixed on him and all hearts filled with the resolution to follow his valiant leadership.

While the practical work of the conferences was the fundamental one of relieving the poor by personal visits and direct assistance, no work of charity was ever to be foreign to the society; and so we find it, notably in France, taking up and developing the patronages, which have been so successful, and which were really the foundation of institutions of a kindred nature now so widespread, and which have taken the shape, with our Protestant friends, of Young Men's Christian Associations. All the needs of the poor, both spiritual and temporal, have become the special care of the society, which also occupies itself with remedying the causes of poverty. Hence its exhortations to temperance and economy in both old and young; the establishment of "penny banks" in England, following the example of our French confrères, who have also many other expedients, such as co-operative kitchens, and the various plans which have been found practical for the prevention as well as the alleviation of the misery entailed by ignorance and improvidence. Thus it will be seen that there is no limit to the projects and labors of a Vincentian in the field of charity. He has penetrated into the northern wilds of the British possessions on our own continent, and although we can not trace his footsteps as far as Cape Horn, he is to be found in various points in the intervening land, from Maine to California, in Mexico, Central and South America. Conferences exist in all the great nations of Europe with the exception of Russia; in Asia, embracing Arabia and the Holy Land, and we know of at least one native Arabian conference. On the "dark continent" in Egypt, upon the banks of old father Nile and not far from the great pyramids, whence "forty centuries look down on them," brethren are to be met with; and in this connection we may mention that our fellow-citizens of African descent have been gathered into the fold in Washington and Boston, St. Louis and Indianapolis. If not "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," we count at least members in Norway and Denmark; they gather together also upon the classic soil of Greece, as well as under the dominion of the turbaned Turk and amid the gorgeous paganism of the Indies. China has been long since invaded, and in distant Australasia Macaulay's dreaded New Zealander (who is supposed to be cultivating an artistic eye for prospective English ruins) has in his midst the disciples of St. Vincent de Paul.

From the latest statistics in our possession the present condition of the society may be summed up in the following figures:

In the United States about 500 conferences, with an active membership of about 9,000, while the total membership of the society is about 90,000, and the number of conferences 5,000.

The work of the patronages has reached, in France, a development which dwarfs our efforts here, and these efforts seem insignificant in comparison with what our Protestant brethren accomplish in the same field, having borrowed from our society the idea, and elaborated it, thanks to their ample means. Unfortunately for us, our resources are extremely limited, and where our Catholic brethren are wealthy there does not seem to be so much liberality in helping to found and sustain these institutions. In Paris they have established auxiliary societies of lady patronesses of all walks of life, whose offorts are bent to secure the funds necessary for the support and maintenance of these

noble institutions. In London the same work has been already taken in hand quite energetically.

In Boston, especially, the children of the poor are looked after in the most thorough manner. As in New York, they have agents at the courts to rescue Catholic children from commitment to Protestant homes; Catholic ones are provided; occupations are found for those who are old enough to work, and it is highly interesting to read of the ingenuity exercised in amusing the children on the "outings" given them in pleasant weather. The abandoned or neglected infants, through the paternal care of the conferences, get the next best thing to proper maternal nursing, arrangements having been made to place them in good hands, which has resulted in materially reducing the mortality among these little ones. Thus the society in Boston is doing the work of a foundling asylum.

The organization of its early days obtained the approval of the late Pope Pius IX. of blessed memory, who enriched it with many spiritual favors, and our present Pontiff, Leo XIII., has endowed it with like testimonials of his paternal affection. The last council of Baltimore spoke in flattering terms of the society, and placed it in the front rank of lay organizations. Those of the hierarchy and the clergy who know best its objects and its aims and what it accomplishes, are anxious for its establishment, propagation, and success, and always give it their heartiest support. Even our municipal authorities recognize it in a most practical way by giving it, in some places, a share in the distribution of the public funds devoted to charity, because they realize that the application of the money will be direct and undiminished by salaries of distributors; and it has conquered the respect and, in many instances, the co-operation of our separated brethren, who admit its quiet efficacy in succoring the poor. It is essentially a lay society, seeking always to work in harmony with the clergy, to whom it is a valuable aid, and it is par excellence the most important lay society in the Church. It remains therefore for Catholic laymen to recruit its ranks. Its rules are simple; no great sacrifices are exacted; no very onerous duties are imposed.

We should have many more upon our rolls of active membership; men of all classes and conditions. In Europe, and especially in France, conferences are thus composed; while in America we see few names of the wealthy and distinguished upon the conference lists. With accessions from this class, dare we not hope that in addition to its multifarious works of charity, it may have its humble share in solving the serious problem which agitates all nations and peoples, the great living question of the relations between the rich and the poor; the conflict between capital and labor, and the other social questions involved. Only faith and hope and charity can surmount the obstacles which these antagonisms present, and lead to a better understanding of relative rights and mutual duties. "And the greatest of these is charity;" "for the poor we have always with us."

"Indian Rights" was next stated by Rt. Rev. Bishop McGolrick, of Duluth, Minn., his address embodying a mass of statistics not deemed appropriate here.

THE INDIAN IN THIS REPUBLIC.

Our young Republic, but now in the beginning of its development, has, for the most part, pursued a policy of conciliation in its treatment of the Indian tribes. To those who were supposed to represent the Government, to its agents and officers, must be generally attributed the evils which have fallen on these wards of the nation, which have well-nigh blotted out a nomadic race, about whose extinction there appears to be slight doubt, as they recede before the white man's advancing tread.

The commission of nine appointed by General Grant in 1869, after enumerating the many notorious grievances of the Indians, summed up by declaring that "the history of the Government connections with the Indians is a shameful record of broken treaties and unfulfilled promises." "Theft, lying, robbery, broken promises"—such is the summing up of Helen Hunt Jackson, when, in pleading for the rights of the Indians, she recounts the story of their woes.

Professor Painter, agent of the Indian Rights Association, in his report of 1888, states as his conclusion, after a careful investigation, that "the whole management of Indians has been abnormal, with little or absolutely no opportunity for the natural laws regulating social life to operate."

"The aboriginal population of the West Indies, of Mexico, of Central and South America," writes Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty, so well known for his active interest in the

Indians, " was preserved, Christianized, and in great part civilized. Forty-six millions of Catholic people now inhabit those countries, with a proportion of white people to the mixed and purely aboriginal elements nearly everywhere the same—20 per cent. white; 43 per cent. mixed; 37 per cent. aboriginal. North of Mexico, the fate of the aborigines has been extermination."

In the report of the commission, charged with the distribution of the fund for Catholic mission work among the negroes and Indians, and of which His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, is the chairman, the Indian population is marked as being about 285,730. The report of the Government Commissioner of Indian affairs for 1892 gives the Indian population, exclusive of Alaska, as 248,340; with about 3,000 employés. The location of the Indian population, together with the statistics of Catholic Indians, churches, sisterhoods, and religions for the year 1892, makes very interesting reading.

In 1891 the total Indian population was given as 249,273, and of these 80,891 were Catholics. In the statistics of 1876 there were enumerated 260 different tribes in the United States, amounting to about 300,000 Indians. These were widely scattered, roaming around in the chase during the year and only settled in their camping grounds during the winter and early spring. For many of these tribes the Government holds in trust certain funds belonging to them and for which they receive the annual interest.

Five tribes, civilized, the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Seminoles, and Creeks, have a trust fund of $8,008,525.99, with an annual interest of $413,790.11, while thirty other tribes have about $16,000,000 for their benefit. This fund, if well managed and properly disbursed would be a great assistance to the Indians, but the commissioners, clerks, inspectors, supervisors, agents, boss farmers, physicians, teachers, and all the rest of the multitude to whom the Indian is so valuable, take to themselves a very large percentage of the fund belonging to these poor people.

The constant advance of the white man, and the ever-increasing demand for land, gradually drove back the Indian to remote western wilds. Before the shrewd and often unscrupulous pioneer the Indian had to retreat or become completely helpless.

The general government was gradually forced to exercise unlimited control over the aborigines and their property. They became wards of the nation, to be governed and directed in all their affairs until they could be formed into civilized men. Prisoners in their own homes, they are strictly kept within lines called reservations. There they are forced to remain, and can not leave but by special permission and with a pass, on which is marked the number of days they are allowed to be absent. The agent has full power over these people, and, if he be tyrannical, can govern more absolutely than the Czar of Russia.

The number of these reservations and agencies increased up to 1870, when General Grant inaugurated the Indian peace policy. Of the seventy agencies under this new system eight were assigned to the Catholic Church. In other agencies, where the large number of Indians were Catholics, their demands for a Catholic priest were ignored, and they were handed over, body and soul, to those who were in many cases hostile to Catholicity.

At this period, twenty-three years ago, more than forty mission houses, with over 300 stations, at which 100,000 Indians received instruction and the sacraments, were built up, but under this new system complaints grew ever louder, showing that the Government agents were using all their powers to counteract the labors of Catholic missionaries, to prevent their mission work and destroy their control of the Indians. In many places the Catholic missionaries were driven out of the reservations, and, as Archbishop Bailey declared, "this action was taken under a government policy of itself wise and humane."

Under this policy, non-Catholic missions and schools were erected and established among the Indians already Catholic, and amongst pagans who for years had been petitioning for schools and churches under the influence of Catholic missionaries.

The sad story, which can only be hinted at, of the gross immorality of white men and Indians in many of the reservations; the dissolute white man and the savage in league to destroy every remnant of purity in the poor Indian girl; the parents themselves, the natural guardians of the children for whom they have such warm love, engaged in forcing their daughters to lives of shame—alas! how often has all this been rehearsed as the common tale of the reservations!

But what a change when the good Sisters came amongst the children of these wretched people! In the midst of privations and trials, these brave women fighting the good fight against superstition and darkest temptation preserved the children entrusted to them pure and holy; gave the Indian mother a new life of freedom, before unknown, and investing them with Christian purity made the Indian family a fit subject of rejoicing both to angels and to men.

"Give us," said the chief of the Gull Lake band of Chippewas, Minnesota, speaking in July, 1892, to the bishop of Duluth, "give us a black-gown to teach ourselves and our children."

"I have been twenty years on the reservation here," said an old chief, "and the promises made to us I never saw fulfilled; give us a priest and a school for our children and we will be satisfied."

Many of these were pagans, but they had centered their hopes for their children in the sisters' school.

The act of Congress, February 8, 1887, giving the Indians an individual title to certain lands, and thus bringing them under the ordinary laws of regular citizens of the country is the last, and it would seem final attempt to settle the Indian question.

The amount of land given to each Indian varies with the locality; the Modocs received forty acres each; the Senecas, 160 acres; and the Quapaws, 200 acres each.

From February, 1887, to November 30, 1892, there were made 15,182 allotments on reservations under the general allotment act; 4,550 allotments by special act of Congress; 1,242 allotments on public domain outside reservation

As the Indian's mode of life and traditions are altogether opposed to this settled life, it will be wise on the part of the Government to see that these people, rendered so helpless by long years of reliance on the Government care, may be protected in their rights and prepared gradually for the change to regular citizenship. Children of nature, careless of future needs, if present wants be satisfied, never, in any period of their history, do they need more the advice and encouragement of the faithful missionary.

Amongst them the demon of intemperance has had its thousands of victims. This, their greatest curse, of itself, would complete their destruction, but the Government, by wise restrictive laws, aided in diminishing the evil. Still there were ever hordes of white men watching to supply, through greed of gain, the "fire-water" which changed the Indian into a devil.

The Catholic Church in the United States had from the commencement to deal with a population ever increasing at a rate unparalleled in any other country in the world. Her missionaries were few, unable for many years to meet the wants of the growing towns and with little possibility of attending the new settlers scattered over a country of immense distances. Many, too, had come to make this land their home, whose traditions taught a hatred of Catholicity. History, which should have been a record of the truth, became the medium of shameless lying and the disseminator of calumny. Catholics and Catholicity were judged and condemned on such testimony; so we need now the active co-operation of the religious orders. Let them prepare men and women missionaries well schooled in the various Indian languages and dialects; let them prepare such useful books as may suit the present generation, and the future is in the hands of the Church.

The day of the nomadic Indian is gone; soon to be settled on the lands, many of the difficulties of the old missionary work will have passed away, but this is the critical period, and the Church naturally turns to her reserve corps for self-sacrificing men, now as in the past.

How sad it is to read the letter of Archbishop Salpointe, who tells us of 20,000 Navajoes "that the Gospel has never been preached to them; that they are intelligent and many of them would be won over easily to Catholicity." Priests are wanting. Sadder still is it to learn from the same source that the agents of government commissioners, hostile to the Church, "do all in their power to ruin our schools and to pervert our poor Catholic Indians, by means fair and foul; their efforts being especially directed against the faith and Catholic allegiance of the Pueblos."

Nearly every bishop who has to deal with the Indians has a like story of poverty, of difficulty in finding missionaries and of bigoted obstruction. Yet is it not consoling, in the face of all these troubles, to find that over 2,000 Indians have been received into the Church in the last year, 1892?

Bright are the prospects of the future. "We have good hopes," writes Bishop Lemmens, of Vancouver, "that all the Indians on the west coast will ultimately be Catholics; the majority are so now. The missions on the Yukon River and in the southwest of Alaska are very successful."

The red man turns to the Catholic Church as to a true friend. May we in our day find missionaries as of old, ready to acquit themselves as men of God to win to the civilizing influences of religion the souls of these poor wanderers from light and life. The question for earnest discussion, and which must meet with prompt response is this: "Can we devise a plan by which the present demands of our Indian population may be answered?" In this new phase of the Indian question are we equal to our golden opportunity?

The Catholic Young Men's National Union held its convention in the hall of Washington, in the Art Institute.

This convention was a notable gathering of the representatives of the rising generation of Catholics in the United States. The proceedings were enlivened by the opening address by James F. O'Connor, president of the Chicago branch of the Union; an address by Rev. Francis McGuire, of Albany, N. Y., President of the Union, and a paper by Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, all of which will be found later on in this book under the fifth day's proceedings.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, made a short address, among other things he advised them to cultivate a spirit of manly independence, self-respect, and regard for the rights of others. He said that the old prejudice against the Catholic religion was fast dying out, and the time had now come when men were regarded from the point of view of character more than on the account of their religious convictions. He solemnly impressed upon them their great responsibility as young men, and said they were accountable to Almighty God for the influence they exerted on society. He advised them to read the writings of Edmund Burke, and try to catch therefrom something of the ideals which that great statesman held up for the guidance of men in public life. The young men, he said, should adopt that grand old maxim of that grand old statesman, Henry Clay, the saying: "I would rather be right than be President." He mentioned William E. Gladstone, a name that brought forth a storm of cheers, as a man that always had the courage to do his duty in the face of opposition, misunderstanding, and calumny, and who always felt his responsibility to God and to the public. He said that no better type of a public man could be mentioned than that of Grover Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland represented the people of the United States perhaps better than any man who had occupied the presidential chair since the days of Washington.

After an address by Right Rev. Bishop Burke, of St. Joseph, Mo., the regular work of the Convention was taken up by the reading and discussion of numerous valuable papers. On this fourth day, the C. Y. M. Union heard other papers and eloquent addresses from Right Rev. Bishop Gabriel, of Ogdensburgh, and Rev. Dr. Dolan, of Albany, N. Y., and also from Father J. B. Daley, of New York City Cathedral. Besides its election of officers and other customary business, the Union then passed the following resolutions.

C. Y. M. N. U. RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the Catholic Young Men's National Union, in convention assembled, tender to our most Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., assurance of our love and devotion.

Resolved, That we renew our belief in him as the infallible representative of Christ, and express our filial devotion to him, and, also, to his representative, Mgr. Satolli, whom he has appointed the Apostolic Delegate to America.

Resolved, That each society make especial effort to lend itself to literary work, and, also, to the establishment of classes in the ordinary, and, if convenient, in the particular branches of learning for the boys of our colleges and parochial schools; and, also, for our working boys, believing that the great cause of the young men can be best served by taking care of the boys and molding their character.

Resolved, That it is with gratification and a keen sense of its far-reaching usefulness we have watched the work and progress of the Catholic Summer School of America, and that we do heartily indorse the aim and objects for which it was established, and would recommend the establishment of some plan or movement by which the young men's societies can make use of the benefits of the Catholic Summer School.

Resolved, That we heartily commend the work of the Bishop's Memorial Hall, conducted by Professor Edwards, of Notre Dame University, and of the American Catholic Historical Society, of Philadelphia, whose special object is the collection of all material pertaining to the history of the Church in this country, and the publication of articles making known important events in our history.

Resolved, That we congratulate the young ladies of many sections of the country upon the successful establishment of reading circles, and that we encourage female societies to aid us in our laudable object of spiritual, intellectual, and social advancement.

FIFTH DAY.

The fifth day of the Columbian Congress was chiefly devoted to the great question of education, and was signalized by the delivery of a momentous paper on "Catholic Higher Education" by the Rt. Rev. Rector of the Catholic University at Washington. Following is

BISHOP KEANE'S ADDRESS.

For the right understanding of the subject which I have been requested to treat, it is necessary, in the first place, to form a clear idea of what is meant by higher education as compared with elementary and secondary education.

Elementary education is the education of the child up to the age of twelve or fourteen. It consists of a knowledge of "the three R's," which are the first instruments of all learning, and it ought to impart through these instrumentalities an elementary acquaintance with the three great books which lie ever open before human eyes—the book of nature, the book of man, and the Book of God. Elementary education is ordinarily imparted, all the world over, in schools.

Secondary education is the education of youth, from the age of twelve or fourteen up to seventeen or nineteen. It consists in acquiring the use of other instrumentalities of learning, namely, languages ancient and modern, and of arriving through these at a more thorough acquaintance with nature or science, with the thoughts and achievements of men in literature and history, and with divine things in themselves and in their influence on the life of mankind. In different countries different names are given to the institutions in which secondary education is imparted. In Germany they are called gymnasia; in France, lycées; in England and America, high schools or colleges.

Higher education is the education of man, of one who has passed through the elementary and the secondary, and who presses on in the paths of learning, usually from the age of seventeen or eighteen up to twenty-four or twenty-five. And here let me remark, once for all, that in speaking of the education of man, I have no intention of excluding women. On the contrary, I firmly believe in giving her every educational advantage which she desires and which she finds profitable to her. Waiving for the present as not now concerning us, the practical question this involves, I wish it understood that I use the word man in the generic sense, concerning both sexes as far as the subject concerns them both.

The youth leaving college at eighteen must know that he is not a learned man. If he thinks he is, then he had better close his books, for further study will be apt to do him but little good. But if he has in him the stuff to make a learned man, then he knows that he has only seen what learning is and the way to it.

He knows that he can not hope to obtain it in the busy struggle of life; he craves more time for deeper and wider and more philosophical study, study that he will carry on with the seriousness of a man, of a disciplined mind. His aim may be a learned profession, law or medicine, giving position and emolument. It may be to master the great social, political, and economic problems, and thus become not only an intelligent citizen, but a leader of public thought, a moving and guiding power in the life of the community. Or his fitness or taste may run in the direction of the natural sciences, and then his aim will be to acquire that profound acquaintance with some one of them or some group of them, which may not only give him skill but scholarly eminence in some of the various lines of engineering or applied science; or fit him to be one of those scientific investigators who benefit mankind, and perhaps earn fame, by extending the boundaries of human knowledge. Or he may have chosen literature for the field of his life-work, and he longs for time and opportunity to acquire that acquaintance with the best thoughts of the best writers; that thorough mastery of the special line of subjects on which he would wish to write; that wide knowledge of the facts of nature and history from which he is to draw themes and illustrations; that correctness and dignity and beauty of style—in a word, to acquire such share as he is capable of in that combination of qualities which make the great writer. Or God may have put into his soul the noble ambition to perfect himself in one or another line of sacred studies, or more thoroughly grasp their entirety, in order to do nobler work for religion and for the highest welfare of mankind than the training of the ordinary theological seminary would suffice to fit him for.

In whichever of all these various directions the cravings of his soul may turn, the object of his desires is what we call the higher education, and the places in which it is to be found is all the world over called the university.

Owing to the present tendency to specialization, many institutions may be found which are special schools or institutes aiming at the exclusive development of one or another of these lines of higher study. But these special schools are really departments of the university that have gone off to themselves, and the notion of a complete university, it is now generally recognized, includes them all.

In the next place, we must consider the relative importance of these various degrees of education.

Multitudes receive only the elementary. Probably it will always be so with the bulk of the sons of toil. To supply it to them all and of as excellent a quality as possible is one of the most imperative duties of civilization.

Secondary education is reached by that more fortunate portion of the community who are ordinarily styled the "middle classes." Such classes will naturally be formed wherever industrial freedom exists, wherever energy and ability have a chance to rise. It is manifestly necessary that they should advance in culture, as they rise in the social respectability which their improved condition entails. Thus high schools and colleges become a necessity of every civilized community, and the increase in the number of their students may be considered a good criterion of the community's advance in civilization and the increase of popular prosperity.

But God has put into the hearts of his creatures an instinctive craving, not only for the good and the better, but also and especially for the best. Knowledge acquired makes the mind hunger for the greater abundance of knowledge which it sees beyond it, and by following the craving the soul develops its noblest faculty and grows in the dignity and beauty of its being. God wills it so. And knowledge is a mighty power, not only for one's own improvement, but also for the utility of our fellow-men. This is another reason for the providential instinct which impels the mind toward its fullest improvement.

Hence, with the development of civilization has ever advanced the development of the educational system. The truest pride of a civilized nation is in the universal spread of its schools, in the multiplication of its colleges; but its chief glory is in the number and excellence of its universities.

Since the Son of God sent forth his Church to be the light of the world, she has ever been the foremost promoter of education in all its degrees. She knows well that her divine mission can never be furthered by darkness, by ignorance or stupidity, for "God is the light, and there is no darkness in Him." She has ever blessed and guided minds emerging into the first beginnings of knowledge; she has fostered the sacred thirst for knowledge as it grew, and has everywhere encouraged and directed the establishment of the colleges which fanned the sacred flame and led onward into the light; she has, with special affection and care, encouraged and spurred on those minds of noblest calibre, that longed for the deepest draughts of the waters of truth, and in nothing does she more fondly glory than in being the mother of nearly all the great universities of the world. She knows that it is God who has implanted in man that craving for the fullest truth, and, in her perfect loyalty to both God and to humanity, she fosters the craving and does all in her power to satisfy it. She knows it is "the Father of Lights, from whom every good and perfect gift cometh," who has given to superior knowledge its present influence among mankind, and for the world's good she desires to see that influence brought to the utmost perfection, and used by good men through noblest motives for the best ends. This is the reason of the part she has taken in education, and especially in its highest, noblest, and most influential department.

In our age, more than in any that has preceded it, and in our country, more than in any other country in the world, reasons of special importance urge both on the Church and on civilization the necessity of encouraging and diffusing the advantages of the higher education, and of making it as complete and as sound as possible.

Human society is passing through the agonies of a very deep and wide reconstruction. Social conditions are being leveled upward. Privileged classes are passing away, and lingering vestiges of caste, of feudal arrogance, of autocratic Cæsarism, evoke only protest and indignation. Natural inequalities have to be accepted, but artificial inequalities are dams and dikes which will not long withstand the flood-tide. In this condition of things, the existence of which no man can question, there are grave dangers to be guarded against; but there are also weighty principles of right which have to be respected and, above all, there is a world-transformation which it is the duty of prudence to foresee and to provide for.

Now, how are these tendencies to be wisely directed? How is the future to be wisely molded? In one word, the process of leveling up must be encouraged and helped. Loyalty to humanity demands it; loyalty to the Creator of humanity, to the

blessed Father of us all, demands it; it can be discountenanced and resisted only through loyalty to traditions of men which too often make void the will of God.

And how is that leveling up to be safely accomplished? Through education; by making elementary education more and more universal and steadily elevating its level; by lifting larger and larger numbers from elementary into secondary education, till the multitudes in the schools be rivaled by the multitudes in the colleges; and in a special manner, by bringing the advantages of the very highest education within the reach of every child of the masses to whom God has given the highest qualities of brain. The day is past when it could be pretended that the finest quality of brain could be found only in the privileged classes. Intellectual power is a gift which God dispenses as He will, and wherever God has given it He has given with it a right to its full development. And the day is past—nay, the day never has been—when privilege and conventionality of any kind could look down on intellectual pre-eminence. Therein lies the highest respectability, the loftiest influence, a dignity before which artificialties of position must bow, a power which even the might of wealth can not lastingly withstand. Place these advantages bounteously within the reach of everyone whom God's providence has made fit for them; bring them especially within reach of the gifted poor; let it be distinctly understood that poverty shall debar no man from the intellectual pre-eminence for which God has fitted him; let the offspring of the sons of toil mount to that degree of learning, and consequent respectability and influence, to which their Creator by their endowments calls them—thus, better than by any or all other means, shall the social problem of the future be solved. Thus shall complaints of injustice and chafing against inequalities be stilled. Thus shall human society be leveled up, as far as God and nature mean that this should be done. Thus shall the wrongs of humanity be righted and its rights secured—not by violence, which only entails reaction and worse disaster, but by the gentle, irresistible force of the true and the just, acting together in God's ways for the real and lasting elevation of His creatures.

In the reconstruction of the world, Divine Providence has given a mission of special influence in America. She is giving the keynote of the world's future; and God has meant her to do so. In America, therefore, above all, must that universal abundance and excellence of elementary education, and that universal freedom and facility of the highest education, prevail.

But here we are faced by a thought of tremendous importance. Intellectual power, like any other power, may be used for purposes of evil as well as purposes of good, may be a curse or a blessing to its possessor and to those who come within its influence. It may do the work of the Father of Light, leading to light and peace and welfare, temporal and eternal; or it may do the work of Lucifer, who ever, as in Eden, offers what he claims to be a higher knowledge, ending in darkness and disaster.

Hence the natural relationship of the Church of God to education. Hence especially her relation to the higher education, since it is this which forms the men of intellectual power and influence, who shape the thought and action of their generation and lead the millions through true principles or false ones in the ways of wisdom or of folly and evil. Having in her custody both the philosophy of human experience in all ages, and the far higher philosophy of divine revelation, being the divinely established power for the world's moral and spiritual improvement, hers is naturally the influence which perfects education, which breathes a living soul into it, which insures its tending toward heaven's appointed ends, and its being used for the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind. That is why Providence made her the civilizer of the barbarians and the educator of the modern world; that is why her influence never can be spared from education and why its absence is always a grave danger to human society.

Therefore does she stand amid the surging mass of mankind blessing its upward aspirations, smiling maternal approval on the "excelsior" which ever sounds forth from its heart. Again and again of late we have heard that word of benediction on the aspirations of humanity from the lips of Leo XIII., and the world has rejoiced at the sound.

Therefore does she exult at the mighty energies which God has put into our young America, and with uplifted hands pray that these energies may ever be used for the world's good. Therefore does she bend all her powers to bestow on this favored land the fullest blessings of Christian education. Therefore does she long to see the multiplication of schools in which the knowledge of God and of Christ shall be the soul of the education there imparted. Therefore does she strive in like manner to multiply Christian colleges and to spur her people to the noble ambition of making their advance in educational advantages keep pace with their advance in earthly means and in social position. Therefore has she, for over thirty years, as the proceedings of her councils

show, longed to crown the system of Christian education with a university that would be worthy of her, worthy of our age, worthy of America. From the Fathers of the Second Plenary Council in 1866 that wish burst forth as a longing and a prayer, for the realization of which the condition of the Catholic flock was not yet ready. From the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council in 1884 it thundered forth as a resolution no longer to be delayed, and at last, blessed and spurred on by the approval and exhortations of Leo XIII., the hierarchy of the United States laid the foundations of the Catholic University of America.

A woman was the instrument of Providence to supply the means for the beginning of the great work. May her name stand forever in honor among the women of America. Other women, and some men, too, emulate the noble example. From among the clergy and the people of the country hundreds—whose names shall ever form a roll of honor in our country and history—responded to the appeal of the hierarchy, and to the soul-stirring exhortation of the Vicar of Christ, that all should rally with united devotedness to the accomplishment of this great work. National associations and unions have recognized in it an object worthy of their united endeavor, the worthiest means of rendering monumental honor to great names which they wished to immortalize.

Here let me especially pay a tribute of grateful acknowledgement to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America for having, by the endowment—though not yet complete—of a professorial chair in the university, erected the worthiest of centennial monuments to the apostle of temperance. I regret that the endowment was received after our official announcements for the next scholastic year had already been printed, and that the Union does not, therefore, appear in the list of the founders of chairs. But I am happy to make this public announcement of their noble deed, which shall forever stand inscribed in the university's official documents, as well as in the imperishable tablets on her walls.

And so the beginning of the great work has been made. It is as yet only a beginning, but yet such a beginning as to have already outstripped any previously existing work of Catholic education in the land and to give noble presage and encouragement for a great future. One faculty is already established and endowed in perpetuity, secure, as far as human things can be secure, against all possibilities of financial embarrassment—and that one the noblest of all the faculties, the faculty of divinity, which places God and Christ in the center of the whole work as its inspiration and guide forever, and which, for four years past, has already been bestowing on the clergy of America the first-fruits of the intellectual blessings so ardently sighed for by our predecessors in the Lord's vineyard.

Now, responsive to the repeated exhortations of our glorious founder, Leo XIII., all efforts are being made to establish and endow another great faculty, the faculty of philosophy, science, and letters, which will throw open to the laity the beginning of those educational advantages which are meant, in God's good time, to rival the best which advancing civilization and the Church of God have offered to eager intellects in the grand seats of learning in the Old World. How soon that opening will be made—how ample will be the learned training and opportunities which from the beginning it will be able to offer; how rapidly its development shall go on; how soon there shall bud forth from it the faculties of law and medicine; how soon the university shall stand before the eyes of America and of the world, in the full proportions which Leo XIII. craves to have it attain—all this depends on the good will of the Catholics of America, on their appreciation of the supreme importance of the work, and of that national character impressed on it by the Holy Father, which he meant should bring it home to the sympathies and to the honest pride of every Catholic in the land.

It takes time for every great idea to reach its full appreciation and welcome, and we are willing to be patient. Nay, more; every great idea must expect to be disputed and contradicted, and we are quite willing to take our share in the crucible. There are naturally those who, when the project was first proposed, believed it inopportune; who, when its plan was determined by competent authority, believe it mistaken; who, when the attempt was made, considered it doomed to failure, and who, naturally, would be somewhat glad to wag their heads and say, "I told you so." Some people are proof even against Papal pronouncements, and invulnerable against the logic of accomplished facts. Their imagination, having made up its mind to the worst, can see chimeras dire peeping over the walls of the new institution, threatening the destruction of all orthodoxy in the land. The Pope and his delegate say the contrary. "But that makes no difference, you know; you see we know better." Nay, they even discover that it is an ogre plotting the overthrow of the Catholic school system in our country. True, it is an integral part of the system of Catholic education, and it is rather an unheard-of

BISHOP FOLEY,
DETROIT.

BISHOP HEALY,
PORTLAND.

BISHOP SCANNELL,
OMAHA.

BISHOP RADAMACHER,
FT. WAYNE.

BISHOP KEANE,
WASHINGTON.

BISHOP BURKE,
ST. JOSEPH.

BISHOP McGOLRICK,
DULUTH.

BISHOP MESSMER,
GREEN BAY.

thing for the superstructure of a house to plot against its own foundations; true, the utterances of its rector have always, as is well known, been strongly in advocacy of Catholic education in all its departments. "But, nevertheless," say these wiseacres, "we know it is so and the university is laboring to destroy our schools."

Well, we are willing to have patience with all this silly misrepresentation, sorry for those who disseminate or believe it, and regarding the hindrance which it may throw in the way of the work as only a ripple at its prow. The work of the hierarchy of the United States and of Leo XIII. can afford to be magnanimous with such obstacles, and to press on.

Only a few weeks ago the glorious Pontiff, in long private audience, most lovingly granted to one of the professors of the university, discoursed with him at great length on the progress thus far made by the university, and on the difficulties and hindrances which it had to encounter. Then the Holy Father reminded the professor how he, when Nuncio, in Belgium, had seen the early struggles and difficulties of the University of Louvain; how he had sympathized with the university and aided it in its struggles, and how he had lived to see it the glory of Catholic Belgium, with 2,000 eager studen s crowding its academic halls. "Such," said the Holy Father, "has been, and shall be my course in regard to the Catholic University of America. It is my work; I am its founder; I shall be its protector; and it, too, must yet see the day when its students shall be numbered by the thousand." Such words from the heart and lips of the Vicar of Christ are for us answer enough to all objections, and assurance enough against all prognostications of evil. They and the apostolic benediction that went with them will sink into the hearts of the Catholics of America, and bring forth the fruit so earnestly desired by the Vicar of Christ. Like the crusaders of old, they will exclaim together "God wills it," and strive with an eagerness and a generosity worthy of the Church's mission in America to make this the noblest national seat of Christian learning that the world has yet beheld; a great power of higher education, exerting a beneficent, elevating influence on the whole system of Catholic education throughout the United States; a great beacon-light of sweetly blended natural and supernatural truth, shining forth from our country's capital city, a guide in the pathway of our country's future.

The gifted Brother Ambrose of De La Salle Institute, Chicago, next read a paper entitled, "Lessons of the Catholic Educational Exhibit," referring to the magnificent display of the work of Catholic schools, etc., which had formed a most attractive feature of the great Columbian Exposition:

A VOICE FROM DE LA SALLE.

The district school teacher and the hedge schoolmaster have passed away. In their place we have the educator. He is no longer the coming man; he is here. To-day his work is admitted to be the aristocracy of the labors. The world had to be taught that truth. Those old-time monks and shaven priests and long dead martyrs knew it well. The Gersons and the Roger Bacons and the Bedes and the Cassians put their energies into it. They knew the school-house was a giant factor in civilization. They left the glories of the battlefield to their masters, but kept for themselves the struggles of the mind. And they won; won everlasting victories. They soon taught the world that to-day there are schools for everything. Apprenticeships as served forty years ago are virtually dead. Murillos of to-day send their Sebastians to art schools. The chisel, the brush, the rudest handicraft, as well as that which requires the greatest deftness —each has its school. There are schools of architecture and schools of design, schools of pottery-making as well as schools of medicine, law schools and schools of agriculture, schools of art and schools of science.

Let not our modern educators deceive themselves in the belief that these good things have come with them and because of them. The truth is, they have happen d along about the time the world caught the idea that Christianity has been thrusting before its mental eye for centuries. "We will dignify labor," cry the advocates of manual training. "Laborare est orare," centuries back, said the old Benedictine monk, whether he illumined the page or taught the feudal farmer to care for his crops. And farther back than he the Fathers in their homilies on the text "Pray always," made the explanation that gave the Benedictine the idea he so tersely expressed. And still farther back than they, the warm wind that blew over the sea of Tiberias kissed the lips of Him that uttered the sweet command "Pray always." And so, all that is good, and all that is true, and all that is beautiful in modern civilization may be traced back to the gentle Jesus of Nazareth. He was the inspirer of the old masters; He and His mother and His

saints and angels gave themes to the sculptor's chisel and the artist's brush. If the world to-day has the literature of the ancients, it is because there were Christian monks who treasured it. If Europe to-day has a single university, the name of some Christian bishop, prince, or priest is written on its foundation stones. It was the Christian monk, Alcuin, who would have made France a Christian Athens. If the decree of the eternal brotherhood of man has at last been accepted, the slave whose shackles have been stricken off must bend his knee in thanksgiving to the God-man, Christ. If to-day woman is admitted into this eternal brotherhood, if yesterday chivalry raised her on a pedestal and worshiped her with reverence untold, it is and it was because the Virgin Mother of Jesus was the peerless woman of prophecy, the Immaculate Virgin, Mary.

Our silver dollars bear the legend "In God we trust." We are a Christian people. The Constitution of our country is, in its very essence, Christian. Our standing army has its Christian chaplains. Our President each year sets aside one day on which to return thanks to the God of the Christians for the favors received at his hands. The very birthday of the founder of Christianity is a legal holiday. But in our State schools the tenets of Christianity may not be taught. The army may have its chaplains, the nation its days of thanksgiving, the people their churches, but the young in their class hours must be without the God whose name is graven on the dollars with which their teachers are paid. Oh! well might the prophet of old take down his harp from the weeping willow, and tuning its strings to the minor keys sing as once he sang by the rivers of Babylon: "The little ones have asked for bread, but there are none to break it unto them." Oh! well indeed could he so sing to-day, if Christ had never come. But Christ has come; and the centuries that have passed bear evidence to the quickening activity of His philosophy. That philosophy accepted is Christian faith. And Christian Faith has stimulated private enterprise to sprinkle the land with schools in which the tenets are taught.

Now, if the religion of Christ was the force that changed the savage to the gentleman, that taught him the arts of peace, that struck the shackles off the slave, that welded woman unto the brotherhood of man, that laid the foundation stone of the ivy-mantled universities to serve as beacon lights in the darkness of ignorance, that induced men and women to forego every legitimate pleasure in life that they might "break the bread to the little ones," that to-day urges the Catholics who can to add their mite to the support of schools wherein the influence of Christian truth may be made active, tell us what are these Christian schools doing for truth and for light?

At creation's dawn God said, "Let there be light," and light was. At Christianity's dawn the Church said: "Let there be light." Go out to the Catholic educational exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition and there behold! "Light is." Far be it from me to worry you with the recital of the history of that display. You have heard it, you have read it over and over again. Those whose efforts shaped it need no commendation from my poor lips. Their monument is their deed. Catholic education in its minutest detail is there. If you wish the full force of its grandeur and magnificence to strike you, examine the educational exhibits by which it is surrounded. When you have done you will pass away with a luscious sense of honest pride you never felt before. Then go to your homes in the East and the West, the North and the South. That school-house in the shadow of your parish church, be it bright with its newness or dingy with age, will henceforth wear a lustre to your eye. You never dared to dream that through its humble portals such evidences of success could be sent forth. Then tell the people who, with you, Sunday after Sunday, heard the hard-working pastor ding-donging for the dimes and the dollars that built the schools and put the teachers in them—tell them what has been done, because they made the necessary sacrifices. Bring them the good news and give them the taste of the sweet peace of joy. They will bless you for it, and they will know "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and shall preach peace."

Ignorance is not the evil of this day. Quantitative doses of religious instruction given half-hourly each day are not the "cure all" for the world's ills. The woods are filled with people who know better than they do. Their heads are right. The wrong is with their hearts. To set hearts right is the real object of the Catholic school. Religious education, not religious instruction, is their real support. To accomplish this is the why and the wherefore of religious teaching orders of the Catholic Church. Fifty-two bodies of religious teaching orders have done the actual work that produced the results displayed in the Catholic educational exhibit. How many Catholic schools would there be in this wide land of ours were it not for these religious educators? They have made the vast majority of these schools a possibility. Go out to the Catholic

educational exhibit and see if the cassock and the cowl and the nun's dark veil throw the shadows of gloom upon the minds of the little ones and keep from them the light of to-day.

I hold as a psychological axiom that soul is best fitted to raise others to higher things which is freest from purely natural affections. Witness Diogenes when he would elevate his followers. Witness Plato, who at twenty followed Socrates, renounced marriage, and, like his master, lived content with the barest necessaries, in order to give himself entirely to the things of the mind. The religious teachers of to-day are untrammeled. Look on this young man or that young woman, clothed in the religious habit, standing before the students in a Catholic school-room. Do you for a moment appreciate all the sacrifices they have made to be there? They stood before God's altar, and, taking their heart strings in their hands, they wrenched them from the bleeding, quivering heart that they dashed to the floor. Then, kneeling down, they swore away their liberty, by oath renounced the right of ownership, and thus made themselves more penniless than the pauper. Do you think they did not feel it? Ay! they did and they do. But onward they move, forgetful of all things save Christ and his little ones. Thus do they "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." There is nothing to come between them and the cause they have wedded. Ambition? Wealth? The pleasures of life? Whoever knew of them between the nun's fair veil or the sombre cassock of the religious? The treadmill of the class-room affords no opportunity for the play of such passions. The love of home, of father, of mother, of brother and sister—oh! it burns in their hearts with a steady flame, and the days make it stronger and the years make it brighter. But the voice of Christ is sounding in their hearts and they may not leave His side. Age comes with its wrinkles, disease with its pains, and still they are feeding the lambs of Christ's flock. This is devotion. Look for it where you will, it is to be found only in the Church of Christ. Tell me, is there beneath God's blessed sky a grander thing than such devotion and such sacrifices? The world is filled with men and women who are courting its joys and sipping its cups of pleasure. Anybody can do that! But it is only the chosen few who can rise to the grandeur of the deed done by those who have labored in the class-rooms from whence have come the glories of the Catholic educational exhibit.

Priceless gifts of heaven, you Catholic educators, I salute you! Bright jewels in the crown of Holy Church, I hail you! Your sombre robes, your simple homes, your sweet, retiring ways can never dim the lustre of your deeds. Jewels of Mother Church on earth, yours shall it be to shine as stars in heaven for all eternity.

H. L. Spannhorst of St. Louis, in a paper upon "Catholic Societies," gave valuable suggestions to the Congress, as follows, upon the subject of

CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION.

I shall speak of such societies which were meant by the pastoral letter of the archbishops and bishops assembled at Baltimore in 1884, when they said: "It is not enough for Catholics to shun bad or dangerous societies; they ought to take part in good and useful ones." Again has the voice of the Vicar of Christ been heard, giving approval and encouragement to many kinds of Catholic associations, not only as a safeguard against the elements of secret societies but also as a powerful means of accomplishing much of the good that our times stand in need of. Not only should the pastors of the Church be diligent in building up "the spiritual house," the tabernacle of God with men, "but every hand among the people of God should share in the labor."

We find sufficient ground for the encouragement of organizations and the sustenance of Catholic societies. We find, furthermore, that which is mentioned as desired has become a necessity in our time, and, I may say, more so than at the time since the mentioned pastoral was issued. It is not simply the name which constitutes a society Catholic, but it is the effect the organization creates and sustains upon its members in the practice of their religion in every day's life.

The Catholic Church is the church in which all are alike; station or position with it in a spiritual sense cuts no figure; the Confessional and Holy Sacraments are for all, and approachable by all through the same source and channel. The Church has time and again told us to organize Catholic societies—or rather Catholics into societies. Look at the roll of your societies of Catholic men. Who are they? Generally men of small means and humble stations; many of them look upon the societies of which they have become members as their protectors and supporters in time of reverses, sickness, and need. Why then not join in and become members of a society with an object so noble, a work of two-fold charity?

To help support your brother when in need, and also to give proof of your love and affection toward him, who is your equal before God, is a duty for every person. Catholic societies are the need of our time. Under the circumstances surrounding us, it is to be feared that not a few of our own people, who are not too practical in their duties, may for various considerations be entrapped, and finally, through indifference and constant association, led astray, either through ignorance or indifference lose their faith and become enemies of their mother Church; we must, through our own activity, stop this and regain what has been already lost.

I am well aware of the fact that many of our Catholic men look upon societies with indifference as being a matter to be left entirely to those who may need at some time, through adversities, sickness, or other ailings, assistance and help, they believing themselves so well fixed, not expecting want of any kind or help, thus forgetting their duty toward their fellowman, commanded by our Saviour when He said: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

When I speak of the societies which, in my judgment, are best adapted to accomplish the most good in our time, I mean and recommend so-called benevolent societies, which years ago were so very popular. If to-day they are not as popular as fifteen and twenty years ago, there must be a reason for this, which I find in the fact that men of Catholic societies are gradually falling into classes, i. e., those who have been successful in acquiring a better condition of life during their days, have by toil or some successful stroke, operation, or speculation—the latter the most ruinous of all operations of our day, and, I am sorry to say, pretty widespread—housed their share of worldly rewards, this class actually believing themselves better than the poorer and laborer. The latter, who in many cases is a better Christian, has remained practical, and brings up his family in the faith and in the practice of religion.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP KENRICK.

There was a time when benevolent societies, i. e., societies which, generally mostly by monthly contributions by its members, paid to a member or his family a certain sum weekly during his inability to follow his daily vocation, or in case of death provided for the widow or orphan left behind. To the credit of the German Catholics, it must be said that this class of societies is to-day in its prime. There are about 550 societies, numbering between 55,000 and 60,000 Catholic men throughout the United States. This organization, known as the "German Roman Catholic Central Verein," will hold its thirty-eighth annual convention in St. Louis, commencing September 17th. None of these societies is yet fifty years old.

These societies have contributed to sufferers by calamities, fires, etc., including $3,142.98 for the Peter's pence, $28,682.35. During the last twelve years they have paid to 57,624 sick calls $1,348,290.19; to widows and orphans of deceased members $1,328,538.73.

The Bohemians and Poles work in entire harmony and successfully. The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, too, is an organization working in the same direction. Within the last twenty years numerous organizations have been formed which make a specialty of what is termed life insurance upon principles different from that followed by the substantial and tried life insurance proper.

As a result of the withdrawal from some Southern States of the regular life-insurance companies, people were left without life insurance or chances to get any. Plans were adopted which have since become popular—one by assessment, the other by the contributing plan. By the first, assessments are made on every living member, generally according to their ages, to pay for the death losses occurring, limiting the amount of benefit from $1,000 to $2,000. The other plan is, each living member contributes for each death occurring a stipulated sum, thus creating a fund out of which deaths occurring are paid.

Upon those who are interested in the management of such institutions, and those who organize them, there rests a great responsibility. Two items must not be forgotten, that, like in regular life insurance, the largest number of laboring and middle classes would not seek and acquire life insurance, unless urged thereto; and that, secondly, but a small per centum acquire the age allotted them by the experience tables of life insurance, and where there is no reserve fund there is no surety.

In conclusion, I will say that I deem benevolent societies, to which I have referred, of great benefit for any parish; not only because of the immediate contribution, but also because a united body of men, organized into a society by the advice and with the consent of the pastor in a congregation, can always be made a telling instrument for good.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, presented a very instructive paper on "The Needs of Catholic Colleges," which is given in substance as follows:

The object of the writer of this paper is not to find fault with existing institutions, or the management of them, but to accentuate the fact—sufficiently well known but not enough considered—that a crisis has come in higher Catholic American education, and that if it remain stationary now it must eventually go backwards. The primary object of this paper, then, is to point out means by which a forward movement may be carried out.

Catholic colleges have suffered both from ignorant fault-finders and equally ignorant or narrow-minded supporters. More than all, from that almost slavish adherence to tradition which goes by the name of conservatism. However satisfactory this state of affairs may be to those who do not actually suffer from it, we can not believe that it is satisfactory to those who are not content to remain within the Chinese walls which such conservatism would build around them. However we may strive to excuse ourselves for our isolation with the saying that the outside world is bad, we can not prevent our children from taking their part as men in it, nor can we afford to neglect due preparation for their struggle in this world. I can best justify this paper by quotation from Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University," which I shall take as my text. On page 15 of his preface, he says:

"Our ecclesiastical rulers view it as prejudicial to the interests of religion that there should be any cultivation of mind bestowed upon Protestants which is not given to their own youths also. Protestant youths, who can spare the time, continue their studies to the age of twenty-one or twenty-two. * * * I conceive that our prelates are impressed with the fact and its consequences that a youth who ends his education at seventeen is no match for one who ends it at twenty-two.

"All classes indeed of the community are impressed with a fact so obvious as this. The consequence is, that Catholics who aspire to be on a level with Protestants in discipline and refinement of intellect have recourse to Protestant universities to obtain what they can not find at home. Assuming (as rescripts from propaganda allow me to do) that Protestant education is inexpedient for our youth, we see here an additional reason why those advantages, whatever they are, which Protestant communities dispense through the medium of Protestantism should be accessible to Catholics in a Catholic form."

The need of a Catholic university and of the most adequate colleges is as great in this country as it ever was in England. We have much to learn from the example of the English in higher educational matters; but the lessons we gain from them are in the nature of warnings. We Catholics in the United States are not so isolated from our non-Catholic neighbors as the Catholic English are. We know that some of their greatest minds have regretted this isolation, and we know, too, that the same spirit of conservatism which would make them content with an inferiority of instruction and education in this world, under a false impression that they may be helped by it to be among the aristocrats in the next, would, if permitted, produce similar effects on the Catholic body here. If it be the duty of a Catholic to consider himself as a being apart, with no duty to any of his neighbors except to those of his own faith, then men like

Cardinal Newman and the late Lord Petre have tried to place a visionary and useless object before their fellow-countrymen. The nature of our American social system and government has prevented the tendencies to exclusiveness and appalling narrowness, which, in addition to bigoted restrictions, deprive the whole system of Catholic higher education in England of any stimulus or hope for us.

In truth, we can not look abroad for models. In that other English-speaking country, Ireland, which might afford us some help, we have had the mortification of seeing a great university to which our fathers liberally contributed become a failure. And the present condition of Catholic education in Ireland is in its highest branches dependent on the future action of the bishops and the political parties. But fortunately we have not upon us the weight of English conservatism, nor are we dependent —and we can thank God for it—on any political movement. We have it in our own power to decide whether the number of Catholic young men—serious and earnest young men— shall increase every year at such secular institutions as Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Ann Arbor, and Johns Hopkins, or enable them to gain under true religious influences such an equipment as the world of to-day demands.

We believe that no height of culture, no amount of skill, no success in the world will compensate for the absence of a knowledge of the purest morality and philosophy and the intention to inculcate their precepts by our example. The church is truth, and we fail to fulfil the greatest of all commands, which is to love our neighbor as ourselves, if we selfishly refuse to let the light within us shine before men. The highest patriotism is the highest Catholicity; it is the tenderest charity; it is the first Christian duty. Our experience teaches us that ideals, no matter how fine, if clothed in forms that are unsympathetic or impracticable, fail of their influence. We make high claims for Catholic education. We are not, with all our humility, above praising what we have done. The Catholic press has been uniformly kind to our colleges. The annual commencement is never unaccompanied by amiable comments which give great consolation to the optimist and corroborate Pope's dictum, "that whatever is, is right." Nevertheless, in spite of the efforts of noble men who in religious communities have laid the corner-stone of Catholic education in their life blood, our colleges have achieved only a limited influence in American social life. They need much more than they have to make them widely effective. The time has come when they must broaden their scope, when they must reach the people at large or be content to remain small and isolated eddies apart from the main stream. We who are the heirs of the ages ought to be men of our time. Ascetical or mystical models need to be fitted to a modern environment to be of any use at all. We can not reasonably close our eyes to facts, and this fact is evident, that, no matter how ascetic or mystical the theories of the Catholic teacher among us may be, he is seldom averse to acknowledge the value of material success. We need, first of all in our Catholic colleges, a firm insistence on some system which will make men rather than exotics. We need a system of discipline which will lay more stress on the honor of the youth and less on the subtle distinctions between venial and mortal sin.

Another need of our Catholic colleges is that they should have more students. The transient element—that element which comes into them without special aim, and which obtains only a partial benefit from them—has always been too large. It is an axiom that no school can be entirely efficient while it is dependent on the fees of its students. The necessity of considering the financial question very carefully has forced some of our colleges to accept as inmate or boarder (I wish to make a distinction between the student and the mere boarder), any lad not absolutely a criminal, and the same necessity obliged some of them to take pupils without proper conditions or adequate examination. Whether this be true of other American schools is another question; I am solely concerned with the Catholic schools. The necessary attention given to the ways and means by which the expenses of the Catholic colleges should be paid has occupied attention and absorbed energies which are required in other directions. It is the duty of all laymen interested in the present and future of the highest form of education to assist in any plan by which these energies may be directed into their proper channel. They must be helped to the greater glory of God and a better development of society. At present the Catholic college does not obtain its proper quota of real students because it must, in order to exist, accept boarders—mere sojourners sent to be kept until called for. When the boarding-house anomaly and the reformatory atmosphere are eliminated in the public mind from the reputation of some of our colleges higher education will have begun to progress. It is well that the college should keep its students beneath its own roof, but let them all be students.

The Catholic College needs more men who want to be students. At present there

is a gap between it and the higher parochial or public school which ought to be filled. Harvard, Yale and Cornell and Ann Arbor have brought themselves by means of scholarships directly in contact with the most studious and worthy classes of our young men. The pupil of the parochial school, no matter how industrious and clever he may be, no matter how ambitious, must in order to obtain further instruction be financially well off or have a friend who will pay his tuition at a Catholic college. Failing in these things, he can obtain through some of the public high schools a scholarship in one of the secular colleges. This accounts in some manner for the rapidly increasing number of Catholic students at secular colleges. It is evident that the pupil of the parochial school has no advancement in a logical direction to look forward to unless he has money. The Catholic college must have fees in order to live; it lives solely by its fees; it is without endowment, except the gratuitous services of self-sacrificing Christians. Its fees, including board, are, owing to this flesh-and-blood endowment, comparatively low, and yet the endowments in money and the scholarships which reduce the expenses of the student at secular colleges place our colleges in immediate competition with them. And the prestige in the public eye of certain secular colleges seems an additional advantage to the graduate.

Our colleges need at present not only more students but more ambitious and persevering students. These come, as a rule, from that class whose grip on the world is dependent on its own exertions, and yet this is the class which the colleges find it most difficult to reach. It costs from $400 to $500 a year to keep a student decently at the best of our colleges—this lowest estimate includes traveling expenses and clothes. But there is no way of lessening it unless, as at Notre Dame, there are some opportunities of a student's paying part of his tuition in manual or other labor. At Harvard, for instance, a scholarship very frequently reduces the yearly expenses of the student to the one-fifth part of $500. It is no wonder, then, that the sons of the people are always well represented in the graduating classes at Harvard, and that at Cornell the poorer Catholic who has secured a scholarship is enabled to gratify his ambition to stand as the equal of any man in his fight for a place in society.

The reason, then, why our colleges do not attract the hardest working class of students is because the Catholic pupil in the parochial school is cut off from gaining, by his own exertions, the benefits of the higher Christian education. This condition of affairs has, no doubt, led some of our bishops to encourage the establishment of Catholic clubs and libraries as part of the secular university system. The recent founding of guilds, under Catholic auspices, at Harvard, Cornell, and Ann Arbor, show that these far-seeing prelates have chosen to make the best of what we can only regard, at its best, as an expedient. The attendance of Catholics at the secular universities can be accurately characterized by no other term.

The Catholic colleges need endowment. But, more than all, they need scholarships. And with the scholarships will come just such students as they ought to have. And with such students will cease the maintenance of a system of discipline which can only be justified on the presumption that each older student is possessed of a devil which can not be exorcised, but which must be caged. Lay professors of character and of acquirement are needed, too. No college which is entirely manned by ecclesiastics can thoroughly do its work or obtain its proper effect on society in America. This is admitted by thoughtful and observant men who talk and write on the subject of higher Catholic education. Happily there is now no Catholic college in the country in which, when a vacancy occurs, the place can be supplied by any layman, with or without character, who is willing to work for a mere pittance. And there is now no Catholic college in this country where the sacrament of holy orders is supposed to give a man all the requisites of an ideal character.

It lies with us laymen to supply the present need of the Catholic colleges. We can no longer wait for the bishops or the religious communities to take the initiative. We are primarily responsible for the souls of our children. We only are responsible before our fellow-citizens for the position we, as a body, take in the intellectual and social life of our country, and we feel most heavily the results of any system of education which would leave us in the rear of the onward march of American progress. Besides, a sentiment of gratitude to those self-sacrificing men who, by their own devotion, have given us the foundations of the higher education ought to lead us to crown their work through our own exertions. We who come in daily contact with the world know better than even the most learned and pious priests the requirements for legitimate success in life.

The needs of Catholic colleges are chiefly money and the right kind of students. Endowments for professorships we can not hope for at once. But we can have scholar-

ships at once. If every man with an income of $1,500 a year would contribute $10 and every man with $3,000 a year $20, we should have a fund which would give each ambitious and deserving Catholic boy in this country, whether in a parochial or public school, an opportunity of securing that education which, in the present condition of things, he can not get.

We must put our brains, our hearts, and our sympathy into this work. We can not look to the rich; we ought not to look wholly to them. Let us put our shoulders to the keel of this ship of education which is lying on the dock waiting for the tide which may never come. One good push, gentlemen, one strong effort, and we can send it steadily into midstream, onward to the rising sun.

A deeply interesting paper by Katherine E. Conway, of Boston, on "The Catholic Summer School and the Reading Circles," was one of the features of the Congress. The paper was as follows :

"Your mission is to make America Catholic." This was Archbishop Ireland's greeting to the assembled delegates at the Catholic Centenary Congress in Baltimore four years ago. And this was the charge with which he sent them back to their homes. Patriotic and religious enthusiasm were at flood-tide, and all hearts were willing to respond, like the first Crusaders at the call of Peter the Hermit, "God wills it."

The archbishop's charge was mainly to the laity, and the apostolate to which he pledged them was on the lines of secular opportunity. But, with dispersion, the electric current of brotherly sympathy was broken. Individuals stood apart, each no longer feeling the strength of 1,000 behind his own good intent. Men questioned, not in doubt, not in discouragement, but in reverent expectation of an answer: "How shall this be done ?"

The answer came, and we know one term of it by the resultant action. "First fit yourselves for the mission. Foster the community spirit among Catholics. Raise the Catholic intellectual average. Prove your strength in the mass."

Association became the watchword of the time. New organizations sprang up on every side, and new life was transfused through existing bodies. The first immediate result of the Congress on this line was the Catholic Truth Society, whose aims and achievements have already been so well presented here. But that was a consequence of the second term of the answer, and aimed directly at missionary work among non-Catholics.

This paper is concerned rather with those other associations whose origin was in their members' conviction of the primal need of missionary work among Catholics themselves, but through agencies heretofore untried among us.

Our opponents are often our best teachers; yet, not every plan resorted to by non-Catholics or distinctly anti-Catholic bodies in missionary and reformatory work, not to speak of less well-intentioned effort, is adaptable to the Catholic purpose. Would that this were never forgotten! We don't want, for example, a Catholic political party, because some fanatics have organized a Protestant party in the shape of the mis-called American Protective Association. We don't want a "Secular Solidarity"—whatever that may be—of Catholic women for public-reform work, because such an association prospers among Protestant women. We don't want Catholic camp-meetings, nor Catholic women-suffrage leagues, nor Catholic dress-reform circles. We don't want to be so ignorant of the history and spirit of our own religion as not to know what true Americanism has drawn from it; much less to humor by our servile attitude the erroneous notion popular in certain circles that Catholicity can not make its way except in borrowed attire.

The noblest and loveliest can be made to look grotesque by misfit garments.

But there are examples set by the various Protestant bodies of so splendid utility and suggestiveness that we shall not be blameless if they are lost upon us. What thoughtful Catholic has not blushed to see how far ahead of us they are in practical and attractive methods for holding their young people—and alas! sometimes drawing our own away—by societies combining business and social advantages with religious affiliation? See the network of Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations which overspread the land; the Christian Endeavor Societies, the Chautauquan reading circles, and the Chautauquan summer school, and radiating from it to every section of the country its local assemblies.

What is the secret of the growth and permanence of all these things? One double word in its most comprehensive sense—lay co-operation. Protestant men and women of every class, being actively benefited by these societies, are actively interested in them. Protestant men of means have put them on a sound business basis.

Oh, it is true that they out number us and have an overwhelmingly larger share of this world's goods. But this does not explain everything. Is there even a slight foundation for the reproach sometimes made us, that we are lacking in capacity for organization, that we have enthusiasm in excess and perseverance in defect?

Let us honor the men—young men they were, too—who, long before the days of Catholic congresses, anticipated these questions. Indifferent or short-sighted Catholics who ask scornfully to-day, "What's the use of your Catholic Congress?" asked twenty years ago, "What's the use of your Catholic Young Men's National Union?" The union might have answered then, "We mean to train leaders for you." It might say to-day, "We have kept our promise;" for few among the priests and laymen whom we instinctively write on the roll-call of our national men but have developed themselves in the Catholic Young Men's National Union. And what good work of national magnitude but has had, if not its inception, at least a generous fostering in the same association?

At least, the reading-circle movement and the Catholic summer school have their roots in it. A layman, Warren E. Mosher, a zealous member of the union, deeply impressed by the adaptability of the Chautauquan methods to Catholic needs and uses, familiarized himself with them, started a reading circle in his native city, Youngstown, Ohio, and seized all Catholic occasions, local and national, for the advocacy of a reading union and a Catholic summer school.

Lay co-operation in church work among Catholics—a word not of new coinage, but merely of new emphasis—is sometimes spoken of by people who forget, for the moment, the direct and special service to religion of Orestes A. Brownson and John Gilmary Shea, and in another line, of Ellen Ewing Sherman and Sarah Peters, as if it were a novel idea—an experiment which may possibly result in disaster to church and people. And yet inter-relation and inter-dependence among all degrees and orders seem inevitable, so long as we can't even get our bishops and priests from another race of beings grown in another planet.

The need is of more lay co-operation. George Parsons Lathrop has well described the power of the Catholic laity as a moral Niagara allowed to run to waste. Archbishop Ireland has spoken not simply for lay co-operation, but for lay initiative in certain good works. Mr. Mosher took the initiative in his summer-school project, and found priests ready to co-operate with him. We may name among them those who later have successively held the presidency of the school—the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburg; the Rev. Dr. James F. Loughlin, of Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, the present executive, and the Rev. Thomas McMillan, of the Paulists, the present chairman of the board of studies. All these priests are identified also with the work of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.

To mention the Paulist fathers is to recall an American Catholic literary movement of missionary intent, long preceding and preparing the way for our reading-circle movement and Catholic summer school—that begun by Father Isaac T. Hecker when he founded the American Catholic Publication Society, the *Catholic World*, and the *Young Catholic*, and carried on so faithfully and fruitfully ever since by his disciples, the Paulists. To them he said, as Archbishop Ireland later said, to all American Catholics, "Your mission is to make America Catholic."

And whether working directly on the non-Catholic body, like Father Walter Elliott, in his missions, or indirectly, like the home missionaries, by unifying the Catholic people and raising their spiritual and intellectual standard, this end is ever before the Paulists.

If the first local reading circles were Mr. Mosher's, the first National Reading Union was that of the Paulist fathers, starting in 1889, with headquarters in New York, and Rev. Thomas McMillan, director. Under its protection reading circles were founded East and West, till in 1890, Mr. Mosher established his Catholic Educational Union, centralized at Youngstown, Ohio, to share, not to divide, a field too large for any one organization to work effectively alone.

The reading circles of the Columbian Reading Union had for chronicle and medium of inter-communication a department of the *Catholic World;* the circles of the Catholic Educational Union and the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, founded and edited by Mr. Mosher. But the printed word is, after all, a cold and tedious process for the fostering of that community spirit needed in the establishment of a work of general advantage.

When the Paulist fathers, in January, 1892, effected a national gathering of Catholics, mostly literary workers, journalists, and philanthropists, for the promotion of the apostolate of the press they founded no new organization. The convention did not aim even at repeating itself. It met on the Epiphany and in the spirit of the feast, the

dominant thought being how to manifest, through the press, the church of Christ to the non-Catholic American people.

Again and yet again the answer, "Unite and raise the Catholic spiritual and intellectual average first of all."

The reading unions as embodying this idea were both represented by their heads. So were a number of Catholic literary societies and alumnæ associations of like aim. The most successful man in the Catholic popular library work, Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of New York, set forth the intellectual needs and risks of the young American Catholic. New England's great contingent of Catholic men and women of letters—she sent the most because she has the most to send—spoke less, on the whole, for direct missionary work among non-Catholics than for strengthening and unifying our own forces and reclaiming our own estrays.

The apostolate of the press has done infinite good in many directions. For one thing it was the hot-house in which the sapling of the Catholic summer-school idea was hastened to flower and fruit. Almost immediately thereafter Mr. Mosher appealed for an expression of opinion to the membership of this educational union and Catholics generally, through the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*. It was heartily favored and received, moreover, the cordial approval of many bishops and priests.

In the May following a permanent organization was effected; Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburg, presided, a programme of lecture courses and single lectures arranged by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, first chairman of the board of studies, and the first session successfully held in New London, Conn., from July 31st till August 20th following. The secular press and the non-Catholic public generally followed the experiment with interest.

The summer school let loose a good deal of money in New London and on the various railroads leading thither. When it became known that the school was seeking a permanent site, public-spirited people in various sections began to offer inducements to its trustees. The best offer came from the town of Plattsburgh, N. Y., on the Delaware and Hudson River Railroad—a site of 450 acres at Bluff Point, overlooking Lake Champlain, with the opportunity of incorporation under the board of regents of the University of the State of New York.

This was accepted, a reorganization was effected and the enterprise was incorporated under the title of "The Catholic Summer School of America."

Smith Weed, of Plattsburg, donated the use of the opera-house for the lectures, the town the use of the Plattsburg high school for a house of studies, and the Grey Nuns their academy hall for social purposes, pending the erection of the summer-school's own buildings, and the second session was held from July 15th till August 7th, inclusive, with larger attendance of students, a better programme of lectures, and a great increase of general interest over the first year. And this despite the tremendous counter-attraction of your great World's Fair at Chicago.

The attendance represented sixteen States, though New York and New England still furnished the bulk of students. As at New London, a few non-Catholics attended the lectures, and a Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Veld, from Montreal, followed the whole course.

The ubiquitous and irrepressible Fadladeen criticised the trial session of the summer school on the ground that the great majority of the students were young women. But even Fadladeen could not be blind to a change (may we say an improvement?) in this respect at the second session. It should be said, parenthetically, in extenuation of our too numerous presence, that we women are naturally drawn to any enterprise started under religious patronage, though we are perhaps over-demonstrative in recording our adhesion.

A young preacher, in one of our surburban churches a few years ago, was remonstrating with the men of his congregation for their delay in attending to some spiritual duty. "The means of salvation," he said, "are not exclusively for women. You, also, want to go to heaven. Indeed," he went on, warming to his theme, "heaven would not be heaven if it were peopled exclusively by——"

He stopped abruptly, and passed to another aspect of his subject, but every woman in the church completed the sentence according to the preacher's mind, and heartily agreed with him.

Similarly, the women would not, if they could, monopolize the advantages of the summer school. This year there was a perceptible increase in the attendance of young men; and, even a better sign, there were a number of family parties—father or mother, in a few cases both, remaining for a week with their young sons and daughters.

When, in the last season, that part of the summer-school property not needed for the summer-school buildings was put up for sale in lots, twenty were disposed of within

a few days. This means the speedy erection of cottages, and a Catholic family summer settlement behind the Catholic summer school—one of the best possible guarantees of its permanent success.

But only one of them. If the summer school were to depend for students on the family settlement at Plattsburgh, the scope of its influence would be restricted to a comparatively small number of rich or well-to-do people; and we should have as a result, not an increase of the Catholic community spirit, but of the un-Christian spirit of caste. The Catholic summer school of America is for all the people, to bring all together on a plane of high, but equal, intellectual advantage. It is democratic in the best sense. Christian democracy means leveling up. The Catholic summer school is an outgrowth of the reading circles which have been organized and which work in this Christian democratic spirit.

The family summer settlement will do much for the social and recreative side; but, for students, the reading circles and other societies of like aim, of which a word later—must be the feeders of the summer school. They must be also the channels through which its achievement and influence shall be redistributed, extended, and continued throughout the year.

As a long-time reading-circle worker it is my conviction that extensions of the summer-school work in the shape of winter courses mapped out and disseminated through the printed page will hardly succeed among us. This method of instruction is too indirect and impersonal to suit the character of our people. We are more easily drawn by the spoken word.

There is, besides, too great diversity of condition, education, and environment among our Catholic young people to make it possible, or desirable, that the circles organized under the Columbian Reading Union of the Catholic Educational Union should all follow even the reading lists given in the organs of each. These lists must be suggestive, rather than prescriptive.

National reading unions can not be more than the loosest of confederations, within which every circle shall enjoy, as Father McMillan puts it, the largest possible degree of home rule. Some circles devote themselves to distinctly Catholic literature, feeling that, however otherwise advanced, in this especial point the literary education of their members has been defective. Others study English literature in general, with a Catholic light upon it. Still others have adventured into French and Italian literature. Some are pursuing a course of church history and some are re-reading the history of America in the light of that star which led Columbus thither. Many give much time to the biographies of eminent modern Catholics of Europe and America. Not a few concentrate their study on points of controversy.

What shall the delegations from the strangely varied circles find, each for its special need, at the summer school, and what shall they bring back to the circle and to the community from which the circle is recruited? Why not a winter lecture course? In this way summer-school extension has been opened. Thus far we see no better way.

The total of lectures on the regular programme of the summer school was forty-two, besides addresses before the teachers' conferences. These cover so great a variety of topics that every reading-circle's representatives must find one or several lectures in line with its own special work, and which they would like to have repeated in their own town or city.

An immediate reaction of the summer school on the reading-circle work was the organizing of courses of lectures under reading-circle management in several parts of the country. The lecturers in all these courses were chosen wholly or in part from those appearing at the New London session of the school. In one city, four circles combined for a course of four lectures. The John Boyle O'Reilly circle, of Boston, has instituted an annual course of three lectures. These courses are on a business basis. They serve a double purpose. Through them the circle acts directly on the community, raising the intellectual standard and fostering the Catholic community spirit. Through them, again, the circle does its part toward creating a public demand for the lecturers and literary workers of our own faith.

Before the days of Catholic national associations and Catholic congresses and Catholic summer schools, how little we 10,000,000 Catholics knew of our own eminent men. The Catholic summer-school movement, especially, has helped to show the world how rich we are in such men. The secular priesthood, the religious orders, whether the Jesuits, pioneers in American religious and civil life, or the Paulists, the latest of our native born, have but begun to reveal their resources. What splendidly gifted men are building their very lives into the manhood and priesthood of the American Catholic body in our classical colleges and ecclesiastical training schools!

How the cause has moved on, as the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly used to phrase it, on the citizen lines; and what a host of men whose names have stood in the popular mind for eminence in statesmanship, or law, or medicine, or literature, or oratory, or journalism, have been shown forth, through the stress of this Catholic intellectual movement, as earnest Catholics also. Truly, it is not the least of the glories of the Catholic summer school to have shown to our timid and self-distrustful, by shining examples, that the Catholic faith has not been an obstacle even to the worldly success of its professors.

The man who said, after the first Catholic Congress, "For the first time in my life I was proud of being a Catholic," did not express precisely the heroic spirit of Catholicity; but he voiced, I fear, a sad experience, by no means individual.

Let us not forget, in our citadels, the young and the weak on the undefended marches. It is easy for a Catholic to be brave and proud in New York, or Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Boston, to name but a few of our strongholds, but it takes something close akin to the spirit of a martyr to wear our profession cross unflinchingly under the supercilious eyes of the social despots of the provincial town where we are the unpopular majority.

It should be the aim of every reading circle to send to the summer school as large a delegation as possible, and to choose from among the lectures at least one to be repeated under its patronage the following winter. Remember, there are now 150 reading circles organized under the Catholic Educational Union with an aggregate membership of nearly 5,000, and 100 circles under the Columbian Reading Union with 5,000 aggregate membership. Remember also that an immediate consequence of every summer-school session is more reading circles. Moreover, a fixed feature of the summer school is the reading-circle convention. The interchange of experiences as to local work and local needs may be not only mutually suggestive among reading-circle workers, but suggestive also to the board of studies in the choosing of topics and lecturers for the summer school itself.

Already our leaders have learned that there is nothing too good in the intellectual order for the keen, earnest, and persevering young men and women who have been moved to seek the higher education on Catholic lines. It would be a grave mistake to talk down to these. They can appreciate and assimilate the best. They want instruction, not diversion, and are quick to resent the ill-considered, superficial, or spectacular. There is only one basis of selection for the instruction of such students as are drawn to the summer school—well attested personal fitness; and without this, sectional, partisan, and institutional claims should count for nothing.

It may be mentioned here that the reading-circle membership includes a very large proportion of public-school teachers. The religious orders of teachers are beginning to send representatives to the summer school. The friendly meeting, with interchange of experience and opinion between these two bodies of teachers, can not fail to be of advantage to the cause of education in general.

But who shall speak again for the teachers and the schools as did that gentlest of scholars and most earnest of teachers, Brother Azarias, whose untimely death, the result of his work in the summer-school's interest, we, in common with all Catholics, deplore. He has left to the reading circles the foundation of a library of Catholic literary criticism with especial advertence to the young American Catholic's needs; and he has not wholly passed from the councils of the summer school, for the light of his example shines unquenchably.

The reading circles can further help the summer school by holding, at the close of every season's work, public meetings in its interest. This was done last June in New York and Boston, and in result and students these two cities, like a pair of Abou ben Adhems, led all the rest. One Boston circle proudly, and, we think, justly, claims thus to have sent fifty-seven visitors and students to Plattsburgh. The same circle sets another example in the summer-school interest which will doubtless be widely followed —it proposes to buy a lot and build a reading-circle cottage for the use of its own members attending the school.

Mixed membership in the reading circles is an open question. The Catholic Educational Union seems to favor it. In the East and South, however, most of the reading circles are composed exclusively of young women. Our Boston circles so composed, however, are fortunate enough to revolve around the Catholic Union of Boston, and have the Union's membership to draw upon for presiding officers for our lecture courses and other indispensable aid. As between the attracting and distracting consequences of the admission of young men to the study meetings, distraction would tip the scale. Moreover, the reading-circle methods are not, to our thinking, quite adapted for young

men. A corresponding plan for their intellectual advantage, however, is evolving itself in the East, and perhaps elsewhere, as the same condition must exist at least in the older sections.

The reading circles aim not to raise a crop of women publicists, disputants, and debaters, but simply to increase the good influence which we can exercise on the normal womanly lines by making us more numerously able to write, at need, a plain statement of fact or opinion ; increasing our resources for dull and lonely days, making us more tolerant and reasonable and therefore more companionable in our home and social life.

The reading circle will act on the general community through its public lecture courses and occasional social gatherings ; but its plan of study must be for the direct benefit of its immediate membership. May I venture to suggest that the relation between our summer school and the reading circles, and their reciprocal action, sets forth a relation and a reciprocity of service possible and most desirable between the summer school and the college and convent alumni associations and Catholic literary societies generally. And this will be equally true, in the day, doubtless near at hand, when the Catholic summer school, at Plattsburgh, will cease to have the right to add "of America" to its name.

It is much for the Catholic summer school to enter into the work of the Catholic Columbian Congress. It will be more for the school and for every Catholic interest when the Catholic Congress three years hence comes in its increased strength and splendor to the first permanent home of the Catholic summer school, at Lake Champlain, to be its desired and honored guest.

Meantime, see the fields and the harvests for Catholic Endeavor. Let us unite for the reaping on a plane high above partisanship or sectionalism. Our mission is to make America Catholic. Yes; and we shall do it mainly by making ourselves better Catholics—more intellectual, more refined, more prosperous, united, and public-spirited Catholics. Thus shall we become a leaven, interpenetrating and uplifting the whole body of our citizenship. The desire to advance God's cause gives a pure motive to every man and woman for self-advancement. It gives the greatest impetus to discovery, exploration, the pursuit of science, and the development of art and literature.

We need faith in ourselves, faith in our cause. The word of faith creates. The magnet of faith moves the mountains. Had Christians kept intact the faith, the community spirit, and the disinterestedness of the apostolic age, the new world had been discovered a thousand years sooner; the crusades, with other purpose than the rescue of Christ's tomb from misbelievers, had had the aid of the printing press and the telegraph and the cable, the railroad, the steamboat, and the electric light; and the crosses raised in pure hands, nerved from martyr hearts, had drawn the whole world in the unity of the truth to God.

Rev. John T. Murphy, president of Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, Pa., made a strong and eloquent plea for the establishment of free Catholic high schools. He said:

Anyone who considers carefully our present educational system in the light of our educational needs must readily be convinced that there is a great lacuna yet to be filled up. A complete educational system embraces primary, secondary, and university education. It is not necessary, or even advisable, that all should be initiated into each part of this complete system, but it is absolutely necessary that such Catholic children as have the proper aptitude should have in the system we offer and partly impose upon them the means for obtaining the very highest education.

The third plenary council of Baltimore planned and enjoined a system of primary education which, if fully carried out under favorable circumstances, seems to be all-sufficient for the educational sphere for which it was intended. Since the close of the council, and in accordance with its strongly expressed wishes, important steps have been taken to put university education within the reach of both Catholic clergy and laity. But so far no corporate, organized measures have been taken by the church in the United States to cover the very important ground that lies between the primary school and the university. The foundation and basement of our educational edifice have been built, a goodly portion of the roof has been put on, but nothing has been done to the walls; only a stray pillar here and there, erected for the most part by private enterprise, connects the basement of primary with the roof and pinnacles of university education and saves the latter from being a palace top suspended in the air. The stray pillars I refer to will easily be recognized as those private Catholic colleges and academies spread throughout the land. While everyone will admit the good which

these institutions accomplish, serving as they do to save us the semblance of an educational system, yet it must be avowed that they do not, can not supply the missing link of the chain, the continuous walls of the edifice.

In other words, our present educational system is so radically defective that it can not well claim the name of a system. It takes up the Catholic child from its mother's arms, supplies it with education, mental and moral, till about the age of thirteen, and then ceases as a system to take further cognizance of its education. It points out to the young boy, it is true, the towers of the university looming in the distance, but it supplies him not with the means of reaching them. If the boy has money and time at his disposal he can go for his secondary education to one of the private Catholic colleges; and the girl can, under similar conditions, go to one of the convent schools or academies. But the vast body of Catholic youth are debarred from entering these private unendowed institutions, and are simply cast adrift when their primary schooling is over. Withal, they are expected to meet in the battle of life their neighbors' children of a like station who have been trained at the public expense in richly-endowed and well-equipped high schools and State universities. Of course, such a contest is utterly unequal. It is a contest of raw recruits against disciplined troops. Native valor, natural genius, indomitable endurance may secure partial victories for the former, but eventually the random shot from the rusty gun must yield to the unerring aim of the repeating rifle, the straggling onslaught to the serried ranks of the square, the club, the claymore, or assegai to the keen edge in the hands of the well-trained swordsman. So, too, the contest in life's struggle between the comparatively raw parochial school boy or girl and the well-trained high-school graduates can have only one issue, the supremacy in secular matters of the latter. Exceptional talent and character will occasionally carry some of the former to the front, in spite of the disadvantage under which they labor, but the rank and file will have to bite the dust.

Surely the church in the United States, after having undertaken an educational system of her own, can not afford to allow this stigma of inferiority to remain branded upon it. It would be an evil day for the church in this country were her children to realize that on account of their religion they were precluded from their just rights to the secular advantages of life. Nothing could be farther from the mind of the church, of her supreme head, and of the fathers of the Third Plenary Council than the acknowledgment of the necessity of any such inferiority. Still, it exists, as I have shown, and will continue to exist until adequate, systematic provisions are made for providing secondary, or high-school education for Catholics. It is, therefore, a matter of the greatest importance to consider what means ought and can be taken to remedy this glaring and grievous defect in our educational system. Before proceeding to suggest what I consider adequate and feasible means, I may be permitted to refer to some remedies that are already being employed.

The manifest need that exists for giving Catholic children something more than a mere parochial-school education has given rise to two practices. The one is to tack on to or blend with the parochial school a portion of a high-school course. Thus we find many parochial schools embracing studies that range from the first elements to quite a number of the "ologies." This practice seems to me objectionable for this reason, that this blending of two different courses of study is injurious to both. The proper work of the parochial school is liable to be neglected, or glossed over, on the part of both teachers and pupils in the eagerness to reach the higher and more brilliant studies. Those exhibits of fancy or advanced work of parochial schools, of which we so frequently hear, are usually made at the cost of solidity and thoroughness in the subjects which properly belong to them. Of course it would be very commendable to have a real high school attached to every large parochial school, but it is scarcely conceivable that any one congregation could afford to carry out a complete system of both primary and secondary education. And, as it is not possible to have both, it is better to have the one thorough than to have the two spoiled.

Another practice which largely prevails is to have in the parochial schools what is known as a high-school class, where a select number of children are prepared for the public high schools. I think that this practice is not admissible for the reason that the danger to faith and morals which are inherent to the public-school system are multiplied for those children whose elementary training has been acquired in the parochial schools. The change of discipline and method and the sudden elimination of religious teaching can not but exercise on children of that age a reactionary influence. To my mind it were better to frankly accept the public-school system as a whole, and counteract its ignoring of religion by extra religious training at home and in church, than to subject children to contrary systems of education at a time of life

when they are so susceptible of impressions and so incapable of independent reasoning. It seems to me that there is far less danger in sending Catholic young men to non-Catholic institutions and professional schools than in transplanting parochial-school children to the public high schools.

Since, then, neither of these remedies is calculated to cure the great defect which exists in our educational system, it behooves us to consider what right and feasible remedy should be employed. To every one will occur at once the rational remedy of supplementing our parochial or primary school systems by an organized system of secondary or high schools. This is what the State has done all around us; and, as long as we find ourselves obliged to recommend Catholic children not to frequent the State schools, we are bound to supply them with schools equally good.

But how establish and conduct these Catholic high schools? The first question admits, I think, of three solutions. One would be the establishment and endowment of high schools in different localities by private munificence. This is the solution arrived at in Philadelphia, where the late Mr. Cahill founded and endowed forever the high school which bears his name. It is possible that his noble example may be followed elsewhere. It is certain that the greatest benefactors of their day and of their kind would be those who would erect and endow such institutions for the higher education of Catholic youth. For knowledge is power. The earth belongs to man, that is to the disciplined intellect of man, and the future position of our Catholic people in this country will depend chiefly on the extent and quality of their education. Add to the morality and fruitfulness of our people the cultured intellect and the disciplined character, and you have a power that is irresistible and securely triumphant in spreading the kingdom of God. What nobler use could a man make of the superabundance of his means than to devote it to achieving such far-reaching results?

As this solution, depending on private munificence, can reach only a very limited number of centers, some other must be found capable of general application. Such a solution would be to have all the Catholic elements of a given center unite in founding and supporting a Catholic high school. Building and equipments might be more or less imposing, according to the means at the disposal of the body corporate, but the teaching should equal, at least, that given in the public high school of the place.

It appears to me quite feasible to establish and support a free Catholic high school in every important center. It is true that our people are already heavily taxed, first to educate everybody else's children, and then taxed again to educate their own. But the generosity which has done such wonders in the way of building up churches and schools will be found equal to the task of completing the good work begun in the parochial schools, once it becomes convinced of the necessity of such sacrifices. It is difficult to calculate exactly the expense which the establishment of a high school would entail on the several parishes of a district. It would largely depend on the number and sizes of the parishes. It may, however, be safely said that $50 a year for each pupil sent to the high school would cover all expenses. Some understanding could be entered into between the several parishes whereby would be regulated the maximum and the minimum number of pupils which each would be expected to maintain in the high school.

We, the Catholics of the United States, are committed, for the present at least, not of choice but of necessity, to an educational system of our own. Duty, honor, and self-interest imperatively call on us to make our system as perfect as possible. Every instruction on this subject sent by the Holy See—from the celebrated one given by the propaganda to the American bishops before the council of Baltimore down to the latest utterance of Leo XIII., who quotes approvingly the idea of his delegate, "omni tamen ratione et ope connitendum esse ut scholae Catholicae quam plures suit numero omnique re ornatae et perfectae"–every instruction from the Holy See insists as a condition of the existence of our schools that they be made at least as efficient as those of the State. Justice to the secular interests of our people demands this. The honor of our olden church demands it. And there is no reason why our united efforts and sacrifices should not be equal to the demand. Our primary and parochial schools are already on a good footing, and once all the dioceses will have exerted themselves to carry out the letter and spirit of the Third Plenary Council regarding them we shall have our primary schools efficient and well equipped—"omni re perfectae et ornatae."

But we must not rest satisfied with this. We must not constrain our people to delve all their lives in the lowlands whilst their neighbors are carried up by higher education to the rich and beautiful plateaus. Not only the material interests of our people, but the interests of education itself require that we supplement our primary schools by well-equipped high schools. The entrance examinations to high school, the

value of free scholarships therein, the competition to obtain them, would be a most powerful stimulus to the lower schools. Again the high school would serve as a feeder for seminary and university.

And what more suitable occasion could there be for considering and promoting such a project? Here in this Catholic Congress we have gathered together bishops, priests, and laity. It were well if the laity took a more active part in the carrying out of our educational system. It seems to me that too much burden has been thrown in the past on the shoulders of the clergy and of the religious communities. There is no portion of the church that can do so much for secular education as a loyal and progressive laity. The composition of this Congress is a proof that the church in America possesses such a laity, loyal to the unchangeable teachings of divine faith, progressive with the best progress of modern times and civilization. It is with them will lie the carrying into practical effect what I have been pleading for. And I trust, in conclusion, that the importance of the subject, the pressing needs of our people, the opportuneness of the time and the suitableness of the occasion will add in the minds of all the members of this Congress—bishops, priests, and laymen—a thousandfold force to this, my poor plea for free Catholic high schools.

"Young Men's Societies" was the subject of a paper presented by Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio. The reading of this paper was listened to with marked attention, and it is given here in full for the benefit and enlightenment of the rising generation of the Catholics of the United States:

In its battle against evil the church to-day is working without what should be its most powerful force—a vigorous, enthusiastic, zealous, and united young manhood. How to win this support is one of the most important problems now confronting the Catholics of America.

The improvement of the young men has ever been a vital question in all ages and among all classes. The spiritual, intellectual, and moral advancement of young men means the advancement of social conditions generally. It means a decrease in the statistics of crime and in the occupants of prisons, and an increase of those institutions beneficial to the arts and manufactures—it means the advancement of higher civilization. It means happy homes, with mothers peacefully secure in the possession of sons guarded by the armor of strong, manly character and Christian virtues, and with wives blessed in the possession of husbands conscious of the sanctity of marriage and with the nobility to faithfully discharge the duties of their state.

There are three great and powerful agencies at work in molding the character and shaping the destiny of young men—the church, the home, and society. The former is constantly striving to rescue them from the vices acquired in most cases, and fostered by the licenses granted by society.

Society indulges the human passions of young men, and gives them the license and opportunity to gratify them. And finally, when, from the excess of indulgence, society suffers from outrages committed against her by the victims she has created and the vices she has encouraged, she pays back the revenue she has derived from the licensing of necessary evils in the maintenance of institutions of correction and reform. The home, according to its teachings, increases the evils of society or the blessings of the church. That these three great agencies do not always work in harmony and union is a deplorable fact.

Among the many institutions established and encouraged by the church as a safeguard for young men are young men's societies having for their object their religious, intellectual, social, physical, and material improvement.

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has ruled on this question in a manner that leaves it unnecessary to discuss the advisability of organizing young men's societies, as follows: "Since the young men are exposed to greater danger, we wish that special care be taken of them. Hence we decree that in every parish or mission where a sufficient number of them can be found, special societies be established for them by the rector, and that they be cherished with all possible care. For without associations of this nature the work begun in the parochial schools of saving the Catholic youth will, for the most part, have been in vain, and our young men, who have been so carefully guarded from their infancy, will be seduced by the allurements of the world, and will be swallowed up in the vortex of the forbidden societies. But when banded together in respectable societies, they will, while pursuing some temporal object, be readily induced by a prudent pastor to join thereto the cultivation of piety."—Title viii., par. 257.

REV. PATRICK CRONIN,
BUFFALO.

BROTHER AMBROSE,
CHICAGO.

REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C. S. P.,
NEW YORK.

REV. J. M. CLEARY,
MINNEAPOLIS.

CHANCELLOR MULDOON,
CHICAGO.

REV. F. J. MAGUIRE,
ALBANY.

REV. F. G. LENTZ,
BEMENT, ILL.

BROTHER MAURELIAN,
CHICAGO.

REV. JOS. L. ANDREIS,
BALTIMORE.

That the parish society, under the direction of a zealous priest and with the co-operation of earnest, self-sacrificing young men, has a great influence for good is unquestioned. The methods of conducting parish societies may vary with the various conditions of young men in the different parts of the country, but the object is one and specific.

That the parish society is not accomplishing all that could be desired or all that it might is also unquestioned. The cry for improvement is to-day ringing out from pulpit, press, and convention hall. It is engaging the attention of every thoughtful man anxious for the preservation of youth; and noble men have spent the best part of their life and brain in devising means for saving our young men. It is only necessary to read the reports of our annual conventions to learn how much attention is given to this subject, and how clearly and eloquently innumerable methods have been set forth by all champions of young men. There is no lack of good features, no lack of excellent suggestions for improvement, but a great lack of young men who will act upon the suggestions proposed, even while admitting they are good.

As the work for the improvement of young men by means of societies goes on, it is assailed by the snarling and carping criticism of some, and neglected by the almost criminal indifference of others, while comparatively a handful of young men, in the face of the most discouraging difficulties, without system and without means, are struggling valiantly in the cause; and these young men are not the ones most in need of society influences.

I believe the existing condition of affairs can be improved, and in submitting the following suggestions to the Columbian Catholic Congress I also offer my humble services to practically execute them in order to demonstrate their success or failure.

In order to create among existing societies an intelligent system of co-operation, to quicken the feelings of sympathy and fellowship, and to promote a friendly and practical union, I would suggest that State organizations be formed, subdivided by dioceses, and that in each State paid secretaries be appointed by the bishops of the State, or elected by the several societies, who would give their whole time to the work of young men's societies. These men should be thoroughly familiar with the wants of our young men's institutes. They should be from among the very ablest of our ranks. They should visit cities and towns where societies are already established and infuse new life into them, and awaken the ambition to achieve their highest aims. Where no societies exist, they should organize them, always, of course, with the approval and, if possible, the co-operation of the clergy. They should assist in establishing lecture courses, and take an active part in every plan for improvement. Ex-officio, they could be members of all societies. These men would exert a vivifying influence, they would be the link connecting all the societies of the State into one strong cohesive chain; their visits would always stimulate activity, bringing, as they would, fresh ideas, or shedding brighter luster over already successful methods.

There should also be paid national secretaries and a national bureau.

It would be difficult to find young men to do this work, even though the means were at hand; for a young man with the qualifications necessary for such work can command better compensation in many pursuits offering distinction and honor, notwithstanding that there could be no nobler occupation.

The men eminently fitted for this work are active young priests. Their education and training, and above all, their profession, qualify them above other men. They would command respect and attention where a layman would be ignored or snubbed. Can our bishops spare them for this work? Will they spare them? It is one of the most fruitful fields for missionary labor within the domain of the church, and I believe the results would amply repay the efforts expended.

1. The expenses of these secretaries could be borne by the societies of the State.

One of the greatest necessities of the present day is the establishment of a system of young men's institutions, combining, to some extent, the polytechnic, the lyceum, and the social association. Every city that can afford such an institution should have one, the metropolitan cities many.

In a few places Catholic young men have erected their own homes; there are many cities amply able to do likewise. To succeed, parish barriers must be thrown down. Few parishes can afford to maintain alone such an institution, but by a concentration of forces an association building might be erected for the Catholics of the whole community.

The Catholic young men of to-day must keep pace with the progress of the country. The days of the back room and top story are past, and the commodious, centrally

located building, equipped and adjusted to the special needs of young men, will supplant them, as they should.

2. The only saving power of our young men is the faithful practice of their religion. With all the societies for the cultivation of piety among the laity now existing within the church it is a noted fact that their membership is composed almost entirely of women. There is not to-day an auxiliary league of the church that appeals as successfully to the religious sentiment in young men as it does to this sentiment in young women. It may not be possible to accomplish this equality, but I believe the inequality can be lessened. I do not believe the days of chivalry died with the ages of the Crusades. An appeal to the manhood of young men would arouse them in this age as it did in previous times, and for this purpose I suggest the institution of a league of young men to be known as the Loyal Catholic Legion, or by some such significant title, the members of which shall subscribe to the faithful observance of the principles of honor, purity, knightly conduct, and practical Catholicity. There might be degrees in this league and special indulgences, as in the League of the Sacred Heart and other orders, and leaders and promoters appointed.

This order would not conflict with existing orders. It would be open to all young men, whether members of societies or of no society. There need be no fees, or simply a nominal fee for offerings. Several young men in a society might institute a branch of the league voluntarily for the observance of these principles; and young men not of the society could be members of the same local branch. An independent headquarters with general directors might be established, or the league might be under the direction of the directors of the League of the Sacred Heart, or some other established order.

This idea of putting young men on their honor by the institution of such a league occurred to me several months ago with a suddenness that thrilled me. It has impressed me with a most singular power, and my confidence in its efficacy is very great. I have consulted my pastor and several distinguished priests and laymen, who expressed their earnest approval of the idea. There is a charm, a fascination in it that engenders an intense, fervent feeling for manly perfection and religious piety. It appeals to the manhood of young men.

Let us resurrect this spirit of chivalry among young men. The spirit of manliness is not dead but sleeping, and the spark of chivalry in the breasts of young American Catholics might be fanned into a flame that would develop knights as true as ever gave up their lives in the cause of righteousness or for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

For the improvement of young men and young men's societies, I therefore urge the adoption of these three movements: (1) Traveling leaders or organizers, who shall, if possible, be young, active priests. (2) The establishment of special buildings adapted for the requirements of young men, with salaried secretaries. (3) A league of Catholic young men on the lines suggested above. The adoption of the first suggestion would ultimately bring the other two into practical operation, for men traveling in this cause could establish such a society as the needs of a place demanded and as it could support, whether it be the parish society or the general institute.

Let us throw open our young men's institutions to every Catholic young man, whether he be an active paying member or not. At least give them all some privileges, such as free reading-rooms and comfortable sitting-rooms. Under our present system there is an exclusiveness that repels rather than attracts our young men. We must come in contact with them and endeavor to bring them within a pure atmosphere and among pure associations. The less restraint we put in their way the better. The church closes its doors to none, whether they give much or nothing to its support. Then why not have a home for young men supported by all the Catholics of our communities, as free as our churches, and whose doors shall be open to a limited share of our privileges without all the qualifications of perfect young manhood? This is a kind of institution needed in our day.

There is a barrier growing up between Catholic young men and women, which is getting stronger year by year—the barrier of education and refinement. The only remedy that I can suggest for this impediment between our young people is to cultivate with equal zeal and in equal numbers the advantages offered for the acquirement of these accomplishments.

There is an object lesson for the young men here to-day in the City of Chicago that should appeal to their better parts more strongly than all the sermons and essays they ever heard. Here is the greatest exhibition of human skill and material wealth the world has ever seen, and its accomplishment was made possible by Catholic genius.

In conclusion, let me appeal to this distinguished body to give generously of their time and means for the preservation of our Catholic youth. Think of the energy that is lost in the cause of religion by the apathy and indifference of young men! Watch a political campaign and notice the enthusiasm displayed. If half the amount were expended in the following of Christ that is wasted on political demagogues frequently, what a reform there would be in civil government. Watch a baseball game and reflect on the result that would follow such energy exercised for religion. Listen to the mighty shouts that ascend to heaven over the victory of some brutal champion of the prize ring and see the indifference shown to the hero of Molokai. We want this force, this unbounded energy of young manhood harnessed to the chariot of practical Christianity, and until we secure it the race for the salvation of souls will be run against tremendous odds.

Let us love the young men, encourage them, aid them, not for what they are but for the temptations which are theirs and for the glorious manhood that might be theirs.

"Working Men's Organizations and Societies for Young Men," was the subject of a paper read by Rev. F. J. McGuire, of Albany, N. Y., President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union of the United States. This is what he said:

The genius of our national being is peculiarly suggestive of union and combination. Composed of many states and communities, these made up of various people to whom is given a common adhesive principle, and on all of whom it is impressed that unity of purpose and of government is the chief security of their national existence, the rational aim of all who have part in the framing of our laws, or of those who are clothed with the dignity of administering them, should be to foster and strengthen a spirit of union among the people.

The public "society" of St. Thomas, wherein "Men may communicate with one another in the setting up of a commonwealth," exists here in its fullness, but it is enriched and made doubly lasting, in that it possesses all the features and benefits of the more "private society, wherein a few may be conjoined for the following and attaining of a common purpose." For, the first and ordinary object of our common citizenship is to perpetuate union of the many for the good of all; for we are all equal on the plane of our national constitution, and equal in the rights of liberty which it secures to us. Hence there is a congenial abode in our country for that "propensity" called natural "of man to live in society," which has its foundation in the natural law which is sanctioned in the sacred scriptures, and in whose favor our Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., has addressed the universal church so earnestly.

From the first years of her existence the United States has been a prolific mother of societies of men. Her great political parties, which have aimed at a balancing of power, whose struggles, successes, or failures have been marked by the ruling for a time of one, to be in turn succeeded by the other, has been simply the organizing of many societies into one, the welding together of many for a common purpose. In earlier years she fashioned associations for military exercise ostensibly, which, being without governmental control, for a long time were so many private or even social societies of free men. Yet, in her day of need, these evolved into the grandest armies the world had seen, and achieved victories among the most valued of all history.

In equally gigantic form have we witnessed the growth in our land of the extensive railroad and telegraphic combinations, which were originally fondled by our government, as promising many facilities and advantages to the commonwealth, but which latterly penetrating every corner of the public domain, and, absorbing less powerful enterprise, have again and again excited the anxiety or provoked the condemnation of many of the most sincere friends of our national interest.

Here, too, individuals have united for the promotion or accomplishment of almost every lesser object. The practice of religious tenets, the diffusion of knowledge, the protection of art and science, the perfection of varied skill of the mechanic or laborer, the alleviation of the miseries to which man is heir, and security from the results which come with accident and death, have in turn formed pretext for association; and in this feature our country is said to be a leading representative among the nations.

Such is the prospect which greets the view of the observer of to-day. The Catholic American, enriched with the birthright of true citizenship, is especially interested in this prospect; and so, as well because of facilities which it presents to him, as because of his peculiar fitness to reap rich advantage and the magnificent consequences to his

church and to mankind which may result. Our holy religion teaches us that the perfection of Christian effort does not dwell alone in aiming at the loving and serving of God, but must reach out into a love for the welfare of neighbor, and the Catholic watchword must be the twofold sentiment, "God and our neighbor." His duty is not alone to build up churches which are to be the outward sign of an inward sacred and spiritual trust, but he is to build up by his word, his example, and his fidelity to profession, that holier edifice, the Catholic Faith, which, not built by hands, is as imperishable as her Divine Founder.

What are his facilities? Our brethren, guided by pious promptings, were the first of the civilized world to tread this continent and they offered it to God to be His in perpetuum. As the years revolved others came upon the scene, and for a long time the principles of our holy faith held but a tolerated existence here. It required the blood of some martyrs, the painful labors of some of the most illustrious saints and scholars of the last century to retrieve the liberty which Catholics first secured by the right of discovery here.

Meantime, in this fair field an enemy hath sown cockle. Here we find every species of belief or practice which has been known in the history of the human race. The consequence is a state of society not only detrimental to the immediate interests of Christ, but even menacing to that destiny of perpetuated greatness to which the American nation seems to have been called by the Creator.

As friends of humanity we can not afford to belittle the goodness of life of many outside the Catholic Church, of which goodness we have been frequent witnesses; but still we must not refrain from proclaiming that the Catholic Church, which gave to the nations of the earth all that has sustained and made them worthy of the respect of succeeding ages, is still, as representing her Divine Founder, "The only name under heaven given to men whereby they can be saved." It is for us duty and obligation to declare this by work as well as by word. In conjunction with the pulpit, then, may we not find in Catholic societies a most perfectly adapted channel for the conducting of this spirit to the people? Nay, do we not perceive with our Sovereign Pontiff, that in such associating together of our people "there is cheering hope for the future of the church" in America? Associating them not simply for the purpose of presenting a united front against those who may oppose us, but for the purpose of cultivating such a spirit of Christianity as will make each individual Catholic a power for good "terrible as an army set in array."

I have referred to the peculiar fitness of our Catholics for society rule and life. The Catholic who knows his church or is accustomed to scrutinize her sacred character has learned to love her for her unity and the unity which she inculcates. Likened to the mysterious unity existing between her Divine Founder and herself—one in doctrine, in doctors, and in pupils; one on earth and in heaven—in the midst of this world's kingdom, which is ever and in all things divided, and hence ever falling, this solitary claimant of perpetual oneness must gladden and delight the heart that loves unchanging truth. He knows, too, that so close is the unity which must exist, that in this family of God there can be no distinction of any kind. The poor are enriched with blessedness; the wayward or hurtful are to be forgiven; the richest possessions of one are most precious inasmuch as they can alleviate the needs of another, and the only badge of discipleship in Christ that is prescribed is the love which one bears toward another.

Graced with such a spirit of unity and manifesting it in each society duty, what a magnificent form of organization is within the capabilities of the good Catholic man! How far superior in its aims and in the actual results of its existence as compared to societies which have for their object a pretense of righteousness, or which often have expended their best ambition when they have destroyed by proselytism the only dignity or worth which their victims possessed. A truly Catholic society can be a bulwark of all that is calculated to subserve the public good. Morality will be a distinguishing characteristic of its members; temperance and all the virtues will flourish under its sway, and the community in which it exists must acknowledge the charity from which it came forth and the Faith which sustains it.

But our Holy Father voices the actual state of our country when he says in his encyclical, "There is a good deal of evidence which goes to prove that many existing societies are in the hands of invisible leaders, and are managed on principles far from compatible with Christianity and the public well-being." In the presence of this well-known fact, what is the plain duty of Christians if it be not to seek desired good through societies of their own founding and management? Or, as our Holy Father again expresses it, "Unite their forces and courageously shake off the yoke of unjust and intolerable oppression."

Aside from the essential features of "unity of purpose and harmony of action," it would be difficult to prescribe detailed formulas or to set precise rules for the regulating of Catholic societies, since the vastness of our country in region, in disposition, and needs of our brethren is so varied. The experience and practice of those who have been prominent in such works (and they are not a few in our midst) should be consulted. Let us bear in mind the fact that the Christian family should be the foundation of the life of the Catholic society. Here, as all agree, there should be capable supervision, reasonable discipline in its fullness, unquestioning respect, and obedience and interest for the common good. I believe to the absence of this family training chiefly may we trace all the obstacles which lie in the way of Catholic society work, whether in the founding or conducting of such. It will seldom be difficult to continue and develop in the society the work which has been nurtured in the bosom of the Christian home. The boy who enters his sodality with the graces of the first sacraments on him will quickly learn to love the petty strifes and contentions by which he may pardonably hope to evince his superior gifts or command the respect of his associates. Early will he develop the characteristics and powers which will make him useful in the parish association, or in turn command respect for the organization which affords scope and opportunity for the exercise of the gifts of his maturer years.

After due consideration of the matter of grading, especially as to age, which should be observed in the membership of an association, it remains to be said that societies whose every prompting tends to the seeking of God and His justice, to the end that the members may be increased in all lesser things, are the best. In other words, societies under the supervision of the pastors. In these, mental and physical attainments might be ambitioned, and the members, while protected from the dangers of evil associations, might find reasonable recreation; but in these must be exercised such influences only as can tend toward the development of true Catholic manhood. It is an obvious fact that many of our American Catholic men, and, indeed, in some sections of the country, our women as well, are entering societies that are ruinous to their best spiritual interests. Especially is this true of our young men. It has been computed that not three-tenths of the Catholic young men of the United States are connected with any Catholic society. For the sake of their qualities of body and mind they are being sought after by those who have no desire for their souls' welfare; or they are allured by tempting immunity given in return for their sacrifice of faith. In these ways the interest and active co-operation of thousands of her young men are being lost to the church annually.

What means have we to reach and use and save this portion of the flock of Christ —this multitude so full of the vanity and the pride peculiar to their years, yet ever so dear to the heart of Jesus—other than by gathering them into societies especially established for them? It costs effort, but is there any work more worthy the zeal of an apostolic man than is this? In some European countries it is said the children are kept in religious training until their first communion, or twelfth year, and after that time they are committed to the keeping of the secular studies. Some have traced to this very cause the Catholic indifference or defection so painfully remarkable in Europe during the past quarter of a century. We know from our sad experience that in our own country it frequently happens that the study of religion ceases on the day of first communion, to be resumed no more—not, indeed, because sufficient has been learned, but because of fatigue from restraint, or because of joy at having been admitted to the sacred privileges of their elders, young people are loath to continue a formal study of religion. Well regulated societies in which the priest and young man may continue to meet, and in which the sacred relation of pastor and child may be perpetuated, is a tried and effectual means of avoiding evil of so great magnitude.

An oft-proposed query is, what is the best form or rule for a Catholic society? Some advocates of men's societies find scope for their zeal in the admirable institute known as the Young Men's Sodality, and certainly a more perfect rule, or one that is permissive of more that can benefit or enrich manly character, is not known. The purely literary association with the athletic feature annexed has proved its value by extraordinary examples of success in many portions of the United States. The strictly beneficiary society, with what is called social accompaniments, as under the management of the Catholic Benevolent Legion or Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association, is a scheme that has been warmly received by our people, and the admirable supervision during the past decade of these associations has elicited the respect and confidence of the public generally. There is no doubt that these societies are gradually destroying the hurtful influence which Masonry, Oddfellowism, and other objectionable organizations have heretofore wielded over careless Catholics. The financial benefits which they confer

have done much to lessen poverty and to establish families in thrifty ways, and their continued success is worthy the deepest attention of all interested in the welfare of the Catholic community.

Surely there is no dearth of admirable forms for association. Yet it would be difficult to account for the fact that there are so many well-established congregations in the United States in which there are no societies for men. It would be equally difficult to account for the indifference to Catholic associations, especially on the part of our young men, in places where good societies are established and where need and facilities for work such as theirs are so pronounced. Certainly this class of our people, the future hope of the church, ought to be a source of concern and object of our care. Theirs is a time of life which craves for association or such companionship as will increase the pleasurable occupations of life. Does it not seem that we should, if necessary, make sacrifices for them as we do for other church works? Should not the church afford them meeting places, or any facility which might induce them to come and attract them to remain in Catholic societies? This would imply expenditure. We rightly contribute to convert and civilize the pagan. Is there anything less laudable in similar effort to save our youth from degradation? Give them a positive rule for their association and exact their observance, but allow them such liberty as is consistent with propriety. Especially do not treat them as infants whose every fault demands humiliating punishment, but labor to develop (again I repeat it) a character of dignified manhood. The natural spirit of young American manhood is pride and independence. Legions of satans, like roaring lions, are daily devouring the youth of our church for this very fact; but, friends of Catholic young men, if we can sanctify this spirit by religionizing it, we will thereby secure to our church generations of devoted men, and to our country a spirit of intelligence and patriotism that can ennoble her institutions or save her in her day of trial.

It has occurred more than once within our knowledge that men who have assumed and graced most exalted positions in public life have had little other advantages than these which they had secured in the Catholic society room, where, under the inspiration of devoted priests, they have imbibed rich principles of manhood, and attained a perfection in gracious talent which have made them objects of pride to their friends and of pleasurable envy to their less-gifted fellows.

Brother Azarias, of Manhattan College, died since preparing his most eloquent address upon "Our Catholic School System." His name upon the programme was appropriately bordered with black. The paper was read by his learned brother, Rev. John F. Mullaney, of Syracuse, N. Y. As an enthusiast on the subject of Catholic education, Brother Azarias had no equal, and when the paper was read, touching reference was made to the brother's interest in the subject upon which he wrote substantially as follows:

Our Catholic school system embraces all grades of institutions from the kindergarten to the university. Each religious teaching order has its own methods. But in the midst of variety a unity of purpose runs through all our educational institutions. This purpose is to impart a thorough Catholic training to our Catholic children.

That portion of our system most cherished is the parochial school. It has been erected and it is maintained at many sacrifices. It is indispensable for the preservation of the Catholic faith in the hearts of Catholic children. There may be difference of opinion as to the ways and means by which Catholic education is to be imparted and Catholic schools are to be supported, but there can be none regarding the self-evident truth that the church in America is to be perpetuated in a robust, God-fearing and God-serving Catholicity, it is only by the establishment of a Catholic school in every Catholic parish. The Catholic school is the nursery of the Catholic congregation, the inclosed garden in which are fostered vocations to the priesthood and to religious life; in a word, the hope and the mainstay of the church in the future.

When we consider the history of Catholic education during the fifty years that have just elapsed, and note the many serious obstacles our Catholic schools have had to contend with, and at the same time go over the roll-call of prominent Catholics who have had their early training in these schools—archbishops and bishops and priests, and religious men and women whose vocations have been fostered in them; eminent laymen now filling positions of trust and honor, whose consciences were there formed, and who had there learned to be proud of their faith and to praise its teachings to the best of their ability—we are compelled to regard these schools, even in their least efficient forms, with great respect. In no sense are they failures; in no sense are they to be

abandoned or neglected; rather, in the very words of Leo XIII. concerning these schools, "every effort should be made to multiply Catholic schools, and to bring them to perfect equipment."

Next in importance to the parish school is the convent school. It is a choice garden attached to the Lord's household, in which the sweetest flowers of virtue are tendered and fostered by women of piety, zeal, and culture. Its influence extends far and wide throughout the land. Among the leading social forces in America to-day, the women whose power for good is most far-reaching are pupils of the convent school. The tendency in these latter days is to make woman as independent as she possibly can become.

There are still untried possibilities in our Catholic school system. Why, for instance, may we not have large commercial schools in our principal cities? Not mere business academies, in which a knowledge of penmanship and accounts is imparted, but schools established on a broad basis, in which chemistry and the sciences as applied to the industries and manufactures would be taught, in which political economy, and common law, and history, and literature would be studied from the Catholic point of view. Such schools would benefit a large class of our Catholic young men.

Again, there are Catholic boys who have been obliged to quit school at an early age for the workshop or the factory, and who with riper years and larger experience feel the necessity of making up for early deficiencies. What accommodation have we for this class? Practically none. Could not Catholic night schools flourish in our larger cities? They would be a great boon to our working boys and working girls. It is painful to witness in large cities the active aggressiveness of those who misunderstand and misrepresent our faith. They attract to their soup-houses and night schools hordes of our Catholic Italian and Bohemian children and inoculate them with un-Catholic and anti-Catholic ideas, while little or nothing is done to counteract their machinations. This is work for our Catholic laity.

The more cultured class of Catholic young men and women are now supplementing their school studies by reading circles and literary clubs. These are so many annexes to our educational system, and as such are not to be overlooked.

Another institution that has grown out of our reading circles, and that bids fair to become an intimate portion of our Catholic system of education, is the Catholic summer school. In this manner is an antidote administered against the intellectual and moral poison that is imbibed from the secular journals, magazines, and reviews.

For the completion of our Catholic school system we look forward to the time when our Catholic university shall be able to supply our colleges and academies with specialists in the various branches taught, and when we will have Catholic normal schools to supply Catholic teachers to our parochial schools. The State normal schools do not suffice. They prepare teachers, but not Catholic teachers. In their books on educational methods they ignore or condemn our great Catholic educators. Moreover, the Catholic teacher whose faith during the whole course of his training has been ignored in its historical, literary, and religious aspects, whose mind has become imbued directly or indirectly with Protestant estimates of men and events, whose training has been purely negative so far as his religion with all its glories in art, in history, and literature is concerned—such a teacher is no longer fitted to take charge of a Catholic school. He is lacking in religious knowledge, in devotion, and in a robust Catholic spirit. He is timid where his faith is concerned. He is afraid to assert his Catholicity lest he give offense. He lacks that delicate sense of appreciation of the spiritual and supernatural —that ideal standard of worth which prizes the salvation of a soul above all other things.

There are exceptions to this estimate. But those exceptions will be the first to confirm it, and to prove that if we are to have Catholic teachers worthy of the name to aid and strengthen the work of our religious teaching orders, they should be trained in Catholic normal schools.

The committee appointed by the Fourth Congress of Colored Catholics to prepare an address to the clergy and laity issued the document contemplated by its appointment. The address covers the points discussed in the sessions of the Congress, and represents its work and conclusions. It is as follows:

COLORED CATHOLICS ADDRESS.

At this point a motion was made by a Texas delegate to invite the members of the Colored Catholic Congress and the other associations meeting in the building to the floor of the Congress.

Archbishop Ireland came forward again. "I beg leave to express the utmost delight of my heart," he said, "that a proposition was made to invite here the members of the Catholic Colored Congress. Let us, the members of the Catholic Columbian Congress, show our thorough Catholicity, and in God's name invite them all. I have but one regret—that they are not one hundred fold more numerous."

Colored Catholics opened their Congress in hall 6. Delegates were in attendance from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, South Carolina, Ohio, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, and the District of Columbia, and in addition to these there was a large general attendance of colored communicants of the church.

James A. Spencer, of South Carolina, was the presiding officer, and Dr. W. S. Lofton, of Washington, D. C., and D. A. Rudd, of Ohio, were the secretaries. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Father Tolton. Then followed an address of welcome by L. C. Valle, to which an appropriate response was made by W. Edgar Easton, of Texas. Brief addresses were also made by F. L. McGhee, of St. Paul, and Mr. Reed, of Pennsylvania. Committees were then appointed as follows:

Credentials—C. H. Butler, Washington, D. C.; S. P. Havis, Arkansas; L. C. Valle, Illinois; R N. Wood, New York.

Permanent organization—R. N. Wood, New York; W. J. Smith, Washington, D. C.; S. K. Govern, Pennsylvania; W. E. Easton, Texas; D. A. Rudd, Ohio.

Rules and order of business—S. K. Govern, Pennsylvania; F. L. McGhee, Minnesota; D. A. Rudd, Ohio.

The Congress adjourned to this morning at 9 o'clock.

J. J. Smith, of Davenport, Iowa; J. F. Brown, of Galveston, Texas; T. C. Driscoll, of Hartford, Conn.; David Garrity, of Milwaukee, and Felix McGill, of Mobile, Ala., were appointed a committee to carry out the wishes of the Congress in this respect. Then the meeting settled down to listen to prepared papers on the social problems of the day.

The Congress of Colored Catholics sat with closed doors most of the day, considering questions relating exclusively to the interests of the colored man. The invitation to join the great Columbian Catholic Congress was accepted, and the colored men immediately took a recess and visited that body. In the afternoon a committee was appointed to prepare an address. It consists of W. Edgar Easton, Texas; F. L. McGhee, Minnesota; C. H. Butler, District of Columbia; L. C. Valle, Illinois; Daniel A. Rudd, Ohio; W. J. Smith, District of Columbia; S. K. Govern, Pennsylvania; W. S. Lofton, District of Columbia; S. P. Havis, Arkansas. Miss Jessie Schley proposed as a question of discussion, "Why Should Not the Negro Go Back to Africa?" The remainder of the afternoon was occupied in discussing the subject.

Charles H. Butler, of Washington, D. C., read the following paper on "The Condition and Future of the Negro Race in the United States."

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO RACE.

The subject of the paper that I have been invited to prepare for your consideration, "The Condition and Future of the Negro Race in the United States," can in no sense be considered a new one. It has been constantly before the people of this country since the establishment of the government itself It has been discussed in the church, on the rostrum and in politics. The negro has been a conspicuous figure in our body politic, and like the ghost in Macbeth, "It will not down." I come from the common people, with no special ability to produce a paper with well-set phrases, or to say anything new upon an old and well-worn subject. But I shall a plain unvarnished tale deliver and leave the rest to you and God.

Passing over the terrible story of the negro's sufferings in slavery days, I would date his existence from the time of his emancipation. From that day, by reason of a great war necessity, the President of the United States signed with his hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be placed upon it, that immortal instrument which struck the shackles from millions of human beings. I would mark his existence as a man from that January morning, when he whom God had created in His own image and likeness was declared free. Free without a dollar, without education. His best and most sincere friends believed that he could not exist, but that he would be swept from the face of the earth. The Most Reverend Archbishop of Philadelphia, in his address of welcome to the Third Colored Catholic Congress held in Philadelphia, January 1892, said: "Many trembled at the proclamation of emancipation. Even the friends of the colored race believed that the time had not come." I frankly admit that at that time there was much to justify the belief. The greater part of the emancipated slaves remained in the midst of their former oppressions, and sought to work out their own salvation through fear and trembling.

The history of their sufferings has been recorded by Him who knows the secrets of all hearts. Their sufferings were not unlike the sufferings of the Israelites of old, who were held in bondage for 400 years. History oft repeats itself. A chain of unfortunate circumstances followed the emancipation in rapid succession and placed the negro at a disadvantage. The period of reconstruction followed. The interests of the negro fell into the hands of men, many of whom were selfish and unscrupulous, who cared very little for his welfare and valued nothing but his vote.

It can not be said that during this period he made much progress, mentally or morally. True, now and then a single man under favorable circumstances rose up by force of intellect and did attain a respectable and commanding position. But his eminence served only to mark with greater emphasis the inferior condition of the race to which he belonged.

There is one thing that can be said to the credit of the reconstructed party. They established schools for the poor and illiterate, both white and black, and when they fell the school system remained. But the exit of this party left no kindly feeling toward the negro. He was the visible representative of antagonism. The white man held the negro responsible for the unhappy conflict that brought ruin financially to his nation's soil. He was held responsible for the acts of men who did not represent him, although they used him, and for those acts the negro paid dearly, being made the victim of political murders and outrages, the subject of a bitter ostracism that denied him any chance to improve his condition, and finally forced him to become an outcast from his native soil.

I have not the time to touch upon the exodus of the negro race from the Southern States, but it is one of the most thrilling incidents in his struggle for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I do not think I would be doing justice to my subject if I did not here make mention of it. That movement has often been referred to as a political movement and passed upon lightly by our white fellow-citizens; but it was a natural operation of divine law that moved those communities of negroes to turn their faces towards the setting sun. They were willing to endure any hardship short of death to reach a land where, under their own vine and fig trees, they could enjoy the life our Creator intended for them,

The failure of that institution organized and chartered by the government, known as the Freedman's Savings Bank, did much to sow the seeds of distrust among the freedmen of the South. Sixty-two thousand one hundred and thirty-one depositors had faithfully carried their wages to the government bank. The books of that institution showed that $3,000,000 had been placed to their credit, for freedom had inspired them, and they were using its opportunity to secure a competency in the hope of becoming, some day, property owners, and of holding up their heads as men in the land where they had once been slaves. Because of the failure of that bank they did not lose heart. They tried again, and to-day own $263,000,000 worth of property. In the Southern States it is said the negroes' wealth is as follows:

Alabama	$ 4,200,125
Florida	7,900,400
Arkansas	8,010,315
Georgia	10,415,330
Kentucky	5,900,400
Mississippi	13,490,213
North Carolina	11,010,652
Texas	18,010,545

Virginia	4,900,000
Louisiana	18,100,528
Missouri	6,600,343
South Carolina	12,500,000
Tennessee	10,400,211

Since history tells us that it took the proud and mighty Saxons a thousand years to emerge from the thralldom of the Roman conquest and to reach a condition akin to modern civilization, I ask all fair-minded persons if this is not a remarkable showing? Let those who oppose the negro and who claim that he has made no progress point to any period of the world's history where any race, even the most favored and under the most favorable conditions, has made as much genuine progress in thirty years as has the despised one.

In the struggle of the negro in the United States I am reminded of the struggle of the Holy Church in America, when prejudice ran riot and it was considered no crime to place the torch to the church or the orphan asylum. But, thank God, those days have passed, and we live in an age when every man's religious convictions are respected and no one is persecuted for opinion's sake. The negro has made mistakes, but they should not be held against him with more force than against any other race. And what race has not made mistakes? Those made by the early leaders of the negro are now being remedied and corrected by the young, more advanced generation of to-day, who are educating the race that they may develop true manhood and character.

It is to be regretted that the Catholic Church did not take earlier steps in the missionary work among the emancipated slaves of the South. Then their calling and election would be sure. The reputation of the church for civilizing and educating nations is established in history. It seems, however, to have been left for the Plenary Council of Baltimore to issue the mandate which called the attention of the Catholics of this country to a sense of duty in this matter. That little mustard seed, planted by Rev. Father Slattery and his co-laborers in Baltimore, is bearing fruit that will have its ultimate result in Catholic schools, with industrial facilities, that will be a most powerful factor in solving the negro problem in the United States. The Protestant Church is greatly in advance of us, for their colleges and industrial schools, supported by white philanthropists of the North, are dotted all over the Southland.

What shall I say of the future of the negro race in the United States? His future depends upon his treatment in a great measure by the white man; whether the proud Anglo-Saxon intends to dispossess himself of mere race prejudice and accord his black brother simple justice. If continual warfare is to be carried on against him because of the accident of color, then all his efforts are in vain. But I am strong to believe that the dust of American prejudice will be cleared from the eyes of our white fellow-citizens, they will learn to discriminate, not by the color of a man's skin, but by the test that all men should adhere to—character and ability.

There is one subject upon which the negro has been greatly misunderstood by his friends, and purposely so by his enemies—they have made the clear and definite term "civil equality" synonymous with that other definite term of entirely different significance, "social equality." If civil equality and social equality had the same application there would be room for complaint, and justly so, but upon a calm and dispassionate thought it must be apparent to all intelligent men that such a thing would be as distasteful to the negro as to the white man. Civil equality makes no such proposal, bears no such result. Public society and civil society comprise one distinct group of mutual relations and private society entirely another, and it is evil to confuse the two. Professor A. F. Hilyer, of Washington, D. C., in treating this subject, said:

"We can take care of ourselves in a social way, but when prejudice sets up an invidious distinction and discrimination in public licensed dining-halls, hotels, and places of amusement, and make them want to exclude us from the avenues of remunerative employments of the commercial world, and make them deny to the most cultured and aspiring among us admission to their best professional, scientific, and literary associations, we think it is a hardship which we, as loyal American citizens, ought not to be compelled to endure."

My voice has been lifted upon many occasions upon this subject of caste prejudice. I have pleaded with all the earnestness of my soul that all the avenues of human activity be opened to the negro race, and that they be given a fair and impartial trial. Will this be done? For upon this rests their case. I can not dismiss this consideration without saying a word to those who would carry their prejudices into the sacred confines of God's holy church, and relegate the negro to an obscure corner of the church, and endeavor to make him feel that he is not as good as the rest of God's creatures for

the reason of the accident of his color. How long, oh Lord, are we to endure this hardship in the house of our friends?

We celebrate the 400th year of the discovery of America. Lo, all the nations of the earth are here to do us homage with their presence. I here appeal to you, first as American citizens, second as loyal sons of our Holy Mother, the Church, to assist us to strike down that hybrid monster, color prejudice, which is unworthy of this glorious Republic. We ask it not alone for charity's sake, but as a right that has been dearly paid for. Our labor in concert with the other laborers of the land, has made this World's Columbian Exposition possible. Our valor has been tested in all the three great wars of the Republic. The first man that lost his life in defense of this country in the Revolutionary War, was Crispus Attucks, a negro. Let us quote the language of that immortal bard, the lover of all humanity, John Boyle O'Reilly :

> And honor to Crispus Attucks, who was leader and voice that day,
> The first to defy, and the first to die with Maverick, Carr, and Gray,
> Call it a riot or revolution, his hand first clinched at the crown ;
> His feet were the first in perilous place to pull the King's flag down ;
> His breast was the first one rent apart that liberty's stream might flow ;
> For our freedom now and forever, his head was the first laid low.

William F. Markoe, corresponding secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of America, read the following paper on the possibilities of the society in the United States:

The Catholic Truth Society of America, as declared in its prospectus, is one of the results of the first American Catholic Congress of Baltimore. It is highly proper, therefore, that it should give an account of its origin and progress to the second great American Catholic Congress of Chicago. As many of my hearers may remember, the delegates to that first remarkable gathering had listened to the burning eloquence of some of the most gifted Catholic minds of the country. They are reminded in the most forcible manner that the mission of the church in this country was "To make America Catholic;" that the second century of American Catholic history would be what they made it, and that this was a missionary land in which every Catholic man, woman, and child owed a duty to his neighbor for the performance of which posterity would demand a strict account. Like the apostles issuing from the upper chamber on the day of Pentecost, those delegates returned to their homes filled with religious zeal and patriotic enthusiasm. "Lay action" became the motto of the hour. The question was how could the laity co-operate with the church in her glorious work.

As a result of the interest thus awakened in the matter by the Congress of Baltimore, the Catholic Truth Society was organized on the evening of March 1, 1890, in the archepiscopal residence of St. Paul, Minn., with nine original members, and its avowed object was to "enable Catholic laymen to perform their share of the work in the dissemination of Catholic truth, and the encouragement of wholesome Catholic reading." Though the original founders of the American society possessed at that time little, if any, knowledge of the work of a similar society in England, it was discovered later that their objects were identical, and their methods differed only in the greater prominence given to newspaper work in the new organization. The principal means adopted by the American society for attaining its object were as follows:

1. The publication of short timely articles in the secular press (to be paid for if necessary) on Catholic doctrines.
2. The prompt and systematic correction of misrepresentations, slanders, and libels against Catholicity.
3. The promulgation of reliable and edifying Catholic news of the day, as church dedications, opening of asylums and hospitals, the workings of Catholic charitable institutions, abstracts of sermons, and anything calculated to spread the knowledge of the vast amount of good being accomplished by the Catholic church.
4. The publication of pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets; the circulation of pamphlets, tracts, leaflets, and Catholic newspapers.
5. Occasional public lectures on subjects of Catholic interest.
6. Supplying jails and reformatories with good and wholesome reading matter.

Thus it is seen that our society offers a variety of methods sufficient to suit the talents and tastes of all, yet its very life and essence consist in disseminating Catholic truth through the medium of the press. It does this in two ways: First, it endeavors to reach the vast American reading public through those great channels of popular information, the secular dailies. It would seem as though Providence had permitted these great journals to attain their enormous circulation in order to afford Catholics an easy and efficient means of conveying the priceless treasure of Christian faith which

they possess to the countless millions in search of Divine truth. On the day of Pente cost he worked a miracle to enable the apostles to speak in all languages at once and thus reach thousands of hearers in a moment. In our days he puts at our disposal the modern newspaper, by which a sermon can be conveyed in an hour to millions of readers.

Have you ever thought of that, my friends? Can we shut our eyes to this modern miracle of Pentecost? This use of the secular press, which we are willing to pay for, if necessary, is a method of "carrying the war into Africa?" Of course, no intelligent Catholic will dispute for a moment the power of the Catholic press, the importance of the field it occupies, or the value of the results it has obtained. But what do non-Catholics know about the Catholic press? How many of them ever read a Catholic journal? With many, alas! the very word "Catholic" is sufficient to excite suspicion and thwart the good that is intended; hence, we are forced to admit that "when the mountain will not come to the prophet, the prophet must go to the mountain."

Another reason makes it necessary for us to have recourse to the secular rather than the Catholic press in this work. "Mis-statements, slanders, and libels against Catholic truth" do not usually appear in Catholic papers; hence, that is hardly the place to correct them. Moreover, the value of a correction depends largely upon the promptness with which the truth is sent traveling on the heels of error. This promptness can never be secured in the columns of the Catholic weeklies. The damage is done in the secular dailies, and they are the ones that must repair it. Nor is this an unreasonable demand to make on the secular press. Newspapers do not, as a rule, willfully or knowingly, slander their readers. They aim to give the news impartially and correctly, and are always glad to receive it from reliable sources.

To guard, however, against the danger of incompetent persons attempting too much, ample provision is made in the constitution of the Catholic Truth Society directing how such newspaper work shall be done; yet, as all can not write, we follow in this the motto of the Catholic Truth Society of England: "For ten who can write 10,000 can subscribe and 100,000 can scatter the seed."

Hence, the second way in which we work through the press is by furnishing all our members with an inexhaustible supply of new, cheap, and original literature, especially designed for our work, and presumably the most useful, suitable, and appropriate for the purpose that can possibly be produced. Our plan of publication, briefly stated, is as follows:

Pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets are solicited without remuneration from the ablest ecclesiastics and laymen whom the society can interest in its work, and furnished to all its members and affiliated branches at a nominal price, based on the cost of an electrotype edition of not less than 10,000 copies. We trust to the annual initiation fee of our members and the energy of our local branches throughout the country to meet the necessary pecuniary outlay and to dispose of our publications. The slight profit that may then remain is used in distributing our literature gratis among non-Catholics, where it will do the most good. Thus it is evident that with 100,000 members we could flood the land with Catholic literature almost gratis.

The Catholic Truth Society of America has not failed to win during its short career the hearty approval of the American hierarchy and of our Holy Father, the Pope himself. We have received earnest letters of approval from his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, from four archbishops, and thirteen bishops. On March 10th we received the special blessing of our Holy Father by cable, and on March 10, 1893, we received a papal indult, dated February 19th, granting special plenary and partial indulgences for five years to the members, of the Catholic Truth Society of America, and all who write, publish, or promote the spread of the society's literature. What more can we ask?

As the Catholic Truth Society and its work becomes better known, it would seem a difficult matter for any earnest Catholic, who loves his church and his country, to find an excuse for not joining it. As its affairs are conducted by a board of directors, who hold monthly meetings for the transaction of all its business without pecuniary compensation, membership involves no irksome duties; there are no compulsory meetings; no fines or penalties, and the annual subscription is only nominal; it interferes with no other society in existence, for its ultimate object being to "Bring other sheep into the fold," its ultimate effect must naturally be to strengthen and increase the membership of all other Catholic societies.

The individual member has full liberty to work according to his ability and opportunities in the manner his judgment and inclination may suggest. He may write for the press, disseminating Catholic truth, correcting misstatements and furnishing edifying Catholic news, always, however, taking care not to compromise the society; or if

he can not write, at least he can distribute an occasional tract, attend the lectures, and bring a non-Catholic friend, carry the literature furnished by the secretary to the imprisoned, secure new members, and aid the good cause in countless other ways as occasion offers.

So much for the work of the Catholic Truth Society of America. Of its possibilities in the United States, time will permit of a few words only. Never, perhaps, in the history of the church was field of labor more glorious, open to the efforts of her children than in our own age and land. This country owes its very discovery to the heroic faith of a devout son of the church who undertook the search for a new world that he might sow therein the seeds of divine faith—the immortal Christopher Columbus. Nor is this soil unfriendly to the Christian religion. The United States government has never, like so many European governments, made war on the Pope, or cast off the authority of the church. This nation since its birth has never performed one act of hostility to the Catholic religion, martyred or persecuted a single Catholic, and its first act on winning independence was to repair the injustice of the mother country and to place Catholicity on an equal footing with Protestantism.

Indeed, there seems to be a natural affinity between the Catholic Church and the American Republic. In the language of Chief Justice Shea, of the Marine Court of New York, "Our own government and the laws which administer it, like those of Alfred the Great, are in every part—legislative, judicial, and executive—Christian in nature, form, and purpose."

In the still plainer words of the illustrious Dr. Brownson, than whom America has produced no deeper thinker, "the American State recognizes only the Catholic religion. It eschews all sectarianism, and none of the sects have been able to get their peculiarities incorporated into its constitution or its laws. The State conforms to what each holds that is Catholic—that is always and everywhere religion; and whatever is not Catholic it leaves as outside of its province, to live or die according to its own inherent vitality or want of vitality."

Thus, where Columbus and our Catholic ancestors have sown the seed it is ours to reap the harvest. Amid the universal crumbling of creeds and wreck of religions, the ship of Peter alone sails majestically onward and upward, and it is for us who are on board of her to cast the nets in which the souls of men must be saved from religious shipwreck.

The opportunity is before us. The Catholic Truth Society supplies the means. Let us not be recreant to a duty so noble. A nation whose mottoes are "In God we trust," and "E pluribus unum," must soon recognize the necessity of unity in religion, and that religion alone can safeguard it. When that day comes, Catholicity will dawn like a new revelation on the American mind, Then may be realized these prophetic words of John Bright: "I see another and a brighter vision before my gaze. It may be only a vision, but I cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people, one language, one law, and one faith; and all over that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and clime."

Richard R. Elliott, of Detroit, contributed a paper on "Public and Private Charities," in which he considered the question from the Catholic as well as from a practical standpoint. The substance of his paper follows:

It is not difficult to explain the evil tendencies and results of public outdoor relief in a Catholic parish in connection with the work of a pastor, who is aided in caring for the poor by such auxiliary charitable societies as may be established in his parish. The pastor of a city parish, having a census of the members of his congregation, will most probably know the status of the religious and temporal condition of each family or member. He knows the location of the homes of the wealthy, of the well-to-do, of the self-supporting, as also the abodes of those who may be classed as poor families. He has either a St. Vincent de Paul conference or a parochial relief society to aid him in such charitable work as may be found necessary. His attention is called to a family in distress, whose condition is investigated and found to be worthy, and its care is relegated to the Vincentian conference or some other organization. If there be children old enough to go to school and they are not attending the parish school this will be changed, and such other remedies applied as may be necessary to ward off poverty and its consequences if possible.

The condition of such families when first discovered differ greatly. Often, indeed, is the widowed or deserted mother in charge found to be a heroine deserving the

warmest sympathy for her efforts to keep her little ones together, to shelter them from the cold, to feed and to clothe them, and to shield them from contaminating influence by companionship or from vicious surroundings. She has to do this by her individual efforts. Whatever may have brought this family to a state of poverty is immaterial. There it is found existing in this parish. Assistance by Vincentian methods continue; as the children grow in years they are educated and instructed in their religion, in time they receive the sacraments, and one or more may then be found employment, by which the burden of the heroic mother is lightened more and more as her children mature. Such is the experience of many devoted pastors who have worked for the improvement of the condition of the poor within their parochial limits. It is not an uncommon result, but if it were so it would nevertheless console that pastor for other bitter disappointments.

Very much depends upon the character of the mother. Her neighbors in similar condition, of the same faith, may be lazy, indifferent, and intemperate. They will ridicule the heroic efforts of this honest Christian mother, ridicule the practice of her religious duties and her obedience to pastoral advice. They will say to her, "You are so foolish to work so hard day after day; do as we do; go to the office of the director of the poor and demand assistance, as thousands of others do; he can't refuse you, for you have children, and he will supply you with coal and give you an order for provisions once a week."

It would be a sore temptation to this inexperienced soul. Half a ton of coal a month and $5 or $6 worth of provisions would be equal to the proceeds of two or more days' work each week, which she was not always certain to obtain. This would add so much to the comfort of herself and her children, and she would not be obliged to ask so much aid from the priest.

Should she yield to the temptation, what would be the result? She goes to the office of the secretary of the poor and enters an anteroom whose atmosphere is sickening, and finds herself one among hundreds of filthy-looking and degraded-appearing people, who are waiting their turn to approach the official window from which outdoor municipal relief is given. She becomes disheartened, sick; but her courage nerves her, and she consoles herself with the reflection that she is there for her children, not for herself. Her turn comes; she goes to the official window and makes her demand; her appearance is favorable, she receives an order for provisions and a promise for coal if, upon investigation, her statements are found to be correct. These prove favorable, she receives a load of coal, and once each week she goes through the same ordeal during the winter season and receives an order for provisions and, when necessary, coal.

This is the practical method of outdoor municipal relief. What are its consequences? The recipient of this charity has, in fact, become what is legally termed a pauper. She has fallen an immeasurable distance below the Christian mother she was in her respectable poverty, because, in obtaining this relief in the manner she did, she lost her self-respect. She and her children are to be nourished with pauper food, and warmed with pauper coal. Can she conceal this fact from her children; can she conceal it from others? Unfortunately, she can not; and it remains for the future a stigma upon herself and her children.

But there are other consequences. The fact that she receives public outdoor relief may not come to the knowledge of her pastor; when, therefore, he finds the object of his solicitude less docile, he is at a loss to account for the cause. But it will soon be developed that this deserving mother has become in a measure independent of his control. She may still be saved from the consequences, but it is doubtful; her self-respect gone, she can only weep at the degradation she has brought upon herself and her children. Were there no system of outdoor aid, had a mother who could get along during the summer season fairly well by her own labor, but who required assistance during the winter season, no recourse to outdoor aid, she would be guided by the advice of her pastor or of other private charitable agencies, who would render her temporary assistance from time to time, and tide her over an inclement season or a period of stagnation when work would be scarce; she would be saved from the disgrace of pauperism, her children would be properly educated and instructed in their religious duties, and in time this family would become self-supporting.

There is a brighter side to the administration of public outdoor aid. It may be temporarily given, and the home and status of the applicant is then pretty fairly investigated, for an excellent system of investigation has been the rule for some years. If the official visitor's report be favorable the aid may be continued until poverty no longer exists in the family aided, or the director may contribute indefinitely in such a manner as to supplement the means of support the family may have been deprived of,

and in most cases this is a worthy bestowal of public aid; but even in such cases it operates unfavorably to the recipient, for, unfortunately, the records of the relieving officer disclose the fact that the names of nearly all recipients of such aid recur year after year until death, some fortunate event, or removal from the city brings the account to a close.

But it may be safely asserted that in all American cities the poor or dependent classes, as they may become so, can and should be properly cared for by charitable methods independent of official outdoor relief. As this system interferes with the efforts of private charities to restore these dependent classes to self-support, as it interferes to thwart organized effort for their religious and temporal improvement, as it encourages begging, imposition, and laziness, and breeds pauperism, it may be claimed that public and private charities would become more effective by the general abolition of the system of outdoor relief as heretofore administered in cities.

"The only really perfect way of caring for the poor," said Bishop Chatard, "is where, to prudence in dispensing through organized effort, is added the presiding influence of religion, for the needs of the soul are more important than those of the body. What is noble of man is his soul; the body is to perish. As the man who destroys another's faith in Christianity is the most of all wanting in charity, so he who helps a man to be a Christian shows himself to be truly charitable."

Among the lay associations, numerous in every time, in this day stands prominent the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, which has made the name of its founder, Ozanam, famous throughout the world. The system they follow is one in which out-door relief is especially looked to, and every kind of distress it is their object to meet. "And the reason why their work is so thorough, and so permanent, and so persevering," Dr. Chatard concludes, "is because it is material aid bestowed by charity enlightened by religion."

But the social problem, how to improve the condition of the poor and prevent pauperism, which for so many years has been fruitlessly discussed in this country, has been solved in Europe, and by methods based on the principles as explained by Bishop Chatard. Where? Was it solved in London, distinguished of all other cities for the extent and debased condition of its poorer classes? No. It was solved in Vienna, whose population is about one-fourth that of the capital of the British Empire, whose Empress, figuratively speaking, rules a free people; while the Emperor of Austria-Hungary rules as a paternal autocrat.

But once each year the Austrian monarch teaches the sublime lesson of charity by publicly washing the feet of twelve of the poorest subjects of his great empire. Fancy Queen Victoria washing the feet of twelve poor wretches from a London workhouse, or President Cleveland those of twelve of the poorest negroes in the American capital! But when a Catholic monarch, before the highest dignitaries of church and state, and with all the *eclât* a brilliant court can add to the surroundings, offers this example of Christian charity to his subjects, the time-honored scene is not without its effect. And behind this ceremony there exists probably the only successful practical method known in Christendom, of improving the condition of the poor from the foundling waif to the last age of man under religious direction.

It is much to be regretted that the chivalrous impulse which adds to the membership of the conferences of the society of Saint Vincent de Paul from the highest classes in Europe does not exist to the same extent in this country. Time may develop a change, and it would be well if the ordinaries publicly encouraged the formation of conferences in city parishes. To make such a conference effective there should be one master spirit to lead, either the president or secretary; for much depends upon a prudent, zealous, and active leader. Thorough investigation should be the rule, and information sought from all relieving agencies; for without diligent scrutiny it is impossible to avoid imposition. All reports should be in writing, to enable the secretary to comply with the manual, by having the record of existing cases of relief written up each week. It is all important that conference meetings be held on week day instead of on Sunday mornings, when members would perhaps prefer to be eating breakfast. At an evening meeting time will permit a free discussion of the merits of each beneficiary, and consultation of the vital subject of obtaining employment for such as are in need of work, and the spiritual exercises and reading. It is impossible to accomplish the requirements of the manual in a morning session of an hour. It is probable that no conference work in a city can be satisfactorily done at Sunday morning meetings.

Auxiliary assistance may be provided by a pastor of a city parish for Vincentian work by a ladies' society, to visit the poor in their homes; for such visitors are more

observing than men, and can discover defects and wants which a man can not, but the most important auxiliary aid a conference can have is a temperance society, for perhaps 50 per cent of the cause of poverty arises from intemperance, and such a great factor of misery should be counteracted in every parish. A very simple arrangement may provide a labor intelligence office in each parish by providing a register in some office or store, nearest the church, where those in need of work could leave their names, occupations, and address, and those needing servants or others for work could avail themselves of this method.

Knowing what I do of the imposition practiced by applicants for aid, and the necessity existing for educating members to detect such fraud, if I were the president of a conference, I would have read once a month, at least, a chapter from Dr. S. Humphrey Gurteen's "Handbook of Charity," which contains much valuable information and many useful suggestions in connection with the treatment of the poor in American cities.

"Pauperism. The Cause and the Remedy," was the subject of a paper read by Thomas Dwight, M. D., of Boston, which follows:

Those who would honor God by serving His poor must, if they would do their whole duty, bring all that they have to that service. It is to be undertaken deliberately, seriously. Not only the force of the body, but the powers of the soul must be brought to bear. As rational beings, undertaking a serious work, it is for us first deliberately to apply our reason to the matter, to study it as we should study any commercial enterprise in which we were about to embark, any scientific question which we hoped to solve. Instinctive charity is good. We have a kindly feeling for Goldsmith's village preacher in his dealings with the poor:

> Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
> His pity gave ere charity began.

But charity guided by reason is something higher.

Pauperism and poverty are not the same. Every poor man is not a pauper. The pauper is one who habitually lives in a state of destitution, without recognized means of support, without purpose or hope of bettering his condition. Of course there are paupers of all grades. Of course this species is not always easily recognized. There are transitional forms. The poor man, falling under discouragement, is not far removed from the pauper who, as yet, is not quite hopeless. At the other extreme the pilfering pauper merges by degrees into the habitual criminal. I should hesitate to class as paupers those who, near the close of an industrious life, fall into destitution. But in spite of uncommon instances, the pauper is, on the whole, a fairly distinct type.

Let us try to see him as he is, without Pharisaical condemnation on the one hand or sentimental gush on the other. Like other people, he may be married or single. The married pauper is the one we are most concerned with in large cities, for the unmarried speedily become something else. If caught and saved early he may rise to something better, otherwise he becomes a tramp in summer, an inmate of a penal or charitable institution in winter, or too often an habitual criminal. Though the more picturesque type of the two, let us leave him to attend chiefly to the one, who, if not more to be pitied, seems at least more deserving of pity. He has a wife and many children. They live crowded together in a dirty tenement. One shudders to think of the well-nigh inevitable want of all the most elementary decencies of civilized life. The room is foul, the air is foul from want of ventilation and drainage, the bodies are foul from want of water, and often from disease. Think not that I lay this dirt to their charge. How could it be otherwise? If the family have fallen to this from something higher, we may be sure that it was by degrees that one sign of self-respect fled after another. The man is lazy. Perhaps he was not so always. He may have worked well and willingly once, but hard times, improvidence, sickness, dissipation (perhaps even a casual, almost an innocent, deviation may have cost him a place), misfortune, in short, of many kinds may have brought him low, until, by degrees, hope has changed to despair. He drinks, of course. There is at least a temporary comfort in it. Many in other stations drink more with far less excess. But bad liquor in vile surroundings does not make glad the heart of man. The lowest passions, the violence, the brutality in the depths of the rough nature are brought to the surface. His wife drinks, too. Why should she not? she says to herself. If he is to come home drunk and brutal, why should he find her sober? It will be easier to bear if she is drunk, too. It is needless to complete the picture, for we can read the sequel any day in the police reports.

And the children! No prophet is needed to foretell their future. Happily the mortality below five years is very large. But this speedy release is not for all. Who teaches their prayers to the little ones? What do they know of God but as a name to

JAMES F. O'CONNOR, Sec'y,
CHICAGO.

THOMAS LAWLER, Sec'y,
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

JOHN M. DUFFY, Sec'y,
CHICAGO.

THOMAS DWIGHT, M. D.,
BOSTON.

HON. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN,
Chairman,
NEW YORK.

RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL. D.,
NEW YORK.

swear with? Even if of a Sunday they occasionally pass an hour in the crowded basement of a church, they may grow up without understanding how to make even an act of contrition. How will they resist the temptations around them at their very doors? The father may have been originally a fairly well-living man, but as he went deeper into the mire of pauperism he had to take such neighbors as he found. The drunken, the riotous, the lewd swarm on the same staircase, perhaps on the same floor. What future is before his little girls there! It is enough to make him drink the deeper if, in a lucid moment, he thinks of it.

How does he live? Of course he must have food, and he must, at times, at least, have money to pay for his liquor. How he does it is a mystery; a question which I incline to think very few but those living on the spot can answer fully. He does odd jobs when he gets them and feels like it. He is helped very often by municipal or private charity, but to eke his living out he must have occult ways of which we know little. A common one is the illegal sale of liquor; another is receiving night lodgers in his crowded tenement. When charitable visitors come he sometimes fawns and sometimes snarls; this is according to the nature of the man, his degree of degradation and his idea of his own interest; but he, practically, always lies. Let us not blame him too much for this. Why should he feel called upon to tell all his secrets? They can not be bought by an order for groceries, still less by a system of taking notes and giving good advice. He may well be excused for declining to expose to public scrutiny a life ill-fitted for close inspection.

Such is the condition of the typical married pauper in a great city. I believe it is a fair average specimen. There are both better and worse. It is certainly a ghastly picture. Too many of the rich turn away from it as too repulsive. What feelings of brotherhood have they with this dirty, drunken, shiftless, lying pauper? Each epithet is but too well deserved, but what has made him all this? Is it wholly his own fault? Is it wholly our own virtue that has made us something else? Have we any reason to believe that in his place we should have been less dirty, drunken, shiftless, and debauched than he? It is humiliating to think how Pharisaical one is. How we feel that the poor man should be resigned, cheerful, industrious, temperate, neat in dress, polite in speech, and, above all, candid to our questions. This is a part of the system of weighing with an unjust balance, which the Lord hateth. "Clear your mind from cant," was the advice of Dr. Johnson. It is an excellent preliminary to the study of these questions.

Many paupers have been such from their childhood up. They have been bred literally in the slum and gutter. Their bodies bear in their most intimate tissues the inheritance of vice. Unnatural and debased cravings are inherited also. Such a one can not remember the time when his body was sound and his mind pure. He is a pauper both in soul and body. To those ignorant of these matters it were as easy to conceive the physical conditions of life on a planet circling round a red sun with a blue companion, as to grasp the feelings toward society of such a young pauper, who does not know God, and knows man, that is, the man of his world, only too well. Kindness is unknown, justice incomprehensible. Who ever made a bargain with him who did not exact the most work for the least pay? If ever a man gave him alms, it was as to a dog or with a sneer. Gratitude could go no further than to thank fortune for putting a fool in his path.

What good has he ever received from his fellows? Wrongs and insults he can recall by the score; but what good? How many civil, not to say kindly, words have ever been spoken to him? He knows that there is no love given with the food which society feels forced to supply to him. What has he to be grateful for?

> Grown familiar with disfavor,
> Grown familiar with the savor
> Of the bread by which men die—

he has an instinctive distrust of society which needs but little to become hatred. Or granting that occasionally he has fallen in with charitable persons, the distorting medium through which impressions reach him makes it all incomprehensible to him. We can guess at his temptations, but not at his idea of duty or at his accountability.

There is a very suggestive passage in Dickens' novel "Great Expectations," where the convict gives some account of his early years. He remembers himself first in the country stealing turnips for a living.

"I know'd my name to be Magwitch, chrisen'd Abel. How did I know it? Much as I know'd the birds' names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrer, thrush. I might have thought it was all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true, I supposed mine did.

"So far as I could find, there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with as little on him as in him, but wot caught fright at him and either drove him off or took him up. I was took up, took up, took up to that extent that I reg'larly grow'd up took up.

"This is the way it was that when I was a ragged little creetur, as much to be pitied as ever I see—not that I looked in the glass, for there warn't many insides of furnished houses known to me—I got the name of being hardened. 'This is a terrible hardened one,' they says to prison visitors, picking me out. 'May be said to live in jails, this boy.' Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had better measured my stomach—and others on 'em give me tracts what I couldn't read and made me speeches what I couldn't understand. They always went on agen me about the devil, but what the devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, musn't I?

"Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes, when I could—though that warn't as often as you may think, till you put the question whether you would ha' been over ready to give me work yourselves—a bit of a poacher, a bit of a laborer, a bit of a waggoner, a bit of a haymaker, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble, I got to be a man."

Thus the pauper, as a rule, is one morally as well as physically. He is only moderately dangerous to the State just so long as he does not think. But thought is now in the air; it is everywhere, for good and for evil. Wise men now appreciate that the old saying, one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, cannot hold true much longer. The under half is determined, and rightly, that the other half shall know it. How long will the pauper stand his misery when the horrible inequality of this world is brought home to him, without the explanation which religion alone offers? His hand is ready for the dynamite which the infamous anarchist will put into it. Against such society protects herself with the Gatling gun and the gallows. All honor to the commonwealth that does not shrink from their use when the crisis comes! But let no one flatter himself that such measures are any cure for the evil. They are dread necessities for the putting down of violence; that is all. They do not remove the deep sense of wrong which is at the root.

What reason is there that the pauper should bear his sufferings patiently? The more he thinks of them the worse they seem. This is not due only to the effect of self-love in distorting his vision. It is because in very truth these evils will not bear thinking of. Thought reveals only the more clearly the monstrous injustice of his position, seen from the natural standpoint alone.

Such being the evil, what is the remedy?

It is to make the pauper a Christian. With a Catholic audience, it is superfluous to prove this point. We have the great advantage over others that we bring to the study of great questions certain fundamental truths as starting points which to them are still objects of speculation. We are not to be deceived by the shallow fallacies that crime is a form of physical disease; that learning without religion deters from vice; that to accumulate money only is to become respectable.

We have learned also to look at questions from a supernatural standpoint. Were I an atheist I should emphatically deny that there is any reason for loving one's neighbor. As Catholics, we know that there are great ones. There is first our Lord's command; then we know that every one of the human race was created for an eternity of glory which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive, and finally that the soul of the lowest is of such value that the Son of God died to save it. But these are all supernatural reasons which we hold as Christians. Mere humanitarianism without faith has no logical basis.

Hence we reach at once our conclusion that the pauper is to be made a Christian to be raised from his degradation of soul and body. Hence comes also the corollary, that it is for us Catholics to do it. We may thankfully accept all help that the State and our friends outside the church will give us, but we must entrust this work to none.

It is easy to say that the pauper must be made a Christian. So easy to say and so hard to do that it sounds like cant. But let it sound as it may, this is the problem before us. Let us then discuss the means.

The pauper is essentially a degraded type. If the degradation could be stopped the type would die out. It is far easier to save a man, still more to save a child from becoming a pauper than to reform the deformed individual. We must, therefore, consider both prevention and cure. Practically, as will soon appear, the two processes are hardly distinct. The difference is only in the greater difficulty, humanly speaking, in

the hopelessness of saving the confirmed pauper. The latter has no correct notions about anything. Society seems in league against him. Law is but an engine of oppression. Nothing but the doctrines of Christianity can give him light on the inequality of things here below. That his burdens should become bearable they must be seen in the light of the supernatural. He must learn the brotherhood of man.

But how is he to learn it if there is none to teach? Moreover, it is a branch of knowledge that must be taught by object lessons. What he needs is a friend. One who will do more than say a kind word as he leaves an order for relief, one who will take a true interest in his concerns, who will spend hours, if need be, in his company, who by weeks and months of patience will find time to speak to him of his soul, and above all shall show him that he does it for the love of God. This is the work done by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul among poor and paupers alike. If in practice it too often falls short of this ideal, instances of surpassing it are not wanting.

The sick poor should be cared for at their homes, when practicable, as is done by the Little Sisters of the Assumption. It is needless to enumerate, in great detail, the auxiliary works that are called for. They suggest themselves readily enough to all who have thought on the subject. There must be night asylums for the homeless. Wayfarers' lodges, giving a bed and breakfast in exchange for moderate work. There should be institutions for savings, there should be plans for rational amusement.

All these should be distinctly Catholic. That is to say, under Catholic management, but open to all. While religion should be forced upon none, its consolations should be offered to all who will have them. The ground principle that the love of man comes from the love of God should appear. All this would cut off one source of pauperism by preventing those on its verge from falling in. It would go far to remove discontent by doing away with the rankling feeling of wrong. The effect will go beyond the poor thus helped to confirmed paupers themselves. Even if they rejected these advances, they will know that they have been made. Their wives and children may have profited by them.

The children, indeed, must not be forgotten, not only on account of their intrinsic value, but because by saving them we choke up another, probably the greatest, source of pauperism. There must be sewing schools for the girls, and clubs for the boys, all tending to the same end, to keep them out of mischief, to give them instruction, and, above all, to make them good Catholics. These are for the children of the poor, and of paupers also, but in the case of very many of the latter, more will be needed. They can not be left in their tainted homes. They must be placed in institutions for a time at least. In this matter above all we must see to it that the institution, be it refuge or reform school, must be Catholic. True, as American citizens, we can demand that in public institutions nothing hostile to our religion shall be taught. The sense of justice of our fellow-countrymen gives more and more freely the right of religious instruction by ministers of our own religion in such institutions. Still, when the whole bringing up of the neglected child is at stake, it is clear that nothing should be left undone to have it carried on under Catholic influences.

Such is the outline of our task. Now comes the most practical question of all—how is it to be done? Have we the means ready at our hands or must we seek new ones? The answer is not quite clear, but this much is certain, that our present means are ample for great good. When they have been exhausted, or when it is certain that others are needed, new ones will doubtless be found.

First, then, it is essential that Catholics should be brought thoroughly to understand the vastness of the issue, and that the cure is in their hands. Let this great truth be brought home to them in season and out of season, till it is accepted as a matter of course. This being once accomplished they will spare nothing to strengthen the societies and charitable associations by which the actual work is to be done. We shall then no longer hear presidents of conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul complain, that, as the members grow old and fall off, young men, and especially young men of education, do not come forward to take their places. This is a crying need, for this society is the one that alone should do a large share of the work. Let all remember that no man can bring to this society anything to equal the advantages he himself receives from it.

Societies of women are needed, also. It would be well that these should be associated, as much as possible, with religious orders. Under the guidance of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, young women might go further than were otherwise prudent. The work will not stop here. Everything will be done to support asylums, training schools, and all necessary institutions. But, above all, if real good is to come out of this, we must frankly realize that works of bodily mercy alone are inadequate.

The evil is of soul as well as of body; we attack it from supernatural motives. Our means, in part at least, must be supernatural also.

As has been said before, the pauper is such both in soul and body. While we must not mock him with "tracts which he cannot read and speeches which he cannot understand" when what he wants is food and clothing, neither must we think that when he is filled and warmed the evil spirit of pauperism has been exorcised. Our warfare is not with want and dirt and ignorance only, but "with principalities and powers." The old tendencies to evil, to say nothing of shiftless ways, are not so easily overcome. Till they shall be, till the man shall begin to understand Christian charity, to see things, though confusedly, in the light of God's will, all improvement will be skin-deep. Physical help must indeed come first, but our supernatural motives for giving that help should be made apparent.

At first the pauper will care little whether our motives are from above or from below, so long as the help is his, but their effect may come in time. By degrees his Catholic instincts will revive. The little picture of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," which we have placed on his wall, may say more to him than we know of. Above all in the case of those who are still practical Catholics some fellowship in worship between the helpers and helped is to be greatly wished for. The wonderful spectacle which we have lately seen of an Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem is but another proof that the great devotion of the coming century is to be the adoration of the most Blessed Sacrament. Let everything be done to encourage its practice among the poor. Nowhere do we feel the love of our neighbor so strongly as at the foot of the altar.

These are the lines which we must follow. As we go on, the needs will become clearer. It may be that in time one or more semi-religious associations may arise for this work; but that time is not yet. The first and most important step is to rouse Catholics to the conviction that the need is pressing. The good of society, as well as Christian charity, demands that the remedy be found and found speedily. Next, we must feel that the work is ours, and, lastly, that it is a supernatural work far more than a physical one. We need to have preached a crusade against pauperism.

It is not the part of wisdom to underrate one's task, nor that of honesty to raise enthusiasm by concealing difficulties. This is not the work of a year nor of a generation. There are those, unfortunately, who refuse to be saved. While they live, they will be what they are. Neither can their children always free themselves so fully from inherited trammels as to be quite like others. The prospect for the grandchildren is brighter. But the struggle is to end only with the world. The poor will always be with us, and while human nature is what it is, there will be paupers among them. What the proportion of them is to be depends in part upon us. Each generation is the trustee of the succeeding one. The child, moreover, is the father of the man. In bringing up a generation of good Catholics and good citizens out of what else would have been paupers we exercise an influence which may be felt through centuries.

The subject of the address delivered by H. C. Semple, of Montgomery, Ala., was "Pope Leo XIII. on The Condition of Labor." He said:

The platform of Catholics on the condition of labor was announced by Leo XIII. in the encyclical "Rerum Novarum." This paper seeks to gather a syllabus of leading social principles from that immortal document which called forth letters of thanks from the Emperor of Germany and the President of the French Republic, and which shows the head of the church as the reverend counsellor of states, the father of Christians, and the friend of the people.

What task more arduous than to define the rights and the duties of the rich and of the poor, of capital and of labor? What more perilous than to discuss the foundations of society when every word is scanned by crafty agitators, enemies of peace and order? Yet what more humane than to extinguish the embers of the mighty conflict which threatens the very foundations of society, than to alleviate the hardships suffered by the defenseless victims of un-Christian laws, greedy competition, rapacious usury and despotic monopolies and trusts?

All agree, and no one can deny, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. But where is it to be found?

Socialism steps forward and answers: I have found it: I am the redeemer of society. I will invest all property in the State, I will give it the sole administration, and it shall distribute to each according to his needs. Thus I will abolish poverty and bring back the golden age of universal equality.

No, replies the Holy Father. Your project is at once futile, unjust and pernicious. It is futile, for if all goods must forever remain common, where is the workingman's hope of bettering his condition by industry and economy? Where is his liberty, his inalienable right to invest his wages permanently and profitably, to dispose freely of the fruit of his sweat?

But, above all, it is emphatically unjust. Centralization of property in the State violates natural rights. The State cannot take away the right to acquire property, for this right is from God, who made man in His own image and likeness, and said, "Let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping thing." We see this natural right by the light of pure reason, and see it in our ever-recurring necessities, and in nature's first law of self-preservation. We see it in our intelligence, which surveys the vast outward world of countless objects necessary and useful for the support of life, and which joins the future to the present. We see it in our free will, which directs and guides us under Providence, and which enables us to select from the multitude of earthly goods those things best suited to each of us. And no matter how primitive a condition of man be conceived, even though no state existed, yet if a man occupy for his exclusive use any of the goods of earth or any spot on its surface which no other has occupied, it becomes his, and if besides occupying it, he expends on it the labor of his hand or his mind, he stamps it with his own personality, and to dispossess him would be to rob him of his labor.

This natural right to acquire and hold property is manifested more clearly still in the rights and duties of the father of the family. What right more clear, what duty more sacred for the father than to provide for his offspring against the wretchedness of want in this mortal life? Yet by what other means can this sacred duty be fulfilled than by the acquisition and ownership of permanent property, to be transmitted by inheritance?

True, the State may regulate the exercise of these natural rights. And in the exercise of this power to regulate the transmission of property by inheritance, or testamentary gift, may it not correct to some extent the great evil of our times, the accumulation of millions on millions by single individuals or families, by the imposition of such inheritance taxes as will not only provide some relief to the suffering poor from the heavy burdens of taxation, but secure a fund for the merely frugal support of industrious workingmen in times of hardship. The State may even enter the domestic circle to protect the members of the family, but the State cannot usurp or absorb the parental authority, or destroy its very life, by assuming the control of all property.

But has not God given the earth to all men? He has given to each man the right to live, and sustenance necessarily comes from the land. But we may procure its fruits by our labor, without all becoming proprietors. God has given to each man the right to acquire property in land, but he has left the limits of property to be determined by the industry of individuals and the laws of states. He has not vested the property of the earth in the human race promiscuously, nor in the organized state.

It is asked: "Did not God make all men equal?" Yes; and no. He made all equal in the possession of human bodies and immortal souls, equal in origin from God, in destiny for heaven, in the right to live and to save their souls, but he made them unequal in strength of body, in the faculties of the mind, and in energy of purpose. And these inequalities of nature have always produced inequalities of fortune, absolutely inseparable from our very nature.

Socialism would introduce discord and confusion, dry up the very sources of production, and destroy the chief spur of genius, and its boasted equality would be an equality in wretchedness and misery and of universal enslavement to the State. Nothing could be more unjust or more disastrous than thus to deny man's natural rights, so manifest to our reason and so strongly confirmed by the morally universal consent of mankind, by the practice of all ages, by the sanction of positive human laws, by the divine law itself, which forbids us even to cast a covetous look on our neighbour's house, or his field, or anything that is his. Therefore socialism is manifestly futile, unjust, and pernicious, and cannot be the remedy which we seek.

How, then, shall we soften the asperities arising from the friction of labor and capital? For they are not naturally hostile, but friends.

The Vicar of the Prince of Peace declares that this blessed result demands the harmonious co-operation of all the agencies involved, of the laborer and the capitalist, the rich and the poor, the State and private societies. But, he adds, that all their efforts will be vain without the aid of religion, with the principles which she brings forth from the gospel. For, in the first place, religion, as the herald of God, teaches

men their duties of justice. It says to the workingman: "Perform faithfully and scrupulously the labor which you have freely and fairly promised. Respect the person and property of your employer. Never resort to violence, even in representing your just rights. Above all, shun the company of men of evil principles, of men who delude you with vain hopes and lead you to disaster, denying the necessity of that painful labor which was imposed by our Maker and not done away with by our blessed Redeemer, but only sweetened by His example, and grace, and promises."

To the capitalist religion cries out in warning, "Beware of regarding and treating the laborer as a slave, or mere muscle, as a tool for making money. He is of the same blood; the same divine origin—the same destiny for heaven. Your fellow-image and likeness of God, your fellow-Christian and your brother.

It is your duty to see that he has rest and leisure to attend to the affairs of his soul. It is your duty to ward off from him the allurements to vice and temptations to neglect home life. Beware of overtaxing age, or sex, or tender youth, and above all remember that to defraud him of his honest hire or unfairly to cut down his wages is a sin which cries to heaven for vengeance."

Such are the duties of justice, but where justice ends charity begins, which, though not enforced by the State, is most binding in the eternal law. For there is a future life, of which the present is only the beginning, where wealth and luxury here below do not insure beatitude, but rather endanger it.

The Son of God was Himself a poor man and a carpenter, and he made it plain to all ages by His example that dignity is in worth and not in wealth, and He taught us that the only path to heaven is that stained by His bloody footprints.

Religion says to the rich, "Your wealth is yours to possess, but not to use as you please; it is a talent of which you are only the steward, and a rigid account awaits you not only for its just but its charitable use." It is a mistake to suppose that religion is so engrossed by the care of man's spiritual welfare as to neglect his material wants. While consoling us, under the wretchedness of poverty, and pointing to the compensation of the blessed future, she earnestly desires and actively strives to help all to rise above the pressure of want and acquire property as an instrument of virtue. And what can be more conducive to this than the practice of Christian morality, which at once merits and enjoys the blessings of Providence, restrains inordinate lust of gain and lust of pleasure, and represses those vices which destroy honest industry and eat up so many goodly inheritances. She not only does this by her teachings but by active intervention for the help of the poor. So active was this charity among the early Christians that the Acts of the Apostles record that "neither was there any poor among them."

St. Paul, though burdened with the care of all the churches, made long journeys to distribute alms of the charitable to the needy. The order of deacons was instituted to administer the patrimony of the church, which has been ever guarded by her as the sacred heritage of the poor. The heroism of Christian charity has founded religious orders for the relief of nearly every description of poverty and human misery, and some of the heathen, and even some in our time, have reproached the church for her charity, but there can be found no adequate substitute in any State organization for that divine charity which springs from the heart of Jesus.

Such are the doctrines and practices which the Holy Church, through her bishops and priests, has diffused far and wide throughout the world. Through agencies instituted and assisted by God, she applies them to the mind, the conscience, and the heart of the individual, and makes them a part of his daily life; and he learns to act from a motive of duty to resist his evil appetites and passions, and history records that the teachings of the church and the example of the life of Christ subdued in a great measure the pride of wealth and impregnated all races and nations which came under their influences, exalted the human character, and elevated a debased and degenerated society.

How, then, can society be cured in our day? By a return to a pure Christianity and submission to its health-giving precepts and practices. What are the counsels of the Holy Father to the State for the improvement of the condition of labor? The State is reminded that while it exists for the common good, it has a special duty to workingmen and to the poor. For they are the most numerous class, and are so engrossed by their daily necessities as to have little leisure or capacity for the thoughtful and prudent consideration of their own special interests; while the capitalists and employers, fewer in number, strong in wealth, and with an abundance of leisure, may spend their days and nights in scheming to add more and more to their gain; and striving to diminish yet more the share of the workman in the product of his labor. The power of the State should be exerted in behalf of the weak to lighten their burdens by wise and whole-

some administration and by striving to secure to them a reasonable subsistence as the price of their toil and some provision for their necessities in times of hardship. This it may well do without suspicion of undue partiality, for it comes to the help of the weak.

It is a mistake to suppose that the State should not intervene except in the case of the tumultuous refusal of the workman to do his promised work, or of the employer to pay the promised wages; for labor is not only personal, as belonging to him who exerts his powers, but it is also necessary for his support. It is true that wages should generally be determined by contract, but it is a dictate of nature more ancient and imperious than any bargain of men that the remuneration of the workman must be sufficient for his reasonable and frugal support, for he has the right to live and all property is held subject to this right. True, he may not enforce it by violence; he must exhaust every other means of redress and must appeal to boards and societies; he must cry out for the intervention of some great and good man, like the late Cardinal Manning, for his mighty assistance, and finally appeal to the State for approval and protection. And if through necessity, and because the employer will go no farther, he has accepted hard and unreasonable conditions, he is, in fact, a victim of injustice, which it will be wise for the State to correct.

The State may regulate the natural right to acquire property, but it has no authority to abolish it by the drain and exhaustion of excessive taxation. At present one of the greatest evils we endure is that society is too nearly divided into classes of the very rich and the very poor. One of these exercises the great power of wealth. It grasps all labor and all trade, it manipulates for its own profit all the sources of supply, and is always powerfully represented in the councils of the State. On the other side stand the sore and suffering multitude, always ready in their distress to listen to the extravagant promises of irresponsible advisers, and prone to violence.

The working man should be encouraged to look forward to obtaining, and the law should facilitate the ready acquisition of, parcels of land. Thus a class will be established which will be the best defenders of the order and the bulwark of the State. The providence of the State should foresee and endeavor to remove all grievances which paralyze labor by strikes, often the result of injustice and the fruitful cause of strife and violence. It should not be indifferent, but sternly interfere when greedy contractors impose burdens which exceed human strength, stupefy the mind, and are incompatible with human dignity, which blight the buds of childish promise, expose the modesty of woman, and detain the mother from her sphere of domestic duty and the care and training of her children.

It is also incumbent on the State to protect the workingman's enjoyment of the Sunday rest; not to be devoted to vicious excess, but that he may forget, at least for one day in the week, mere worldly cares, and turn his face and his thoughts upward to his Maker. For nothing is more conducive to the strength of the State than the morality of her citizens, and true morality is always founded on religion. The workman himself can not agree to the servitude of his soul, and no one has a right to stand in the way of his enjoyment of that higher life which prepares him for the joys of Heaven.

The various religious orders founded and directed by the heroic spirit of supernatural charity, have, in all ages, wrought wonders for the relief of suffering humanity. Each devoted to its own special object, moved by the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-denial, they have astounded the world by their achievements, and brought thousands to the faith from the contemplation of the fruits of their labors. Yet the veneration of the faithful for these orders has too often aroused the jealousy of States and caused them to suppress rather than encourage them. And sometimes they have ruthlessly grasped the property which the piety and charity of good men had bestowed for the furtherance of their sacred ends, and thus robbed at once the founders of their benefactions and the poor of that which was so wisely administered for their relief.

The last element treated by the Holy Father is the association of individuals in private societies for mutual protection, which he commends. He reminds us of the benefits of association, which appeal to each individual from his consciousness of his weakness in standing alone, as compared with the strength of organization. He refers to the history of the ancient Catholic guilds, so full of instruction as to the advantages of association; he contrasts their benefits with the dangers of those fierce and turbulent societies, often bound by secret oaths, which seek to persuade the workingmen that there is no hope for them, but in the terror of capitalists at revolution; that Christian morality is a mere fable of their enemies, invented to delude, ensnare, and enslave them, and which, while holding out to them the horrors of this slavery, binds them in their own chains, yet more galling. And now, concluding:

"As far as regards the church, its assistance will never be wanting, be the time or the occasion what it may, and it will intervene with the greater effect in proportion as its liberty of action is the more unfettered; let this be noted by those whose office it is to provide for the public welfare."

These words of solemn warning are addressed to those countries and those rulers who presume to fetter the freedom of the church, but in our own country she is absolutely free, and, therefore, happily, more powerful in her intervention in behalf of the weak and wretched multitude, and more efficient as a shield to the rich against the revolutionary and socialistic violence of turbulent secret societies, the great foes of peace and order.

One of the strongest papers of the Congress was read by Dr. August Kaiser, of Detroit, on "Immigration and Colonization," with special reference to German Catholic immigration. He said:

The Roman Catholic Church is a large family, a family not confined to one spot on the earth, nor to any single country, but embracing the whole surface of the globe. The Roman Catholic Church is not composed of a few individuals, is not made up of a single nation, but clasps all people of the earth with equal love to her maternal bosom. All the races of mankind, Caucasians and Mongolians, Ethiopians and Indians, she treats with equal and discriminating care. With the same hand she pours forth blessings upon every nation, upon every land. All languages of the earth are heard from her lips, but, above all, that loving language of the heart understood by all men. All her efforts tend to the one object, to make men Christians and to secure heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

Now there is no land on earth which puts so manifestly before us the truly Catholic character of the church as this land of the United States. All races are here represented, and the Church counts her children among them all. In all the principal languages prayers are blessed and fostered by the Catholic Church. Four nations especially have, since the discovery of America, gathered before the cross and the altar—the chivalrous Spaniard, the vivacious Frenchman, the Irishman, with his profound faith, and the cosmopolitan German. All, all have found in the land an asylum, and each one in his own way has contributed to the extension of the kingdom of God, to the development and strengthening of Catholic life and labor.

German Catholics, without exaggeration I may say it, have not been behindhand in this work of emulation. By their numbers alone they have always been a momentous element in our population, and already number the fourth part of the Catholic Church in the Union. Of almost 9,000 priests of this country, 2,700 are of German birth or descent. The influence of such a proportion must be felt throughout the land, must be felt in every domain of the life of the church. Already in family-life the German Catholic is characterized by his zealous and persistent endeavor to bring the principles and doctrines of his faith into his daily actions. He has the manly courage of his convictions, and endeavors to be in his daily life that which his principles require; and if, unfortunately, he ever comes to the point of not practicing his religion, then he ceases to profess himself a Catholic. The German Catholic distinguishes especially by his industry, economy, and by hastening to gain as soon as possible a home for himself. In his family rule Christian discipline and Christian spirit; the correlative obligations and duties imposed by the fourth commandment have not yet grown obsolete for him; conjugal fidelity is tenderly guarded and heaven is thanked for the blessings which it gives to the conjugal state. His olive branches grow up around him in the fear of God, and give earnest promise of becoming good Christians and upright, law-abiding citizens.

The German Catholic approaches the holy table at stated intervals; he is faithful in frequenting Divine worship, contributes joyfully and willingly to the support of his clergy, to the church, to the parochial school, the orphan asylum, and other institutions of charity; but, above all things, he is conscious of that most momentous of all obligations, to educate his children in sound Christian principles, and, if possible, to intrust them to none other than to the parochial school.

With a special zeal the German Catholics of our Union cherish the principle and practice of associations, so eminently manifested in the German Roman Catholic Central Verein. The Central Union embraces something like 500 branches of benevolent associations, with a membership of 50,000 in nearly all the States of the Union. The Central Union has paid out thousands upon thousands of dollars for charitable purposes, and thereby brought consolation and help to hundreds of afflicted homes.

The German-American secular and regular clergy are distinguished by the zeal which they display in their calling, by their exemplary lives, by their earnest and

unceasing care for the young, and by untiring efforts to attain to a greater development of culture and knowledge, according to their state. Though the majority of these priests have crossed the Atlantic, yet every fibre of their nature has taken root in the land of their adoption, and by none are they surpassed in patriotic enthusiasm. Foreigners, it is true, but received with open arms by bishop and people, they have come hither with no other object in view than to labor as missionaries in the young church of this land, to work unceasingly for the salvation of immortal souls, sacrificing themselves in the painful service of young, still undeveloped communities. Their teaching and example have animated hundreds of young men to embrace the priestly state of life, so that at the very present moment more than 700 native clergymen of German descent are employed on our American missions. Bishops of highest merit have come forth from the ranks of this clergy, renowned for their zeal, immortal in their labors, labors which will be commemorated forever in the history of the United States.

Those sublime figures, to name but a few of our deceased prelates, those pillars of light, Archbishops Henni and Heiss, of Milwaukee; Bishops Junker and Baltes, of Alton; Luers and Dwenger, of Fort Wayne; Borgess, of Detroit; Melchers and Krautbauer, of Green Bay; Flasch, of La Crosse, and Neumann, of Philadelphia, whose beatification is pending in Rome; all these belong to us, are our kinsmen by blood and language.

Not inferior in merit to the German secular clergy of this country are their brethren of the religious orders. The first to enter this land (1832) were the Sons of St. Alphonsus Liguori, who gathered together their fellow-countrymen in the growing cities of the United States and developed their many-sided activity among them. Twelve years later they were followed by the Sons of St. Francis, from Tyrol, and in 1858 from Westphalia. In 1846 that zealous fisher of souls, Rev. Boniface Wimmer, of Bavaria, landed in this country to lead into our missionary territory the Order of St. Benedict, and to extend their teaching activity in every direction throughout the land. The Benedictines were followed by the Carmelites, Priests of the Precious Blood, Jesuits, Capuchins, Resurrectionists, Fathers of the Holy Cross, Passionists, all of whom set all their forces to work to extend the kingdom of God in this country and to give an impulse to true civilization.

The female orders also, which have been transplanted from Germany to America, have achieved great things, especially the poor Franciscan Sisters of Aix-la-Chapelle, by their charitable activity in the hospitals; the School Sisters of Notre Dame, of Milwaukee, originally from Bavaria, who, under the direction of Mother Caroline, lately deceased, that true Christian heroine, have rendered eminent services by their labors in the education of youth, and the Sisters of Christian Charity of Westphalia, who likewise have done great things in the same field of labor.

The Catholic Church is the home of all true education; her history for the last two thousand years proves that, no sooner has she firmly planted her foot in any land, than she immediately displayed her activity in this field which is so truly her own. Her vanguard—the religious orders— began here also without delay this work of hers. St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania—the name sounds bright and clear from ocean to ocean—was the most important nursery of higher education (for the Germans) for many a year. St. Meinrad's, Indiana; St. John's, Minnesota, with a number of local institutions, have added new lustre in the New World to the ancient and venerable name of the Order of St. Benedict. The Franciscans have had for many years excellent colleges in Cincinnati, Quincy, and Teutopolis, Ill.; the Capuchins at Calvary, Wis., and Herman, Penn.; the Fathers of the Holy Ghost at Pittsburg, the Jesuits in Buffalo and Cleveland; the Fathers of the Resurrection at Berlin, Ont., and St. Mary's, Ky.

The secular clergy are not behind their brethren of the religious orders. Their greatest, noblest, and most successful creation is the Salesianum, Milwaukee, which has sent forth hundreds of the ablest priests, and can boast of having admitted so far not a single Judas into the vineyard of the Lord.

The foregoing statements regarding the labors of German Catholics within the domain of the stars and stripes, are well calculated to prove that the German Catholics of America rank with all their co-religionists. I go a step further and maintain that they have acquired particular merit and deserve a special praise. The Germans are the only Catholics in this land, who, for years, have had a training school for teachers, a creation of that most deserving clergyman, Dr. Joseph Salzman, one of the founders of the Salesianum, near Milwaukee.

This Catholic Normal School at St. Francis has contributed much to relieve the pressing need of competent teachers, and it is at the same time the principal nursery of true ecclesiastical chants which has been most zealously cultivated by that distin-

guished musician and composer, Professor John B. Singenberger, and which from St. Francis is diffused more and more throughout the land. German Catholics alone in this Union can show a Catholic daily press, since besides some thirty excellent weekly papers they possess four thorough dailies (St. Louis, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburg), which energetically enter the lists for the interests of the Catholic Church and exercise great influence.

The greatest merit of German-American Catholics has been gained undoubtedly by their zeal for parochial schools, which they have erected at great sacrifice wherever it was possible, and for whose preservation and improvement they make every effort in their power. Wherever the cross was planted among the German Catholic immigrants, a school was erected near the church; nay, often, a school existed before the church. German Catholics were well acquainted with the principle: "Who possesses the youth is master of the future." They were convinced that the parochial school was the only sure bulwark against the fearful loss suffered by the church in this country. Freedom and independence permeate the air of our Republic so thoroughly that the rising generation are but too much inclined to extend these privileges to the domain of faith and morals. All Sunday schools are here impotent; that school alone, which is grounded on religious principles, in which all subjects of instruction are saturated with religion, can guard the tender germ of faith from the frost and wind of error, that it may become strong and capable of bidding defiance to all the storms of life, and of growing up to be a strong and vigorous tree.

German Catholics have given the example in the erection of parochial schools, and by their great success in this respect have led our co-religionists of other nationalities to follow in their footsteps. All Christian denominations in our land will have to imitate us if they wish to prevent Christianity from disappearing and infidelity from taking its place.

Ladies and gentlemen, such is, in concise terms, a faint image of the action and of the fulfilment of that mission of civilization intrusted by a wise Providence to the German Catholics of the United States. What I have said will surely suffice to convince this illustrious assembly that the German Catholics of this country stand on an equal footing with their brethren in faith of other nationalities, and have a right to claim their place as true children in the house of our mother and to be treated as such. Let us Catholics of this great and mighty Republic, a Republic so favorable to the free development of Catholicity, hold together irrespective of language and nationality, and, viribus unitis, struggle manfully for the preservation of our highest blessings, of the Holy Roman Catholic Faith which we have inherited from our forefathers, as well as for the rights which are solemnly guaranteed to us in the glorious Constitution of the United States! Let our war-cry be now and forever: "For God, for our Church, for liberty, and for our mighty Union, which gives happiness within the shadow of its lofty flag to all the nations of the earth."

Following is an abstract of Rev. Michael Callaghan's contribution to the symposium on "Immigration and Colonization."

When the eyes of the world are directed to the fitting celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus, it is appropriate that the Catholics of this great Republic in congress assembled, should discuss questions of serious importance, and it seems eminently in place to consider some of the causes that have led to this nation's growth and prosperity.

Apart from the liberty and patriotic spirit of our institutions there are no more potent factors in our country's greatness than immigration and colonization. True, the genius of Columbus opened a pathway across the Atlantic to this great continent, but what position would this country occupy to-day if there had not followed in his footsteps the thousands and tens of thousands of immigrants to people and develop its resources? Immigration and colonization are subjects capable of very extensive treatment. We might go back to the infant years of America and speak of the numerous adventurers who sought these shores, but these people left no impression on the country and need not be considered in reference to the building up of the Republic. It is better to begin at a time when the country had actually settled down to that internal development which has produced the America of to-day. Indeed, official statistics of immigration are not to be found further back than 1830, but from various sources we can arrive at a fair knowledge of the volume of immigration previous to that date, and also of the nationalities whence they came.

During the first century of the settlement of the country some few immigrants from Europe found their way into the New World, but scarcely as many in five years as

now arrive in one day at the port of New York. Ireland and Germany were the principal countries which furnished immigration in the early days of the colonies. Under Dutch rule, from about 1725, some Germans were induced to immigrate to America by promise of land grants and other inducements. These people settled chiefly in the Mohawk Valley; others were induced to come by free or reduced passages, but these did not exceed over a few thousand. The English government did little or nothing to encourage European immigration. The first attempt was made about 1710, when 3,000 Swabians and Palatines, driven from their country by famine and religious persecution, threw themselves on the mercy and sympathy of the English government. England sent these people to New York, then a colony, presided over by Governor Hunter, who proposed to settle them along the Hudson River, where he intended to employ them in making naval stores, etc. This colonizing experiment failed, because the English government intended its proteges to become subjects and servants, while the immigrants wanted to be free and independent; hence a conflict, with victory on the side of the immigrants. After this, all those who came to the colonies had to do so on their own responsibility or by arrangements made by themselves.

An Irish colony was planted in the Carolinas in 1739 and an extensive tract of land was assigned it. In fact, it might be said that the Carolinas were settled almost exclusively by immigrants from the North of Ireland. Among those people were the fathers of Jackson, Calhoun, and Pickens. Ramsey, the historian of South Carolina, says, "Of all other countries none has furnished the province with so many inhabitants as Ireland. Scarcely a ship sailed from any of its ports to Charleston that was not crowded with men, women, and children" North Carolina received an Irish governor in James Moore, who headed the Revolution there in 1775. In Georgia, we find the Irish as far back as 1773, and at the first public meeting of the Sons of Liberty, held in Savannah, July 14, 1774, John Glenn was chairman, and among those present were S. Farley, J. Bryan, W. Gibbons, J. Winn, E. Butler, and a number of others bearing equally Irish names. The immigration to America during the years 1771, 1772, and 1773 from the North of Ireland exceeded all former precedents. Marmion's "History of the Maritime Ports of Ireland," page 333, states: "From Belfast there sailed during the three years mentioned thirty ships filled with immigrants; from Londonderry, thirty-six, and from Newry, twenty-two," and estimates the number of their passengers at over 25,000. "More than one Irishman," remarks the historian, "was naturalized in the forest, like Stark and Houston, and obeyed as chiefs. Of the number was the strange character known as 'Tiger' Roche, at one time the friend of Chesterfield, the idol of Dublin drawing-rooms, and at another time the leader of an Iroquois war party." Dougherty, from Donegal, we find as a leader with the Cherokee Indians in 1690. From Donegal also came Robert and Magdalen Pollock, with their six sons and two daughters, and settled in Maryland. The name was afterward abbreviated to Polk, and among the numerous descendants of this immigrant family from Donegal was President Polk. Major Caldwell, whose daughter was the mother of Vice-President Calhoun, also came from Donegal, while President Andrew Jackson, as all the world knows, "was born somewhere between Carrickfergus and the United States." Presidents James Monroe and James Buchanan also came from Irish stock.

Sir William Johnson was another remarkable Irishman who settled Johnstown, in the Mohawk Valley, in 1738. He had brought with him from Ireland, Lafferty, his lawyer; Flood, his gardener, and Daily, his physician. Twenty years later the Irish settled Manchester, N. H., and John Stark, who led 300 New Hampshire men, chiefly Irish, at the Battle of Bunker Hill, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, his family name being originally Starkey. We can, therefore, safely accept the testimony of Galloway, speaker of the House of Assembly of Pennsylvania, before a committee of the English Commons, June 16, 1779, who said that "the names and places of nativity having been taken down, he could state with precision that scarcely one-quarter of the men in the Revolutionary armies were natives of America, about one-half were Irish and the other fourth English and Scotch."

Curtis, the adopted son of Washington, speaking of the soldiers in the War of Independence, declares that, "Up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished in the ratio of about 100 to 1 to any other nation whatever. Then," he exclaims with enthusiasm, "honored be the old and good service of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence; let the shamrock be entwined with the laurels of the Revolution, and truth, and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance eternal gratitude to Irishmen!" We may also believe the declaration of Lord Mountjoy, in the English House of Lords, that "England lost America through Ireland." The testimony of Rev. Hugh Henry Breckenridge, a chaplain in Washing-

ton's army, is remarkable but no less valuable. In his political satire on "Modern Chivalry," published in Pittsburg in 1794, he apologizes for making the clown an Irishman, and gives his reason thus:

"The character of the English clown I do not well understand, nor could I imitate his manner of speaking; that of the Scotch I have tried and found it in my hands rather insipid; the American, as yet, has no character, so that I can not take one from my own country, which I would rather have done as the scene lies here. But the midland States of America and the Western parts in general, being half-Irish, the character of the Irish clown will not be misunderstood. This was much known among the immigrants or their descendants, so that it will not be thrown away."

The total population of the United States in 1870 was 38,500,000. Careful statisticians have found that at this date the joint product of the Irish colonial element and the subsequent Irish immigration, including that through Canada, was 14,325,000. The joint English product was 4,522,000, and the joint products of all other colonial elements and all subsequent immigration, including the colored population, was 19,653,000. Irish immigration since 1870, while not so proportionately heavy as it was previous to that date, had brought us over 1,300,000, and if we add these and their product to the product of the 14,325,000 people of Irish blood in the United States in 1870, it would be but a conservative statement to make that, of the 65,000,000 who form our population now, 20,000,000 of them have Irish blood in their veins.

At this point reference may be made to a private letter written last year by Vere Foster to the Immigration Commissioners at the port of New York, in which that gentleman states that he and his brother alone had in forty-four years enabled 22,000 young girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two years to go from Ireland to the United States.

This brief review of early Irish immigration and the benefits it has conferred upon the country is not given in any spirit of boastfulness, but simply to call attention to the fact that, until the strong current of German immigration began to set in, about 1840, nearly all the immigrants were Irish. From 1820 to 1830 Germany sent 6,761; during same period Ireland sent 50,724. This, as a matter of tardy justice to the Irish people, should be stated, because in the early days immigrants from Ireland were credited as coming from the United Kingdom, without specifying their particular nationality.

From a report prepared by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, correct information as to immigration and nationality, subsequent to 1820, is obtainable. The total of immigrants arriving in the United States from the close of the Revolutionary War to June 30, 1892, was 16,750,000. Of these Germany supplied 4,748,440; Ireland, 3,952,247; and the other countries in lesser proportions. To the number officially credited to Ireland there should be three-quarters of a million added to make up for those who came here by way of Canada and who were recorded as from "British North American provinces." The excess of the German over the Irish immigration has been made up only of late years, and the fact should be borne in mind that it was the Irish in the earlier periods who so very materially aided in laying the foundations of our splendid Republic. While many of the Germans have remained in the Eastern States and become good, steady citizens, their greater number proceeded to the West and settled down on the fertile lands of Michigan, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas. The Irish have chiefly spread over the New England and Middle States. Of late years the Italian, Swedish, Austro-Hungarian, and Prussian immigration has grown very considerably. For example, the Italian immigration for the decade ending 1860 was only 9,231, while the decade extending from 1880 to 1890 registered 307,309. This proportion is likewise true of the other nations.

There is a common belief that in this immigration from the Continent of Europe there is a certain element injurious to the social institutions of the country. This has given excuse to some people, claiming to be the only true Americans, to raise a cry against immigration in general; but all intelligent people, unbiased by prejudice, agree that this cry is neither wise nor politic.

The present restrictive immigration laws, as now interpreted by the Treasury Department at Washington, *i.e.*, applied to cabin as well as steerage passengers, to protect us from the morally and physically undesirable, from the importation of paupers, criminals, and contract labor, are, if properly and fully enforced, fairly adequate to meet the necessities of the situation. I believe, however, that if the restrictions could be enforced on the other side of the Atlantic the results would be still better than we get now. The administration of the law would also be more humane. If prevented from embarking at an European port, the immigrant who had barely enough money to purchase a passage to America would thus be saved that sum, and also from the

greater misfortune of chagrin, humiliation, and even despair, that seize him when turned away from our shores and sent back once more to his wretched lot.

The question of disposing of this crude mass of foreigners and absorbing them into our industrial, political, and social life is certainly a grave one. It is one in which all philanthropists, good citizens, and lovers of humanity should take a living interest. The question is, indeed, one as much for them as for legislatures, State or Federal; and this brings up the question of colonization as it presents itself to-day. The public press of New York of a recent date contained two very striking dispatches. One was from Denver, Col., telling how men were starving from hunger for want of employment, and were threatening depredations under the pressure of physical suffering from want of food and shelter. The other dispatch was from St. Paul, Minn., and told how difficult, even impossible, it was for the farmers of that State to procure hired labor to harvest their teeming crops. These dispatches, published side by side, on the same day, clearly indicate that it is not immigration, but peculiar social conditions that are to be dreaded. If the American laboring man, native or naturalized, could be taught that cultivating the soil is the most noble toil that a man can engage in, as by it he more closely than at any other work obeys the intentions of God, a mighty change for the better would be effected. If he could be brought to see that health and happiness, a quiet, peaceful, and long life—God's gifts to the tillers of the soil—are enjoyed in the retired rural communities where, free from nervous strain, mental worry, and the excessively laborious work of the business and professional man, the speculator, the mechanic, and the day laborer in the grinding cities, his life would be better and happier. The rural community affords a life that God intended for man; the city life is artificial, controlled by the ambitions of men. The farmer's increase comes by the beneficent laws of nature, even while he himself may rest in sleep. The toiler in the city must pay in brain and muscle for every mouthful of bread that keeps together soul and body in himself and family.

Colonization, to be successful, must have the spirit of humanity and philanthropy in it, as well as a view to financial returns to the men who supply the funds. When a colony is to be established, the utmost care should be taken that those placed in charge should be men suitable for the work, and who would not turn their management to aims of personal aggrandizement. Nor should the persons selected as members of the colony be taken indiscriminately and at random. Their character should be carefully judged and their capabilities for leading the industrious, sober, and honest lives that would be likely to make a colony successful, should be ascertained. Some time ago a reverend friend in a Western State wrote to me that there were excellent chances in a certain section of the West for young women to obtain large wages, steady employment, and, he added somewhat jocosely, alluring prospects of early and successful marriages. A newspaper man, by some means known only to journalistic enterprise, got hold of the letter and published it. It was copied all over the Eastern States, and a great number of applications came from young women offering to proceed at once to this Western paradise if their expenses for transportation were provided. In the whole shower of letters there were not twenty-five, judging from their contents, whose writers I would select for the work required. The girls were needed for general housework, but the applicants all wanted to be governesses, matrons, ladies' maids, music teachers, nurses, etc.—all very good in their places, but unsuitable for the positions to be filled in the modern Eden of our reverend friend.

In the same way a man may be capable of even excelling in certain departments of life, but may not have the requisites of a successful colonizer. Thus, much care should be exercised in selecting candidates.

Just ten years ago another Catholic Congress was assembled in the city of Chicago, at which were present many dignitaries of the Catholic Church and prominent laymen. The secretary of that Congress, William J. Onahan, who, by a happy coincidence, performs the same services to the present and more important Congress, called attention to the dangers and abuses which immigrants had to encounter on their entrance to America. Reports were frequent in the public press of wrongs, some of them irreparable, inflicted on immigrants landing at New York, notwithstanding the existence of the Castle Garden establishment. These reports clearly showed the necessity for a mission at Castle Garden to look after the spiritual and temporal welfare of the immigrants.

Some forty-six years ago a number of philanthropic and charitable men, aware of the sufferings and dangers to which the poor immigrants were exposed, organized a society called the State Board of Immigration. Its purpose was twofold, namely, to protect immigrants landing at the port of New York from those who sought to prey upon them, and also to care for the sick and helpless among them. The second object was to afford

the several cities and counties of the State protection from the importation of paupers and criminals. In this year (1847) the Board of Commissioners of Immigration leased Castle Garden, which, up to that time, had been devoted to purposes of amusement. Its gates were thrown open to immigrants of every clime, and through them passed many men who subsequently became famous in history for many and great achievements. The immigrants here had a place of refuge where, while waiting for friends or employment to come, they were sheltered, not only from the designs of evil men, but from the biting frosts of the winter's night and the scorching rays of the midsummer's sun, and here also their hunger was appeased. Of course the accommodations were not comfortable, and often even inadequate, but the inmates were protected from robbery and assault. Even after arriving at Castle Garden and passing through the hands of the registration clerks, the immigrants were not safe. They went to the labor bureau to wait for employment or the arrival of friends to take them away. But where were they to go at night if no employer or friend turned up during the day? They had no alternative but to go with the first lodging-house keeper or runner who got hold of them. For anyone acquainted with life in a great city it is unnecessary to dwell on the dangers to which virtuous young girls and inexperienced young men were thus exposed. These dangers it would be impossible to exaggerate. Many a young woman was ruined for life, and many a young man had his whole career wrecked at the outset by the associations and circumstances among which they were thrown.

This was the condition of affairs, notwithstanding the efforts of the Castle Garden officials, when the Colonization Society had its attention attracted by Mr. Onahan to the evils prevailing. After discussion in the Congress, Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, one of the members, was requested to lay before the late Cardinal McCloskey the opinion of the society that a bureau for the protection of immigrants should be established at Castle Garden. The cardinal warmly approved of the suggestion, and Rev. John Joseph Riordan, of happy memory, was selected for the work. June 1, 1884, Father Riordan regularly took his post at Castle Garden. He soon saw the necessity of a home where immigrant girls would remain until such time as they obtained employment, proceeded on their journey, or met their friends. A house was leased at 7 Broadway, and a temporary home established. The following year, 1885, the property at 7 State Street was purchased, and here the work has since been carried on. Since its establishment fully 40,000 young girls have experienced its protection and benefits. This building was constructed long ago, and was first occupied as a private mansion and afterward used for commercial business, and is consequently but poorly adapted for the purposes of the mission; but, as soon as funds can be raised, a new building will be erected more suitable for the work, and at the same time be a worthy memorial to the founder of the mission, Rev. John Joseph Riordan.

The mission, it may be stated, is American as well as Catholic, and extends its hospitality to all immigrant girls regardless of their religious beliefs. Non-Catholic young women are expressly informed that they are not obliged to attend the religious exercises given in the chapel of the home. The good resulting from the work done at the mission flows into American society, and will be felt in future generations. The mission should, therefore, be regarded as an American institution as well as a religious agency. Such a work needs no commendation here, and if it did, anything we could say would but feebly set forth its merits when compared with the eloquent words of Cardinal Gibbons when speaking about it on a recent occasion.

"The Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary," said his eminence, "has been doing a magnificent work in throwing a mantle of protection around these girls. And I am only too glad to lend my presence to any enterprise which is designed to help this noble work. These maidens, after escaping the perils of the sea and landing on our shores, become the prey of the landsharks that infest your city and seek to rob them of that which is more precious than life itself—their faith and the jewel of purity."

Martin F. Morris, of Washington, D. C., spoke at some length on "The Independence of the Holy See; Its Origin, and the Necessity for Its Continuance in the Cause of Civilization." He said:

On the morning of October 27, A. D. 312, two great armies confronted each other on the right bank of the River Tiber, about nine miles to the northeast of Rome. Not often before in its wonderful history had the din of battle come so close to the eternal city. Armies had often marched out from its gates to conquer. Armies had often marched back into its gates triumphant from the scene of distant wars. Now, for the first time since Breunus the Gaul, in the time of its infancy, had marched upon the capital, the fate of Rome and of the world was to be decided by the arbitrament of arms at the very walls of Rome itself.

Maxentius, a resolute soldier of fortune, led one of these two hosts, and his garrison held the city. At the head of the other army, which had come down from the North and had drawn its recruits mainly from Gaul and Britain, was one of those mighty men of destiny of whom the world has known but seven in all, who, as we read their history, impress us with the profound conviction of their ability to bear down all opposition and to reach the destiny assigned to them by heaven in spite of all obstacles.

Whether it be true or not that when upon that eventful morning Constantine the Great marshaled his legions for the fray his own imperial banner bore upon it the symbol of the cross and the legend "In hoc signo vinces," as some of the chroniclers tell us, certain it is that the result of this conflict was to disclose to the Roman world what the Roman world had scarcely suspected before—that it was no longer pagan, but Christian. For three centuries of merciless persecution Christianity had found a refuge in the catacombs; now it ascended the throne of the Cæsars. The transition perhaps was not as sudden as it seems to us to-day to have been. For, day by day during all these centuries, in spite of persecution, and even by reason of the persecution, Christianity had gained converts, not merely in the cottages of the lowly, but even in the palaces of the Cæsars themselves. The noblest names of Rome are found in the long roll of the Christian martyrology; and no doubt close observers of the course of events, if such observers existed at the time, may have anticipated the result. But, as frequently happens, the result came at last as the sequel of a sharp and bitter civil war; and when Maxentius, in his flight from the field of battle, was drowned in the Tiber, paganism went down with him, though it struggled desperately for a time against the overwhelming waters of the new civilization. The contest had not been in name a contest between paganism and Christianity. There had been no outward semblance, whatever, of a struggle between the rival forces then at work in the Roman Empire. Two rival contestants for the imperial throne had simply arrayed their forces against each other as similar contestants had often done before. But out of their struggle was evolved the triumph of Christianity and of the new civilization which Christianity represented.

It has always been a curious subject of historical inquiry and critical conjecture why Constantine the Great, as soon as he had secured the fruits of his victory and finally consolidated his power, removed the seat of government from the City of Rome to the City of Byzantium on the Thracian Bosphorus, ever since called from him by the name of Constantinople. But assuredly there was a purpose of profound statesmanship, as well as a providential dispensation to prepare Rome to become the religious capital of the world, while it ceased to be the center of political and governmental administration. It is not our purpose here to indulge in conjecture as to the political motives which may have induced Constantine to regard Byzantium as preferable to Rome for the capital of the empire. But the fact that this movement distinctly prepared the way for the conversion of Rome to be the ecclesiastical, instead of the political, capital of the world, without even the shadow of solicitation to that effect on the part of the Pope, is a circumstance that has not received from historians the consideration which it merits.

Cæsarean Rome was destined to become the Rome of the Pontiffs. Out of thirty-three popes who had sustained and guided the infant church during the three centuries of struggle and persecution, twenty-four had received the crown of martyrdom and had shed their blood for the faith. The ground which they had contributed so copiously to fertilize deserved to become their own.

We attach no credit, however, to the story of the grant of Rome by Constantine to the popes. In the nature of things neither Constantine or any of his successors could have dissociated the City of Romulus and of the Scipios from the mighty empire which it had established, and upon which it had impressed its name and its governmental institutions. But the removal of the seat of political authority from Rome to Byzantium naturally relegated Rome to the condition of local self-government, which it was always the policy of Roman administration to foster in all the cities of the great empire. By this removal Rome became practically a free city, with the power of the native senate restored to the management of all its local affairs, and with the superadded influence of the presence within it of the chief of the Christian religion to moderate its course of action and to protect it from the violence of external assault. Even when, under the sons of Theodosius, the Roman Empire was broken up into the Empire of the East and the Empire of the West, and Italy again became a center of political activity as the stronghold of the Western empire, it was not Rome, but first Milan and afterward Ravenna, that became the seat of imperial government. Either

studiously and by design, or through an unconscious sense of the propriety of things, Rome was left to itself and to the popes. And when the empire fell, neither Visigoths, nor Ostrogoths, nor Lombards, nor Franks, nor Germans, ever interfered with this tacit arrangement. Never again was it sought by anyone to make Rome the seat of temporal government. The Ostrogothic capital was established at Verona; that of the Lombards at Pavia.

When the Roman Empire of the West was restored in name, and almost in fact, for Charlemagne by Pope Leo III., in A. D. 800, the restored sovereignty of the Cæsars was evidenced by the coronation of the Frankish monarch at Rome, and his successors in the dignity who claimed or bore the title of Kaiser of the holy Roman Empire were never regarded as fully entitled to the honor except as the consequence of a similar coronation by the hands of the holy Roman Pontiff in the City of Rome. And yet, never to any of them did it occur to attempt to transfer the seat of government from Aix-la-Chapelle, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, or Nuremburg, or Vienna, to its old location on the Palatine hill. The public sentiment of Europe would have been opposed to any such attempt. That public sentiment, silently, unconsciously, but for that reason all the more potently, had decreed that Rome should be a free city, free from the control of the great feudal monarchy, free from all external control of every kind.

And it is a singular fact that never, except upon rare occasions, did any of the feudal monarchies of Europe seek to interfere in the internal affairs of the City of Rome. Theoretically, the sovereign of the German Empire was required to go to Rome for his coronation, but with his coronation his functions within the eternal city were at an end. Henry IV. and Frederick Barbarosa sought to break through this rule of international and Christian law, and the public sentiment of Europe, stronger than even the arms of the great Countess Matilda or of Robert Guiscard, drove them both in disgrace from Rome. Within the walls of Rome the only power recognized by the public sentiment of Rome, was that of the Roman senate, the Roman people, and the Roman Pontiff. And down to the year 1870 this public sentiment was strong enough to preserve unimpaired the institutions that had thus been so quietly evolved and established. For we may unhesitatingly assert that the temporal power, as well as the spiritual authority, of the Roman pontiffs was the result of gradual evolution.

We presume that no one will pretend that the mass of dogma, and of doctrine, and of religious practice that now obtains among us was known in its fullness to the apostles or to their immediate successors. The germ of it all they undoubtedly had; but it was unnecessary, in the nature of things, that they should have had it in all the plenitude of its manifestations. The truth has been unfolded as occasion demanded, each subsequent declaration of it being the legitimate consequence of the original revelation.

So it was likewise with the temporal power. Who can assume to place his finger on the precise point of time when the Roman pontiffs became temporal rulers? We know when, and how, and by whom the monarchies of France and England and Germany were founded. We know when the Swiss Republic was born. We know the years whence Florence, Pisa, Genoa, and Venice severally became independent powers. The great landmarks of the world's history are the catastrophes out of which nations are born and dynasties reared. But who can say when the temporal power of the popes began?

We are told of a grant by Constantine the Great to which we have already referred; and we are told of a grant by Theodosius, and by Bepin, and by Charlemagne. But all these are undoubtedly apocryphal. We have more accurate knowledge of a grant by the great Countess Matilda of Tuscany; but the power of the popes had then been firmly established. And authentic history tells us, with circumstantial detail, how the feudal rulers of Urbino, Carrara, Bologna, and Benevento gave way to the milder sovereignty of the Roman pontiffs.

But neither to Constantine, nor to Theodosius, nor to Pepin, nor to Charlemagne, nor to the Countess Matilda is due the establishment of the temporal power of the popes. The silly imbecility of partisan bigotry has sometimes set down Pope Gregory VII., better known, perhaps, as Hildebrand of Sienna, as the founder of the temporal power of the papacy, and the latter end of the 11th century as the period of its establishment. But only the most intense bigotry or the most willful ignorance can be blind to the fact that Hildebrand of Sienna exercised no more power in Rome than his predecessors had done before him. History fails to disclose any change in his time in the government of the eternal city. The grant which was undoubtedly made by Matilda, of the Tuscan territory, subsequently known as the patrimony of St. Peter,

HON. C. C. BONNEY,
CHICAGO.

DR. AUGUST KAISER,
DETROIT.

COL. R. M. DOUGLAS, LL. D.,
GREENBORO.

JOHN GIBBONS, LL. D.,
CHICAGO.

HENRY C. SEMPLE,
MONTGOMERY.

THOMAS F. RING,
BOSTON.

MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.,
NOTRE DAME, IND.

E. O. BROWN,
CHICAGO.

enlarged the dominion of the popes, but it did not create or originate it. The Roman territory was no part of this grant, and in the Roman territory the power of the popes had already been established for several centuries.

In subordination, of course, to the divine ordination from which all power originates, to the will of the Roman people is immediately due the temporal power of the popes. To the spiritual chiefs, in whose honor, integrity and patriotism they had confidence, the Roman people deemed themselves justified in remitting, from time to time, the conduct of their temporal affairs. When Alaric the Visigoth, angered at the imbecility of the rulers of Ravenna, plundered the eternal city and looked from the Pintian hill over a scene of indiscriminate slaughter and carnage, it was Pope Innocent I. to whom the people turned in their despair, and who induced the fierce barbarian to withdraw. When, soon after, the terrible Atilla came down upon Italy with his savage Mongolian horde and spread desolation over the land, it was to the Pope again that the people turned, and it was Saint Leo and not a Roman general or an officer or army of the tottering empire that encountered the savage chief under the walls of Aquileia, turned him back from his purpose and saved Rome and Italy from the horror of Mongolian conquest. When Ostrogoths, and Lombards, and Saracens, and Normands, swarmed over the peninsula to ravage and plunder it was reserved to the popes to check their ravages and to mitigate the horrors of their invasion. Is it any wonder that the people of Rome remitted the temporal power in their State to those who alone could save them from destruction?

For a thousand years before it assumed definite shape, the temporal power of the popes in the city of Rome existed and was recognized by the tacit acknowledgment of the Christian world. Never before and never since in the history of the world has power been established so quietly and so greatly in accord with the wishes of the people over whom it was exercised. The power, in fact, was the gradual development of the people's will—so gradual, that, as we have said, no one can point to the actual time of its origin; for it had no such origin as other governments of the world have had.

It is very true, however, that, to the pontificate of Hildebrand of Sienna, or Pope Gregory VII., we are to refer the formal establishment of the temporal power of the popes, inasmuch as to that time we are to refer the culmination of the feudal system in Europe, and the first great victory of Christian civilization over it under the auspices of the Roman pontiffs. The contest between feudalism and civilization, beginning with the overthrow of the Roman Empire of the West, in A. D. 472, was a long and bitter one. It had lasted over a thousand years when the discovery of America enabled the world to insure the ultimate overthrow of the system. But the contest is not even yet entirely at an end. In that contest the feudal classes of Europe were banded against the people and the Christian Church. The Roman pontiffs were ever the most consistent opponents of feudalism; and it was the unceasing effort of the popes to restrain the rapacity of the "robber barons," and the arbitrary licentiousness of the feudal monarchs.

The feudal system was at its height when Hildebrand became Pope, in A. D. 1073. Henry IV. of the house of Franconia, an able and up-principled man, was then Emperor of Germany (A. D. 1056–1106), and as such the virtual head of the system. A violent contest broke out between the Pope and the Emperor. Henry sought to determine it by an appeal to the brute force of arms. He crossed the Alps, invaded Italy, and marched upon Rome with a view of deposing the Pope and procuring the election of a Pontiff more in accord with his wishes. Suddenly Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, appeared in arms against him and resisted his advance. Robert Guiscard hastened from Naples with his Normans to protect the City of Rome. Europe was aroused to a sense of danger. Rebellions broke out in Germany itself. Henry's army melted away. Matilda skilfully foiled all his movements, and the discomfited and baffled monarch at last was compelled to come to terms with the Pontiff. In their famous interview at the Castle of Canossa, in A. D. 1079, the independence of the Church from feudal restraint and the triumph of Christian civilization over feudal barbarism were definitely secured. And although feudalism survived for many a day, the result of that interview was to secure the church ever afterward from the encroachments of the Northern powers. It was further to insure that result that the Countess Matilda, either immediately afterward or at her death in 1115, donated to the popes the territory along the shores of the Mediterranean between the Tiber and the lake of Bolsona, known in subsequent times by the name of the patrimony of St. Peter.

Such was the origin of what is known as the temporal power of the popes. Assuredly no temporal power was ever more justly acquired; no temporal sovereignty

ever had more just or more legitimate foundations. The free will of the Roman people and the public sentiment of Europe made of Rome what a similar sentiment, crystalizing itself in organic law, has made of the City of Washington and the District of Columbia for the purposes of our Federal Union. The government of the Union might, perhaps, have carried on successfully within the territorial limits of some one of the States of the Union, as indeed was done temporarily in the beginning, when the capital was located first at New York and afterwards at Philadelphia. But the better to secure the freedom of that government and its independent action, the founders of our constitutional system most wisely deemed it proper, and even necessary, to segregate the small territory of the District of Columbia, and to devote it for all time to that purpose. It was not their idea to create for the government which they established any imperial domain, but simply to insure its independence of action. By the divine ordination, and by the public sentiment of Europe acting in accordance therewith, Rome was intended to serve for the Christian world a purpose similar to that which the City of Washington serves for our Federal Union—as a place where all may meet on terms of equal freedom and independence.

The parallel may be even farther extended. We have said that it was not the intention of the founders of our Federal system to provide a large domain for our central government, although the powers of that government were to be co-extensive with the territorial limits of the Union, and its influence was to be co-extensive with the habitable globe. On the contrary, it was their express purpose to make that domain no larger than would be absolutely required to secure the independence of the government, and a small district, containing not more than 100 square miles of territory, was deemed amply sufficient for the purpose. The Christian Church was established as a power on earth independent of the nations, but to act upon all the nations, to pervade them with its influence, to weld them in the bonds of a common fraternity, but with a purpose and a sphere of action entirely distinct and separate from that of the nations. "Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," was the mandate of the Divine Founder of the church. And this mandate, as did our Federal constitution with the Union and States of the Union, established distinctly the co-ordination of the spiritual and the temporal power. The founder of Christianity no more contemplated the subjection of the temporal to the spiritual power, as in the Mohammedan system, than he did the subjection of the spiritual to the temporal power which it is the boast of Protestantism to have accomplished by a restoration of the infamous system of State religions, characteristic of the old pagan world, and which it was the mission of Christianity to destroy. By the separation and co-ordination of the spiritual and temporal powers the freedom of both were to be secured. And we may add that an alliance between the two was no more contemplated than the subjection of the one to the other.

Now, while it necessarily follows that the possession of temporal power as such by the church is not only not necessary to it, but is, in its nature, injurious to the purity of its existence; the possession of a locus for the free and independent exercise of its governmental functions is an entirely different matter. A place for a meeting of its councils outside of the territorial limits of any State or nation, and therefore, presumably free from the undue influence which would be natural within the limits of a State or nation—a place for the transaction of the executive business of the church—a place for the sessions of its general tribunals, for there is legislative, executive and judicial business to be transacted by the church as well as by the State, is just as much a necessity for the church as it is for the State, with this distinction, perhaps, that the exercise of temporal power is the primary purpose of the State, while to the church it is merely an incident, a convenient and proper incident to the exercise of its spiritual power, but yet never more than an incident.

The church may exist without the temporal power of the popes. It existed without it in the catacombs; it existed without it through all the ages of persecution. Popes may die in exile or in prison, as they have died. Godless conspirators against the cause of truth may raise again the banners of hell over the altars of religion, as they have frequently done in the past. They may slay the priest at the altar, scatter the worshipers and defile the sanctuary, and yet the spirit of religion will survive and the church will come forth again triumphant, as it came forth from the catacombs. Free or enslaved, in favor with princes or incurring their deadliest enmity, we have no apprehension for the church; her cause is the cause of God and it will survive. So many tyrants rage against the cause of human liberty; but the spirit of liberty can not be destroyed by tyrants. Assuredly it can not seriously be claimed that, because human liberty can survive the assaults of tyranny, therefore it should continue to be subject to them.

Is it any more reasonable to hold that because the church will undoubtedly survive persecution and the loss of its independence, therefore it ought to be subjected to persecution and deprived of the small allotment of temporal dominion that constitutes the guarantee of its freedom and independence?

Man is by nature entitled to be free; therefore is he entitled to free institutions. Man is entitled to freedom in his spiritual relations; therefore is the church, the organ of his religion, entitled to such measures of temporal authority as will secure its independence and its freedom of action. More than this there is not claimed for it; more than this it would not be wise for it to possess.

No dispassionate and impartial student of history can now fail to recognize the benefit that accrued to our civilization from the existence of the papacy. It was the papacy, and the papacy alone, that saved Europe from the grinding despotism of the feudal system. From the brigandage and licentiousness which that system was so well calculated to perpetuate, humanity found its only refuge in the power that was represented by the papacy. The independence of the papacy secured the independence of the church. And the ultimate triumph of all that the church represented and was to Europe—religion, morality, science, literature, female virtue, and the sanctity of the home. Recall for a moment the picture drawn by a great dramatist of our own age; it is a true picture. In the drama of Richelieu, by Edward Bulwer Lytton, when the famous French cardinal, driven from power, temporarily deprived of his honor, and shorn of all his authority by the loss of royal favor, was threatened with an assault upon the virtue of his favorite niece, what did he say and do; and what was the power that enabled him to hurl defiance on his enemies. Here are his words, that deserve to be immortal:

> Mark where she stand. Around her form
> I draw the awful circle of our solemn church;
> Let but a foot within that holy ground,
> And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
> I launch the curse of Rome.

And the writer is true to the spirit of history when he makes the cardinal's enemies shrink from his denunciation more abjectly than they would have cowered before any manifestation of political authority.

During the Middle Ages, and even long after Protestantism had destroyed the spirit of Christian charity and the sentiment of the brotherhood of man in Europe, the Roman pontiffs were the arbiters of political quarrels and national controversies—not because they arrogated to themselves any temporal authority over the nations, as partisan bigotry has falsely asserted, but because on account of their spiritual character the Christian world looked to them as the most natural and the most impartial judges of national and international disputes, and the faith of the Christian world, in the rectitude of their decisions, has never been mistaken or misplaced. When were their decisions in this regard wrong?

A remarkable illustration is recalled by the history of the great event we are now commemorating. When the grand exploit of Columbus had opened up the Western World beyond the Atlantic to the daring adventure of Spain, and the contemporaneous maritime enterprise of Portugal threatened to occasion collisions between the two nations, Alexander VI., who then occupied the Papal chair, and to whose decision the matter had been referred for arbitration, decreed that the thirty-seventh meridian of longitude west of the straits of the Cape de Verde Islands should be the dividing line between the colonial empires of the two powers. There was no usurpation in this decision, as the malignant falsifiers of Edinburgh and Geneva would have us believe —no haughty arrogation of sovereignty over this newly-discovered world such as to justify the pontiffs in parceling it out between the two great maritime powers of the day. The action of the Pope was simply that of the judge or arbitrator to whom the controversy for the settlement of a disputed boundary had naturally been referred by those interested in its settlement. And strangely enough the two parties most nearly interested, Spain and Portugal, acquiesced in the decision of the Pontiff without a murmur of dissent. And it was not until long afterward, when the basest malignity of falsehood was never deemed too vile for the use of intolerant fanaticism and religious rancor, that one of the most beneficent acts of the Roman Pontiffs was characterized as an evidence of their usurpation of sovereign powers over the world.

As mediators of peace and arbitrators of international difficulties the popes of Rome have rendered services to the cause of human civilization, supposing for the moment that we can dissociate that term from religion, which no historical writer of the present day who has regard for the cause of truth can ignore. We think a period has been reached in the history of the world when arbitration between the nations

may be substituted for the brutal agency of the sword as a more sensible and more satisfactory method for the determination of the quarrels and disputes that arise between the nations. More than once in late years we have had recourse as a nation to this method of settling our difficulties with other nations of the world; and the method has commended itself to the common sense of the age as eminently wise and just. In other words, by our sporadic efforts we are striving to return to the system of a more permanent character represented in past times by the Roman Pontiffs. Is it too much to hope that the time will come again when all the nations will agree by common consent to submit their controversies, which they are unable to settle amicably between themselves, to a supreme court of the world, presided over by the Roman Pontiffs? But in order that the Roman Pontiff may be free to act as such supreme arbitrator, in order that the Roman Pontiff may be free to act as the ordinary arbitrator of the affairs of our universal church throughout the nations, he must not be the subject of any power or nation himself. For such subjection would detract from his impartiality as well as from his independence. It is unjust to all of us throughout the world that the head of our religion should be under the suspicion even of being controlled, constrained or influenced by the temporal authority of any nation claiming political jurisdiction of his person or of his surroundings.

The writer of this paper is not an enemy to the sentiment of united Italy. On the contrary, he sympathizes most heartily, not only with the desire for freedom which is assumed to have been so large a factor in producing a united Italy, but with the general theory of a union, or at least of a confederation, of all the branches of cognate races so far as it may be feasible or practicable to fuse them into one nationality. But Rome was not necessary for the united Italy. Rome has become the capital of the world; we would not have it disgraced into becoming the capital of a petty European monarchy. Rome has not now, even if it ever had, any strategic, political, or commercial value as the capital of an Italian monarchy, or of an Italian republic, or of an Italian confederation of any kind. Italy would be as strong without it as with it; stronger, indeed, without it, because there would then no longer be the friction of the religious sentiment that must continue to struggle against the existing conditions, and that must necessarily succeed, sooner or later, in modifying those conditions Rome should be a great free city, the great free city of the world, the holy city, and the religious capital of all the nations—not a mere competitor of London, or Berlin, or Vienna, but once again the city of the soul, as a noble poet has well named it, to which the "Orphans of the Heart" may ever turn as their home, and where the children of every nation under heaven may come and feel themselves at home. United Italy will make no real sacrifice of nationality by the restoration of Rome to the popes. The world will be the gainer by securing anew the independence of the Holy See.

Col. Robert M. Douglas, of Greensboro, N. C., read a paper on "Trade Combinations and Strikes," in which he said:

Trade combinations and strikes are twin children of an advancing civilization, in which the individual is becoming merged into the aggregate, not only as to his rights of property, but too often as to his manhood on the one hand and his conscience on the other. Trade combinations are of different kinds, varying with the objects of their formation and the character of the men organizing and controlling them; but throughout them all runs the essential object of obtaining by co-operation of efforts and resources what is beyond the power of the individual. Strikes, whatever may be their local causes and effects, and however perverted by unworthy leaders, must be finally regarded as the solemn protest of the individual against wrongs for which he feels the law presents no adequate remedy.

Trade combinations are almost invariably effected through incorporated companies, and this brings us to a consideration of the corporation laws of this country, which, in my opinion, through their unequal operation, are largely responsible for the unfortunate relations existing between labor and capital, with the resulting strikes.

What is a corporation? It is a fictitious person, created by law, possessing all the property rights of the individual, but lacking many of his limitations and enjoying greater privileges. Like an individual, it can buy and sell, take and hold, sue and be sued, and act as trustee, administrator, or guardian. Unlike an individual, it has neither conscience to appeal to, nor body to imprison. Its character is its soul, its capital stock is its life's blood. It enjoys peculiar privileges not given to individuals or firms. It has a fixed term of life, unaffected by the death of its members, and hence is not hampered by will or descent, dower, courtesy, or homestead. However great its capital or numerous its shareholders, it is not embarrassed by internal differences of

opinion, for it has but one will, which is the will of the majority. Many corporations, like railroads, possess the power of condemnation, which is simply the practical exercise of the right of eminent domain, one of the highest privileges of the State.

Usually its shareholders have no personal liability beyond the amount subscribed; and by an ingenious process, based upon a fictitious purchase, subscriptions can be turned into paid-up stock upon the actual payment of a small percentage. The capitalization of railroad companies, that is, their issues of stock and bonds, rarely ever represent actual investments. A syndicate of stockholders of a projected railroad will, by appeals to the patriotism and self-interest of communities and individuals, obtain all the public and private subscriptions possible, and then organize a distinct corporation in the nature of a construction company. As officers of the railroad company, they will make a contract with themselves as the construction company to build the road for a fixed price per mile, generally amounting to the entire bonds and stocks of the road, including public and private subscriptions. These subscriptions, with the first mortgage bonds, usually build the road, leaving the entire second mortgage bonds and nearly all the stock as net profits.

These issues of stock and bonds, representing nothing but wind and water, of course contribute nothing to the productive capacity of the road, and yet they elect its officers, control its management, and absorb its profits. The mere payment of the interest on the bonds, without any dividend on the stock, would be an enormous profit to the builders. Six per cent on the par value of a bond becomes 100 per cent if the bond costs only six cents on the dollar, and over 1,000 per cent if it costs nothing.

If a corporation having 5,000 employes cut down their daily wages 5 cents—a reduction which none could afford to resist—it would be a net saving of $250 per day. It would mean on the one hand from $75,000 to $100,000 per year added to net profits of the corporation, and on the other 2,000,000 loaves of bread taken from the mouths of the suffering poor. Successive reductions complete the grinding process to the limit of human endurance. Is not this a dangerous experiment for the corporation to make or the State to permit?

Our civilization rests upon a surrender by the individual of a portion of his natural liberty in exchange for the protection of government, and he has a right to demand that the government shall use all powers necessary to his protection. Otherwise is he not relegated by the law of nature to his natural right of self-defense? If the State create an artificial person with powers greater than his own, with which he can not contend, has he not a right to demand that the State shall provide efficient means to prevent an abuse of the extraordinary powers it has given to its creature?

A corporation has no inherent rights, and if it receives from the State powers and privileges greater than an individual, it thereby assumes greater responsibilities, which neither it nor the State can ignore. This may require additional legislation, but as we have enlarged the common law in favor of the corporation, why not extend it for the protection of the individual? It contains the germs of all necessary remedies, not only for the abuse of corporate powers, but for many other existing evils.

At first, remedial legislation would necessarily be somewhat experimental; but experience would soon perfect it. All corporate privileges should be held at the will of the sovereign grantor. This is now the case with the present constitution of North Carolina and some other States. Of course the doctrine of "vested rights" will be invoked, and the Dartmouth College case cited, but it must be remembered that this case was decided on the ground that the college was an eleemosynary corporation. There is an essential difference between a charter granted merely to perpetuate the charitable purposes of a private founder and one conveying valuable franchises directly affecting the general public, and the abuse of which may vitally injure communities as well as individuals.

In any event, when remedial legislation is needed to correct great public wrongs, our legislators should always give the people the benefit of the doubt; and at least give the Supreme Court the opportunity of passing upon its constitutionality. If necessary the Constitution of the United States can be amended.

Each State should have a department or bureau of corporations, with visitorial powers, to which all corporations should report at stated times. This need not cost the State anything, as moderate fees would more than pay the expenses. The visitorial powers need not be exercised except upon complaint, and an appeal to the courts should be allowed. The majority of the States already have railroad, banking and insurance commissioners, and but a slight extension of their powers would be sufficient. There is no reason why large manufacturing corporations and transportation companies should be any more free from State supervision. Treat all alike and require from all a

strict observance of the law. Trade combinations and strikes are not private affairs, concerning only employer and employed; but usually injuriously affect a large number of innocent people, and become public nuisances of the highest order. A nuisance is abatable, and an affray is punishable at the common law. In an affray, which is the voluntary fighting of two or more persons in a public place, both parties are guilty, no matter who began it. Why should it not be so with strikes, if the public peace be broken? I have no sympathy with the red-handed rioter; he should be promptly suppressed. But if the employer or his agent provokes a strike by oppression or unlawful combinations, why is he not equally guilty with the poor wretch whom he has driven to desperation?

Of course the government can not compel anyone to employ or work for a fixed price, but the strike or the lockout must be kept equally within the law. Whenever a strike occurs, especially one in any way affecting the general public, a prompt and thorough investigation should be made by the State authorities—not only into the acts committed, but also into the causes, remote as well as proximate. The resultant acts of the strikers are generally open and easily seen and punished, but the exciting acts of the employer are more secret and difficult of redress.

The investigations should extend not simply to overt acts, but to all causes of complaint, including the rate of wages; whether paid promptly, and in cash, or orders; the hours of labor, whether the employes live in houses belonging to the company, and, if so, whether the rental is fair, so as to determine whether, on the whole, the employes receive sufficient remuneration for their labor. Wages, apparently fair, can easily be largely reabsorbed by high rentals and store accounts, where the store and tenant houses belong to the company. The reasonableness of wages depends not only upon the labor of the employe, but also upon the resulting profit to the employer. This should include a fair return upon the original investment, the capital actually employed in carrying on the business, and the personal service of the owners. All these should be matters of official inquiry. The dividend declared upon the stock does not always show the actual profits, as large amounts may be carried to the surplus fund, expended in improvements, or paid to the principal owners in the shape of salaries.

It may be said that such inquiries are inquisitorial, but so is the cross-examination of any witness. Practically, all strikes occur with incorporated companies or large manufacturing establishments. We have seen that corporations would have no right to object, as they placed themselves under peculiar obligations to the state when they accepted their chartered rights. Private manufacturers are in no better position, as they derive peculiar benefits through the operation of our tariff laws. They should remember that the avowed purpose of all our protective legislation is to protect our laboring classes from competition with the pauper labor of Europe, and to enable our manufacturers to pay such wages as will permit their employes to support and educate their families in a manner befitting American citizens. I have always been in favor of a protective tariff, because I believed it protected the American aborer. In granting this protection to the manufacturer, the government should require him to show that he has shared its benefits with the humblest laborer from the sweat of whose brow he derives his profits.

One other danger inseparable from corporate bodies arises from their utter want of moral responsibility. Corporations are too often managed, not by their real owners, but by officers whose trained minds and consciences are devoted to the single purpose of producing the largest possible profits with a view to the largest possible salaries. There is no apparent reason why the right to apply for a writ of quo warranto should be reserved to the attorney-general alone, who too frequently owes his election to some powerful corporation.

But little can here be said about trade combinations in the nature of trusts Avowedly formed for the purpose of controlling prices by preventing competition or limiting production, they are essentially vicious in their nature, dangerous in their tendencies, and destructive in their results. The United States, as well as several of the States, have enacted laws against trusts and unlawful trade combinations, but so far apparently with little success, either owing to defects in the laws or lukewarmness in those charged with their execution. Even without such legislation, the old common law offences of forestalling, regrating, engrossing, and conspiracy would, if enforced, remedy many xisting evils.

In the taxing power the government possesses a most efficacious remedy for trade combinations. The right to tax is the power to destroy; and we have seen this power exercised with a vengeance on State bank issues and foreign imports.

This question of taxation brings us to another matter in which the poor man is placed at a disadvantage. It has been said that our churches are principally supported by the comparatively poor, and the same may be said of the government. The wealth of the rich consists largely in bonds and stocks and other convertible securities, which can be easily concealed without leaving any trace. That this can be done is self-evident; that it has been done has been recently shown in the most striking manner. A certain amount of revenue must be raised for the purposes of government; and when one species of property escapes taxation, the rate is necessarily increased upon what is taxed. What the locomotive fails to pay, must be levied upon the mule.

A laboring man can rarely escape taxation. He has no money or stocks or bonds to conceal. He can not evade the poll tax by hiding his own head, neither can he put his mule or cow in a safe-deposit vault and swear he does not own any. The poor farmer ploughing a brindled steer upon a barren hillside pays taxes upon his steer as well as upon his own head. He has fair cause for complaint if the railroad magnate rolling by in his private car shirks any part of the just burdens of government.

Another principle of taxation that operates very unequally is that which permits all debts to be deducted from solvent credits. That is, if a man owns $10,000 in notes or bonds; and owes $8,000, he returns only $2,000 for taxation. But if a man buys a house for $1,000, paying $200 cash and giving his note and mortgage for the remaining $800, he is compelled to pay taxes on the entire value of the place. His actual ownership extends only to the amount he has paid, and on that alone should he be required to pay taxes.

The best citizen on earth is the man who owns his home. Next to his wife and children, it is to him the dearest thing on earth, because it shelters them. He constantly improves and beautifies it, and becomes more and more identified with its every feature. He seeks to avoid and prevent every danger that may threaten it. He is never a rioter. The State should by every means in its power encourage a citizen to acquire a home as the surest pledge of his fidelity. Every little flower planted by the contented hand of a freeman is a stronger prop of a free government than a bayonet.

These few suggestions, the result of professional experience and earnest consideration, are submitted to you in the hope that, however crude and imperfect, they may contain a germ which, under the fostering care of an abler hand, may develop into some measure of public welfare. The dangers that threaten our country and its institutions are evident. The remedy is yet to be found; but its essential principle lies in a just recognition of the rights of all classes of our people. So make and enforce the laws that every one throughout this broad land shall feel and know that there is no one so rich and powerful as to be beyond the avenging arm of the law, and none so poor and humble as to be beneath its completest protection.

Rev. John R. Slattery, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., followed with an able paper on "The Negro Race; Its Condition, Present and Future." He said:

The religious condition of our eight millions of blacks gives food for anxious thought, and is fraught with lively interest to every citizen of this Republic. American Catholics may be said to have folded their arms for two and a half centuries, especially indeed since the war, and allowed their non-Catholic countrymen full swing in the religious training of the colored race. We did our share for them in other ways; we had more than a proportionate representation in the Union army which emancipated them, while we were in insignificant number on the opposite side. But as far as religion goes our efforts have been trivial. To appreciate how truly so, consider how few of the black race are Catholics—but one in fifty. And here is the first element in their religious condition; their actual numbers adhering to the various sects count up, all told, about four millions, while fully as many are without any religion at all.

Moreover, the peculiarity of their religious organizations is that they themselves do their whole religious work. They are the bishops, preachers, elders, deacons, and flock. Except a few Episcopal clergymen, all the ministers laboring among the blacks are of their own race. The white clergymen are found only in their universities, colleges, seminaries, and other higher schools; yet the African churches seem to move along smoothly enough.

As to their religious knowledge, it is no surprise to learn that very many of the negroes who profess religion are ignorant of the most fundamental truths of revelation. They have some idea of our Lord, a great reverence for His Holy Name, a notion of sin and of the Bible—the latter, however, more in a superstitious than a rational way. Baptism, in the eyes of a multitude of them, is all that is needed. No matter what

sect may claim them, once baptized they are saved. "Once in grace never out of it;" or, to give another favorite saying of theirs: "The Blood of Jesus never burns." Now, as no soul is exempt from the necessity of learning the essential truths of God's revelation, it is a primary question as to whether or not these are acquired by the blacks through their church membership. Behold the drawback in the negro churches. They are taught the fundamental truths of the Christian religion but very imperfectly. Far too often their churches are mere hustings for political candidates, or are like social clubs; and their houses of worship are often used for nearly all kinds of gatherings.

At the same time the ignorance of religious truth among the negroes does not weaken the religious sentiment which is naturally strong in them, and which, strange as it seems, is often divorced from their sense of morality. In this matter, however, they are without anything worthy the name of guidance. Recently a leading preacher declared in the public press that two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of the colored preachers were immoral. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." It is impossible to say to what extent this laxity of morals is attributable to the frightful doctrine of the inadmissibility of grace, which is not theirs alone, but that of the many millions of Southern whites who profess the Calvinistic doctrine of justification. Their test of conversion, writes a Mrs. Rice in the *Christian Union*, is an abnormal paroxysmal experience, after which they have "got religion" and no sin is to be laid to their charge. This writer is also authority for the statement that even a murderer has been known to conduct a Sunday-school, with great apparent zeal and unction, for months after his undiscovered crime.

Unhappily the attitude of the whites towards the immoralities of the negroes works much harm in lowering the standard of morality in the poor people's eyes. A black person is not expected to be virtuous, and is looked upon with wonder if he or she happens to be so. It is related of an elderly colored woman, when urging a younger one to give up her bad ways, that the latter gave this scornful answer: "Huh! de white folks hires me, an' thinks as much o' me as dey does o' you." And even if the whites stopped here it would not be so bad. No race can throw the first stone at the negroes, for their hybrids belong to all races.

It can not be too much insisted upon that, as a rule, the whites give no edifying example to the blacks. Especially is this the case with many of those who have dealings with the negroes. Many employers, venders, traders, and agents are to blame for a downward moral drift in those poor people. Is our public sentiment, let me ask, calculated to engender noble aspirations in the negroes? Is the tone of the press such as would awaken in their hearts better thoughts? Do the corrupt practices so widespread in politics; the systematic adulterations in food, clothing, etc.; the frequent fraudulent failures—do such facts tend to elevate the negro race? We need not then be surprised at Fred. Douglass' question? "If the negro could be bottled up, who could or would bottle up the irrepressible white man?" Men are always ready to have a fling at the black man, who usually is more sinned against than sinning.

Who is responsible for the irreligion and immorality of the negro? The colored people did not intrude themselves upon us; they were brought here in chains. and held by a cruel slave code in the communities where they now are. Slavery, then, is the first cause; a negro was a chattel and counted as such. True, in good Christian families, which are too often the exception, the slaves were conscientiously looked after. But in the "negro quarters" it seldom happened that personal and family rights were or could be recognized or respected. Marriage, alas! was practically a union during the good pleasure of the master; nor were Catholic masters always found proof against the demands of poverty or cupidity when it was question of marital or parental rights among the slaves, even sacrificing their own offspring when of Ham's race. Nor in disposing of their slaves did they always consider whether the purchasers were Catholics or not.

The whole tendency of the slave code was in favor of the whites, who should be angels, indeed, not to abuse the practically limitless power by which the laws invested owners of slaves.

A concomitant to slavery was ignorance. In the earlier years of the Republic slaves were permitted to read and write; afterwards this was forbidden by severe laws. And we have heard former slaves tell how, when they were growing up, they would steal out at night with their spelling-book or reader hidden next the skin, in order to take reading lessons from some kind friend, although at the risk of a severe whipping if caught.

Nor, in this connection, should we forget the transition from slavery to freedom. Emancipation must have wrought a strange intoxication to the millions of slaves who

had seen themselves ever surrounded by whites, who alone were respectable and who frequently idled away their entire lives. Emancipation, they thought, was to make the blacks like such whites. Wild dreams of ease and comfort must have flitted through their imaginations. Hence, to realize the stern condition which the daily life of duty and care entailed upon them must have produced among many of the emancipated very strange results.

We think that Protestantism may in part be held responsible for the present irreligious and immoral condition of the negroes. The widely-spread race prejudice, as powerful in the North as in the South, though shared by Catholics as well as by others, is truly a Protestant instinct. It is inhuman, un-Christlike, and unworthy even of our manhood, not to speak of our citizenship or our Christianity. For two and a half centuries our non-Catholic countrymen have had control of the negro in the South, and what is the result? They gave him in some measure their religion; they placed no restriction on their religious teaching or on their codes of morality; to-day the whites and blacks of the South profess common beliefs; yet in spite of all, we hear from the whites hardly a good word of the blacks. How marked a contrast is this to the influence of the Catholic Church!

From the baptism of Clovis, when the haughty Gaul despised the Goth fully as much as ever our Southern whites despised the blacks, to the crowning of Charlemagne as the common head of an undivided people, only the same period of time elapsed as that between the introduction of slavery into our territory and the present day. Yet it was long enough for the Catholic Church to blend the master and slave into one, and to make the new race the custodian of the ancient and the beginner of modern civilization. Nor was it different with Goths and Romans in Italy, with Normans and Saxons in Great Britain. Even in our day and in our own hemisphere, whatever misery afflicts Spanish America, the Catholic instinct of human equality has delivered it from race antagonisms. There is no negro problem in Catholic South America.

But when we look at our negro question from the missionary point of view, and ask, Is not the Catholic Church in America to be blamed for lack of zeal? I answer with an unhesitating Yes. After all, Protestantism has done something to Christianize the blacks; but we have done, I may say, nothing. They have made, and are making, great missionary efforts, pouring out money like water; but we have attempted almost nothing. In fact, it was announced a few years ago, at the Lake Mohonk conferences, that the various denominations had spent, since the war, on the negroes, thirty-five millions of dollars. Add to that immense sum the hundred and thirty higher institutions, with twenty-five thousand scholars, of whom one thousand are preparing for the Protestant ministry.

Imperfect as is this picture of the religious condition of the negro race and of its causes, it is enough, however, to give us a fair idea of the state of things. It tells us of from eight to nine millions of blacks, living in one section of our land, and that the most Protestant, just emerged from slavery; enjoying the franchise; learning how to read and write; two-thirds of them living on plantations, one and all being made to feel a frightful ostracism which descends so deep as to exclude them in some places from public conveyances; a people one-half of whom have no religion, and the other half are professing only a shade of sentimental belief.

Yet there is a cheerful view to be taken. However sadly situated this people may be, there are bright hopes in store for them. All drawbacks and discouragements notwithstanding, they have won the nation's respect. They are not rebels against public authority; they are law-abiding citizens. They love the worship of God; in their childish way they desire to love God; they long for and relish the supernatural; they willingly listen to the word of God; their hearts burn for the better gifts. They are hard working; patiently and forgivingly do they bear their wrongs. This is in marked contrast with their white neighbors, too many of whom have not a word of good to say for the black man, thus verifying the old paradox that we never forvive those whom we have wronged, much as we may pardon those who have injured us.

It is related of Michael Angelo that going along the streets of Rome he espied a rough, unhewn block of marble. "There is an angel hidden there," said he, pointing to the stone. Having had it brought to his studio, the immortal artist soon began to chip at it, and to hack at it, and to shape it, till finally there came forth from it the faultless angel in marble, which his prophetic eye had seen in it.

A similar block of marble is the negro; far harder to work upon than the Carrara lump of Michael Angelo, because the chisel must be applied to the human heart. And has the negro a human heart? Is he a man? Yes, thank God! he is a man, with all

the affections and longings, all the faculties and qualities of human kind Behold, then, it is his manhood that is the first ground of our hope. Like the Roman poet Terence, who is himself supposed by some to have been a negro, since he was one of the slaves of Scipio Africanus, the black man may say: "Homo sum, et nihil humanum alienum a me puto." The negro's first claim upon us is our common humanity, and that means a close tie of brotherhood.

The future of the negro appears, therefore, to a missionary like myself to be hopeful. It rests primarily on the great truth that the human race is one. There is one Lord, one God, one Father of all. From this we rise to the supernatural destiny of our common humanity; one Jesus Christ, one church, one life of probation, one heaven, one hell. The negro has everything that makes a man, everything that makes a Christian. Holy Church teaches the same doctrine to blacks as to whites; furnishes the same sacramental channels of grace, baptizes the black infant, confirms the negro boy, administers Holy Communion to him, marries the black man and woman, ordains the black priest, gives him the same extreme unction as the white receives. As the negro passed out of slavery it was the Catholic Church which could say to him with the apostle, in his new relation: "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba! (Father)."—Romans viii. 15.

Her code of laws for the black is the same as for the white—no difference. Sunday mass, Friday abstinence, Lenten fast oblige the black man no more than the white. Yes, the human nature predestined to Christian grace, and so admirably recognized by the church, is the foundation of our hopes.

The negro's heart, like the white man's, is essentially good. Here we have a foothold. Grace we know builds upon nature and presupposes it. The civil law in its turn recognizes the manhood of the negro; who votes, or should legally vote, like a white man, is ruled by the same laws; bows to the same rulers in the general, state, and local governments; has before him, if delinquent (at least on the statute-book), the same legal process and sentence, the same jail and keepers as the white man. In ante-bellum days there were special enactments which made the negro a chattel. In our days all odious restrictions are disappearing before a juster and fairer recognition of his manhood.

The manhood of the negro race, moreover, is a truth of religion, and one which Leo XIII. has well insisted upon in his letter to the bishops of Brazil at the time of the emancipation of the slaves of that country. "It was sin," he writes, "which deserved the name of slavery; it was not natural. From the first sin came all evils, and specially this perversity, that there were men who, forgetful of the original brotherhood of the race, instead of seeking, as they should naturally have done, to promote mutual kindness and mutual respect, following their evil desires, began to think of other men as their inferiors, and to hold them as cattle born to the yoke" And the very argument which we hear so often in political agitation, and read so much in the public press, viz., that by nature the black man is inferior, Leo XIII. declares an outrage on our common humanity.

When in addition to the consideration of the negro's manhood we add the further reflection that the greater part of mankind were slaves at the coming of Christ, there is all the less reason to despise our black countrymen, and all the more hope for their future. Men go into ecstacies over the future of the white races; they love to recount their progress since the dawn of the Christian era. Let us remember to-day, however, how widespread slavery was in ancient days. We all are the offspring of races the vast majority of whom were legally or practically slaves. The negroes to-day are only taking their turn.

In the Roman Empire slaves were so numerous that Petronius in his "Satyrion" makes one of the players ask the servant how many infant slaves were born on his estates the preceding day, and is informed that thirty boys and forty girls were the increase of that day on that one estate. Roman patricians took a pride in having everything they needed made by their own slaves, thus destroying free labor, and with it, in the course of time, their own supremacy These slaves were whites, and very many of them mechanics: carpenters, masons, shoemakers, millers, bakers, wool-combers, weavers, dyers, tailors, embroiderers, etc. Add to these carvers, mosaic workers, glaziers, painters, as well as three other grades corresponding to professions in our times, viz., architects, surgeons, and physicians.

As in Rome, so throughout the rest of the civilized world. White slavery flourished everywhere, and Canon Brownlow is the authority for the statement that serfdom has not as yet been legally abolished in England, although it has ceased to be a practical ques-

tion since the War of the Roses — that is, for four centuries. In Italy a modified form of slavery existed to the end of the 17th century, in Spain till the first quarter of the 18th century, and only the revolution of 1789 blotted out French serfdom — all this in spite of the steadfast and aggressive efforts of Catholicity.

In Ireland, before St. Patrick came, a female slave, called "cumhal," was the unit of currency, thus showing how deeply rooted was slavery in ancient Irish institutions.

Although St. Patrick, once himself a slave, made great efforts towards emancipation, still slavery flourished in Ireland till St. Lawrence O'Toole moved, at a national synod, at Armagh, in 1170, to recognize the English invasion as a sign of divine anger against the Irish for their slave-holding. A peremptory admonition was thereupon sent out ordering the release of all English slaves in the land. Thenceforward it disappeared, till Cromwell sent thousands and tens of thousands of Irish men and women, boys and girls, as slaves into the West Indies.

In the life of St. Vincent de Paul we read that the thought of his foundling asylum originated at the sight of the place called La Cooche, where those unfortunates were sold to circus managers and the like. He himself for some years was a slave in Africa, and did not hesitate to escape at the first opportunity.

Since the discovery of America, however, the slavery that we have been familiar with is negro slavery. The color of the slave changed; and with it our memories seem comatosed. We forget the slavery of our ancestors. In modern times the negroes seem to have slipped into the shoes of the more ancient white slaves. There is nothing in the fact of slavery itself which will argue against the negroes, nor again will their color prove aught derogatory to their advancement. After, indeed, centuries of Christianity, the white races have not much to boast of. In the matter of religion they are much split up; in morals there is in our days a strange, sad laxity; in honesty the world is all but dominated by very loose and unjust principles. Of course there is progress — wonderful progress — yet not to such an extent as would belie the hopes of the negro's advance.

If, then, the negro may be called a man among men and an heir to all the glorious privileges of humanity, and also of Christianity, what, we may ask, are the means to be employed to place him in possession of his divine heritage? There is, I believe, one true means for his advancement, and that is the negro himself, guided and led by the Catholic Church. The first element in the elevation of the black race is the black man himself. To attempt anything for the blacks without making the black man himself the chief instrument for good, would be to attempt the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out.

His future demands the building up of his character, and this is best done by the mingled efforts of brotherly white men and worthy black men. His temperament, his passions and other inherent qualities, in great measure also his industrial and social environments, are beyond his control, and he needs the aid of the best men of his own race, but associated with and not divorced from the co-operation of the best of the white race. In the formation of his character, which is his weak spot, chief stress should be laid on moral training and education. External influences, controlled by noble men and women of both races, will count for more with him than with us. We can hardly appreciate how much the negro has to contend with while making his moral growth, for neither the antecedents nor surroundings of our black countrymen are calculated to draw out the noblest side of human nature. That personal encouragement to well-doing, to ambition to rise above degrading circumstances so necessary to all of us, so indispensably so to him, the black man rarely receives. Neither by nature nor by traditional training can the colored people, taken as a body, stand as yet upon the same footing of moral independence as their white brethren. The careful, patient, and Christian intervention of the whites, and the best of the blacks working together in using all the means demanded for the formation of manhood and womanhood is their right as well as their need in the present hour. They must be given the ample charity of Christ in their development, just as they have been given the full equality of citizenship. And in all this Catholics should lead the way. The influence of Catholics should be extended to foster and develop in the colored race those traits which tend to impart a sterling, self-reliant character.

Catholics may do very much. We are a large proportion, if not a majority, in many labor organizations. Let us welcome black working-men to every equality. We have very many influential Catholics in public life. Let them take sides in matters touching the blacks under the guidance of Catholic principles. There are about nine thousand priests in the land; let every priest exert an influence of sympathy in his personal dealings with the colored people of his vicinity. Perhaps there are twenty thousand

religious teachers who, in their institutions, should receive negro boys and girls without discrimination. If Catholics, thus in possession of a vast power for moral elevation, give the right hand of fellowship to their black countrymen in all civil and personal relations, the work of converting them will be easy. Nor can we Catholics afford to ignore them or exclude them. For if we should do so, then the name "Catholic" would be a misnomer when applied to the American Church, and we should sink into the position of a sect. The negroes, as things stand, care nothing for the Catholic Church. Why should they? What has the Catholic Church done for them? But they would be the most ungrateful people earth ever bore if they should forget what our non-Catholic countrymen have done and are doing for them in every relation of life.

Turning again to ourselves, let every one of us in private life, whether laymen, priests, or religious, bear in mind that it is not enough to give a despised race their legal rights, but that Christian principle exacts a special regard for race susceptibilities. The Irish and Germans and Italians resent the terms, "Paddy," and "Dutchman." and "Dago," so let us cease to call the colored people "Niggers" and "Darkies," even in private conversation; and in every other way let us do unto the black people as we should wish to be done by were we blacks ourselves. Let us bear in mind that among whites of every kind there is an immense amount of partly Christian and partly natural tradition, which is weak among the blacks by no fault of their own. There is the home, the domestic fireside, the respect for Sunday, the sense of respectability, the weight of the responsibilities of life, the consciousness of duty, the love of honesty, which is regarded as true policy, the honor of the family name, the fear of disgrace, together with the aspirations for a share in the blessings and privileges which our country and civilization afford. And while very many of our white countrymen are not Catholics, and are even but nominal Christians, still these weighty influences wield a potent charm for good over their lives.

In regard to the negro race, however, these hardly exist; at best they may be found in isolated cases, though it is true that very encouraging signs of them are seen occasionally. Yet a vital part in the natural development of the negro will be secured by these elements, the sense of responsibility, the dignity as well as duty of labor, and, lastly, self-denial and thrift.

All these sit too lightly on the negroes. Care for the future they know not; and although they labor well enough, yet they lack thrift. Their cheerful dispositions lighten much of their sorrows; and their love for music also soothes full many an evil day and dismal night. A patient, suffering race are they, whose sorrows are sure to win for them the fulness of divine blessings. Poverty and lowliness were characteristics of the Messias; they are two marked traits in the negro race. They too are, as it were, "A leper, and as one stricken by God and afflicted." Surely, if fellow-suffering creates a bond of sympathy, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ must deeply sympathize with and love the negro race.

We have intimated that the Catholic Church has accomplished little for the conversion of the negroes. It is but just to add here what is really being done.

From the official report of the episcopal commission charged with the distribution of the annual collection for the negro missions, we learn that during the six years of its existence $220,220 have been distributed among negro missions, and as much more among Indians.

There are at present twenty-eight priests laboring among the negroes exclusively, who are in charge of thirty churches. Of course they do not include the many more in Maryland, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, and elsewhere, whose churches are partly for whites and partly for blacks.

Since 1888, when the reports began to be published, the average number of adult converts yearly is about 670, while every year there were 4,500 children baptized. Moreover, twenty odd different orders of white women have charge of 108 schools, in which assemble 7,884 pupils. The orphanages and other institutions for colored children are growing. St. Benedict's Home, Rye, N. Y.; the Providence House of Mother Katherine Drexel, near Philadelphia; orphanages for boys, in Wilmington, Del., and Leavenworth, Kans.; one for girls, as also a foundling asylum, in Baltimore, Md., and two other orphan asylums in St. Louis, Mo., and New Orleans, La, are all doing good service for the homeless children of Ham, while the home for aged colored people in New Orleans, La., shelters the lingering days of its worthy inmates. The night-school and guild in Baltimore and the industrial school at Pine Bluff, Ark., are both paving the way towards teaching colored children a means of livelihood.

There are three orders of colored women, the Oblates of Baltimore, established in 1829; the Holy Family of New Orleans, dating from 1842, and the Sisters of St. Francis,

started about five years ago by Bishop Becker, of Savannah. There are four sisterhoods exclusively devoted to the negroes: the Franciscans from England, who have houses in Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk; the Sisters of the Holy Ghost in San Antonio, Texas; the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, Mother Katherine Drexel's Community, in Philadelphia; the Mission Helpers of Baltimore. These last-named are devoted to the home-life and training of negro women, visiting the jails, hospitals, and having sewing-schools even in private houses. In all about seventy Catholic sisters have consecrated, or will shortly consecrate, their lives before God's altar for the sake of the sin-laden and ignorant images of Christ in ebony setting.

Unhappily, however, none of our brotherhoods as yet have ever wielded a birch in a negro Catholic school.

The society to which I belong has missions in Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia. At our training school, the Epiphany Apostolic College, are upwards of sixty young men, of whom several are colored, studying the subjects necessary for their advance. At St. Joseph's Seminary, our mother-house in Baltimore, seventeen seminarians are being trained for the negro missions. These young men represent the whole country from Maine to Oregon, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. This large number of aspirants for the negro missions is due to the generous co-operation of the bishops and clergy of our land, while their support is given us by the noble Catholic laity, who in very great numbers subscribe for our little annual—*The Colored Harvest.*

We may fitly close with the sentiment of St. Gregory the Great, when contrasting our Lord's conduct in refusing to go to the nobleman's dying son, although asked to do so, while unasked he went and healed the centurion's servant.

"He did not deem that the nobleman's son was worthy of His presence, but He refused not to help the centurion's servant. What is this but a rebuke to earthly pride, which maketh us to respect in men their honors and riches rather than that divine image wherein they are created? It was not so with our Redeemer, who would not go to the son of the nobleman, but was ready to come down for the centurion's servant, to show that to Him the things which are great among men are but of little moment, and the things which are little esteemed among men are not beneath His notice.

"Our pride, then, standeth rebuked—that pride which maketh us forget for the sake of one man that another man is a man at all. This pride, as we have said, looketh only at the surroundings of men, not at their nature, and seeth not that God is to be honored in a man because he is a man. Lo! how the Son of God will not go unto the nobleman's son, but is ready to go and heal the servant. Of myself I know that if any one's servant were to ask me to go to him, I have a sort of pride which would say to me, silently inside my heart: Go not; thou wilt lower thyself; the papal dignity would be lightly esteemed; thy exalted station will be degraded. Behold how He who came down from Heaven doth not deem it below Him to go to help a servant, and yet I, who am of the earth earthy, shrink from being trodden on."

"Prayer for America" is the subject of the following paper, which was prepared and read by Rev. F. G. Lentz, of Bement, Ill.:

Inspired by an all-knowing God, 400 years ago a man set out from a small port in Spain to find a new world. The consummation of his cherished desires was a most astonishing discovery, which has overshadowed all his weary years of waiting, and efforts to persuade a doubting generation of the truth of his predictions. His unbounded faith alone was great enough to overcome all abstacles, both by sea and land, and bring to a happy issue God's designs for the human race.

What Columbus attributed to special inspiration, many would have been glad to have claimed as the achievement of their own genius. But as a devout Catholic the discoverer of America would have held in abhorrence any attempt to deprive God of the honor due Him. But wherefore this special revelation? To the hour of his death Columbus claimed that God designed by him to make known a new world, that the faith might be spread and the Holy Name of Jesus be glorified. This he declared before the court of Spain; stated it in his prayer of thanksgiving for the great work accomplished by him, and dying charged that they, his children, should not fail to use a certain portion of the revenues derived from his wonderful discovery to propagate the faith. Glory to God, who took His faithful and suffering servant to Himself and left to us the extraordinary legacy of his discovery. The fruits of his laborings and sufferings we now enjoy; for not only was the settlement of a new continent made possible, but the establishment of the grandest and noblest government the world has ever seen, become practicable.

But man, every man has duties, not only to himself, but public duties which concern him and his fellow-man. Everyone leads a public as well as a private life. It is a natural instinct which makes us rejoice in our public joys and weep over our public sorrows. We have collective griefs and collective joys. It was not a vain thought that made Jeremiah weep over the destruction of Jerusalem. He forgot his own troubles in mourning over the downfall of his nation and the destruction of his countrymen; they were bone of his bone; they were sinew of his sinew, citizens of the same commonwealth, and a nation of his nationality, and whatever befell them happened to himself. This is an innate natural feeling in us all—love of our country and sorrow for our country's wrongs. We wish it well, and unless every spark of patriotism is dead within our bosoms we can have no pleasure but in its prosperity. It becomes us then to know its needs and to seek to effectuate them. Patriotism is born of religious life and we can not be true to heaven without embracing the divinity.

But right here comes in the question: What does our country most need in order to prosper and continue, aye, to propagate her glorious work till all the nations and people of the earth have learned from her to imitate her behests to humanity? What above all other things will enable her to proceed triumphantly on her career of not only giving the greatest blessings to her citizens, but teaching the human race the way thereto? What she needs above all things is the truth. "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."—St. John viii., 32.

It was for this God inspired the discovery of America; it was for this Columbus labored and toiled for years amidst so many disappointments; it was for this so many missionaries sacrificed time and life; it was for that and this too that the persecuted of every race should find here a home and plenty; it is for this I appeal to you to endeavor to understand and do your part towards carrying out God's idea in revealing the American continent; and not to be an encumbrance, "a light hid under a bushel," that shall be removed because your candlestick leaves only darkness, where light should abound. If you have come into the inheritance, a larger freedom for truth, and greater worldly blessings, remember you are but stewards of God. All sacred writers teach us that we shall render to God according to our gifts. Our Lord shows us that the man with ten talents must account for more than he with only five. But woe to him who has not wisely used the talents intrusted to his care.

We have the truth; the faith that is in us must be made manifest. For this God opened up the New World; for this he enlarged our freedom, that we might make known the divine knowledge revealed to us. Unworthy nations have lost the great gift of faith because they knew not how to use the gratuity. Shall we, too, prove recreant to the trust? Shall we, too, hear one day the words, "Wicked and adulterous generation?" Matt. xvi., 1. God forbid!

We know that the whole law is founded on charity, love, not only for God, but our fellowmen. We do not, can not, love God if we do not love man, the image and likeness of the Divine Creator. No man can say he loves God and hates his fellow-man. These two loves go hand in hand. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." But how can we say we love God if we do not aid our fellow-citizens to the truth? "Though I should speak with tongues of angels and men; though I have knowledge enough to fathom all mysteries, and faith enough to remove mountains; though I should give my goods to the poor, and my body to the flames, and have not charity, I am nothing. Everything else is useless to me." I. Cor. xiii., 7. "Silver and gold I have none," says St. Peter to the lame man, "but what I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth arise and walk." Acts iii., 6.

What have we to give this people? Above all things else, faith. What then, "Am I my brother's keeper?" In this matter we are. God brought about the discovery of this continent that His name might be made known and glorified; that we who have the faith are bound by every obligation to manifest it. It is a corporal work of mercy to instruct the ignorant, and God has declared that those who do so "shall shine as stars in the kingdom of heaven." And yet, my friends, how little has been done! Many a poor soul has gone through this world hungering for the faith that we might have brought to it, and we would not. We forget that faith is a divine gift. We do not seem to understand that these people have not the knowledge required to ask for it. "How shall they call upon Him whom they have not believed?" Rom. x. If they know not God they can not call upon Him. There never was yet a nation who came to the faith of their own volition; it must be brought to them, and the true Catholic has always been filled with the instinct to propagate the truth. It is only where this feeling does not exist that the faith makes no progress, even among Catholic people. "Why is the world covered with iniquities? Why are so many souls lost by the thou.

sands? Why is the earth made desolate? Because no one considereth in his heart." Jer. xii., 2. The lament of the prophet is applicable to our day and country. We may say, why do not these people come and learn the truth? My friends, if you and I had been raised under the same influence, surrounded by the same atmosphere, we would never have entered a Catholic Church. Don't blame them. Let us seek first to overcome our own indifference and then mark the result.

No people on the face of the earth were ever brought into the fold by the methods we have hitherto pursued. The apostles of all times have gone to the people and made known the message. The very word gospel means that—announcing the glad tidings. All may not indeed be apostles, but think you that while the apostles went forth to battle with error, the Christians of their day spent the time in idleness and indifference? While the army of the Lord is in the field battling for right and truth, have those of the household no duties? When the British sought to invade our country, and New Orleans was threatened, what did the Catholics do? They gathered 'round the tabernacle and incessantly besought the Lord of Hosts to protect the brave men in the field, and save their homes from rude invasion. When the Israelites of old were battling with the enemies of their race, did not the people come to the aid of Moses, praying upon the mountain top, until victory crowned their armies?

It may not be ours to apply the intellectual lance of argument, or expound the doctrine of the church, but it does become our duty to let the love of our heart rise in incessant prayer to the God of Light, that He may enlighten the darkness of their understanding, and make fruitful the work of apostolic men laboring to explain God's truths. Not only did the apostles pray, but the people also prayed, that the name of the Lord Jesus might be known and spread throughout all nations. St. Peter was praying when he received the call to go out to the centurion, Cornelius. St. Paul was praying when he beheld the vision inviting him to go to the Macedonians. But some say that non-Catholics do not wish to believe. I deny that these people desire to be unbelievers. They run hither and thither to everyone, saying: "Where is the Lord? Where is the Lord?" not knowing where the truth may be found. Their very earnestness teaches us that they have a desire to know the truth. Their conduct is vision enough for us if we only heed the warning. How many have not heard the cry, like Agrippa of old, "Thou almost persuadeth me." Convinced many of them are, but not persuaded, *i. e.*, have not the grace of conversion. They know not how to ask. They still doubt, and "he who doubts is like the waves of the sea which come and go."—James i., 6.

And herein lies our work. We know the author of life and light and truth, and we know how to ask without doubting, and our prayers will be heard. We forget that those outside the church have neither the sacraments or the grace of a sinless person. We know and believe that he who is pure has more power than the sinner. Strong in our faith, we are capable of overcoming all obstacles and the Lord will hear our prayer. "Whatsoever you shall ask the Father with faith, you shall obtain."—Matthew xxi., 22.

Do not blame those who have not the faith; do not find fault with those who know not how to pray, or have little power because of unrepented souls; but rather let us reckon with ourselves and with the strength of giants, because of our belief, besiege the throne of grace, storm heaven with our humble petitions, and much shall be vouchsafed us because, in our burning charity for our brother, we "have loved much." We can convert this people, and make it one of the grandest missionary nations with which God has ever vouchsafed to bless the human race. With their enlightened freedom, a government founded on the natural rights of man, their large-heartedness, their generous impulses, their cleverness in surmounting all difficulties, they will lead all other peoples and nations in carrying the torch of enlightenment, preaching the truth, and bringing the blessing of God's holy word to others, and thus, by placing on Columbus' brow a diadem woven by the charity of his inheritors, they shall bring themselves into the ocean of infinite love, and for all eternity glow with the added luster of those to whom they have brought hope, peace, and heaven.

Surprise has often been expressed that the Irish race should cling to the faith, after so many tribulations. All that human ingenuity could do has been tried to dispossess them of the truth; yet no people have remained more faithful to the doctrine that was delivered to the saints. Fire and the sword, the rack and prison, exile and starvation, all in vain, have been used to extirpate faith. Well may they exclaim, "Where is the nation that has not heard our woes? All peoples have been a witness to our sufferings." Yet, glory be to God, they have ever been among the most exemplary and steadfast Christians the world has known. Why is it that when so many others have perished they never faltered? It can be explained only on one theory.

They have ever been the foremost missionary nation of the earth. From the day St. Kolumkill went to Iona, St. Call and his companions to the continent, to revive faith, to our own day, they have been scattered over the whole earth, everywhere bearing testimony of Jesus Christ crucified. Riches they had not, but of that which they had they freely gave to their fellow-beings, and the Lord God has preserved them a strong and vigorous people when others have perished. We look upon their woes, and, after the manner of the world, would commiserate the nation; we look to heaven and see them trooping within its portals triumphantly to enjoy an everlasting crown of bliss as a reward of their charity, piety, and zeal, in spreading the glad tidings of faith to all the nations of the earth. May those who are descendants of these people never waver in their energy, or forget their glorious lineage, but perpetuate the good work so gloriously undertaken by their forefathers.

If we have been "salted with fire," as the Lord says, the salt must not become unsavory. The penetrating fire of charity must ever burn brighter within our breasts until it becomes a consuming flame which shall warm all within its rays. It knows no failing; is not repulsed; will not desist from zealously loving God and its neighbor, but persevere until all are enwrapped in the bosom of the Infinite.

Difficulties will but stimulate us to greater exertion. Fear will leave us no rest until we have converted the nation, Christianized the people, and brought salvation to the country. The warning of the prophet, "Why are hearts made desolate? Why are souls lost by the thousands? Because no man considereth in his heart," should fill us with such a dread that we would gladly join heart and soul in the prayer already being offered up by the thousands of our brethren in the faith. Sacrifice and oblation we should offer. Our humble supplications we should pour forth at the throne of Divine Grace until we have won for our separated brethren that pearl without price, the inestimable favor of Divine Faith, that they who are not of the household may be brought into the fold, where "there shall be one fold and one Shepherd," the Lord Jesus Christ, reigning gloriously over all for time and eternity.

Frank J. Sheridan, delegate from the Diocese of Dubuque, Iowa, read an interesting paper suggesting plan and reasons for the establishment of an organization by the Catholic Columbian Congress to be known as the Catholic Association of the United States for the Promotion of Industrial Conciliation and Voluntary Arbitration. Mr. Sheridan said:

The Columbian Catholic Congress has been called into existence mainly for the purpose of discussing and putting into practical effect in the United States the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the condition of labor. In that document the way is clearly pointed out for the solution of the labor problem and for improving the condition of the working people. The details are left for us to carry out.

The natural desire on the part of the wage-earner—to get as much for his labor as he can—and the like disposition on the part of the employer—to pay as little for it as possible—have brought about a series of conflicts, more or less violent and disastrous in their results, and reflecting severely on this age of progress, liberality and enlightened civilization.

The Department of Labor of the United States government, devoted to painstaking and searching investigation of industrial conditions in our own and foreign countries, and with which I have the honor to be connected, has made an elaborate report on the subject of strikes and lockouts. The figures presented therein throw startling light on the significance and magnitude of this system of industrial civil war. It shows that for the six years, from 1881 to 1886, there were strikes in 22,304 establishments in the United States, involving 1,323,203 employes, and that there were lockouts in 2,214 establishments, involving 170,747 employes, making a total of 1,493,950 persons directly affected.

The leading causes of the strikes were the question of wages and the question of hours; 9,439 or 42.30 per cent of the total number of strikes were for an increase of wages; 4,344 or 19.48 per cent of the total number were for reduction of hours; 1,734 or 7.77 per cent were against reduction of wages, and 1,692 or 7.59 per cent were for increase of wages and reduction of hours. From this we learn that the causes mentioned account for 77.16 per cent of all the strikes. The evils resulting are partially shown in the figures giving the losses to employers and employed. The loss to employes from these strikes and lockouts was: For strikes, $51,814,723; for lockouts, $8,157,717; a total of $59,972,440. The loss to employers for both strikes and lockouts was $34,163,814.

Quite 82 per cent. of the strikes were ordered by labor organizations, and 79 per cent. of the lockouts were ordered by combinations of managers. The figures show the immense loss in wages to the employes directly connected with the strikes. They prove that the workingmen lost nearly twice as much as the employers, while less able to bear it. We can trace more of the consequences in the records of the almshouses, the records of the houses of the Good Shepherd, the records of the police courts, the prisons, and the penitentiaries. Strange though it may seem, we can also trace it in the records of the divorce courts. The department of labor has given the number of divorces in our country for a period of twenty years, with minute detail as to cause and effect. An examination of this report shows that during periods of industrial depression, of which strikes and lockouts are but manifestations, divorces increased enormously, while in periods of prosperity there was an extraordinary decrease. I need hardly say that in divorce statistics Catholic families are not included.

It is not necessary to dwell further upon the distress caused by this system of righting alleged wrongs, In a convention of Catholic laymen, meeting for the express purpose of considering the condition of labor and to adopt plans for its improvement, the foremost topic must be how to put an end to the misery and crime attendant upon the settlement of labor troubles, and what can be done in the way of a peaceful solution in the adjustment of disputes. There are some who advocate governmental compulsory arbitration—the creation of a legal tribunal whose decisions would be final, and compelling the wage-worker to work for perhaps a less rate than he wishes to, or the employer to pay more than he can.

Compulsory arbitration is not arbitration at all. To arbitrate there must be two willing parties. A cut-and-dried board of arbitration, created by State legislation, and without the power of compelling obedience to its decisions, must be a failure. I might call the attention of the Congress to the fact that Cardinal Manning settled the great London strike by methods of conciliation and voluntary arbitration, and without appealing to the compulsory law of 1824. The great Cardinal had a more stubborn and less intelligent element to contend with, too, than we have here.

A more recent and gratifying result of voluntary arbitration, in another field, is that of the Bering Sea controversy. We agreed to submit the case. The arbitrators decided against us. We stand by the decision, and submit to the awards. And if we can induce American employers and workingmen to submit their cases in a like manner they also will stand by the decisions without any law of enforcement.

The highest American authority and compiler of an exhaustive report on the subject of "Arbitration"—the United States Commissioner of Labor—in the June (1893) *Forum* proves conclusively that compulsory arbitration is an impossible remedy, and would result in slavery for the workingmen and socialism at the point of the bayonet. He further asserts that "voluntary arbitration in industrial matters is one of the highest and broadest features of co-operation, and, at the same time, one of the simplest methods for restoring harmony where conflict is threatened or even where it exists."

This Congress must repudiate any policy which would make a slave of the workingman or establish State socialism at the point of the bayonet, while it also desires to settle this question by peaceable methods. The Catholic churches of the United States in the villages, towns, and cities are filled to the doors with wage-earners. They will readily listen to a method for the remedy of their grievances in accordance with the teachings of their religion. The influence of a grand Catholic organization, composed of wage-earners and employers, advocating brotherly co-operation and the reign of reason, instead of the passions, can not but tend to promote the happiness of all the people and the prosperity of our beloved country.

It is with the utmost confidence that the proposition is made to the Catholic Columbian Congress to organize the Catholic Association of the United States for the promotion of industrial conciliation and voluntary arbitration. This Congress is thoroughly representative of the Catholic laity of the United States. In its capacity it is fully competent to deal with all practical methods in a practical manner. The organization proposed is entirely practical, and comes within the scope of the work laid out for the Congress to accomplish.

I ask the delegates to carefully consider the plan proposed, and in connection therewith I submit the following extracts from Pope Leo's encyclical on the condition of labor, paragraphs 21 and 59:

"Mutual agreement results in pleasantness and good order; perpetual conflict necessarily produces confusion and outrage. Those Catholics are worthy of all praise, and there are not a few, who, understanding what the times require, have, by various enter-

prises and experiments, endeavored to better the condition of the working people without any sacrifice of principle. They have taken up the cause of the working man, and have striven to make both families and individuals better off; to infuse the spirit of justice into the mutual relations of employer and employed; to keep before the eyes of both classes the precepts of duty and the laws of the gospel—that gospel which, by inculcating self-restraint, keeps men within the bounds of moderation, and tends to establish harmony among the divergent interests and various classes which compose the State. It is with such ends in view that we see men of eminence meeting together for discussion, for the promotion of united action and for practical work."

It was with this in mind that the committee on organization, with Archbishop Feehan as chairman and W. J. Onahan as secretary, wrote the following in its official call and programme which is in your hands:

"The Congress must be prepared to propose practical reforms on the lines looked for at its hands. It will not suffice that it shall have been the medium and opportunity for the delivery of clever essays and eloquent addresses on the various themes. Much more is expected from it. Permanent and effective results and enduring benefits are looked for at its hands, as the outcome of this memorable assemblage of Catholic intelligence and Catholic earnestness."

I therefore beg to submit the proposed plan of organization and objects of the association.

NAME.—This organization shall be known as the Catholic Association of the United States for the Promotion of Industrial Conciliation and Voluntary Arbitration.

OBJECTS.—The objects of this association shall be the gradual abolition of strikes, lockouts, and boycots as remedies for the adjustment of the grievances arising between employers and wage-earners, and the substitution therefor of a policy of conciliation and arbitration, to be carried out in a wise and systematic manner. This system contemplates:

1. The removal of causes of discussion and the prevention of differences from becoming disputes.
2. The settlement of difficulties after a demand from either side has been made and before such demand has been resisted by urging the submission of such difficulties to arbitration.
3. The infusing of a spirit of justice into the mutual relations of employers and employed.

NATIONAL BOARD.—The aims of the association shall be carried out under the direction of a national board, which shall be composed of two laymen from each diocese in the United States, who shall be chosen in the first instance by the delegates of each diocese to the Catholic Columbian Congress at Chicago, and thereafter in such a manner as may be provided. The archbishops and bishops of the United States shall, ex-officio, be members of the national board.

The national board shall elect a president, secretary, and such other officers as may be necessary. It shall also enact such by-laws for the government of the association as it may deem proper.

SHALL ESTABLISH PARISH ORGANIZATIONS.—It shall bring all the weight of its influence and prestige to bear in the formation of subordinate local parish boards, and actively co-operating with the parish priests and the earnest, thoughtful, and influential wage-earners and employers of each congregation in the formation of such local boards, and thus create a grand national organization of Catholic men, intelligent of purpose, and, with influences permeating all classes of society, bring about an era of good will.

NOT AN OFFICIAL BOARD OF ARBITRATION.—While conciliation and the arbitration of labor difficulties are the ends aimed at by this association, it shall not, either as a local or a national body, constitute itself an official or semi-official board of arbitration. The very essence and successful workings of our policy lie in the voluntary selection of the arbitrators in each case, by the employers on the one hand and the employed on the other. The efforts of the association will be employed solely in bringing such a condition of affairs about.

I am not wedded to any one of the details of the proposed association. They can easily be amended and improved upon, but the organization itself is necessary. Unless all signs of the times fail, there will be immediate work for this association.

Let us open the conference doors through this board of arbitration, and keep them open until a perfect settlement is arrived at. With such an organization, and with such a man as Archbishop Ireland as its president, the working men of the United States will know that the Catholic Church is their friend. They would not listen in silence, as they do now in their labor unions and assemblies, to the voice of the anarchic continental socialist, who cleverly and with ability tells them that the church is their enemy and a hindrance to their liberty.

"Women of the Middle Ages" was the subject of an interesting paper by Anna T. Sadlier, of New York, N. Y. The substance of the paper follows:

Previous to the medieval era Christianity had raised womanhood from the slough of paganism. Already an astonished world had begun to cry out, "Ye gods of Greece, what women have these Christians!" During the middle ages, from the sixth to the middle of the 15th century, woman attained, as it were, her full growth under the ægis of the church, the church which serenely held sway over the mad chaotic world struggling into civilization. It would be an impossible task here to classify

medieval woman by distinctions of race or epoch. Rather let us examine her condition, personal qualities, and the tone of society toward her on the broad lines of cloistered, royal, saintly, and learned women.

The nun played such a part in the drama of medieval life, as to raise woman to the climax of her power. The nun was a chief factor in procuring the emancipation of women and proclaiming her equality, in a Christian sense, with man, by giving her a separate, individual existence. Immured in her cloister, the nun exercised a protective influence over the wife and mother, and caused them to be reverenced on account of the possibilities of heroic virtue which she displayed. To the rudest warrior she was "a thing enskied and ensainted." In short, by her ideal of consecrated virginity, the church secured the elevation of woman.

"The protection and better education given to women in these early communities," says Mrs. Jameson, "the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them, when as governesses of their order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the church, the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion, did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood, than all the boasted institutions of chivalry." Can the tremendous influence be overrated of such sanctuaries of learning as Whitby and Coldingham, Ely and Wimbourne, Barking and Folkestone, Hartpool and Hanbury, Roncerai and Chelles, Faremoutier and Brie, Luxeuil, and Les Andelys, Fontevrault and Longchamps, Gandersheim and Fulda, Cologne and Heidenheim.

Each an oasis in a barbaric land, redolent of spirituality, of asceticism, of refinement, and of culture. Sometimes particular inmates cast a luster on certain monasteries. As Hilda at Whitby, from her sanctuary, where it looked seaward on the cliffs, the abbess sent forth bishops, eminent ecclesiastics and apostolic women. For, after the custom of the times, she governed both men and women. Her influence, far reaching, extended over the surrounding country. Her exact discipline recalled primitive Christianity. She caused learning, like the palm tree, to grow and flourish. At Whitby, the Saxon, Milton Ceadon poured forth his inspired strain to Hilda, seated in state with disciples and counselors questioning him, with so keen a perspicacity, upon various points of his narrative.

Ebba of Coldingham. was scarcely inferior in learning and sanctity to the abbess of Whitby. Like her, she governed not only her dual monastery, but exercised for thirty years an important influence on the destinies of her country.

Walburga, or Walpurgis, a niece of Boniface, was speedily called from the cultured repose of Wimbourne into the Germanic field, where, with her nuns, she continuedto cultivate letters, while she did much to civilize the people, besides presiding over the great school of Bischoffsheim and devoting her knowledge of medicine to the service of the poor. Her name, in course of time, became mingled with curious superstitions; for example, the Walpurgis night.

An attractive figure is that of the Abbess Lioba, or the beloved, with her learning, her knowledge of Scripture—she had committed the whole Bible to memory—her beauty, her humility; washing the feet of her nuns and serving them at table, her zeal, making her the valued auxiliary of Boniface, when she had passed from Wimbourne to Germany; her sweetness, her cheerfulness. "She was as admirable in her understanding as she was boundless in her charity," says her biographer, Ralph of Fulda.

The Anglo-Saxon cloisters were thronged with nuns of the blood royal, Ethelburga, the first royal widow to enter religion; Etheldreda, of the strange, romantic story; Elfleda, who aided Wilfred in his struggle to fix the Roman discipline upon the Celts; Earcontha, Domneva, Eanpleda, Ermenburga, Heresywida, Eadburga, Wereburga, Ermenilda and Sexburga were all nuns of royal birth—in one instance, three generations, grandmother, mother and daughter met in the cloister. Some were widows, some had, by permission, separated from their husbands, some had entered religion in early youth, being, in the forcible Saxon word, veritable "Godes-Brydes,"—"Brides of God."

To Heldilida and her nuns of Barking, Aldhelm dedicated his "Praise of Virginity." To the Abbess Cyndreda, he left his vestments when dying.

In Ireland, land of saints and scholars, where learning at the darkest periods found asylum, St. Bridget, of the royal house of Leinster, exercised much the same patriarchal sway over men and women as Hilda at Whitby. Many poetic legends cluster about that spot dedicated to virtue and learning, and for a thousand years after Bridget's death a lamp burned at her tomb. "That bright lamp which burned at Kildare's holy fane."

Hathmuda, daughter of Count Lindulph, "a lover of letters and student of scripture," restored at Gandersheim a school for Saxon ladies. It won celebrity through the

acquirements of Hroswitha, "The White Rose of Gandersheim." She was second of the name, the first having been noted as a logician. She studied at the convent, besides grammar and the liberal arts, Greek and Latin and the philosophy of Aristotle, and wrote many works in prose and poetry. Of these the dramas after Terence met with instant recognition as models of pure diction and exquisite sentiment, also displaying a knowledge of dialectics and astronomy. Hroswitha's letters display a humility absolutely saint-like in one on whom the adulation of her contemporaries was lavished.

The author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," when remarking that the teachers of Hroswitha had preserved her modesty, her almost childlike naivete, and deep religious humility, adds: "And the same remark applies to the conventional schools in general." Better things were included in their scheme of education than a mere knowledge of the liberal arts, the wisdom, which is the beginning of discipline, and "unto which no defiled thing cometh."

St. Frideswida, flying from the importunities of a princely suitor, built at a certain spot a monastery, which in time, falling into the hands of canons regular, developed under the protection of Wolsey into Christ Church, Oxford. A second step toward the foundation of the university was made when Edith d'Oyley, who was not, however, a nun, built Osney Priory, at a spot indicated to her by the chattering of pies.

St. Croix Abbey at Poitiers, founded by Radegond, Queen of Clothaire I., received her into its silent life, after many useful years spent upon the throne, giving patronage to art and literature, laboring for the abolition of slavery, cultivating the society f the learned. She was the friend of Venantius Fortunatus, who composed the 'Vexilla Regis," on the translation of a relic of the true cross to her monastery. She possessed, as we read, "not only elegant letters, but profound erudition," and after her retirement to Poitiers, imparted those stories of knowledge to young girls of all classes whom she loved to collect around her.

Other high-born nuns, famous for their acquirements, were: Burgundofara, "la noble baronne de Bourgogne," abbess of Faremoutier; Adelaide, of Cologne; Hildegarde, of Bingen; Isabel, sister of St. Louis; Blanche, of France; Jane, of Navarre; Matilda, of Anjou.

The attainments of the nuns appear to have been, for the time, considerable. They studied philosophy and belles-lettres, the scriptures and the fathers. Their correspondence was kept up in Latin, and sprinkled with quotations, proving their acquaintance with the classics. Many of them knew Greek. They reached, in fine, the highest degree of culture then possible. Like their contemporaries, they were ignorant, no doubt, of much that we know. Probably they also knew much that would surprise our "sweet girl graduates," and knew it thoroughly and well. Many nuns were proficient as copyists, adorning manuscripts with gold and gems. They were accomplished needlewomen, skilled in rare tapestries and embroideries.

"Outside their communities, and mingling in the current of historical events, several of these vigorous women," says the chronicler, "have left their trace on the history of their country." The idea of spiritual assistance became so interwoven with the idea of nuns, as it has been remarked, that in many families a spectral nun was supposed to give warning of impending calamity.

"To early acquaintance with the cloister much that distinguished the character of women in the middle ages is due," remarks Digby; "even when education was not received there, visits were made to devout sisters. The maiden of the castle knew the sanctity and peace of cloistral life, and formed there her idea of virtue." Symbols of a true democracy, the lowly mingled with the high-born in these communities, and often rose to commanding stations, though names and details concerning those of high rank were more carefully preserved by contemporary chroniclers.

Deaconesses were a recognised order in the church till the 9th century, as were also recluses, who inhabited caverns and mountains. Such was Rosalie of Palermo, whose name has remained in veneration through the centuries.

The queens of the middle ages are a numerous and important class. Among the Anglo-Saxons, who, in common with the other Teutonic races, assigned a lofty part to women, the queens possessed territorial rights and rights of jurisdiction, having separate courts and affixing their names to public documents. Like the nuns of their race, they were ardent as apostles. Thus the gentle Queen Bertha was saluted by Gregory as "a second Helena," who had given England to the faith, which she did, not only by protecting Augustine, but by converting Ethelbert, her husband. Her daughter, Ethelburga, brought Edwin and Northumbria to Christianity, as Achfleda converted Penda and the Mercians, and Ermenilda, with Egbert of Kent, aided in the spread of truth, and supported Wildfrid and Rome. Many of them were learned themselves, and

the cause of learning in others, as Osburga, mother of Alfred, who inspired him with her own love of knowledge, and directed his studies.

Elsintha, his wife, and Ethelfleda, his daughter, were of similar tastes. "Edith the Good," wife of Edward the Confessor, is quaintly called "a storehouse of liberal knowledge," and Ingulf, Abbot of Croyland, relates how, as a boy, she questioned him upon his studies, "readily changing from the quirks of logic, which she knew thoroughly well, she would entrap me," he says, "in the snares of argumentation."

The queens of the Norman period, beginning with the wife of the Conqueror, continued the high tradition of learning, sometimes of sanctity. For instance, the sisters and the two queens of Henry Beauclerc are mentioned as being accomplished scholars. "There is, perhaps, no more beautiful character recorded in history," says the Protestant Skene, in his Celtic Scotland, "than that of Margaret of Scotland. For purity of motives, for an earnest desire to benefit the people among whom her lot was cast, for a deep sense of religion and great personal piety, for the unselfish performance of whatever duty lay before her, and for entire self-abnegation, she is unsurpassed." This saintly queen labored with intelligence and a true understanding of the issues at stake to reform abuses in the contemporary church of Scotland and restored venerable Iona, fallen to ruins.

Another Margaret, a woman of a still more commanding intellect, but whose private life was far from irreproachable, united by her political sagacity and strength of will all the Scandinavian kingdoms under her sway. She was called "the Semiramis of the North."

The Frankish dynasty furnishes us with such lovable types of women as Clotilda, who obtained the somewhat dramatic conversion of her husband on the battlefield, and Bathildis, who labored for the abolition of slavery and the spread of learning, who founded and afterward became abbess of Chelles.

The life of Matilda, wife of Henry I. of Germany, reads like romance from the moment her royal lover beholds her, the pupil of Hereward convent, through the long years when they were "one in mind and heart, prompt to every good work," as through her regency and her widowhood, passed so holily. The following quaint account is given of her by a contemporary: "She ministered to the cock who announced the day to call up the faithful to serve Christ, nor did she forget the singing birds, for whom she scattered crumbs in the name of their Creator. She carried food to the poor and candles to oratories in her own chariot. In winter she caused great fires to be lighted and kept up all night, both in and out, so that everyone who wandered might have warmth and light."

Queen Elizabeth, of Portugal, who won by her unceasing efforts to promote peace the title of Pacis et Patriæ Mater and Sant Isabel de Pax, is only less interesting than that other Elizabeth, whose marriage to her beloved Landgrave Louis, her pathetic efforts to lead a saint's life at a court, the cruel persecutions she endured, and her widowhood, are so familiar to us. Of such a type was Hedwiga, of Poland, who married against her inclination to promote the peace of Christendom.

Bridget, Princess of Sweden, sanctified her husband, eight children, and edified a court before founding the Order of the Brigittines. Agnes of Bohemia, wife of Frederick II., Cunegonde of Bavaria, good Queen Maud of England, Hildegrade, Empress of Charlemagne; Agnes, wife of the German Henry III., so successful a regent, are among those who led a life of nun-like austerity upon thrones. Many medieval queens belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis.

Margaret of Anjou, by a series of splendid failures, strove to hold the scepter for a dynasty. Philippa of Hainault, was not only noted for learning, but for political wisdom. Blanche of Castile, the model of Christian mothers, was a patron of letters, and Blanche of Navarre deserved to be called "the mother of the poor." The life of Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, reads like a romance. Theophania, the Greek princess, like Anna Commena, author of the Alexiad, was an enthusiastic student. On her marriage she brought the brilliant literary atmosphere of Constantinople to the court of the Othos. Hedwiga of Bavaria, a Greek and Latin scholar, educated her nephew Burkhard, afterwards abbot. Anne of Brittany, the beloved, was "as skilled in Greek, Latin, and astronomy as any clerk in the kingdom."

The medieval households are, in the main, beautiful pictures of Catholic life. There, "at the fireside of the heart, feeding its flame," woman's true place, the mistress of the family shone. Wise, intelligent, loving and beloved, respecting and respected, she was troubled by no theories of female suffrage or equal rights or divided skirts. Her own rights, thanks to the church, were too secure; her duties too sacred. A helpful wife, a conscientious mother. "Happy the ages," cried Digby, "when men had

holy mothers." She trained sons to fill high places and daughters to vigorous practical utility, and she gained the love of her servants. Every woman in those days was made acquainted with every detail of household duty. With high-born women the duties were simply wider and more onerous. She had to know medicine and surgery and church music and embroidery, as she was fitted to exercise the splendid hospitality of the times, with that exquisite courtesy to strangers, which was a rigid social law. But she had to sew and spin and cook and keep a time apart for reading. Spinning was a favorite occupation, by the way, of all classes of medieval women. Dante represents the women of Florence as spinning as "they listened to old tales of Troy, Fesole, and Rome."

Young women before marriage lived in much retirement. They never went forth unattended, and in public places usually wore white folds and black cloaks, such as are still worn by certain communities of nuns. Dress in general was, however, very much a matter of national or individual temperament. Sometimes medieval women are commended by contemporary writers for simplicity in dress, wearing "unornamental buskins and a plain robe of camlet or serge, with hood to match." Again they are reproached with a too great magnificence, reveling in clothes of gold and silver, embroidered with gold and gems. Sometimes among the Anglo-Saxons this love of finery infected even degenerate cloisters. Severe strictures were passed upon abbesses who appeared in scarlet or violet tunics and hoods edged with miniver, who curled their hair and arranged their veils as ornaments.

Charity toward the poor, the suffering, the afflicted was eminently characteristic of medieval women. Always munificent, their charity chose a thousand tender and delicate modes of manifesting itself, seeing even in the mendicant the person of Jesus Christ. Mary, the mother of God, was the first great cause of the elevation of women. Divinely fair and holy, ever present to the medieval mind, she taught man to reverence and woman to deserve reverence. She appeared upon the pennons of knights or in their war cries, particularly if the cause were holy. Upon her they framed their ideal. The maiden in the cloister, with her consecrated teacher, placed Mary's image in miniatures or illuminations. The lady of the castle, with her bondswoman, uttered the transcendent prayer: "Hail, full of grace." The wandering glee woman or the serf fresh from toil bent the knee at Mary's wayside shrine. Even the gypsies, in their midnight celebration of Christmas, joined with the generations in calling her blessed.

Everywhere that ideal, divinely human, before which all mere earthly perfection fades. Therefore any summary of the woman of the middle ages must be faulty, even as a matter of philosophical or ethical inquiry, which ignores the omnipresent and almost omnipotent influence of Mary, mother of God.

Under the head of "Guilds and Fraternal Benefit Societies," J. P. Lauth, of Chicago, Ill., read a paper on "Their Insurance Feature Preferable to Pension Funds." He said, in substance:

I shall undertake in the brief time at my disposal to deal in a general way with one or two phases of the much-vexed labor question, such as, first, the old guilds and recently organized labor societies; and, second, why their insurance feature is preferable to a pension fund for workmen. It may be in order to say, by way of introduction, a few words touching the dignity of labor and the attitude toward it of the church:

Cardinal Manning said: "Labor is capital in the truest sense. The strength and skill that are in a man are as much his own as his life-blood; and that skill and strength which he has as his personal property no man may control." And, according to Adam Smith, "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable." Labor is the exercise of the best powers of man. As Herbert Spencer says: "All observing instruments, all weights and measures, scales, micrometers, thermometers, barometers, etc., are artificial extensions of the senses; and all levers, screws, hammers, wedges, wheels, lathes; etc., are artificial extensions of the limbs." And how, then, since it is so potential an agency, and so much more enterprising when free than when controlled, can it be consistently sought to have the law apply to and control its operations? The answer is, that it is sought simply to have the law define its rights within the scope of reasonable freedom, so that they may not be invaded to its detriment by unscrupulous and designing persons. It should be made possible for workmen to collect their wages with less difficulty. They should be enabled to recover damages in case of personal injury through the employer's wrong without weary years of delay and heavy expense. In fact, in many respects the law could and should serve them more efficiently than it does.

I need not hesitate to state that the church has always been well disposed toward labor. She interposed in behalf of the villeins of the feudal period at all proper times, and finally succeeded in bringing about their emancipation. She favored the guilds during the middle ages, and steadily sought to promote their welfare. She opposed slavery in every form and shape from the beginning, and does so still. To her the condition of the working population has always been a subject of special solicitude. The great labor encyclical of Leo XIII. affords ample proof as to the attitude of the church in this respect. It expresses sympathy with labor and the legitimate aspirations of toilers throughout the world. It points out the reciprocal duties of labor and capital. It urges the necessity of ameliorating the condition of poorly-paid and neglected workers. It acknowledges the right of laborers to combine in fraternal societies and unions, with a view to securing remunerative wages and protecting their interests. It asserts that it is the right of the State, if not its duty, to interfere in behalf of shorter hours, better sanitary conditions, and the prevention of female and child labor in exhausting employments. It contends that the standard of labor should not be that of mere subsistence, but such as may facilitate the acquirement of property, provide for the feebleness of old age, and the diminished earning capacity resulting from accident, afford opportunity for moral and intellectual improvement, and give the means of cultivating the physical powers, together with time for necessary recreation. That, surely, is a most enlightened view to take of the labor question. The most enthusiastic advocate of the rights of the working people could not reasonably ask for more.

The church says, in the language of the gospel, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." But at the same time she informs him that he has reciprocal duties, in that he must faithfully seek to promote the interests of his employer and exercise reasonable diligence in the performance of his work. If a man will not work, neither let him eat." (Thess. iii, 10.) In short, he should be a true laborer as defined by the great bard of Avon in "As You Like It:" "I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm."

I shall now refer more particulary to the guilds, so notable and important in their relations to labor during the middle ages. Fraternal societies, composed of artisans, existed in Greece and Rome at an early period. They became incorporated under the last of the Cæsars. The church recognized and favored them, and they became the Christian guilds. In 364 Valentinian I. confirmed the privileges granted by the preceding emperors. In succeeding centuries all persons who were members of a particular trade in a city or locality became united in a guild, which had the right to regulate the production and sale of the things made by such trade. A person was not permitted to work at a trade unless he had become a member of the guild controlling it, and one of the primary conditions of membership was to have served as an apprentice for a designated number of years. The apprentice was bound out to a master, of whose family he became, for a time, a member. His moral education and technical training were committed to the master. He was required to learn to make the tools of his trade, as well as to do its work. Only one or two apprentices could be taught at a time. When the young man had served the requisite number of years, he became a journeyman or hired workman.

A stainless reputation was necessary to membership in the guild. Known immorality or dishonesty was a sufficient ground for expulsion. The guild settled the hours of work and the rate of wages. In certain lines of handicraft, workmen were accustomed to travel from town to town in order to see the different processes of carrying on their trades. When the savings of a workman were sufficient to enable him to pay the prescribed fees and his technical skill was proved by the making of what was called a masterpiece, he rose to the third and highest stage of the industrial order and became himself a master. But he remained subject to the control of the guild which, in conjunction with the local authorities, regulated the hours of labor, the ecclesiastical holidays, etc.

The guild acted also as a court of arbitration for the settlement of controversies between the master and his workmen. It restricted the number of workmen that a master might employ. This removed from him the temptation of seeking to get rich by their labor. Thus, too, the number of masters was kept comparatively large, and every industrious apprentice could hope to become one in time and attain to the highest grade in the industrial ranks.

The guild carefully guarded against the sale of goods adulterated, or ill-made, or of short weight or measure. It discharged the duties, also, of a benefit society and popular bank. It aided sick members and took care of the families of those deceased. It

had a corporate fund, or regularly collected subscriptions or dues from the members, and was thus in a position to make advances to such of their number as were in difficulty, to support the aged, and to maintain the widows and orphans of members deceased. Each guild had a patron saint whose festival it specially celebrated. For example, St. Joseph was the patron saint of carpenters, while St. Crispin represented shoemakers and workers in leather. Religious exercises and the giving of alms were recommended and fostered. Production was so arranged as to keep all employed. About the time of the reformation, the religious element of the guilds became subordinated to the more worldly aims and selfish interests of the members, and thereafter they declined and finally disappeared, although within recent years an effort has been made to revive them.

Referring now to more recent times. We know, historically, of only one labor organization as having had an existence in this country prior to the Revolutionary War, and that was the Calkers' Club of Boston. The word caucus is said to be a corruption of it in our political nomenclature. In 1792 a trades' union of shoemakers existed in Philadelphia. The earliest strikes, of which we have record, took place in the same city in the years 1798 and 1805. Two or three years later, there was an extensive strike in New York. However, it is only within the past twenty-five years that labor organizations have made anything like substantial headway in this country. They comprise now over two-thirds of all our artisans and workmen. The individual trades are, generally speaking, well organized, and seek, so far as practicable without the active exercise of the religious principle, to follow in the footsteps of the old guilds. The efforts heretofore made, however, to band them together in unity of purpose and active co-operation in respect to matters effecting them jointly, or as a whole, have not been specially successful.

In Great Britain labor fraternities, or trades unions, came into being with the growth of factories and the destruction of domestic hand industries. The organization of these unions was prohibited by law and so remained until 1824. They began in secrecy, and their maintenance often depended upon the exercise of force and violence. However, little by little, they won toleration and recognition. In 1875 they had become so powerful as to secure public approval. The working people of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, and the Continent generally, have also organized labor fraternities or trades unions. The spirit of the French Revolution, toned down to a kind of a weak socialism, seems to pervade a large number of them. However, they have won successes.

In 1883, the French Premier made arrangements with the land bank of France for advances of 20,000,000 francs to build 13,000 dwellings for artisans in the environs of Paris, the government guaranteeing payment. The houses were sold to workmen under agreement that payment should be made in twenty annual installments of less than the ordinary rental of the poorest city quarters. The work of erecting them was begun in a period of financial stringency, and thus thousands of artisans who could not afford to be idle were kept employed. Moreover, the city of Paris borrowed 50,000,000 francs for the erection in like manner of model tenement-houses, designed for rent to persons not able to pay more than 150 or 300 francs a year. The tenants are relieved in part from taxation while occupying these tenements.

The German insurance bill of 1887 provides that all workmen who pass the age of 70 years, or become completely and permanently incapacitated for work, shall have a pension. The bill affects only workmen, apprentices, servants, and administrative employes having a yearly pay of not more than 2,000 marks. Premiums on the insurance must have been paid for thirty years, or for five years where it is claimed on the ground of disability. A third of the premium is paid by the insured, another third by the employer, while the other third comes from the imperial treasury. The pension rate in the case of old age is 120 marks a year, while it varies from that amount to 250 marks when given for disability. Women, under like circumstances, are entitled to only two-thirds of what men receive. The pension system of Germany includes civil officials and even teachers. The greatest burdens that the working classes of Germany have now to bear consist in heavy taxes and service in the army. The generality of the pension system and the great size of the army necessitate the imposition upon the labor of the country of an extraordinary burden of taxation. And yet, strange to say, there seems to be no special opposition to the pension policy, which has a firm foothold in the country.

The fraternities of workmen in Belgium have been a source of much concern to the government, yet numerous salutary laws have been enacted at their instance. For example, wages must be paid in cash; two-fifths of salaries not exceeding 1,200 francs

are exempt from execution for debts; councils of industry have been established to reconcile differences between employers and employes; debts contracted in liquor houses can not be recovered, and those who sell liquor to intoxicated persons, as well as the intoxicated persons themselves, are liable to fine and imprisonment.

The influence of labor fraternities, properly conducted, has been salutary. They have contributed to secure higher wages, bring about shorter hours, remove middlemen or sub-contractors, and support members when out of work. They resemble the guilds in acting as benefit societies and insuring members against accident, sickness, and old age. Moreover, they expend large sums in a direction foreign to the solicitude of the guilds, and that is in providing for unemployed members. All who were able and willing to work had plenty to do in the time of the guilds.

I need hardly apologize for referring so often to the guilds, for every person interested in the growth of our modern fraternities of workmen may study them with advantage. Such study in connection with the perusal of the late encyclical of our Holy Father on the subject of labor can not fail to arouse something like a fitting appreciation of the great and constant interest of the church in the welfare of the working people. The church favored the guilds, and the guilds were powerful and prosperous while they hearkened to and obeyed her. In the same spirit she favors to-day our fraternal organizations of workmen. She favors them, not as revolutionary bodies, not as materialistic agencies, not as societies banded together for purposes so mean, selfish, or unworthy as to make secrecy seem necessary. On the contrary, she favors them as a means of enabling workmen to secure and maintain their rights; to advance their common interests by means of the educational agencies available; to be guided by the same ethics and rules of morals collectively that individually they acknowledge; to be good citizens and obedient to the laws, and to be directed by the light of faith in Him who wrought with His own hands and gave His life for others.

These societies are beneficial in a high degree when honestly, intelligently, and properly managed and directed. The members are mutually benefited and the interests of the entire community advanced. The place of meeting becomes a school in the most practical sense. Men thus brought together become a great force for the accomplishment of good. They combine almost spontaneously to defend right against wrong in contests involving that issue. Viewed in that light, our labor societies deserve the support and co-operation of all good citizens without reference to vocation, position, or station. The old guilds had such support, employers, merchants, public officials and clergymen co-operating with them, and no one can deny that they contributed to promote the common good, maintain the public tranquility and restrict to narrowest limits the evidences of poverty and mendicancy.

The insurance feature of these societies is deserving of unqualified commendation. It is essential to their prosperity, if not their very existence. It aims at realizing in a secure and comparatively easy way some of the chief ends for which we live and labor. It provides for sick and needy members. It is by their bedside in illness and their grave in death. It alleviates their last suffering by the assurance that want shall be averted from those near and dear to them. It stimulates the courage of the widow and orphans. It affords them the means of battling successfully against the adversities of the world. It enables the careful and provident mother to maintain, educate and rear her children as good Christians and useful members of society. It bespeaks a continued interest of the members of the fraternity or union in the family of their deceased associate, and an effort to procure suitable employment for the children.

A workman acting by himself and for himself frequently forgets, till too late, the important duty of making provision for his helpless family. His example teaches selfishness, improvidence and vicious habits to his children. In their poverty and bitter need they are prompted each to look out for himself. The tie to the family center is broken. They lose sight of one another, and their fortune is as varying as their environments. Again, the mother's death may be hastened through the weight of her sorrow and the consciousness of her helplessness. Then the last hope is gone. No one is left to guide them in the way of religion, in the path of morality, in the instruction of the schools. Look around you in this great city—aye, even in the State and country! Trace to their origin vice and intemperance, indifference to religion or even actual apostacy. Do they not, as a rule, lead you up to a condition of things such in the main as I have described? How many children might be saved to the church and morality, to the school and usefulness, if provision were made for them before the death of the father—if they could continue to live under the family roof-tree.

Men are differently constituted. It may as well be admitted that a great many of our working people seem to lack the power to save. There can be no doubt, I submit,

that every man of that class would derive advantage from joining a fraternal benefit association. In it he would meet the best element of working men—men who read and think, men who enjoy a sense of manly independence in the consciousness that neither in sickness nor death need they or their families fear the poorhouse or soul withering consequences of abject poverty. Membership in it would teach him to be practical, industrious, economical and attentive to the probable wants of the future. It would make him self-respecting and manly. It would encourage him to strive to provide a home for his family, and to surround himself with the comforts of life, if not the luxuries. It would bring him into closer relationship with his associates of the brotherhood than he would otherwise be. He would become interested in their welfare and they in his. They would advance mutually their common weal. Their interest in his welfare would make him a greater power in the community than ever he was before or could be without their co-operation. In short, he would become a steadier man and better citizen.

The insurance feature of such societies is, in my opinion, far preferable to the German policy of pensioning workmen. We know that in this country there is a formidable feeling of opposition to anything like a civil pension list. Moreover, we may well believe that no man of becoming pride would wish to be a beneficiary of the government on a civil pension list in the face of that feeling. His pension dole would be regarded simply as a gratuity or charitable offering to aid him in keeping out of the poorhouse. It would not tend to stimulate to honorable enterprise either him or his children; but it would tend to make him a mere creature of the government or an automaton, so to speak, which might be moved at its will this way or that. In fact, it might become dangerous to the liberties of the country to have so great a power subject to the caprice of any administration or political party.

In the fraternal society a member gives a legal consideration for what he or his family is to receive. It is honorable for him to receive it, for it proves him to have been industrious and frugal, intelligent and far-seeing. It provides means to rear and educate the children, and his example is a salutary inspiration to them. They are kept together and work with and for one another until grown. They live long enough under the same roof-tree to know and share the beautiful love distinguishing the relations existing between parents and children, and brothers and sisters. Such children are proud of their parents and proud to remember and do what their parents taught them. They are true to one another, and seek to be guided by the inspirations and hallowed memories of their youthful companionship.

Fortunately, in this glorious country of ours—a country formally placed under the standard of the cross by the great discoverer, whose achievement we commemorate this year—labor is to-day freer to act and stronger in union than ever it was before, and the influence of our fraternal benefit societies has not been without avail in contributing so to make it. But its freedom may become license and its strength dissipated and lost in outbreaks of lawlessness, unless it acknowledges and seeks to be guided by sound moral principles, such as the church prescribed for the guilds. To these principles our fraternal benefit associations have sought to conform so far as practicable under existing conditions. Let them be strengthened, for they tend to secure unity, impart confidence and increase the power of labor. Let them be established far and wide, and, like the guilds of old, they will satisfactorily settle the hours of, and remuneration for, toil. Acting in line with the sound principles prescribed by the church, as indicated in the recent labor encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., it would be within their power, as of old, to provide steady employment at fair wages for workmen, teach them to become "true laborers," and solve the many serious problems presented by the labor question.

"Life Insurance and Pension Funds for Wage Workers," was the title of an organization paper read by E. M. Sharon, of Davenport, Iowa. The contents of the paper were as follows:

Christianity applied to the labor problem illumines it and furnishes new rules for its solution. The encyclical of Leo XIII. is the most comprehensive and enlightening declaration of the rights of labor ever enunciated. The ruler of the spiritual world becomes the philanthropic statesmen of the age and applies the treasured wisdom of the church of Christ to devising means to better the condition of the wage worker. He brushes aside the sophistries of capitalists and economists, and recognizes no conditions which limit the rights guaranteed him and due from every industrial system. In his Christian philosophy, the rise and fall of stocks, the ups and downs of markets, human tariffs, over or under-production, the exigencies of states, create no just excuse

for depriving the laborer of the means of providing a reasonable frugal support for himself and family. The wage-worker himself can make no contract which attains less than this. He gives the reason.

Man, no matter what his position beyond the things personal to himself, is a member of society, the head of a family, the head of a society, one of the societies whose aggregation makes up the State. To injure him injures that society, injures the State. His relation to his fellowman, to the church, imposes other duties than those which he owes to the mere bodily wants of himself and dependents. Society must protect itself, must continue itself, must enforce the foundation factors of its own propagation and prosperity.

Here arises the necessity of "life insurance and pension funds for wage workers." Without them the position of the most fortunate laborer is insecure. He is able to give no assurance that he will continue to provide for himself and his family; that he will maintain his position in society and perform the duties which society exacts from him, instead of becoming a burden upon it.

Were it not for sickness, for body maiming accidents and unprovided old age, assurance would be useless. If old age alone took from man his earning capacity, if through all the years of his manhood, he continued to support his family, rearing a generation to take its place, full-fledged, in life's field of labor, if filial duty supported his faltering steps to the grave, insurance and pensions would not have a necessary place in man's economy, nor an advocate before this Congress.

But even in this favored land, liability to accident besets the wage-worker round about, follows his every step through life. The railroads alone, last year, killed 2,451 of their employes, and maimed and injured 22,396. It is claimed that accidents in mine and factory, and outside of them, in the United States, annually destroy the earning capacity of workmen to the amount of $150,000,000. This vast amount is destroyed and taken from the productive labor and wealth of the nation. These injuries entail sickness, loss of time and wages, lasting disability and death. They come when the domestic sky is brightest; they come to the home where are wife and lisping, helpless children.

These conditions demand decisive, comprehensive remedies. Let us see what has been done to allay the blasting effects of industrial injuries. The trades unions have within the past decade taken up the matter of sick, disability and mortality benefits, and are doing a splendid work for their members, through their own unaided efforts. The industrial insurance associations are furnishing a large amount of insurance in small sums. The fraternal and benevolent mutual assessment societies are doing a good work at a small cost. A beneficial class of work is done by voluntary action of manufacturers, railroad managers and other employers of labor. But this is not enough. These systems do not comprise the insurance of one-twentieth of the real wage-workers of the country.

In striking contrast to this condition, under the German compulsory system of insurance, sixty-four trades unions report an insured membership of five millions, and there are other insured employes to the number of eight and one-half millions. Germany, with less than fifty million inhabitants, has adopted an insurance and pension system that includes in one branch over thirteen and one-half millions of her people. This is purely an accident insurance. There are sick and invalidism and old age insurance associations which complement this system, and make it, in the results accomplished, the most perfect ever devised.

We do not take kindly to compulsory measures in this country. We are apt to conjure up the ghost of governmental paternalism; sumptuary laws are but to be so named to be condemned. But in practice the State provides unquestioned that the relatives of a poor person shall contribute to its support and the summary processes of the courts are invoked to enforce the mandates of the State. The State compels obedience to sanitary rules and regulations before the dire results of their violation manifests itself in disease and death. The State already supervises railroads and public carriers, has a voice in their every contract, fixes the limits of compensation for freight and passenger carriage, regulates the appliances of cars and engines, locates their stations and compels reports of every transaction. This governmental interference has been deemed necessary for the protection of the natural rights of individuals and the well-being of the society of which they form a part. It might exercise its paternal care for the benefit of wageworkers also without transcending its legitimate and proper powers.

It is comparatively easy to state what we want, what any system must provide. Every man, woman, and child, employed for wages, should receive free medical attendance and, at least, half wages during disability, from any cause, whether connected with

his or her employment or not, and, in case of death, funeral benefits and a pension equal to half-wages to wife and children or other dependents during the continuance of such dependency. Only the grossest negligence, willful conduct, or dissipation should deprive of these benefits. When disabling injury or death comes to a household, it is not justice, it is not Christianity, it is not social economy, before despairing wife and helpless babies, to weigh with over-nicety the degrees of negligence of master and servant; to inquire how far each contributed to death or disability; nor to enter upon that usual learned discussion of latent and patent defects in destructive machinery, or whether the danger was so obvious that the workman should have given up the means of earning a livelihood for himself and family, or was justified in believing that the master had performed his duty. Nor does society care. It sees the destruction of a member, useful and valuable. It sees the destruction of its earning capacity, a contributing, paying member of itself transformed into a dependent burden, another self-supporting family for which it must become responsible.

Abolish the distinction between principal and vice-principal, employe and co-employe, independent employment and privity of contract, abolish everything that stands between the injured, disabled, or destroyed husband, father, or son, and the recompense that would have been his had the injury not occurred. Abolish all distinctions which have allowed the industrial world to unload its burdens on the social world. Provide that for the wage-worker, his wife and children and parents, provision has been made, and that neither want nor want's temptation shall ever come to him or his.

Whence shall come the millions to provide these benefits and pensions? They should come from the industries that the wage-workers build up, from the billions of wealth that their labor produces. Industrial interests can be adjusted to such changed conditions.

There are two sources from which to draw the funds necessary to support a system accomplishing the necessary results. These are the wage fund and that part of the cost of production or of operation known as the employer's liability expense. To pay insurance and pensions from these sources would obviate the objection that such a system would unduly derange or increase the cost of production in mining, manufacturing, and farming, and of operation for public carriers. It is advisable to make this concession in inaugurating a new system, although every sentiment of justice and humanity demands that the industries of the country ought to bear the burden of supporting the victim whose brawn and sweat and blood create its wealth and insure its prosperity, and the sooner our industries adjust themselves to such a liability the better it will be for our general prosperity and our claim of being a Christian nation. The people of this country, as consumers, are willing to have such charge added to the cost of the products which they consume.

The law, the common and statute law of this country, does impose some obligation on the employer of labor, when it is shown that the relation of master and servant exists. That law, while assuming that the servant "hires out," and gets paid, with reference to the usual dangers and hazards of his occupation, graciously holds the employer liable if he negligently increases these hazards and dangers. The employer's liability, in case of injury to his employe, is measured by the expense of getting a release from the injured or proving successfully to a court, and sometimes to a jury, that he did not increase the usual hazards of the employment, or if he did, that the employe ought to have seen it. It takes years to prove this or to have it disproved, and in the meantime the injured employe, weary of enforced idleness, in despair, too often has gone to the poorhouse or to his grave.

How much this liability costs in lawyers' fees and court costs and enforced or voluntary payments, is not wholly a matter of conjecture. The railroads reporting to the Iowa railroad commissioners in 1892, with a pay roll, exclusive of general officers and telegraphers, of $30,000,000, reported disbursements on account of injuries to persons, of $1,190,000 and legal expenses, exclusive of salaried solicitors and attorneys, of $590,000. It will be conceded that the incidental expense of employes acting as witnesses, adjusters, engineers, general solicitors and attorneys and their assistants, would offset all legal expenses not connected with claims for damages for personal injuries.

The way to ascertain the expense of the liability of manufacturers, builders, mine owners, municipal and private corporations, and other employers of labor, is to inquire what is paid to others for assuming this liability. Employers are very generally carrying liability insurance. For this a premium is paid equal on the average of about 1 per cent. of the wages paid the employes whose wages are insured against. Five of the companies doing business in Iowa last year reported premium receipts of over $7,763,000.

Upon what principle of economy is this vast amount of money paid, under proper regulations, directly to those who are injured? From the standpoint of social economy,

employers pay nothing or too little in many cases and too much in some others. Legal technicalities defeat worthy claims, and juries, when they get an opportunity, allow excessive amounts in special cases. The amount paid ought to be a matter of equitable adjustment with little or no expense to either party. The first step toward the establishment of a correct system of life insurance and pension funds should be to abolish actions against railroad companies for personal injuries to employes.

Let a fund be created under the supervision of the insurance department of the State. Require the management of each railroad company to pay into such fund a fixed percentage of the wages paid to each employe in its service, such percentage to be fixed from time to time by the railroad commissioners. The assessments should be paid directly to some officer of the State or to a board created under legal authority, by the companies interested. Let that fund be large enough to pay compensatory, monthly pensions to every employe injured in the service of a railroad, and to the dependent relatives of those killed. Let the State recover for the benefit of the pension fund, penalties for gross negligence producing injuries or death, and similar penalties by way of deduction from benefits, against employes for gross carelessness, contributing to injuries. These penalties, coupled with suitable requirements of safety appliances and conditions, to be enforced with the sole object of lessening accidents and injuries in the operation of railroads. Depositories for this fund could be established by the insurance or railroad commissioners, under requirements and safeguards guaranteeing its absolute safety and material increase from the income of the surplus that should be carried over from year to year to meet long time pensions for the permanently disabled or heirs of deceased members, or it might be controlled and invested by the State as the permanent school funds are now managed. The amount necessary to compensate the results of accidents should be paid wholly by the railroads as a consideration of their release from all other liability to their employes. Liability for damage to others than employes should remain as now until such time as our people generally are brought within the protection of some general insurance system. For sick and old age insurance the employe should be required to pay a fixed percentage of wages monthly into a special or the general insurance fund. This would be for the special protection of those making payments and their dependents, with equitable provisions for changing from one employment to another, with preserved rights and the withdrawal of a certain percentage of the amount paid, on gaining a competence, or, for other allowed causes, leaving the protected class.

Commencing with the railroads, let the State do for the wage-workers what it has done, what the general government has done, for shippers, for property, in the regulation and supervision of State and inter-State traffic—pay attention to the death of an engineer, or fireman, or brakeman, equal to that paid to a discrimination of a few dollars in a freight bill.

Commence with the railroads—the State has already asserted its right to dictate to them and to supervise their operation. It has the machinery necessary to carry the system into effect already provided and in operation. The railroad commissioners could look after the details of fixing the amount of assessments to be paid by each company, and the amount of damage or pensions to be paid injured employes. The insurance department could look after the funds, see to their care and absolute safety, and the investmont of the surplus. Any system would be more or less experimental, but all matters could be adjusted by experience from time to time. The supervision and assistance of the State would reduce to a minimum the expense of transacting the large business of the system.

The association would extend itself. The supervising authority could fix the terms, based upon the experience of each industry, upon which the employes in any trade or industry could be brought within its protection. It would only be necessary to change the employers' liability laws, making each responsible for injuries to persons, without regard to the laws as to fellow-servants, or to other causes not connected with the voluntary acts of the employe, to make it to the interest of every employer of labor to seek admission to the general insurance system. It would be cheaper than paying a premium to liability insurance companies, which collect premiums 100 per cent larger than all the losses they pay; cheaper for all, by reason of the large general average as applied to all accidents, than paying their own probable liability even under the present law. Those engaged in dangerous employment would join the association to lessen their liability in less dangerous employments, because the percentage of payments would be small. The greater benefits to their employes, their greater satisfaction and contentment, would make it the part of wisdom and self-interest to join the association.

Such a system would equalize the cost of production. Each employer in the same industry would pay the same percentage according to amount of production for liability for injuries to persons. The liberal employer and the industrial Shylock would both stand on the same footing as to cost of labor. Nor would such a system destroy the usefulness of beneficial trades unions. They will still have their proper work to do. The State which will first take up this matter of securing under wise provisions insurance against accidents and sickness the wage-workers within its limits, will be doing a greater work, building a more worthy monument than has been erected to philanthropic Christian government since the great Lincoln emancipated a race and removed the last shackle of legal slavery from the limbs of human labor.

Rev. Joseph L. Andreis, pastor of St. Luke's Church, Baltimore, Md., read an essay on "Italian Immigration and Colonization," in which he urged his ideas as follows:

The problems specified in the programme as coming before this Congress for consideration and solution are most important, but not essentially local, for they are the subject of actual, deep study for economists and churchmen in Europe as well as here. The one which towers above all others in importance—being new to past history, affecting this country only, and calling for prompt and unequivocal solution—is that of immigration. With the large number of new immigrants pouring almost weekly into these United States, there is an immense wave of stormy elements coming along with hem, composed of heterogeneous tongues, manners, habits, national prejudices, errors of mind, malice of heart, indifference to religion, and infidelity. A large number of these immigrants are Catholics. Hence the church in America must meet them as they are, take care of them, and labor to make them what they should be. Among them are hundreds of thousands of Italians. The writer of this essay on "Italian Immigration and Colonization" has considered it from its social, moral, and religious standpoints, and taken the liberty of suggesting the means of effecting the amelioration of Italian immigrants, socially, morally, and religiously.

As effects are accounted for by their relative causes, so the Italian immigration to the United States is explained by the causes of emigration. What can they be? A craving to see and enjoy this immense Western hemisphere, discovered by the Italian Christopher Columbus, and named after another Italian, Americus Vespucci? No; for the Italians are accustomed to national—nay, world-wide glories. Italy, itself, is too charming a country to be exchanged for any other, even this America of liberty and plenty—Italy, the garden of Europe. The Italians know this, and are loth to leave it. But why have they emigrated, and still do emigrate, in such great numbers? Is not Italy's soil fertile and rich in all sorts of produce? So it is, but with all that, the large masses of Italians suffer from great distress and poverty. What is the cause of it? "Inimicus homo hoc fecit"—"An enemy has done this."

In their great sagacity, the sovereign pontiffs, Gregory XVI. and Pious IX. sounded the alarm of warning to the Italians, and did all in their power to thwart his coming. Time has fully justified the warnings of the aforesaid pontiffs, and particularly proved that the enemy was, and is, the cosmopolitan sect of Freemasonry; for, spurning the liberal concessions made to his people by Pious IX. it aimed at undermining the principle of authority, un-Christianizing the masses, and reducing them to poverty by its own aggrandizement and enrichment. In fact, no sooner did it begin to wield power than the enemy, with a stroke of the pen, suppressed the religious orders, devoured their estates, together with the patrimonies of the poor; and when all that great wealth was gone, began to feed himself upon the people through the levying of enormous taxes. These are so exorbitant that the small-scale farmers are unable to pay them, and, in consequence, are by the ruthless law expropriated of their lands by the inexorable tax-gatherer. Meantime, the cost of house-rent and the necessaries of life have increased and the wages of mechanics decreased.

Not content with having robbed the people of means of subsistence, the enemy forcibly takes all the able-bodied young men and enrolls them in his immense army. Crushed by forced poverty, and dismayed by the threatening danger of losing their lives or limbs in a more or less proximate European war, they turn their eyes westward and, with heavy hearts, resolve to come to our shores in quest of what they have a right to in their mother country, but which is denied them.

To urge the timid to consummate their resolve to emigrate, Italian sharpers, both here and in Italy, are engaged in the profligate business of making false representations to them of the abundance of work to be found in this country, the easy way of securing employment and earning high wages. These sharpers, or padroni, commence with

robbing them of their little savings, through the ostensible formality of a contract by which they promise to take them to the place of work and secure employment for them. Through the medium of bankers located in the principal seaport cities of this country, the padroni or their agents advance the money to those laborers who have none to pay their passage, with the proviso of being reimbursed and receiving a heavy percentage from their earnings after having arrived and been put to work.

The results of these infamous transactions has been that thousands of poor Italians have been cajoled to emigrate hither to work for months and months without any compensation, except scanty meals and bad lodging. Finding thousands duped and oppressed, and unable to obtain redress, many have lost their health and died broken-hearted; while a large number of others, penniless, ragged, and fasting, have tramped hundreds of miles on foot to reach the steamer and work their way back to their native country. Great as the evil of the slave traffic in Africa is, the injustice and cruelty inflicted upon the Italian immigrants in this country at the hands of padroni and bankers associated with them is by far a greater evil, which this Congress should endeavor to remove. To this end two means are hereby respectfully suggested: One is to forcibly represent the aforesaid great grievance to our national government and urge it to take proper action in regard to it; the other is to appeal to either our Most Holy Father, or to the Central Catholic Union in Rome for the adoption of such methods as will, without failure, convey the much-needed warnings to all Italians who contemplate emigration.

The census bulletins published by the United States Government through the Department of the Interior, Washington, give the following table of Italian immigration to this country:

Increase from 1850 to 1860	6,783
Increase from 1860 to 1870	6,639
Increase from 1870 to 1880	27,073
Increase from 1880 to 1890	138,350
Total	178,845
In 1890	62,969
In 1891	69,297
In 1892	30,086
April 30, 1893	26,422
Total	188,774

Italian immigrants love to work, and, as a rule, are law-abiding. This is proved by the statistics of prisoners and paupers published February 9, 1893, by the Census Bureau at Washington. The official report shows that out of the total number of 55,296 foreign-born paupers in the alms-houses of the United States, 290 only are Italians, and out of the total number of 31,861 foreign-born prisoners but 1,124 are Italians. A large percentage of the latter owe their penalty to having taken the law into their own hands by punishing unprovoked insults, or resisting inhuman treatment from their employers, or trying to obtain by violence the hard-earned wages they were denied.

A serious charge is often made against a portion of Italians in our large cities. It is that they live huddled up in slums and tenement-houses. The charge is substantially correct, but its worst features can be amended. The complained-of places are only for transient immigrants, until employment can be found. The causes of their selecting objectionable quarters are: First, because they can be rented cheaply; second, because they find in them people akin to their own tongue, manners, and habits. In order to do away with the best part of the nuisance arisi g from the aforesaid slums and tenement-houses, two things are necessary: One, to have a large number of small houses at low rent, and the other to prevail on the civil authorities to refuse the license to open a saloon in them—nay, even in proximity to them.

Though Italians are generally temperate, still the saloon at their door is an open avenue to immoralities of various sorts, especially where the access to the home is by the saloon entrance.

To form the right estimate of the morality of the Italian colony it is necessary to be well acquainted with the moral atmosphere existing in Italy. In her is found a dualism, namely, two factors: one for good, the other for evil. The former consists in the fact that nearly every inch of Italian soil is saturated with martyrs' blood, or made famous by the lives of great saints; that from the beginning of Christianity Italy has been blessed in having in her very heart the chair of St. Peter—the beacon of divine light to the whole world—the center of unity for all churches. By being born and

reared in Italy the Italians must naturally be Christians, and therefore good. They would undoubtedly be so were it not for the other factor, namely, the rampant Freemasonry, which for the past forty-five years has been hard at work to un-Christianize the nation. When we take into account all the agencies used to poison the minds and corrupt the hearts of the people, it is not to be wondered at if a large portion of Italian immigrants show indifference in the practice of religion. They are Catholic at heart; but, to avoid ridicule, they have habitually desisted from the exterior profession of their faith.

Realizing that in this country they are laboring under various disadvantages, such as the total absence of their native customs on the one hand and the existence of new ones on the other, the use of a language they do not know and apprehend to be too difficult to learn, the finding of Protestant churches, the sight of many people professing no faith, the poor Italian immigrants feel out of their sphere—a fact which shows that this North America is the least suitable land for them.

The old aphorism, "Like parent, like child," applied to the children of Italian immigrants, is only partially correct, whether they be considered under the social or moral standpoint. Considered socially, they soon learn the English language—breathe the American spirit—and acquire American manners. In consequence, they yearn to raise themselves above their parents' standing, and a good many even Americanize their surnames so as to pass for genuine Americans, with the view to paving their way to success. It is clear from this that their minds and hearts are centered in this country, and that they never dream of leaving it for Italy. But, alas! Not much good can be said of all of them as to their moral condition.

Nearly one-half of all the children are allowed to grow up ignorant of religion, or do not profess it at all. The consequence of this is that a good many turn Protestants, or marry before Protestant preachers, and rear their offspring either in none or other religion than Catholic. We have then in this country about half a million of Italians, some of whom are ignorant of the Christian doctrine; most of them do not live up to it, and nearly one-half of their children are permitted, by either ignorant or neglectful parents, to grow up to manhood and womanhood in utter ignorance of the truths and precepts of that divine faith which was and is infused into their souls through the sacrament of baptism.

Meanwhile the various agencies of the powers of darkness are active in preventing their intellect from seeing the true light and their will from complying with the divine law. Such being their abnormal and frightful condition, the question suggests itself: What is to be done? They are all Catholic, and, while in these United States, form a portion of the sheepfold of Jesus Christ, to be guarded against the wolves by the divinely-appointed shepherds, fed upon the pastures of Christian instruction and worship, and watered with the sacraments. They are Catholic, and hence members of the mystical body of Christ, the church.

Therefore, the American Catholic laity must regard them as such; the American priesthood must love and care for them as such; the American Episcopate must see to their spiritual welfare just as much, nay, even more than all the other members of the Catholic church living in this country. Since, then, the fact is that these Italian Catholics, both adult and young, are here, the question is: How is religion to be brought to them? The episcopate in these United States is fully equal to devising the means to attain that object.

If religion is to reach the people, it must be through the medium of the language spoken by them. Now, the majority of adult Italian immigrants speak Italian only; that language must be the medium, therefore, whereby religion is to be conveyed to them. Who are the laborers to be? They ought to be priests affiliated to the same religious order, such as the Salesians, whose founder was the late saintly Don Bosco, of universally cherished memory. By having the Salesians in the principal cities of this country we would secure most zealous missionaries for the Italians, a college with efficient proffessors to impart all the desired branches, excellent educators of young men and great factors for developing ecclesiastical vocations.

But the objection may be here advanced: How are these religious to teach Christian doctrine if this is to be taught in the English language, which is spoken by the children of Italian immigrants? The answer is this: For a while lay teachers would have to give religious instruction. The English-speaking laity should be called upon and made use of in this great work of Christian charity, not only as teachers of catechism, but also as animators of Christian piety with the grown people.

Among the laity of every parish there are sufficient intelligent and practical Catholics. Their power for good should no longer be allowed to remain inoperative.

All admit that "exampla trahunt," but we must also admit that a good word said well, and in season, is often what makes surrender to the already felt force of good example. It is not too much to insist upon the efficiency of properly organized conferences of St. Vincent de Paul for the above mentioned object, as through them we would see the realizaton of the "fortier" and "sauveur" of the servants who, complying with their Master's bidding, went out into the streets and lanes of the city and brought into the supper-room the poor and the feeble, and the blind and the lame. Even if children of Italian immigrants went to no school, or all went to public schools, they can all be reached through the exertion of the priest, especially if ordered by the good Catholic laity, and, above all, by the members of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul.

The Italians have always been taught to look up to priests as the divinely commissioned teachers of religion, and believe that Christ's injunction, "Go and teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you," was not made to the people for the priests, but to the priests for the people. But what is the situation of the Italians now in this country? Their teachers of religion are not to be found, for more than half of them are "like sheep that have no shepherd." Are they to remain so? The Lord forbids it. Can we, while the principles of perversion are daily doing their deadly work, be justified in delaying the provision of the priests that are laborers in the sense of the gospel? Application for them should be made at once, for there is great danger in delaying it. This is all the more true because the number of Italian immigrants is increasing every week by hundreds.

The day when, with oneness of spirit and direction (as the Salesians), the priests will be brought here in sufficient numbers to take charge of the Italians scattered about our cities and country-places, with the American laity to lend them assistance, both adults and their children will receive the necessary dispensation of religion. By the attaining of this longed-for result those whom God has placed to rule His church in this country, and the Catholic laymen aiding them, will have successfully solved the difficult problem of the religious amelioration of the Italian immigrants, and will have thereby rendered a signal service to our great commonwealth, by helping it to solve its vexed problem of immigration in general, socially, morally and economically. In pursuance of the constitution of our Republic, the civil powers welcome all the well-meaning comers to our shores, favor their temporal prosperity and protect their lives, rights and property. The Church of Christ cannot be less generous in the spiritual order. She must follow her Divine Founder, who came upon earth to "seek and save that which was lost;" therefore, she must in this country welcome all Catholic immigrants, provide for their spiritual wants and care for the salvation of their souls.

In giving expression to the foregoing statements and considerations, the writer of this essay feels that he is only voicing the sentiments of this vast assembly, and that all the members composing it will be of one mind and heart in reckoning among the laurels achieved through their combined efforts, that of securing the religious amelioration of the Italians who are enjoying with us the fruitful land discovered by their co-national Christopher Columbus, for the true freedom and prosperity of man, and for the exaltation of the glory of God!

This Congress with its deliberations will pass to history; posterity will know of its worth, as the tree is known by its fruit, and pronounce its judgment,. This judgment will be Catholic!

"Pauperism; The Cause and the Remedy," was the subject of the paper prepared and read by M. J. Elder, of New Orleans, La. Folllowing are the contents of the paper:

Without having read any of the other papers on this subject; without any knowledge of the contents of a single one of them, I nevertheless feel morally certain of six salient points wherein we all agree.

We agree in naming, as five leading causes of pauperism: First, intemperance; second, idleness; third, sickness; fourth, general incompetence; and fifth, lack of work. A sixth point on which, without previous arrangement, we all perfectly agree, is that this evil of pauperism is too vast, too limitless, to be tinkered with; that dole of alms will never remedy it, and that all existing measures have proved inadequate.

But outside these six points, I fear we differ radically, for, after referring to those five causes of pauperism, I must go on to explain that I regard them, potent though they be, as mere effects of another cause—a great, remote, and terrible cause, whose ceaseless operating will continue to produce inevitable pauperism, despite our most strenuous efforts against the five immediate causes which we so plainly see. There-

fore, right here we separate, and going our widely divergent ways, I am left alone to travel unaccompanied this woeful line of the remote and real, and primal cause of pauperism.

But I am not without great support from current literature, from the secular press, and from the Protestant periodicals. Quoting but a very small part of the references I have at hand, I give the following: The *Illustrated American* of July 15th, this year, says—

"Our census of 1890 shows a decrease in 455 agricultural counties in New England, New York, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Michigan, and other States. The tendency to abandon the fields and to flock to the city is marked and significant. It is foolish to believe the exodus due to the opening up of Western lands. The real cause is that the sturdy farmer lad, educated in the public schools, leaves the hard, physical labors of the soil to seek lighter work and greater prosperity in the cities. There is danger in this."

Joseph Kirkland, writing of the Chicago poor, says: "The overwhelming tendency of modern life is toward cities. Everything done to alleviate the condition of the poor in great cities works in the direction of bringing more into them; and no argument or persuasion prevails to get them out again. * * * They would rather starve in a crowd than grow fat in quietude, especially if the 'crowd' is sprinkled with aromatic 'charity.'"—[*From Scribner's Magazine, July, 1892.*

General Booth, in his "Darkest England," says: "The deterioration of population in large towns is one of the most undisputed facts of social economics. The country is the breeding ground of healthy citizens. But for the constant influx of countrydom, cockneydom would long ere this have perished. But, unfortunately, the country is being depopulated. The towns are being gorged with undigested and indigestible masses of labor. The race from the country to the city has been the cause of much of the distress we have to battle with."

The Earl of Roseberry says: "I am always haunted by the awfulness of London; by the great appalling effect of these millions. Sixty years ago Cobbett called it a wen. If it was a wen then, what is it now? A tumor, an elephantiasis, sucking into its gorged system half the life and the blood and the bone of the rural districts."

Paolo Mantegazsa, in his Testa, says: "Did not the country send to our cities a continuous tribute of robust members, they would be depopulated in less than a century. How few are able to say: 'My grandfather was born in this, my city.' No one is able to say it of his own great-grandfather. The cities are machines that destroy and consume what the fields produce; are hot-houses where men and women produce precious flowers and fruit, but at loss of life; are great millstones where all the human energies raise themselves to the heat of a continuous excitement."

Thus the consensus of opinion, gathered from most competent sources, gives this as the greatest cause of pauperism.

My own opinion, however, though similar, is modified. I believe the great cause of pauperism to be indeed the urban tendency, but only when coupled with all lack of rural tendency. For I claim that the urban tendency is not necessarily evil, but that the lack of a rural tendency is necessarily and wholly evil.

The country is a nation's lungs. The city is its heart. It is well that the fresh blood flow from the lungs to the heart. But it is ill, indeed, for the heart to return no blood to the lungs. This is the trouble from which our nation is suffering.

The blood from our country lungs flows into the heart of the city fast enough—too fast, perhaps; but there it stays, and congests, and stagnates, and we suffer from elephantiasis, from fatty degeneration of the heart, and from a thousand other ills, and no amount of doctoring will cure us, unless it promote the free flow of blood again, and its due return to our country lungs. My explanation of this deplorable condition is as follows:

The chief reason that rural populations are pouring too rapidly into towns is because rural interests the world over are (and have been for generations) neglected. Indifference and even injustice are shown to the farm and the farmer by education, by government, by legislation, by the press, and even by religion, aye, by charity itself. This explanation will develop later on.

The second phase of the trouble—the lack of rural tendency—is also because of the injustice and contempt shown the farmer and, further, because individuality is a necessary element for success in rural life, and individuality is exactly that element which urban life destroys. It is in the very nature of things that it depresses energy and individuality.

See how small and stunted are the trees that have been planted too close together.

Then look at the vigorous growth, the spreading branches, the noble height of the tree that stands alone on a plain. The typical urban has a horror of rural life, a dread disgust of it. He will tell you this is because "country life is too lonesome, too uninteresting, too slow; country work doesn't pay," etc.

But the real reason—all unsuspected though it be by him—lies in his own instinct. His instinct tells him he is too weak to cope with the invigorating vicissitudes of rural life; tells him he is too small mentally and physically to battle with the large difficulties in the way of rural success. Gregariousness has stunted him. His posterity will be more and more stunted, until they reach the dwarfed and helpless level of pauperism.

Now for the remedy. (Rather singular to speak of "hopelessness" in one breath and of "remedy" in the next; but explanation will come in due time.) The causes themselves suggest the remedy. True, we can do little toward getting justice for the farmer from government or legislation, from public education or the press. But we can do a great deal toward getting justice and attention from the Catholic press and the Catholic pulpit, from Catholic education, and, strongest of all, Catholic charity.

At the outset we must acknowledge specifically that the efforts of all these have availed but little; nay, that in many, many cases, they but promote the very evils they aim to abolish. Let us establish soup houses without number, night refuges plentiful; self-improvement clubs for young working women; mutual benefit societies for young men; insurance companies on solid basis; Keeley institutes; asylums numerous, vast, splendidly equipped; hospitals handsomely endowed; schools on modern plans, even industrial and polytechnic schools; free kindergartens; day creches for poor mothers; gratuitous loan funds; fresh air funds; labor unions, and no end of homes (!), protectorates, reformatories,etc. Let us keep these numberless charities in full swing, and still will pauperism and distress go on almost unabated. Why? Because we do not lay the ax to the root. Nay, we actually fertilize that root. Our charities encourage the undesirable traits of dependence and and gregariousness—traits that inevitably lead along the downward grade to pauperism.

And so we must change our methods. * * * * It seems almost superfluous to instance the object lessons of the World's Fair. They are so plain, so clear. Can anyone who runs fail to read the object lessons of the the Irish village? There is the sort of charity we should emulate. Those philanthropists did not lose their time and money trying to remedy city pauperism. They sought to cure country poverty, and they succeeded. There is the vital difference between the poverty of the city and that of the country. City poverty is constitutional; country poverty but accidental. City poverty is chronic; country poverty acute. The former incurable, the latter easily preventable.

The philanthropist of the Irish village taught butter-making and other rural industries, with such success that the formerly poverty-stricken neighborhood is now become quite prosperous. I have yet to hear of one urban district raised from pauperism to prosperity by any amount of charities.

Another object lesson is in the Louisiana exhibit. Look at our peasant women at their weaving. Look at evidences of their Acadian home-love and content in the home-made looms, home-made chairs, tables, lamp-stands, prie-dieus, etc. Throughout all our rural settlements of Catholic Acadians in Louisiana there is no chronic pauperism. And yet, bear it well in mind, these people have not enjoyed the advantages (!) of free kindergartens, nor polytechnic schools, nor free libraries, nor free clinics, nor free-lunch houses, nor free anything. Only one in fifteen knows how to read and write. And, nevertheless, Rev. Father W. J. Kennely, S. J., rector, who resided among them for years, says of these same illiterate "Cajians:"

"The Father's work in Grand Coteau and its environs has not been in vain. It is what I would call a model parish. I can say the same of the other parishes, and I may add of the whole country. The faith is alive; religion is respected and generally practiced; the priests are looked up to and obeyed. The people may be thriftless, but they are not ungrateful, they are not given to drunkenness and other crimes. They support their priests and pay their taxes when they can."

Now, how many city pastors can speak this of the poor of their parishes? Think of the hoodlums and toughs, the sports and ward politicians, the drunkards and loafers, who abound in Catholic urban parishes among the poorer districts, and see if any pastor can say of them: "The faith is alive; religion generally practiced; priests looked up to and obeyed. The people are not given to drunkenness," etc. Our rural "Cajians" are given the same reputation, but with more enthusiasm, by Catherine Cole, a Protestant; George W. Cable, a bitter anti-Catholic, and by many other writers for Protest-

ant literature. They are described as frugal, content, virtuous, sober, famous for hospitality, gentleness, neighborliness, superb health, and large families. They are a standing testimony of what rural life can do for our Catholic poor. Similar testimony is given by travelers regarding Catholic peasantry everywhere, Europe, Ireland, Canada, Central America and South America.

Now, let our philanthropists study this idea in connection with the five immediate causes of pauperism.

1. Intemperance. All authorities agree in declaring that drunkenness does not prevail among Catholic rurals to anything like the same extent as among urbans. This is especially true of grape-raising and wine-making countries. Indeed, were I asked to name that practical measure most efficacious in the cause of temperance, I would vehemently exclaim, "Vineyards!"

And yet, of all the total abstinence societies and other temperance workers, whether Protestant or Catholic, I have yet to hear of one that gives any attention to that most practical and promising of remedies. Here in Louisiana alone our experimental station has demonstrated that 120 varieties of grapes can be successfully raised. And yet I can pretty safely estimate that there are not a half-dozen vineyards managed by Catholics in this entire State. Here is a method whereby hundreds of Catholic young men and young women, hundreds of Catholic families, could be earning an honest livelihood, doing effective service in the temperance cause, benefitting themselves and their posterity, and using a most efficacious means of preventing pauperism. Still our charitable societies do not lift a finger in this direction.

2. Idleness. This, too, is a vice demonstrated to be far less prevalent among the rural poor than among the urban poor. Religion having a firmer hold upon Catholic peasantry than upon our city poor, idleness and kindred vices are more easily combated among the former than among the latter. Take France for instance. Authorities state that among the city paupers, an appalling proportion is utterly vicious and incorrigible; whereas, the peasantry retain much of their old time faith and virtue. Why such facts are not acted upon by our charitable organizations is a mystery I can not penetrate. I delight to recall that when the great Ozanam had organized the conference of St. Vincent de Paul, the very first charity he performed under its auspices was to separate from a drunken father the mother and children, and send them "happy as larks," the chronicle says, back to their peasant home in Brittany.

Also I delight to instance the penal settlement of Cayenne in French Guiana. "So far as reformation of criminals is concerned, the benevolent results of this colonial experiment are said to have surpassed all expectations. * * * A great majority of the female prisoners are given small farms, as a reward for good conduct during imprisonment. They marry other ex-convicts, and generally prove exemplary wives and mothers."

3. Ill-health. It is needless to dwell on this. Everybody knows that the "farmer lad" and "the country girl" are terms for sturdy strength and blooming health. And every philanthropist knows that the ill-health of the city poor is one of the most disheartening phases of poverty. But all this knowledge seems to be a dead letter. We keep on providing big hospitals and infirmaries, free clinics and dispensaries, homes for curables and incurables; and not one man in a thousand ever gives or wills a dollar toward the country cure; nay, not the country cure, but better far, the country prevention. No wonder pauperism continues to be the running sore it is.

4. General incompetency. To me this sad heritage of the city poor seems even worse than the preceding ones. From long dwelling in devitalized atmosphere, from long laboring at deadening work, from long-continued gregariousness, the urban poor so lose their grit and individuality as to become helplessly machine-like and stupid. This is what makes me qualify pauperism as hopeless. We might as well seek to raise the dead from their graves as to raise paupers from their pauperism. No, we cannot cure pauperism any more than we can cure death. But we can, and most positively should, prevent it. Hear what Charles J. O'Malley says in this connection:

"Would it interest you to learn, I wonder, that I live in the midst of a wide, open country on a large farm, and have few associates. * * * This is the great agricultural county of Kentucky, is fully two-thirds Catholic, and *here* the members of our faith are remarkable for their enterprise, sobriety, and industry. We are the largest landholders and every way superior to the common, inert idlers found in Southern cities."

There is the living testimony of a living writer? No pauperism, no hopeless incompetency, but instead "enterprise, sobriety, industry."

5. Lack of work. This to me is the astonishing phase. Looking both at the

boundless possibilities of our agricultural regions, and at the extensive and sincere efforts of our charitable organizations, I am amazed that the latter do not find in the former a solution of this part of the problem. Objectors will say this is all very fine on paper, but it won't work elsewhere. True. I acknowledge it. There is Ruskin, for instance. How complete was the failure of his rustic paradise! There is General Booth. He has not succeeded. There was the Brook Farm experiment, and many others similar to it. All failures. And still I reiterate any arguments.

Why? Because I believe and know that that which, outside the Catholic Church, is impossible, becomes, within her pale, the possible.

Whenever a great need cries out for relief it is the Catholic Church which answers, All other powers have proved unequal to the terrible need of remedying, or, rather, preventing, pauperism. Now, the time is ripe for the superhuman power of the Catholic Church to assert itself once more. And if no lay charity be organized among us whose members will actually and literally take the lead in this rural movement, then I am persuaded that a new order will arise in the church whose consecrated sons and daughters shall be pledged to spend themselves in life-long effort toward checking this urban tendency and promoting a rural tendency. In my ecstatic rejoicing over the mere prospect of such an era, I feel like saying: "When will be the beginning of the millennium?"

Those heaven-guided souls, instead of concentrating all their efforts on rural interests, will devote them solely to rural interests, especially in education. Whereas now, alas, is there one educated Catholic young man in a thousand who can run a farm, or manage a plantation, or start a vineyard, or boss a ranch, or do anything that is virile, strong, productive, and becoming a manful Catholic? Is there one in ten thousand who can offer country work and country wages to the workless and wageless thousands of our cities?

Only one more catechetical venture and I will end. What are we doing for our country poor? Nothing. What are we doing for the city poor? Everything. What is the natural and inevitable consequence? The answer to this query I leave to those who are capable of putting together two thoughts and of arriving thereby at a third.

Elizabeth A. Cronyn, of Buffalo, N. Y., read the following paper on "Alumnæ Associations in Convent Schools:"

Alumnæ associations in Catholic schools are novelties. The first one was organized twelve or thirteen years ago in the Grey Nuns' Academy of the Holy Angels, Buffalo. Its formation was suggested, remotely, by a wish to emulate the usefulness of similar societies in Catholic colleges for men, and stimulated by local needs as well as by the example of achievement in graduates' associations attached to local secular schools. It was, however, from its inception more comprehensive in scope than either of these. Shortly after, a like association was formed at Nazareth Convent, Rochester, under the Sisters of St. Joseph, and within three years the movement has extended, it is said, to many of the older academies.

As understood by those who have followed the progress of one, the purpose of an alumnæ association in a convent school is both educational and social. As an educational force its object is, first, to band together graduates of the school for more advanced study and for general self-improvement along the lines of their previous training. Earlier these growing minds are taught to realize something of their possibilities, habits of study are formed, taste is cultivated, and character developed; but our average graduate, who is very young when she leaves the security of convent halls, can scarcely have more than peered into that book of knowledge which educators say must be so thoroughly conned—a book at times so diversely interpreted to Catholic and non-Catholic readers. Commentators do not agree, but meanwhile it is important that the law and the prophets of what is called secular as well as of sacred learning be expounded with safety to those who are seeking it. Daily observation shows us that young women, no less than young men, need to be fortified against the assaults of a prevailing and most pernicious literature and of so-called science—science "run wild, like a planet broken loose from its celestial system." "The punishment of licentious writers," says the Abbe Roux, "is that no one will read them or confess to having read them." Alas! that is no longer true.

In convent, far more than in other private schools, young girls of widely differing fortunes find themselves classmates. School days ended, they go their several ways, but whether in the world of fashion or at a teacher's desk, in domestic or professional life, the talk of and love, more or less sincere, of education, of culture, seem part of the very atmosphere they breathe. All sorts of theories and every species of "fad" have

their apostles. Lecturers in hall and drawing-room—text-books in the schools—if not aggressively hostile to the church, are effectively so by their persistent ignoring of what it has done and is doing in all departments of education. Young Catholics must study history with, and receive a standard of beauty and truth in literature from, their own qualified teachers, or they are going to take both from the lips and pens of the incapable and misleading. If they think they cannot find at home the pleasure and profit they are seeking, they will go abroad for them. A realization of these facts originated and developed our reading-circle movement.

The alumnæ association is a reading circle—and something more. At its weekly fortnightly, or monthly meetings a plan of study is followed. Original papers are prepared or readings given bearing upon the subject under consideration. Books of reference are indicated on a printed study card, and are almost exclusively by Catholic authors, for the reason that in such an association everything is to be studied from the Catholic point of view. The other side is sufficiently in evidence always and every where. When means permit, an alumnæ association provides itself with a code of post-graduate lectures, or detached lectures upon various subjects determined by the year's study or by special circumstances.

When the convent has a suitable hall, and these lectures can be enjoyed also by the community and advanced classes, another phase of such an association's usefulness is presented. Regular meetings are held always at the convent. Officers are elected annually; but of one which I have in mind the president, happily, is never changed.

Self-improvement, as it may be striven for in an alumnæ association, is by no means limited to intellectual culture. There is something for the heart to do, and it is natural to suppose that a society whose members are all well known to one another may be an excellent medium for the distribution of activities.

For example, a certain one furnished the nucleus of what has become a most flourishing tabernacle society. It has also committees which labor for the diffusion of good literature, and, in particular, provide wholesome reading for penal institutions within reach. Others help the nuns in their prison and hospital work. Others, again, busy themselves in behalf of the mission of Mary Immaculate and for the Indian Missions, here. These works do not cripple or supplant, but supplement parish sodalities and charitable societies. Thus, it will be seen, an alumnæ association affords several channels through which its members' energies are directed, according to their individual sympathies and capacity.

Its second object as an educational force is to advance the interests of the school of which it is part. This can be done in many ways. It is not common to find our convent schools blessed with over-abundant means. As in most Catholic institutions, their growth to that much of prosperity marked outwardly by fine buildings, and well-equipped classrooms has been slow and only possible—under Providence—to the utter self-abnegation and marvelous executive ability of those who manage them.

If I tell you how one body of alumnæ has contrived to measurably hasten that growth in the case of its own alma matter, it may suggest to others greater possibilities in similar directions, when community rules permit, and the good nuns think it expedient to accept such assistance.

The association mentioned arranges to give its lectures and a certain number of musical recitals every year in the convent hall, always during school session and immediately after class hours. Thus teachers and pupils are free to profit by them. Aside from their educational advantage to all immediately concerned, these literary and artistic gatherings serve to popularize the school, raise it in the estimation even of its patrons, and attract many who otherwise would be at no pains to enter or inquire into the workings of Catholic institutions. Lectures have been delivered before this school and its alumnæ association by some of the ablest and most distinguished Catholics in America. The musicals being given rather for instruction than diversion, programmes are kept to the highest standard, and are usually interpreted by professional musicians.

The school itself is forced to no outlay for these, as all expenses are borne by the association. An annual membership fee, occasional self-imposed taxes, voluntary contributions, and a few tickets sold to outsiders, friends of members, are the sources of revenue. This association also adds a number of books every year to the school library, offers annually two prizes, and in various ways seeks to improve, if may be, and to multiply the resources of its academy. What one can, many may do, secure that in so acting they minister to noblest needs, and repay a small part of the devotion which Catholic educators have lavished upon the youth of our country. An alumnæ association should be a corporate act of gratitude. Who can be aware of this century's activities—hearing what in the name of education is claimed for women, and seeing what in

the name of enlightenment is often done by women—and not thank God for that deep-laid, broad-built, tried system of Catholic training which crushes no individuality, represses no legitimate aspiration, and sets no narrow bounds to "woman's sphere," but holds the sex ever lovingly attached to the truth that its most respected, best rewarded, most arduous, most womanly, most heavenly work is in the home! What Catholic daughter having any experience of life is not grateful to the parental wisdom which gave her the blessings of a convent education, and having a heart is not anxious to widen the circle of that uplifting influence?

As already stated, the pupils of a convent school are more variously conditioned than those of any other, this holding true in the graduates' society as in the class-room, though as years roll on positions may be reversed. Whatever their domestic environment at school all have had about the same advantages. There sit side by side in perfect equality, affection, and amiable rivalry the heiress of a millionaire and the young girl whose parents at great sacrifices have done their utmost in giving her a convent education. One looks forward to foreign travel, pleasure, perhaps a brilliant marriage, as the sequel of graduation; the other says with Viola—

I am all the daughters of my father's house
And all the brothers too——

and when school days are ended must take upon herself the duties of breadwinner. They both kneel at the same altar. Shall the accident of wealth keep them utter strangers to each other in after-life?

In a company of twelve graduates four find themselves, by virtue of inheritance, in the ranks of the so-called "privileged classes," four are at home in that happy middle state for which Ozaman prayed, and four go out into the busy, selfish world to earn their bread as best they may. Naturally, their respective duties—which we assume they perform cheerfully and well, whether poor, rich, or "comfortable"—forbid frequent intercourse. Who sees much of her friends in this crowded, careworn age? The parish sodality, or charitable society, does not always bring them together, even occasionally, since their parishes may lie at the extremes of a great city. . . . Is there not, then, some ground to which a community of tastes and some special endeavor may draw them? Can they not enjoy together a book, a lecture, music, art as when they were school girls—and be the better for it?

Have not those who retain their love of all beautiful things, with little means to gratify it, something to say to their fortune-blessed associates? And have these not something to do for the less favored ones? Where can it better be said and done than in the well-ordered work of an alumnæ association. There can arise no suspicion of offensive patronage on the one hand or fear of wounded self-respect on the other. All are friends; all contribute alike to a common fund; it is an intellectual mutual benefit society; all know they are aiding the cause of Christian education; all are under the leadership of some dear nun who has been friend and teacher to them—and, it may be to their mothers for long years.

The rich woman here has her opportunity of quietly making it possible for the association to hear some noted lecturer or great artist, and meet men and women whose names and work are world-famous. We are all hero worshipers and like to come face to face with our heroes.

Why should not the ideal conditions of an alumnæ association extend themselves? Women legislate for that small bit of society which is called par-excellence society—that little world that men speak of as "the great world." Their will is law therein. Shall we not see the mistress of a magnificent home, the leader of a salon, ruled by the principles that govern our entirely possible and wholly desirable alumnæ association—and inviting her guests—not for what they have or wear, nor for the quarter they live in, but for what they are? Then should we behold an ideal aristocracy—an aristocracy of faith and brains! Or, rather, let us say a democracy of faith and intellect. And "democracy in a right sense," says a recent writer, "is Catholicity."

Do I claim that our alumnæ associations in convent schools are going to change the face of the earth? No, but they can be a powerful factor in the adjusting of many social difficulties which now exist.

Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia, Pa., spoke on "Civil Government and the Catholic Citizen." He said:

Although the wonderful growth of the Catholic Church in the United States in numbers, in wealth, and in influence, has extended a knowledge of its moral and political influence far wider and deeper than a few generations ago seemed possible, the thought must have come home repeatedly to every thinking member of its fold that

on certain vital points a large element in the community still look upon it as an organization to be distrusted, no matter how pure may be the character, how useful the lives of its members. How often does the Catholic layman, whose daily life is passed among friends, whose training from childhood has been such as to keep from them a true knowledge of what Catholicism means, finds himself called upon to meet and perhaps struggle with a feeling expressed in language or in manner that places him outside of the mass of the community that looks upon him as governed by a code of morality, personal and political, different from his neighbor's, and irreconcilable with a true allegiance to the State. The reason of this phenomenon is not hard to trace. For generations the English-speaking world has been taught, directly and indirectly, by literature and by tradition, by precept and by assumption, that the theology of the Church of Rome and the tendencies resulting from it are contrary to the political and social ideals most generally accepted among civilized people. The present age is marked, perhaps, by a greater and more extended refinement than any that has preceded it, since the records of history have been preserved, and with softening of manners has come a softening of prejudices, so that we do not have to complain often of unkind or bigoted utterances in opposition of our faith. Nay! We are very often praised for the general morality that prevails among our co-religionists; but certain it is that in the minds of a very large proportion of the American people the fact that a man is a Catholic marks him in some sense as peculiar, while if he were known as a member of any one of the non-Catholic Christian denominations, his religious views would not for a moment arrest attention.

The consequence of such a condition is to put upon every Catholic a responsibility, proportioned to the position he holds in the community, of defining, always by the practical habit of his life, and sometimes by the verbal exposition of his views, the dogma of the religious mother whose son he is. I do not understand that it is a Catholic's duty always and under all circumstances to attempt by argument to win proselytes to his faith, but that he should show so far as in him lies the guiding influence of his life to be in accordance with true reason, and, therefore, not opposed to what the common assent of all men shows to be right, would seem to be apparent.

I have made these observations preliminary to a brief study of the duty of the Catholic citizen in relation to the State.

It is on this point, if we may accept their expressions as sincere, that the only real alarm is felt by those who are earnestly struggling against the extension of the power of the church, whether in Europe or America. Could they be satisfied that the development of Catholic thought would have no effect upon political government, or would have no effect contrary to that which their own teaching inculcates, there would be no attacks, open or covert, upon the venerable church of St. Peter by any save those who find in the unrestrained gratification of every tendency of human nature, the ideal towards which human progress should tend.

Can we say, then, in a broad sense, that the Catholic Church does not desire to have any influence upon the State? That she looks upon it with indifference, careless as to its methods, and blind to its imperfections? Should we answer thus, we should be forthwith confronted by many an historical incident from the days when the venerable pontiff met the barbarian conqueror at Mantua and by his intercession saved Italy from invasion, or at the gates of Rome mitigated the horrors of pillage through the centuries to our own times, when the illustrious occupant of the Vatican utters his protest against the spoliation of the papal dominions. No, the church does desire to influence human government; it does watch empires, kingdoms, republics, or whatever be the form such corporations may take, with anxious eyes, but the influence she seeks to exert is through the individual members of the government, requiring of them to administer their trusts in accordance with the eternal rules of right and justice for the benefit of the community whose interests they are called upon to protect. In opposition to the theory of modern political writers, who have contended that government had its origin in sources purely human, and is founded on compact originally entered into between the governors and the governed. Catholic theologians have held that such compacts were not voluntarily entered into by the people themselves, but were imposed by the law of nature, which means that they came from God. This doctrine bears the necessary consequence of denying State absolution. As is pointed out by Brownson (American Republic, p. 79) the ancient Republics recognized rights of the State and rights of the citizen, "but no rights of man, held independently of society and not derived from God through the State. The recognition of these rights by modern society is due to Christianity;" and he proceeds to illustrate by reference to the fact that the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity in defiance of State authority,

and this event "infused into modern society the doctrine that every individual, even the lowest and meanest, has rights which the State neither confers nor can abrogate" (Ibid, p. 80). These are rights which the Creator has given to all endowed with reason and free will, and all acts of the State which contravene them are violences and not laws, as St. Augustin has pointed out (Ibid, p. 89). But in the proper sphere of action the State, whatever be its form, is an institution derived from God, through the force of natural law, and is entitled to the allegiance of its citizens, through whom its power is conferred, and to whom it is accountable for any abuse.

"The church and the State, as corporations or external governing bodies, are indeed separate in their spheres, and the church does not absorb the State, nor does the State the church, but both are from God, and both work to the same ends, and when each is rightly understood there is no antithesis or antagonism between them. Men serve God in serving the State as directly as in serving the church. He who dies on the battlefield fighting for his country ranks with him who dies at the stake for his faith. Civic virtues are themselves religious virtues, or at least virtues without which there are no religious virtues, since no man who loves not his brother does or can love God." (Ibid. pp. 127-128.)

The State, then, does not proceed from the church, nor the church from the State. The State is a necessary consequence of the law of nature imposed by God, requiring for their very existence that all men shall live in communities of some sort and find its rights to be in "the just consent of the governed." When it imposes regulations contrary to the natural law it is acting outside of its sphere, but within its sphere it is entitled to the obedience of all its inhabitants. The church has proceeded directly from God, was founded by Himself; it takes cognizance of and approves of the existence of the State as it approves of all institutions founded upon the will of its Divine Head. But as to the form of government the church has no dogma. In the language of Balmes, "the Roman Pontiff acknowledges equally as his son the Catholic seated upon the bench of an American assembly and the most humble subject of the most powerful monarch. The Catholic religion is too prudent to descend upon any such ground. Emanating from heaven itself, she diffuses herself, like the light of the sun over all things and enlightens and strengthens all, and is never obscured or tarnished. Her object is to conduct man to heaven by furnishing him in his passage with great assistance and consolation on earth. She ceases not to point out to him eternal truths; she gives him in all his affairs salutary counsels, but the moment we come to mere details she has no obligations to impose, no duty to enjoin. She impresses upon his mind her sacred maxims of morality, admonishing him never to depart from them. Like a tender mother speaking to her son, she says to him: "Provided you depart not from my instructions, do what you consider most prudent (Protestantism and Catholicity Compound, p. 357.)

As has been said by Cardinal Gibbons: "Our Holy Father, Leo. XIII., in his luminous encyclical on the constitution of Christian states declares that the church is not committed to any particular form of civil government—she adapts herself to all. She leaves all with the sacred leaven of the gospel * * * in the congenial atmosphere of liberty; she blossoms as the rose." (Quoted by F. Hacker—"The Church and the Age," p. 101.)

Such being the doctrine of the church upon civil government, why should there be any doubt or distrust of American Catholics in the minds of their fellow-citizens? So long as the theory of our republican constitution is carried into practical operation there can be no clashing between the duties owed by the Catholic citizen to his Church and to his State. The cry that he is bound by allegiance to a foreign government because he recognizes the Pope as the visible head of his church is unfair and confusing. Whatever be the practice (and the records of American Catholics in all the relations of civic life will at least bear comparison with those of other religionists), his theory in no wise differs from that of men who, in all ages of the world, have felt it right to recognize that there exists a law transcending any that may emanate from human government. It is the same theory which (as has been said) gave Christianity to the Roman Empire, and the assertion of which did much to awaken the conscience of this modern Republic to the evils of African slavery. And when it is understood, this theory will be opposed by none save those philosophers who find in the theories which had their fruition in the French revolution, and have been developed by constant logical processes into the wild isms of certain of the socialists and anarchists of to-day.

If I am right in this exposition of the doctrine of the church (and it needs only to examine the luminous writings of its ablest champions and the authoritative definitions of its Pontiff to show its correctness in theory, while the appeal to history, if requiring

more discrimination, is hardly less convincing), no Catholic need be confused in his efforts to perform his duty to the State. The present age, as far as we can know, presents problems for solution more difficult than any that have preceded it, more difficult because history affords no precedents by which men may act upon them. Evils of social life have become so obvious and so dangerous that the best thought of all people is concentrated upon their consideration. Men of undoubted sincerity and of heroic courage, deceived by their own ardor and generous impulses and without guidance from spiritual authority, have not hesitated to advocate theories of relief that involve the complete revolution of that order which has been accepted as second only to revelation. While the church teaches and has taught that the right of private ownership of property, while not directly of divine ordinance, is yet essential to the well-ordered happiness of mankind, the so-called philosophers of the revolution advocate its unconditional abolition; while the church maintains the doctrines of personal liberty and individualism, the tendency of the revolution is to absorb the individual in the State. The revolution bases its arguments upon the assumption of a social contract and the perfect ability, if not the perfection of human nature *per se;* the church looks upon government as a mediate ordinance of God, arising from the constitution of man, and human nature as imperfect, tainted with sin. The revolution insists that the popular will, and the popular alone, is the supreme fount of justice."

The church maintains "that justice is anterior to all experience, wholly independent of the volition of any man or number of men, eternal, immutable, absolutely binding upon the race, as upon the totality of existence." (Lily, p. 53). A century of revolution. How widely these lines diverge, it requires no imagination to picture. The doctrines of the revolution, while professing to advocate liberty, equality, and fraternity, have resulted, wherever they have obtained sway, in tyranny, in class legislation, and bitter strife; and developed as they have been by many, have led and are leading to a subversion of social order that directs the human races back to barbarism. What then is the duty of the Catholic citizen in all countries, but especially in these United States, where the obligations of a free government intensify his responsibility? Is he to shut his eyes to the admittedly existing evils? Or is he to turn them doggedly backward to the ages of faith, and warming his imagination by the contemplation of the glorious relics and traditions of days long gone, when the church was recognized by all civilized peoples as the mother of progress and truth, refuse to recognize the facts of every-day existence. To do this is to grant the truth of the sneer of the atheist and agnostic that the church is the opponent of progress, and can live only in this peculiar athmosphere of medievalism. No, there must be a sturdy recognition of the dangers of modern society—dangers that have arisen because men have thrown off the yoke of subjection to the law under which they were born; and the remedy must be sought in unceasing efforts to re-establish among men the true standard of living. Can any men doubt that if the rich felt universally with a conviction, deep and sincere, the teaching of the church that they were but stewards of the fortunes God has given them, they would no longer be looked upon as a class separated by a wide barrier from their poorer brethren? Can any man doubt that if there pervaded all ranks of employers the feeling that their workmen should share in proportion their prosperity, there would be fewer strikes and disagreements, and the spectre of conflict unceasing between capitalist and laborer would fade from our horizon. Did the laborer in his sufferings look beyond this life to the glories of immortality, could he cherish in his heart hatred and envy of this employer?

Here is the disease in our social conditions. The teachings of Christian morality in large portions of the community have been undermined, and in their stead there is naught but the tendencies of our fallen nature to appeal to as the standard of right. Of what avail are theories the most beautiful, plans of political or economical government the most ingenious, based upon a false assumption of the intrinsic excellence of our natures. The pagan civilization was saved from ruin by Christianity. Christianity has taught mankind that in lessons of self-control and unselfishness of the individual alone can the miseries of life be lightened, and to Christianity must men turn in these modern days when dangers not less serious than those that encompassed the ancient world press upon them. The church in all ages has been the most democratic of all organizations; the church alone has taught the true theory of the fraternity and equality of all men before God, and to her precepts must mankind look for the foundation of their measures of relief from present dangers. Under her ægis tyranny, whether of the individual or of the class, whether of the plutocrat or of the proletariat; can not exist. As in days of old she resisted the wrath of despotic kings or checked the cruelty of powerful nobles, so in these modern days she interposes her commands between the antagonistic classes into which society has been so rapidly drifting. She teaches that all men are

children of a common father, and that the command to love one another must be the keynote of their conduct toward each other. This is all. Let royalist, aristocrat, or democrat plead for the excellence of his plan of human government. She looks not at the details, but at the principles that underlie them, and she tests them all by the standard of her founder's law.

To be true to the teaching of his church and false to the republic is impossible for the American Catholic, and in the spread of the morality, political and economical, of which he is the exponent, lies the solution of the problems of modern life.

Rev. Dr. William Barry, of Dorchester, England, wrote upon the "Duties of Capital" as follows:

In discussing this great and momentous issue, which threatens in the modern world to absorb every other, a Catholic assembly must take its stand upon Catholic and Christian principles. Now Pope Leo XIII. (whom God preserve) has told us in the plainest language that it is labor which has created wealth, and hence that capital, which is merely wealth stored up, is due to labor for its production, preservation, and increase. He argues again and again that the fruits of toil should in justice belong to the toiler; that morality and not mere expediency ought to be the rule of the market, and that men have no warrant for ceasing to be Christians because they are handling goods on the largest scale or dealing with stocks and shares even in Wall Street.

But he goes on to say that when he looks out over the world, he sees the old Mammon of unrighteousness flourishing under new names. Usury, which was held by the church of the middle ages to be a crime against God and man, is by no means extinct; on the contrary, it has widened its borders and multiplied its victories. The system which in our text books of political economy is termed capitalism has, according to the Pope, "thrown into the hands of a few the control of labor and of the world-commerce, so that a small number of opulent and amazingly rich individuals have laid a yoke almost equal to that of slavery upon the infinite multitude of the proletarians." That is to say, of workmen who possess no capital.

These things are sadly exemplified in the monarchies of Europe, but experience proves that their baleful influence has made itself felt in the United States also. The disastrous consequences of capitalism without check or limit do not follow upon any one form of government. They are an immense evil which is growing while we speak. And if on the American continent man is destined to begin a happier century than the nineteenth, it will only come to pass when for the injustice and misery of the present confused and desolating system there is brought in a code of business morals to which the Lord Jesus Christ can give His blessing.

The end or purpose of wealth is not simply the production of more wealth nor is it the selfish enjoyment even of those who produce it. Man is a moral and religious being, and the industries which exhaust so large a part of his time, thought, and labor, should be carried out under the law which is supreme in conscience. To make, or increase, or distribute wealth is a social function. It is so because man was intended to live in society, because society does in fact acknowledge and secure his individual rights, and because no one of his single, unaided efforts could store up the accumulated resources to which these "few rich people" are indebted for their leisure and luxury. It is not the "silver king," who has dug out his own mine; neither is it the "railroad king," by whose hands or intellect the railroad has been created. When we allow the utmost to any one man as worker, manufacturer, superintendent, or all three together, it should still be clear to us that the social element in what he produces can never be done away. He enters into the labors of his fellow-men, and they have accordingly their claims upon him, which both justice and charity forbid him to pass over without recompense. If, then, capital, by which I mean private property yielding a revenue, is to exist in a Christian commonwealth, it must fulfill its duties to the public. For it is a trust given to the individual upon condition of his exercising the social function which corresponds to it as a Christian ought. And where custom has failed to enforce this view of things, law has every right to interfere. Those who are suffered by the enactments of the State to control the means of production and distribution must be looked upon as in a true sense ministers of the State; subject to its oversight; answerable for their dealings with what they never did and never could create by their own exertion; and not, as many suppose, irresponsible, absolute, and utterly independent "owners" of all the land, water, mines, minerals, and machinery which by legal process they may have acquired.

Leo XIII. defines it to be a sin against justice when one man appropriates, whether in the shape of profit, or of tax, or of interest, the fruits of another man's industry with-

out rendering him an equal return. He does not say that the return must be directly economical. But certainly he does mean that there ought to be an adequate return of some sort. The rich man, therefore, whose riches are nothing else than the surplus fruits of his fellows' toil, is bound, first, to render a just human wage to the toiler, and second, so to employ this "wealth" which has been put into his hands as, on the whole, to make the condition of those who toil more advantageous to them than if private capital did not exist.

In other words, private capital is an expedient, like constitutional government or manhood suffrage, by which the great ends of society are meant to be furthered. If it does this, it is justified; if it does not, how can it endure? The resources of civilization are earned by one set of men, and disposed of by another. I will not call that an iniquitous arrangement. But it stands to reason that those who distribute are bound to do so for the good of the social organization which they do, in fact, govern. The ministering class of capitalists, supposing they minister, deserve fair wages. But those wages are most unfair which can not be paid except at the cost of a permanent nucleus of misery and demoralization, such as the capitals of Europe have long contained within them, and some of the American cities may now see growing up in their midst

Therefore, as "the end of all commerce" is not "individual gain," so it is righteousness, and not anarchic revolution, which insists on teaching capitalists their duties toward the organism which supports them. Let us reckon up some of these duties.

Negatively, capitalists have no right to interfere with the workingmen's right to combine in trades unions; and hence they cannot fairly require their workmen to give up belonging to such associations, nor can they make it the condition of a just contract.

Again they have no right to take advantage of the distress of human beings by beating down the just price of labor; to do so is usury and has been condemned times out of number by the Catholic authorities.

Nor must they lay upon their workmen inhuman tasks, whether as regards the length, quality or conditions of labor. And the whole legislation of factory acts, inspection and the protection of women and children is in its idea as truly economic as it is Christian, and capitalists ought not to complain of it. Further, the lowest fair wage is one which, although varying according to country, sex and time of life, will enable the worker to fulfill the ordinary duties of humanity, to keep God's law and to provide against sickness and old age.

It is the bounden duty of capitalists to allow their workpeople the Sunday rest.

Corporations are as much under these obligations and bound to fulfill them as individuals.

Workpeople can not justly contract themselves out of these and similar rights. And every agreement to disregard them is so far null and void.

Again, it is elementary good sense, as well as law, that lying, cheating, misrepresentation, when they enter into the substance of a contract, make it of no effect. And that a thief can not prescribe or plead lapse of time as legalizing his theft. And that he who has stolen, whether from the public or from private citizens, is bound to restore. And that the greater the robbery the greater the sin. And that even a State is capable of robbing its citizens collectively, as when it surrenders without a proper equivalent rights of way, or public lands, or the common right of market—and, in general, when it creates or suffers to grow up unchecked monopolies which take an undue share of the products of labor, and which violate the economic freedom of others. To make thieves restore their ill-gotten goods, to put down "rings and corners," to keep intact the right of "eminent domain," to safeguard the health, morals, and religious freedom of its citizens, are duties incumbent on the State, especially when the majority of the people seem to be at the mercy of private capitalists. Nor can it be objected that these things constitute an "intolerable interference with the rights of property," for property never has any right to do wrong. And, on the whole, weighing impartially the evidence which has accumulated from all sides regarding modern commerce and business. I would suggest as a meditation for many capitalists these words of St. Paul: "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth"

All this means, then, the imperative necessity of a constitution for capital. Religion furnishes the ideal, morality the grounds, and law and custom the methods upon which this mighty task is to be achieved. To make democracy a real thing is all one with limiting, defining, and Christianizing the powers of those who wield at present according to their good pleasure the material resources gathered by the thought, labor and perseverance of millions upon millions. Individual ownership, when divorced from its

social functions, is the parent of all those barbarians who have now become a menace to civilization from within. No spasmodic attempts at private benevolence, no dribblets of "ransom" doled out from superfluous millions, no universities called after reigning monopolists, will do the work which society has neglected. The organization of industry means the supremacy of the Christian law in store, factory, market, and exchange. When individuals make their large bequests in the shape of libraries, picture-galleries, parks, or music-halls, they confess that indefinite accumulation of wealth in private hands requires some public apology.

Now, all we who have accepted the principle of democratic institutions believe that an absolute monarch is in politics a mistake, an anachronism, a lapse into a less civilized past which we are glad we have left behind. In like manner, and by reasoning no less demonstrative, it may be shown that an absolute monarch in economics is nothing less than the survival of tyranny under a new form. Democracy and unlimited capitalism are simply irreconcilable; they will ever be enemies, one of the other. When the American continent is fully peopled, the handful who are enormously rich will of necessity create and perpetuate a multitude of proletarians sunk into degrading and shameful poverty—serfs with manhood suffrage—with an acknowledged right to vote and a more doubtful right to eat. If capitalists do not become servants of the commonwealth they will be its masters.

What, then, should the people do in this day of their political supremacy? Two things, I answer. They should insist, by custom and legislation, on making the contract between capitalist and workingman a just human bargain, on the lines so plainly drawn out by Leo XIII. in his encyclical.

And they should defend, by every fair means at their disposal, the rights of public property, which is, in fact, their property, not permitting it to be sold, or squandered, or stolen away, under pretense that the individual who is going to get rich by appropriating it has acquired a legal claim upon that which in such absolute fashion never could legally be made over to him.

If all this amounts to no less than reforming your legislatures, then, in God's name, set about reforming them, root and branch. And if a mandate to your executive is required, shall it never be forthcoming? Is not the responsibility of a free citizen something which he neither can nor ought to give to another? Your political freedom should bring with it economic justice. There is little meaning else in that declaration of independence which is written upon American hearts.

At all events, let not those who uphold democracy imagine that capitalism without religious or moral obligations to society at large is but the proper expression of its principles, or that State interference with it is against the constitution. Just because all citizens have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, it is undemocratic, un-American and un-Christian, that a few should be millionaires without duties, and that the millions should become a proletariat deprived of decent leisure, home affections, Sunday rest, and the possibility of serving God religiously; or be doomed, in spite of their utmost efforts, to see old age coming upon them with no refuge but charity or the workhouse.

Our hope is that the Christian democracy of America will, by peaceful and appropriate legislation, put an end to these things which have lasted too long. It seems to me, in an especial way, the duty of Christian teachers, be they laymen or ecclesiastics, to hasten that wished-for consummation, and to show that the gospel in which they believe is indeed a law of liberty, the condition of the highest form of government and as fraternal as it is just.

Dr. Charles A. Wingerter, of Wheeling, W. Va., read an interesting paper on "Public and Private Charities." He said:

It is fitting that a Catholic Congress should take up the consideration of the great problem of practical charity, for charity is the heart of the new dispensation whose hold upon the world of men a Catholic Congress is designed to strengthen. It is especially fitting that this problem should be of interest to an American Catholic Congress, for poverty tends to be especially dangerous in a republic, and inequality in social condition, in the possession of power, in the distribution of wealth, though, perhaps, it will ever exist, is most out of place in a land like ours, whose greatest boast before the nations is that it would have all men equals. It is meet and just, then, that we, as American Catholics, face fairly and squarely this question of public and private charities, and how they shall be made more beneficial and effective.

There should be no need of enforcing upon Catholics the duty of charity. Time was when it was a new doctrine that we are bound to love and work good to all men,

even to our enemies. That time is past. The blessed doctrine of the Saviour is now a platitude, a commonplace. The danger is that familiarity with it may lead us to indifference. It is therefore wise that on occasions like this we should remind ourselves of the doctrine and duty of charity; that we should put ourselves anew into right adjustment with it, and make right adjustment between it and the tendency surrounding us.

It is common knowledge that the distinguishing characteristic of the century is a fine impatience to be doing good. Altruism is the shibboleth of the hour. Philantrophy is the banner of the times. What the Germans well name the "Zeitgeist," the spirit of the age, may be described as a two-fold desire: First, the desire to systemize all things which is embodied in the modern scientific spirit; and secondly, that material good things shall be distributed among all men. Of this latter desire are born communism and socialism, under whatever mask they hide. Add to these two desires but one thing, the spirit of the church, which is identical with the spirit of Christ, her spouse, and there will be evolved therefrom a motive power and a means of surely making public and private charities more effective and beneficial.

The spirit of the church must come first, however. An edifice cannot outstand its foundations. Charity and philanthropy, if they are to be lasting, must not be reared on the shifting sands of a false philosophy. Man is a creature of motives. His conduct will not outlive the motives that inspire it. Before all else, then, he must have a great and lasting motive for his charity. There has been evolved during the century a philosophy, called by its followers a religion, which inspires much of the philanthropy of the day, though the philanthropists themselves do not always perceive it. This philosophy, the positivism of Comte, teaches the worship of humanity and can urge charity to the poor for no higher motive than this, that poverty is directly degrading to the poor and thus indirectly degrading to humanity. Therefore poverty must be abolished. Positivism is a husk of glamour round a heart of weakness. Humanity in the abstract is too vague a deity for human hearts to worship, and philanthropy done in so unreal a spirit and for so untangible an end is surely doomed to death. A new life, which is the old life of the ages of faith, must be infused into modern philanthropy if it is to be saved from going down to death with dying positivism. Therefore the necessity of crying aloud from the housetops to all the passers-by the sweet doctrines of Christian charity. Therefore the fitness that from this Congress should go forth an earnest reminder of those doctrines and the duties flowing from them.

The poor are God's chosen ones—beati pauperes. Nay, they are His representatives. He was one of them when on earth, and He left as one of our precious legacies the assurance that what we do for the least of them is done even to Himself. Such is the first great truth that serves as a part of the corner-stone of Christian charity. The second is no less known to us, for the New Testament but rehearses the truth of the old dispensation when it bids us be ever mindful that we are only stewards set over part of the riches of this world. "The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." We are but the almoners of His bounty, and shall be called to give an account of our stewardship. Thus far all is clear enough. God demands from us part at least of the increase of the substance He has given us. He has left us His representatives on earth to receive it—His poor and the Ministers of His Gospel. Now, how can we make this duty tangible? Surely we have not been left without a standard to gauge our faithfulness to the duty of returning to God His portion.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of practical charity work will have been overcome when we have all learned to set aside a definite portion of our income for the poor. The amount given in charity is too often measured by the transient feelings and circumstances of the hour when call is made upon us; and we too often allow the poor to suffer because of the follies and extravagances which have eaten up the portion that should be reserved for the luxury of charity. What we waste foolishly must not be made amends for from the portion of God and His poor, but from our own portion.

But, it will be asked, how much does God demand from us? At least one-tenth. Some will not conceive their duty so narrowly and will be generous, giving more than one-tenth, but the sad truth is that many give less and some nothing. The whole Christian world does not give to God more than one-third of the one-tenth due. If any among us find ourselves startled, as some of us may, at the thought of parting with one-tenth of our incomes, thinking it too much, be assured we have not really believed the teaching of God's church during the vanished centuries and to-day, for that teaching is plain beyond all dispute. We must not allow the luxuries which we love to win us from the mindfulness of the dangers and responsibilities of wealth; to seduce us from our duty on the specious plea that "charity begins at home." Direct duty to God is before all else, and even before ourselves and families may profit from our income God's

part must be laid aside and kept sacredly for Him. And if there be any here who are so weak in faith as not to trust God in this matter without His express promise that they shall not lose by obeying Him, even they must not think to escape. The Omnipotent has given His word that the paradoxical shall become truth. "Some distribute their own goods and grow richer; others take away what is not their own and are always in want." Pro. xi., 24. "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first of all thy fruits, and thy barns shall be filled with abundance and thy presses shall run over with wine." Pro. iii., 9-10. It is even to our worldly, material interest to fulfil the law in this matter. If we take God into partnership with us in our worldly business (I speak in all respect and humanly) He has promised that He will prosper us. "Try Me in this," saith the Lord. If we obey His ordinance and tithe our income for the propagation of the faith and the relief of His poor, He will open for us the flood-gates of heaven and pour us forth a blessing even to abundance. Observe how expressly He promises material blessings, wealth, and honor, and power, and prosperity, so that all nations shall call us blessed. And we know that the God of Truth can not become a liar and a breaker of promises. And by way of parenthesis, I should say that I believe one of the secrets of the proverbial great material prosperity of the Jewish people throughout the world is to be found in the fact that nearly all, either through custom or conviction, tithe their incomes for the benefit of their poor even to this day.

The German mind is eminently a scientific mind, and to the Germans we owe a system of charity work which is theoretically perfect, and if it be not absolutely without all flaw in practice, the reason is that the faults of our frail human nature enter into every work done by human agents. I wish to call your earnest attention to this system, for it is the best answer of which I know to the question that forms the title of this paper. How shall public and private charities be made more effective and beneficial? Let us first, however, duly emphasize the truth that there should be method in our giving. The necessity for organized charity is especially evident in the towns and the cities. In hamlets and villages, where every man and his real wants and deserts are known of his neighbors, the spirit of neighborly helpfulness suffices to bring relief to the distress of the worthy poor. There is here little danger of hurtful giving. But where, as in larger centers of population, the helped are always to some extent strangers to the helpers, and where the needy, who still retain some part of their self-dependence, must be sought out if they are to be helped, gifts are often bestowed on the unworthy, while deserving unfortunates are left in distress. The newspapers have too often recorded the story of a starving family found too late. And perhaps over the way the thriftless and the lazy, who do not shrink from making full parade of their wants, and by long practice are become adepts in the parading, are riotously abusing the charity that would have relieved the worthy victims of poverty and saved them to life and to life's hopes and efforts.

This is no fancy picture I am snggesting. Such miscarriages are as common as they are shameful, and are due to a lack of organized charity, They are to be laid at the door of indiscriminate giving. Indiscriminate giving is hurtful whenever it puts a premium on deception; and it does no good when it serves as a cloak to hide the fact that the givers give less than their share. Most often these results are its only fruit.

As I have already said, Germany has offered, in what is now universally known as the Elberfeld system of charity organization, a model that we would do well to follow, for it seems as nearly perfect a practical system as human brains can devise, I sincerely regret that a hurried outline of this plan is all that I can venture upon here if I would not have you turn from me as from a guest who has outstayed his welcome.

First of all, it is an outdoor system, in contra-distinction to the poorhouse system. Our present method of public charity is an inherited tradition that finds full force in the Englisn poor law. Our public charity may be described very briefly; we pay our taxes and support a poorhouse and then rid ourselves of any further responsibility in the matter. The self-acting poorhouse test is our ultimatum. If a person is not willing to go to the city or county poorhouse we assume that he does not need or deserve public help. It needs no second thought to see how false a test this is, as we apply it. Could we not more truthfully say: A man who, rather than vegetate in an almshouse, prefers to stay in the struggle of life and to make another effort to overcome defeat is the man most deserving of aid? The soul of the German system is a desire to help the laggards in the march of life to a more effectual struggle. Where the English system lets him who has fallen by the wayside lie to rot in soul and body, the German system offers him a helping hand.

One of our most earnest strivers in the cause of practical scientific charity work has described so well the difference between the English and the German methods that I make bold to quote his words. Professor F. G. Peabody says:

"These two systems start from opposite points of view and proceed on opposite principles. The English test of poverty is the willingness of the pauper to go to the poorhouse; the German test is that of personal and continual investigation of each case. The English plan, roughly speaking, is for the town to do as little for the poor outside of its institutions as is safe for the community; the German plan is to do as much as is safe. English citizens are accustomed to let the poor law ruin itself; German citizens are trained to be its agents. Thus the one plan, completely carried out, would be wholly official and mechanical; the other would be wholly personal and human. The one is defensive of the community; the other is educative of the community. The one opposes outdoor relief; the other consists almost wholly of outdoor relief. The one frees citizens at large from obligation to the poor, except through taxation; the other calls on citizens at large to serve the poor as a part of their duty to society. We stand for the present between these two principles. On one hand the official work of our cities is done for the most part under the English tradition. On the other hand, our private charity is guided more and more by the Elberfeld model. Which way are we likely to move? Which tradition is likely to prevail?"

I have spoken of the German system as new, meaning that it is new to America. It is not new in the sense of being an untried theory. It was introduced in Elberfeld in 1853, since which time it has won its way by sheer force of worth and effective practicability, until it is to-day actively in operation in more than thirty-five German towns and cities, such as Barmen (1862), Bremen (1878), Dresden (1880), Leipzig (1881), Frankfurt (1883), Berlin (1884), Stuttgart (1886), Hamburg (1891). The main features of the Elberfeld system which distinguish it from private charity work in this country most approaching it in spirit and method are two: First, the distribution of work by spaces instead of cases; and secondly, the institution of a thoroughly maintained charity clearing-house or central office. This central office is, moreover, like a bridge uniting public and private work, enabling them to be mutually helpful, saving for each a vast deal of labor and time and money.

Now to explain a little in detail. An ample corps of the best members of the community are selected by the public authorities to act as visitors. In Germany the municipal system is universally compulsory, but to read the list of the visitors is to find names which make the list a roll of honor. The whole city is divided into small squares, a certain number of which are aggregated into a ward conference. To each of these squares is detailed a visitor, generally one living in the near neighborhood. It is his duty to know if there are any families within his district absolutely in need of immediate relief, and he is empowered to furnish such temporary relief until his ward conference, which meets every week, shall take the matter up. Whenever more than five families needing help are found in any square, it is redivided and a new worker put on. These visitors report to the ward conference, which relieves temporary wants and in turn refers important questions to the central committee. This central committee represents the different interests involved in charity work, is elected for short terms and is responsible to the people. At its head is a responsible, directing superintendent who, like the president of a bank or railroad, holds his position for a long service—in fact during efficiency, and is thus enabled to work effectively and skillfully as manager of the central office or clearing-house, where the records of all cases of need and help are kept. An instance will show how admirably public and private charities, by means of this central office, are enabled to work in harmony and to mutual advantage, and with economy of work and means.

A case of temporary need arises and is reported to a private society, which relieves temporarily but invariably reports to the central office. Here the history of the case is promptly referred to. The records permit immediate answers to the following questions: What is the petitioner's reputation on the record? Has he received help from the city? From any other relief society? From any local benefit society? From any trades union? Are there any convictions or bad reports against him in the police offices? Has he answered truthfully the questions of the visitor? The answers to these and such like questions enable the private society to decide if the case be appropriate to its sphere. If so the case is accepted; if not it is referred back to the central office and from there to the proper channel of relief. Thus the assignment of cases to the appropriate charity becomes easy; the duplication of relief to designing impostors is made practically impossible and the labor of investigation is done once for all.

Such is the system in outline. Now let us rehearse briefly some of the more salient advantages that commend it. Best of all, it makes thorough work possible. We all know that with the present method of assigning workers to cases instead of to small districts it often happens that cases just as necessitous on the same street are over-

looked. The same unfortunate thing occurs where visitors have a large district to oversee—a whole ward, for instance. Nor is this surprising. Thorough work is practically impossible with our present methods. We must have a new method if we are to work effectively. There might be suggested to your minds as an objection to the German method that difficulty in finding visitors enough would render it impracticable. This objection disappears with a second thought. The present difficulty to find charity workers arises from the magnitude and indefinite character of the work. Any one who has had any experience in charity work will confirm me on this point. Men will say: "See here, I don't care to undertake the work you propose because it may grow to such proportions that my time and business will not permit me to attend to it properly. I am willing to help, but what I do must be definite. I will give a specified sum of money every week or month, because I know then to what I am binding myself."

Suppose, however, that we should say to such men: "Will you, under printed instructions, take upon yourself to supervise Market Street from Twenty-Fifth to Twenty-Sixth streets on condition that if you find more than four families needing continuous help your district will be subdivided?" Few would be found to refuse and there would be no difficulty in finding visitors for all the small squares. Many men who are now willing, perhaps anxious, to take up practical poor relief are deterred by present methods, and would enlist themselves in the ranks of helpers when the work is specified and definitely fixed by rule.

With the new system, as has been said, the labor of investigation is done once for all. This point is important, because the unworthy poor, knowing that they are sure of temporary relief during investigation, shrewdly use this knowledge where there is no clearing-house such as I am describing. They apply in turn to all the charitable associations and, since under present methods the investigation in each case is to be repeated, they are encouraged to postpone all effort at self-help until they have made the tour of all the relief societies. Where the Elberfeld system is in practice no encouragement is given to those who make a profession of abusing charity.

In this system, then, we have not only organized and personal work but uplifting and educative work, inasmuch as it encourages self-help, self-respect, self-dependence. In every appeal for help the reputation of the petitioner and the condition of his home must be described by the visitor. It is to the advantage of the applicant to be described as moral, upright, neat, and thrifty. He is not tempted to make his personal condition and surrounding filthy and degraded. Rather is he encouraged to be clean in character, person, and home, for he thus increases his chances of substantial help. If charity is to be truly effective it must restore, where need be, and at all events preserve physical, moral, and mental health and vigor among the needy. To take to them money or food or fuel is not enough. We must take to them knowledge and a stronger will; we must infuse into them a life which is so virile and robust as to throw off poverty as a healthy body throws off disease; nay, rather a life which impels and helps them to raise themselves out of the atmosphere and surroundings which poverty needs to thrive in. To borrow an illustrative example from the science of medicine, the wise physician would not be content to administer anti-malarial medicines to the dwellers in a swamp. He would also encourage them to rise up from their miasmatic surroundings and find higher ground, to flee from the cause of their distemper. In like manner, we must not be content simply to tide the poor over a week of hunger if they will be as hungry in a week to come. To be satisfied simply with giving relief to present distress is, in many cases, simply to make assured the recurrence of such distress. We must take to the needy strength to make efforts in their own behalf. We must fortify them for a more effectual struggle.

But I must end, though I have been able to give only the roughest outline of this admirable German system and its main developments. I would like especially to speak of the tramp-colonies and the child-colonies. The aim of these colonies is but a particular application of the general principle of the German system—that is, thorough charity work—the carrying of individual cases to recovery. The tramp-colonies serve as breathing spots for the struggling traveler on life's journey, and the child-colonies strive to save the children. When, as unfortunately happens sometimes, men and women have pursued evil courses so long that they can no longer be roused to hate the causes of poverty, which are discouragement, vice, and unfitting surroundings, the one thing urgent is to save the children. But, these features are refinements of the system and therefore forbidden a place in such a limited paper as this, which must now come to an end. I will be more than content if, by calling your attention to the system, I can bring you to interest yourselves in a study of it. Admiration will do the rest.

Now to rehearse briefly the ideas which I would that we could all carry home with us to serve as seeds of earnest practical efforts to make public and private charities both effective for the relief of the poor and beneficial to ourselves as well as to them.

1. All charity work must be done along the line of moral considerations if it is to be lasting, and therefore we must strengthen the moral forces. We have a duty to the poor and should appreciate it fully. We have not appreciated it fully if we have not realized the grounds on which that duty rests. We have not appreciated it fully unless we recognize its tangibleness, unless we learn to remember always that a certain portion of our income is owed as a debt of honor to the Master and to the poor, His pensioners.

2. After these two lessons have been well learned and put into practice, there must be personal sacrifice of time and service to the cause of our less fortunate brethren.

3. Our work must be organized, discriminating, with no waste of time or labor or money.

4. It must be humane, done in the spirit of fraternal sympathy. A Good Samaritan is wanted and not a charity machine.

5. It must be educative, elevating the helpers and the helped.

6. It must be continuous. Every individual case must be carried to recovery. We must keep fast hold of our stumbling brother's hand until we have helped him to the ground where he can advance alone. In a word, our charity must be thorough and it will be effective.

I have almost done. My spirit sinks within me when I think how jejune and hurried and unsatisfactory is all that I have written, and how overwhelmingly vast, how almost inexhaustible is the subject that inspires the treatise. I can only hope that my effort has not been altogether vain. My pen and lips are young and inexperienced, but my heart is full. If I can but persuade you to take with you as my charity offering one tithe of the earnestness with which I put these few thoughts before you, your own Christian nobleness of heart and love of duty will enable you to far outstrip in deeds the thoughts suggested in this paper. Let each one of us go home resolved that charity shall no longer be the vague, unknowable angel she has been in the past. Let us realize that if hitherto she has walked lame and halting it is because we have by our indifference thrown stumbling-blocks in the way she has so eagerly but hopelessly pursued; because we have mockingly bid her God-speed on her bright errand of mercy, and yet have taken her hand only to serve as a drag-chain to hinder her advance, if indeed we have even offered to her that semblance of help. Henceforth all shall be different. Henceforth we shall know charity for what she is—the fairest handmaid of religion. When we leave this hall let every man go resolved to do something tangible and practical for the cause of charity before the next Congress meets. Consider a moment how much will have been done for the cause of rational charity work if, as a result of this meeting, every man here present resolves here and now sacredly to put apart for the betterment of the poor that portion of his income which belongs to them by right; and if in only one out of every ten of the cities represented here there shall have been established, by the time of the next Congress, a charity clearing-house or a system of working that will cover the ground, making it impossible for those cities to be shamed by some suddenly discovered case of harrowing and long-standing distress. And, however humbly a man may have done his part in feeding the hungry, in giving drink to the thirsty, in clothing the naked, in healing the sick, and in consoling the sorrowing, if only he has done it earnestly, on the Book of Life will be written of him as is written of his Elder Brother, Christ, pertransivit benefaciendo—"He went on His way doing good." And when time and life have worried him like a spent hound, and he is laid to rest, he liveth still, for "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Thomas F. Ring, of Boston, Mass., in his paper "Public and Private Charities; How Can They Be Made More Effective and Beneficial—a Catholic Layman's Experience," said in substance:

It was my fortune to have been introduced by a good priest to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in Boston, in 1863. I have remained in its ranks up to the present time. In this best of training schools for a layman, I have seen much of charity as dispensed by Catholic and Protestant organizations. When the opportunity of taking part in public charities presented itself I felt it to be my duty as a citizen to do my share for the good of the unfortunate of all classes in the community, and gave nine years of

unpaid service to the Overseers of the Poor, as the contribution of one whose modest financial means have never permitted him to do much good except through personal services.

An excellent opportunity to visit and closely study the various public institutions of the city of Boston, was given me last year. In this series of visits, I had in mind two objects, first, the public good, and, second, the interests of the Catholic inmates. The immediate cause that gave this chance of seeing the inside workings of the public institutions was the frequent complaints appearing in the newspapers regarding the management of the different houses by the Commissioners of Public Institutions.

Outbreaks in the prisons, magnified into riots; reports of overcrowding in the lunatic asylum, and lack of proper care or sufficient attendance; neglect and disorder in the almshouse; the entire lack of any serious attempt to improve the boys sent for reformation; a confusion and absence of any valuable results from the method of carrying on the truant school. A well-qualified lawyer, two physicians of high local repute, one business man, a lady who has been years secretary of a State board, another lady member of the Overseers of the Poor, and one excellent woman, a quiet but efficient worker in Catholic charities, made up the committee to visit the institutes. When the final report of the committee was made public the whole press of the city declared the document to be one of lasting value, and, coming from a source that could not be accused of having any political bias, was entitled to receive the confidence of the people. The calm, temperate tone of the document, the plain intent to be perfectly fair while being perfectly fearless, giving the commissioners full credit for all the good points revealed by the inquiry, still pointing the way to many improvements in the general methods in management, certainly gave great weight to the recommendations of the committee.

What was the immediate result? The appropriation of $327,000 for the purchase of land and the erection of a first-class modern hospital for the insane. Four hundred new cells for the House of Industry. The closing of the truant school on the island when the new parental school, authorized to be built, shall be completed. Within a few months an incident led to the passing of a city ordinance authorizing the mayor to appoint a visiting committee of five, two of whom to be women, to inspect the public institutions and to report at the end of the year, or at any time, to the mayor as to the condition of the institutions and their recommendations in relation to the same. The committee, during their term last year, visited many of the lunatic asylums, prisons, and almshouses in the State, and consulted with officials and individuals who had knowledge of the broad question of the care of the defective, delinquent, and dependent classes, as they are termed. In the course of this widened search careful note was taken of the number of Catholic inmates by the two Catholic members of the committee.

Beginning with the city institutions, we found that three-quarters of all the poor and the prisoners were of the Catholic faith. In the Reformatory for Boys and the Boys' Truant School the proportion holds practically the same. In the State institutions one-half of the children are Catholics. The city institutions are attended by priests and every reasonable opportunity is given by the commissioners to the inmates to avail themselves of the religious ministrations. The policy of the city and State is to retain children within the institutions for only the shortest term, then to place them at board in families at the public cost, or to bind them out to learn some trade or calling until eighteen years of age, without payment of board. Here, then, in our commonwealth were 2,000 Catholic children, nearly all in Protestant families, or likely to be in them within a year. The Catholics usually have so many of their own to care for that one must generally look elsewhere for the childless home waiting for the homeless child. Here is a fearful annual loss to the church. Is it only in Massachusetts such a loss can be found?

The policy of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Boston, in the domain of private charities, has been to join hands at once with our Protestant fellow-citizens in any work where it felt it could be of any use to Catholic poor children. "Don't meddle with the faith of the Catholic child and we will go any length with you" is what we have said from the start. We have found our Protestant fellow-citizens, as a rule, well disposed, and, without surrendering our Catholic faith, we can work side by side with them for the good of the community of which we are a part. Our danger does not lie so much in the antagonism of our Protestant neighbors as in the apathy of our Catholic selves. Now, I will venture to say, no Catholic child in Boston need drift out of Catholic hands if the facts can be placed in our possession in time. Protestant societies inform us of Catholic children; we turn over all Protestant children to Protestant societies. We are in the field to protect our own and have our hands full.

If I were asked to say in one word how the public and private charities of the country can be made more beneficial and useful, I should select the word "co-operation." Co-operation, frankly and cordially, with all our fellow-citizens for the common good of the community. A Catholic citizen is bound, under command of God, to yield faithful obedience to lawfully constituted civil authority. When the State arrogates to itself the power that belongs to heaven and attempts to seat itself in the throne of God, He is justified in repudiating the usurped authority. The care of the sick, the demented, the destitute child, and feeble age, is part of the duty of the whole community, and every citizen who can help should not at need, refuse or withhold his aid. In addition to his duty as a good citizen he has another duty as a Catholic: To watch with tender care over the poor who are of the household of the faith; to work hand in hand with all who labor for the temporal and spiritual good of the little ones of Christ; to give himself, which is worth more than mere giving of money. Let him hold constantly in his mind the warning of St. James, "Faith without works is dead." Let his faith be a living faith, full of good works for his country, full of good works for God.

SIXTH DAY.

On Saturday, September 9th, the proceedings of this memorable gathering came to an end, with the most fervid enthusiasm, in the presence of a vast concourse of the clergy and laity. Following are the adopted

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CONGRESS.

The Columbian Catholic Congress of the United States, assembled in Chicago, in the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, with feelings of profound gratitude to Almighty God for the manifold blessings which have been vouchsafed to the Church in the United States and to the whole American people, and which blessings in the material order have found their compendious expression in the marvelous Exposition of the World's Fair held to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this continent by the great Catholic navigator, Christopher Columbus, conforming to the custom of such occasions adopt the following resolutions:

1. We reaffirm the resolutions of the Catholic Congress held in Baltimore, Nov. 11 and 12, A. D. 1889.

2. We declare our devoted loyalty and unaltered attachment to our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., and we thank him for sending us a special representative, and we enthusiastically hail his Apostolic Delegate as the hostage of his love for America and a pledge of his paternal solicitude for our country and its institutions. It is the sense of this Congress that the Vicar of Christ must enjoy absolute independence and autonomy in the exercise of that sublime mission, to which, in the providence of God, he has been called as the head of the Church for the welfare of religion and humanity.

3. We congratulate our Hierarchy on the wondrous growth and development of the Church throughout the United States, the results, under God, of the united wisdom and unselfish devotion of those true shepherds of the Christian flock, and we pledge to our bishops and priests our unfaltering devotion and fidelity.

4. While the signs of the times are hopeful and encouraging, and material prosperity is more widely diffused than in any previous age, we should be willfully blind should we fail to recognize the existence of dangers to the Church and to society requiring a most earnest consideration. Among the most obvious of these dangers is the growing discontent among those who earn their living by manual labor. A spirit of antagonism has been steadily growing between the employer and the employed that has led in many instances to deplorable results.

The remedies suggested vary from the extreme of anarchical revolution to different types of state socialism. These remedies, by whatever names they may be called, with whatever zeal and sincerity they are urged, must fail wherever they clash with the principles of truth and justice. We accept as the sense of this Congress, and urge upon the consideration of all men, whatever be their religious views or worldly occupations, the Encyclical of our Holy Father Leo XIII., on the "Condition of Labor," dated May 15, A. D. 1891. In the spirit of his luminous exposition of this subject, we declare that no remedies can meet with our approval save those which recognize the right of private ownership of property and human liberty. Capital can not do without labor, nor labor

without capital. Through the recognition of this interdependence and under the Christian law of love and by mutual forbearance and agreement must come the relief, for which all good men should earnestly strive.

5. We strongly indorse the principles of conciliation and arbitration as an appropriate remedy for the settlement of disagreements between employer and employed, to the end that strikes and lockouts may be avoided; and we recommend the appointment by this Congress of a committee to consider and devise some suitable method of carrying into operation a system of arbitration.

6. We suggest to our clergy and laity as a means of applying the true principles of Christian morality to the social problems that have now attained such importance the formation of societies, or the use of already existing societies of Catholic men, for the diffusion of sound literature and the education of their minds on economic subjects, thus counteracting the pernicious efforts of erroneous teachings; and we especially recommend the letters of our Holy Father, particularly those on "Political Power," "Human Liberty," and "The Christian Constitution of the State." The condition of great numbers of our Catholic working girls and women in large towns and cities is such as to expose them to serious temptations and dangers, and we urge, as a meritorious work of charity as well as of justice, the formation of Catholic societies for their assistance, encouragement, and protection. We advocate also the continued extension of Catholic life insurance, beneficial, and fraternal societies. The work that such associations have already accomplished warrants the belief that they are founded upon true principles.

7. One of the great causes of misery and immorality is the indiscriminate massing of people in cities and large towns and their consequent crowding into tenement houses, where the children are, from their infancy, exposed to every bad example and corrupting influence. This evil has drawn the attention of legislators in foreign countries. We believe it wise charity to help the poor to help themselves, and therefore advise the adoption of appropriate measures to encourage and assist families to settle in agricultural districts. As indicated by the Holy Father, the true policy is to induce as many as possible to become owners of the land.

8. In discharging the great duty of Christian charity the Catholic laity can and should do much by personal service to supplement the admirable work of the religious orders devoted to charity, and we urge them to join or otherwise encourage the conferences of the Saint Vincent de Paul and kindred organizations for rendering systematic aid to the needy. And we would recall to the minds of all people the time-honored Catholic practice of setting apart from their incomes a proportionate sum for charity.

9. An obvious evil to which may be traced a very large proportion of the sorrows that afflict the people is the vice of intemperance. While we believe that the individual should be guided in this matter by the dictates of right conscience, we cannot too strongly commend every legitimate effort to impress upon our fellowmen the dangers arising not only from the abuse, but too often from the use, of intoxicating drink. To this end we approve and most heartily commend the temperance and total abstinence societies already formed in many parishes, and we advise their multiplication and extension. We favor the enactment of appropriate legislation to restrict and regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, and emphasizing the admonition of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, we urge Catholics everywhere to get out and keep out of the saloon business.

10. To the members of our secular clergy, religious orders, and laity who are devoting their lives to the noble work of educating the Indian and negro races, we extend our hearty sympathy and offer our co-operation. We congratulate them on the consoling success thus far attending their labors, and wish them Godspeed.

11. As the preservation of our national existence, the constitution under which we live, and all our rights and liberties as citizens depend upon the intelligence, virtue, and morality of our people, we must continue to use our best efforts to increase and strengthen our parochial schools and Catholic colleges, and to bring all our educational institutions to the highest standard of excellence. It is the sense of this Congress, therefore, that Catholic education should be steadfastly upheld, according to the decrees of the Council of Baltimore and the decisions of the Holy See thereon. In the elevating and directing influence of Christian higher education in particular we recognize the most potent agency for the wise solution of the great social problems now facing mankind. We recognize the signal wisdom of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., and of the American hierarchy in founding an institution of highest Christian learning in our national capital. And with confidence in their wisdom so to direct it that it shall be fully adequate to the needs of our age and our country, we cordially pledge to them our active

co-operation in making it one of the chief glories of the Catholic Church and of the American Republic. We appeal to our fellow-citizens of all religious denominations to teach the rising generation to love, honor, and fear our common Creator, and to instill into their hearts sound principles of morality, without which our glorious political liberty can not continue. Profoundly appreciating the love for education shown by the Sovereign Pontiff and our bishops, we repeat what has been said in this Congress—that "it is only the school bell and the church bell which can prolong the echo of the liberty bell."

12. We desire to encourage the Catholic Summer School of America, recently established on Lake Champlain, as a means of promoting education on university extension lines, and we also commend the forming of Catholic reading circles as an aid to the summer school, and an adjunct to higher education in general.

13. We recognize in the Catholic Truth Society of America one of the results of the first American Catholic Congress of Baltimore, and, believing it to be admirably adapted to the needs of the times, we earnestly recommend it to the Catholic laity as offering them an excellent means of co-operating with Holy Church in her glorious work of disseminating Catholic truth.

14. As immoral literature is one of the chief agencies in this country and in Europe for the ruin of faith and morality, we recommend a union of Catholics and non-Catholics for the suppression of this evil, whether in the form of bad books, sensational newspapers, or obscene pictorial representations.

15. We have no sympathy with any effort made to secularize the Sunday. We urge upon our fellow-citizens to join in every effort to preserve that day as sacred, in accordance with the precepts and traditions of the Church.

16. We heartily approve of the principle of arbitration in the settlement of the international disputes. We rejoice in the happy results that have already attended the application of this ancient principle of our holy mother, the Church, and we earnestly hope that it may be extended and that thereby the evils of war between nations may be gradually lessened and finally prevented.

Finally, as true and loyal citizens, we declare our love and veneration for our glorious Republic, and we emphatically deny that any antagonism can exist between our duty to our Church and our duty to the state. In the language of the Apostolic Delegate, let our watchword be, "Forward! in one hand the Gospel of Christ and in the other the Constitution of the United States." Let us keep on in the path of virtue and religion, that the blessings of our national liberties, born of the stern energy and morality of our forefathers, may be preserved for all time as a sacred heritage.

On rising to deliver the closing address, Cardinal Gibbons was received with the utmost enthusiasm. He saluted the chairman, archbishops, and prelates on the platform, and said:

THE CARDINAL'S CLOSING ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Owing to the condition of my health, which is not very strong to-day, and the brief notice that I received to address you this morning, my remarks will be necessarily very short, but I assure you they will come from the depth of my heart. When I had the honor to address you on last Monday morning, at the opening of this Catholic Congress, I expressed the fond anticipation that the prayer of hope that was offered up then would be crowned to-day by a thanksgiving full of gratitude to God and of joy and jubilation. My fondest anticipations have been more than realized. This Congress has been a great success. The eyes of the civilized world, as you all know, have been directed during those days toward what is called the White City of Chicago, and I may also add that the ears of the Catholic world have been attentive to the voice that has proceeded from this hall of Congress; and the voice that came forth from this hall has uttered no uncertain sound. There has been no confusion, no conflict, no dissension; but there has been peace and concord and unanimity from beginning to end.

The voice of the Congress has succeeded in dissipating prejudices and in removing many misunderstandings in regard to the teachings and practices of the Church of God. First of all, as was right to do, the voice issuing from this hall has proclaimed the necessity of honoring and glorifying God. It has been a voice in behalf of God and of religion. Next to religion our love for our country should be predominant, and therefore we have recently heard a resolution offered and adopted attesting the love and affection which we have for our country and for our political institutions. This Congress has also proclaimed the necessity of good government, and it has told us that there

can be no good government without law and order, that there can be no law without authority, there can be no authority without justice, there can be no justice without religion, there can be no religion without God.

I need not say that the voice of this Congress has also gone forth in vindication of the rights of labor and also of its obligations. We have spoken in the cause of humanity and the cause of the toiling masses, and we have been told that every honest labor in this country is honorable. Ever since Jesus Christ, our Savior, worked in a carpenter shop at Nazareth he has shed a halo around the workshop, and he has made labor honorable.

This Congress has also spoken both during its sessions and by its resolutions in the cause of Christian education. It has spoken of the importance and the great necessity of Catholic education. At the same time let it not be understood that whilst we are advocating Catholic education we are oppposed to secular education. The whole history of the Church speaks the contrary. There can be no conflict between secular and religious knowledge. Religious and secular knowledge, like Mary and Martha, are sisters, because they are the children of the same God. Secular knowledge, like Martha, is busy about the things of this world, while religious knowledge, like Mary, is found kneeling at the feet of her Lord.

But above all, ladies and gentlemen, the voice of this Congress has spoken out clearly and fully in vindication of the holy Catholic Church; it has removed many prejudices and misunderstandings. This Congress helped to tear off the mask that the enemies of the Church would put upon her fair visage. This Congress has torn those repulsive garments with which her enemies would clothe her, and has presented her to us in all her heavenly beauty, bright as the sun, fair as the moon, with the beauty of heaven shining upon her countenance. This Congress has well shown that the Catholic Church, properly understood, is the light of the world and the refuge of suffering humanity. You have a white city here. The white city of Chicago has seen passing through it men from various countries, many of whom are assembled here now. But may I not say the Catholic Church is pre-eminently the White City? She has within her streets men of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, and we who are assembled here together to-day may exclaim in the language of Holy Writ: "Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God, to go out to every tribe and nation and people and tongue." Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this Congress will result in bringing more love and admiration to the Church. Men will look at her now and admire her, and admiring her they will love her, and loving her they will embrace her. With the blessing of God, many who were before strangers to our Faith will come forward and embrace her in the view of the light that has been shed upon her here. In the language of Augustine, they will say: "Too late have I known thee, O beauty, ever ancient and ever new, too late have I loved thee."

And now, though I have been somewhat anticipated, I deem it a sacred duty to invite you to join with me in offering the thanks of this congress and of this vast assembly to all who have participated in making it so grand a success. First of all let us give our thanks, after God, to our Holy Father, Leo XIII, who, in his letter addressed to me recently, manifested, as he has on many previous occasions, his love for our religious institutions and his admiration and love for the political institutions of America. I beg also to ask you to return thanks to the Most Reverend Archbishop of Chicago, who has done so much to make this Congress successful and who was always ready, when called upon, to give his counsel and advice to the secretary of the Congress. I beg also in a special manner to return thanks in your name to the distinguished chairman, Judge O'Brien. He has shown you in the Congress his judicial wisdom—I will not say his judicial firmness, because firmness was hardly required here. The conspicuous position which he occupies in the great City of New York, and the reputation which he has well merited for judicial wisdom and knowledge have been more than sustained by his conduct in the City of Chicago. May I also beg leave to return thanks to the gentlemen and to the ladies who have prepared with so much care and ability the papers that were read before the Congress. Those papers have not only reflected credit on themselves, but honor to the Church of God. They deserve our thanks.

And last, though not least, I beg leave to thank one man in particular, without whose labors this Congress would not have been a success. I refer to one who has labored in season and out of season in organizing the Congress, who has done, I might say, the greatest share in bringing it to a successful issue. I refer to W. J. Onahan, secretary of the committee on organization. In conclusion I humbly propose that, after thanking from our hearts our Holy Father for the encouragement he has given us, this vast audience manifest its appreciation of what has been done by pouring forth its

thanks to the Most Reverend Archbishop of Chicago, to the distinguished chairman and secretary, and that you will express your appreciation by a rising vote.

In addition to the general resolutions given above, the Congress adopted the following special Peace Memorial, which was sent to the rulers of all nations. The memorial was printed in twenty-five different languages, and was an invitation to the rulers of all lands to settle the controversies between nations by means of arbitration. The transcript in English to the President of the United States reads as follows:

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH WISHES YOU GRACE, MERCY, AND PEACE! We, in co-operation with other Christian bodies, humbly memorialize you, as the guardian of your people, in behalf of peaceful arbitration as a means of settling questions that arise between nations. The spectacle that is presented of Christian nations facing each other with heavy armaments, ready upon provocation to go to war and settle their differences by bloodshed or conquests, is, to say the least, a blot upon the fair name of Christians. We can not contemplate without the deepest sorrow the horrors of war, involving the reckless sacrifice of human life that should be held sacred; bitter distress in many households, the destruction of valuable property, the hindering of education and religion and a general demoralizing of the people.

Moreover, the maintaining of a heavy war force, though war be averted, withdraws multitudes from their homes and the useful pursuits of peace and imposes a heavy tax upon the people for its support. And, further, let it be borne in mind that wars do not settle causes of disputes between nations on principles of right and justice, but upon the barbaric principle of the triumph of the strongest.

We are encouraged to urge this cause upon your consideration by the fact that much has already been accomplished: as, for example, by the Arbitration of Geneva, in the Alabama case and by the deliberations of the American conference at Washington not to mention other important cases. It will be a happy day for the world when all international disputes find peaceful solutions, and this we earnestly seek.

As to the method of accomplishing this end we make no suggestions, but leave that to your superior intelligence and wisdom in matters of state policy.

We invoke upon ruler and people the richest blessings of the Prince of Peace.

Similar messages were sent to Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Germany, the President of the French Republic, the Czar of Russia, King of Belgium, Humbert of Italy, Queen of the Netherlands, King Christian of Denmark, King Oscar of Norway; the regent of Spain, Maria Christina; Don Carlos I. of Portugal, and to the rulers of all the South American and Central American republics. The beautiful incident may well close these volumes of "The Columbian Jubilee." It is typical of the spirit of peace and charity toward all mankind which has pervaded the Catholic Church in America from the beginning.

Chapter 1.

COLUMBUS THE DISCOVERER.

A Four Hundred Year Jubilee.—Why Catholics Should Proudly Celebrate.—Glimpses of Two Old Continents.—Columbus the Historical Link.—A Sailor's Birth and Training.—Catholic Education and Practices.—Life on the Mediterranean.—A Gallant Naval Commander.—Shipwreck on a Strange Coast.—Good Luck of Meeting a Brother.—Picture of a Manly Man.—Marriage and Fortunes in Lisbon.—Dreams of Great Discovery.—Many Rebuffs and Failures.—The Widowed Wanderer.—Begging at a Convent Gate.—The Pious Guardian of La Rabida.—New Hopes and a Home.—The Confessor of Isabella "The Catholic."—Spain and the Moors.—Portrait of a Most Royal Lady.—Discussions, Delays and Disappointments.—A Sailor Before Crowned Heads.—Final Success and its Conditions.—A Queen Pledges Her Jewels.—The Admiral of the Great Ocean.—Exciting Times at Palos.—Imploring the Blessing of Heaven.—Sailing of the Memorable Expedition.

N her fairest inland city, with vast pomp and circumstance, America celebrates the four-hundreth anniversary of the landing of Christopher Columbus. As Catholics we may share in this Jubilee with pride and exultation. The man and the event commemorated are both *ours*. The arrival of the great navigator was likewise the advent of Catholic truth and worship. These were plainly symbolized by the cross which he planted on the virgin shore, and which to-day shines over this continent from sea to sea. In surveying the field of history we shall realize even more thoroughly that both the discovery and exploration of America were Catholic enterprises, undertaken by Catholics with Catholic motives, and carried out entirely by Catholic co-operation. It shall also be made clear to us that the only successful attempts to civilize and Christianize the savage natives were made by Catholic missionaries, and that, at a later day, the independence of these United States was, in a great degree, established by Catholic blood, talent and treasure.

It is not easy to cast back the imagination four centuries. How shall we conceive what Europe was before Martin Luther? or how can we well imagine the condition of America before Columbus? The huge continent on this side was an almost unbroken forest, save where the wide prairie rolled its billows of grass towards the western mountains, or was lost in the sterile and sandy plains of the southwest. No city raised to heaven spire, dome, or minaret; no plow turned up the rich alluvial soil; no metal dug from the bowels of the earth had been fashioned into instruments to aid man in the arts of peace and war. The simplest requirements of civilized life were unknown. The country was chiefly inhabited by tribes of a wandering nature, rarely collected in villages except at particular seasons or for specific objects. Around each isolated tribe lay an unbroken wilderness, extending for miles on every side, where the braves roamed and rioted, hunters alike of beasts and men. In form, manners, and in habits, these tribes presented an almost uniform appearance and language alone could distinguish the nation to which each belonged. All alike were sunk in the night of barbarism.

Let us now turn to the other side. Behold the Europe of four centuries since. Printing had only just been invented; the ocean was as yet a mystery; Protestantism had not yet arisen; the Turks had but lately taken Constantinople; the men of trade, enrolled in exclusive guilds, pursued the arts of peace in the intervals of war; the Italian cities were the centers of that traffic which had not yet removed its outposts into Holland or England; Commerce, shivering amidships in her open boat, steered from cape to cape, dropping her anchor in the evening to weigh it again with the dawn; walled and battlemented cities stretched along the seas and rivers, swarming with a laborious and believing generation. Above all rose Rome, mother and mistress of Christian nations, patron of every science, protector of every art, preserver of every relic of enlightened antiquity.

Such were the Old and the New Worlds, henceforth to be linked in destiny by the glorious achievement of a Catholic navigator, whose career accordingly merits to be noted with generous detail.

Christopher Columbus was born in the year of grace, 1436, in the proud city of Genoa—Genoa the Magnificent. This beautiful city had sprung from the sea, derived its support from the sea, and its glory was drawn from the sea; a city almost cut off from the inland and from its pursuits by a chain of high mountains surrounding it in the rear, whilst its

majestic palaces, temples, fortifications and noble streets turned incessantly towards the water, and looking across the graceful semi-circle of the harbor, instinctively schooled its gallant men and agile youth to look ardently and ambitiously to the sea. The Genoese were essentially and from necessity a maritime people.

> "Whose ready sails with every wind can fly
> And cov'nant make with the inconstant sky;
> . . . Who tread on billows with a steady foot."

The ordinary life of a Genoese was commenced from early youth and spent on the water. It was a daily school for fascinating danger and bold adventure. Particularly was this the case at the time of the birth and boyhood of Columbus. It was a period when the battles of Christian Europe against the Turks and Mussulmen, when struggles of merchantmen on the high seas with outlaws and corsairs, when incessant brawls and contests with the Mediterranien pirates, fired the hearts and aroused the ambition of every spirited and generous Genoese youth. Thus all united to inspire the mind and heart of Columbus with a love of the water from his youth. And the generous boy was equal to his opportunities—for he was a precocious sailor and made his first voyage to sea at the age of fourteen.

But there was another training, deeper and more beneficent, which Columbus received during the first fourteen years of his life. After bestowing on him some elementary instruction his wise and Christian father, Domenico, sent him at the age of ten to the university of Pavia. At this gentle age he studied the elements of mathematics, physics, astronomy, Latin and mental and moral philosophy, for such were the studies for which this noted school was famous. Here it was also that he received the Sacraments of Confirmation, which made him through life a soldier of the Cross, and of the Holy Eucharist, by which he became in fact, as in name, the Bearer of Christ—this being the signification of his baptismal name, Christopher.

The seafaring life of Columbus, from his fourteenth year to the year 1470, when he arrived in Portugal at the age of thirty-five, is involved in much regrettable obscurity. We know, however, that at the age of twenty-four he had reached the rank of a captain, and commanded a ship in the service of Jean of Anjou, who was struggling to assert his sovereignty over the Kingdom of Naples, Columbus having been certainly an active participant in this war. It was at a later period and during a fierce naval encounter off Cape St. Vincent, that an event occurred which gave a new direction to his life. On this occasion the ship commanded by Columbus took fire and was

soon enveloped in flames. The sea alone offered a place of safety, and the future discoverer of America, seizing an oar, boldly struck out for land, some six miles away. He reached the shore, after a desperate struggle, and piously thanked Heaven for his fortunate escape. Finding himself now penniless on a strange coast, which he learned to be that of Portugal, he directed his steps to Lisbon, the capital of the country. Here he was so happy as to meet his brother Bartholomew, who was likewise a brave and adventurous mariner. The Portugese capital was then the center of all that was eminent in commerce and navigation. Columbus found a home under the hospitable roof of his enterprising brother, and supported himself by drawing maps and charts. Nor did he ever forget his aged parents, to whom, from time to time, he remitted sums of money. Filial love was one of the most beautiful traits in his exalted character.

While at Lisbon, a romantic attachment, that ended in marriage, took place between Columbus and a noble young lady, Doña Felipa de Perestrello. Her only riches were her virtue, beauty and accomplishments. She was the daughter of an eminent navigator who died Governor of Porto Santo, but who, by an unhappy reverse of fortune, was compelled to leave his family with little but the memory of an honored name.

This alliance of Columbus with a family of eminence, however, proved serviceable to him in more ways than one. It introduced him to the greatest men of the court, and the most noted scholars of the country. Besides, his ardent spirit of discovery received a fresh impulse in the notes and journals of his deceased father-in-law. He engaged in many voyages, carefully noting everything new or valuable. His studies, his researches, his experiments, all tended towards one object—the grand project of penetrating the great ocean which stretched away towards the west.

By degrees he became convinced of the true shape of the earth; and his piercing intellect grasped the great problem of reaching other continents by a direct course across the Atlantic, on whose wide expanse no mariner dared to venture. Its vast and deep waters were regarded with mysterious awe, seeming to bound the world as with a chaos, into which conjecture could not penetrate, and where enterprise feared to meet ruin or misfortune.

Columbus was poor in the goods of this world. To aid him in carrying out such a vast and brilliant design, the assistance of a rich patron was essential. But alas, for manly worth and genius, long years were spent in fruitless efforts to obtain even a hearing. Nothing, however, could daunt the energy

of this incomparable man. He was a firm believer in the divinity of his mission. He was convinced that the time had arrived to accomplish it. For

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The long and painful preparatory efforts of Columbus to interest Europe in his enterprise would, at this day, seem almost incredible. He besought Genoa and Venice for a ship or two to find his world, and they refused him. The Portugese tried to steal his plan, and carry it out themselves, but Providence had graciously decreed that America should not be discovered by thieves.

At the period of his sojourn in Lisbon, Columbus was in the very prime of life and was a noble type of manhood. He is described as of a tall stature, powerfully built and admirably proportioned, and was graceful, dignified and noble in his carriage and bearing. In his diet he was frugal, and in his dress plain, though exceedingly neat. While his manner was affable in conversation with strangers, and mild with servants, he was naturally grave. But it was his religious character and practices that most of all challenge praise. He spent much time in prayer, observed the most rigid fasts, attended the Holy Mass every day, and recited daily the whole canonical office of a religious. He was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin Mary and a great admirer and imitator of St. Francis of Assisium. That a man should have thus preserved his purity of sentiment and so pious and religious a character through twenty years of a seafaring life, amid scenes of adventure, turbulence and danger, is the strongest proof that Columbus was a representative of the Most High and a chosen missionary and embassador of the faith. The death of his wife dissolved the last tie that bound Columbus to Portugal. Taking his little son, James, by the hand, he shook the very dust from his feet, and turned his back upon a country which had treated him with such meanness and little faith. This was at the close of the year 1484.

It was in the following year that he arrived in Spain. Here he is first heard of as a wanderer asking for a little bread at the gate of the Franciscan convent of La Rabida, close to the small sea-port town of Palos, in Andalusia. He had his dear little boy with him, and was on his way to Huelva to see a sister-in-law, with whom, in spite of her poverty, he no doubt wished to leave the child.

Father John Perez, the Guardian of the convent, found his friend, Dr. Garcia Hernandez, the physician of the house, in conversation with the stranger on the porch. Some good angel had certainly guided Columbus to

La Rabida, for Father Perez was no ordinary man. There was scarcely another in Spain so well prepared by nature and study to appreciate the great thoughts of that singular mendicant.

Father Perez had been the confessor of Queen Isabella, but a court life was less to his liking than retirement and study. His love for mathematics and cosmography was only the handmaid of his zeal for souls. He longed for the discovery of new lands, in order that Christ might be preached to more men, and the place of his abode was admirably suited to feed his imagination and his Christian hopes. He had built a kind of observatory on the roof of his monastery, and he spent much of his spare time in contemplating the stars by night and the sea by day. Did that wide and gloomy ocean really bound the world, or had it a farther shore with races of men to be evangelized? There was infinite room for speculation where all was conjecture. Some cosmographers thought that it could be sailed across in three years, and some thought it was of indefinite extent. Father Perez had reached the advanced stage of venturing to believe that a voyage across was practicable, when Columbus appeared at his convent gate, and soon the doubt of an alleged impossibility gave place to the ardent desire of an actual accomplishment. From the first Father Perez was a good friend. He made Columbus live at his convent till a favorable opportunity should present itself for laying his plans before the Spanish monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella.

FATHER PEREZ.

The good Franciscan had an influential friend at court, Father Ferdinand de Talavera, confessor to the King and Queen, a priest of learning and virtue; and he felt that in recommending Columbus to the intercession of such a man, he was almost ensuring the successful issue of his application. But Father Talavera had no mind to assist a project which he deemed a delusion. He listened with perfect politeness to the explanations of Columbus, but he did not intend at that time, more particularly, when the attention of the sovereigns was concentrated on the Moorish war, to allow any idle dreams to molest their ears. Columbus was helpless, and had to fall back upon caligraphy and map-making for his support. This was at Cordova, where the sovereigns, always in movement, then happened to be.

It was during this painful suspense that Columbus married a young lady of rank, Doña Beatrix Enriquez, who became the mother of his second son, and future biographer, Don Fernando.

His marriage did not change his plans. When he found that Father Talavera was a hindrance, not a help, he wrote with his own hand this characteristic letter to King Ferdinand:

"MOST SERENE PRINCE:

I have been engaged in navigation from my youth. For nearly forty years have I voyaged on the seas. I have visited nearly all the known quarters of the world, and have conversed with a great number of learned men—with ecclesiastics, seculars, Latins, Greeks, and persons of all kinds of religion. I have acquired some knowledge of navigation, astronomy and geometry, and am sufficiently expert in designing the chart of the earth to place the cities, rivers and mountains in their correct situations. To the study of works on cosmography, history and philosophy I have also applied myself. At present I feel strongly urged to undertake the discovery of the Indies, and I come to your Highness to supplicate you to favor my enterprise. That those who hear it will turn it into ridicule I doubt not, but if your Highness will give me the means of executing it, let the obstacles be what they may, I hope to be able to make it succeed."

Of this letter no notice was taken. He succeeded, however, in making the acquaintance of Antonio Geraldini, formerly Papal Nuncio, who at the Queen's request had returned to Spain to be tutor to her eldest daughter, and was by him introduced to the great Cardinal Mendoza, Grand Chancellor of Castile.

The keen eye of Mendoza recognized at once the extraordinary merit of Columbus, and he felt it a duty to obtain for him an audience.

Notwithstanding the poorness of his dress and his foreign accent, Columbus appeared before the sovereigns of Spain without hesitation or awkwardness. The native dignity of his air and the grace of his deportment, together with the noble familiarity of his language, won their attention. He spoke with the confidence of one who brings his masters more than they can give him in return. "In thinking what I was," he wrote at a later period, "I was overwhelmed with humility; but in remembering what I brought, I found myself equal to crowned heads. I was no longer myself, but the instrument of God, chosen and marked out to accomplish a vast design."

But nothing very satisfactory was done. King Ferdinand, with habitual caution, directed Talavera to call together a council, or Junta, of scientific men, to consider the case. Before the council dispersed the court had left

Salamanca, where this measure of progress was attained. For Columbus it was an unpropitious time. The Junta had proved unfriendly. Far from dreaming of the conquest of regions beyond unknown seas, Ferdinand and Isabella were engrossed in recovering their own dominions from the Moors. These victorious Mussulmen, after a long and prosperous possession, beheld themselves stripped, one by one, of the towns and provinces they had held as their own. In spite of their exploits they were everywhere defeated, and were now compelled to occupy the mountains and valleys around Granada, the capital and wonder of their empire. Ferdinand and Isabella employed all their powers, all their efforts, and the resources of their united kingdoms to wrest from the Moors this citadel of Spain.

United by a marriage of policy which love had sealed, and which was radiant with a common glory, the one had brought the kingdom of Aragon, the other that of Castile, as a marriage portion to this union of crowns. But although the king and queen had blended their separate provinces into one country, they yet preserved a distinct and independent dominion over their hereditary kingdoms. They had each a council and ministers for the separate interests of their personal subjects. These councils were only united in one common government when patriotic interests common to the two kingdoms and the two sovereigns were at stake.

Ferdinand, a little older than Isabella, was an able politician and an accomplished soldier. Before that age when by experience man learns to know men, he had already divined them. His greatest fault was a certain coldness which sprang from mistrust, and which closed his heart to enthusiasm and magnanimity.

His royal companion, however, more truly deserves attention and admiration. Of all the illustrious women of history, Isabella alone is honored with the beautiful title of The Catholic, in consideration of her greatness and illustrious piety. In the annals of the past, hers is one of the brightest names.

In person she was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular and uncommonly beautiful. Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those

around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and did not even shrink from the hardships of war.

But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind, was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately her earliest years had been passed under the eye of a mother, who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after life had power to shake. In the flower of youth and beauty she had been introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers, for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,

"Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

But to come back to Columbus. He was, by this time, well inured to delay, scoffs and ridicule; but the delay now seemed likely to be interminable. The end of the war was an event of the uncertain future, and he felt that his time was growing, with every wasted year, more and more precious. He made up his mind to go at once to the King of France, who had written an encouraging letter. But he went first to La Rabida to take James from the care of Father Perez. We may imagine the grief of the good Franciscan to see his friend, after so many years of patient hope, return with his prayer unheard. He called in the learned village doctor, Garcia Hernandez, and they again put Columbus steadily through his proofs, with the objections to them and solutions, like another Junta of Salamanca. The monk and the physician were both completely convinced. Father Perez felt that it was time for prompt action. As the former confessor of the queen, he felt that he could speak and be listened to, and so he wrote a letter to Isabella; but he was determined that it should be placed without delay in her royal hands, and they sent it accordingly by a trusty envoy. The letter found the queen at Santa Fé.

In a fortnight the envoy returned with an invitation to the Franciscan father and a message of encouragement to Columbus. The poor monk had no mule of his own to saddle, so Columbus had to borrow one for him. He obtained the ear of the queen, and his pleading was irresistible. Columbus was summoned to court anew, but now fate was hanging over the famous city of Granada, and all things human might wait a few days to watch the death agony of a war that had lasted for eight hundred years. He arrived just in time to witness the memorable surrender of that capital to the Spanish

arms. On January 2, 1492, he beheld Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, sally forth from Alhambra and yield up the keys of that favorite seat of Moslem power, while Ferdinand and Isabella, with all the chivalry and magnificence of Spain, moved forward in proud and solemn procession to receive this token of submission. The air resounded with shouts of joy, songs of triumph and hymns of thanksgiving.

In the midst of the rejoicings, Isabella kept her promise and sent for Columbus. She had full faith in him. She accepted his project, but the terms had to be agreed upon, and it so happened that Father Talavera, now Bishop of Avila, was appointed to arrange them. To Talavera's mind the price was too high to pay. "A beggar," said he, "made conditions like a king to monarchs." The queen, against her better judgment, was even persuaded to tell Columbus that his demands were too large, and he took his departure. Spain would not pay the price, and the price could not be altered!

Columbus now mounted his mule and rode from Santa Fé in the direction of Cordova, fully convinced, at last, that eighteen good years of life had been spent to no purpose. The demands which the Bishop of Avila could not brook depended upon the success of a design which, if it were ever realized, would make Ferdinand and Isabella the debtors of their long-suffering petitioner beyond all their power to pay him back. A vice-royalty to him and his heirs in the event of great discoveries, would not be deemed an excessive recompense, and in the event of slight success or failure would not press heavily upon the donors.

If he was human, Columbus must have included in one sweeping condemnation court and courtiers, learned men and selfish politicians; and even Isabella could scarcely hope to escape censure. A man of his deep, earnest temperament would need all his Christian philosophy to bear up against such a disappointment. But he never lost faith in his cause, for he felt that the cause was God's, in whose hands are the hearts of rulers and the destinies of nations.

Fortunately for Isabella, the Bishop of Avila was not the only counsellor at hand. Luis de St. Angel, receiver of ecclesiastical revenues, and Alonzo de Quintanilla, comptroller-general of finance, at whose house Columbus had been staying, were full of grief. St. Angel rushed into the presence of the queen, and in the fervor of his zeal for Christendom and Spain he even reproached her for the unworthy part she was playing under wrongful dictation. Isabella thanked him for his frankness. Quintanilla sup

ported the remonstrance. Father John Perez was in the queen's chapel close by on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament, praying with all his heart and soul that God, for the five sacred wounds of Jesus, would vouchsafe to guide her decision.

Her eyes were opened. The thought of the vast interests at stake darted into her mind with the force of an inspiration, and her resolve was formed. No power on earth could change it then, not even her husband's unwillingness to move in the matter; for she was a sovereign in her own right, and as such, and for her own crown of Castile, she undertook the enterprise, and as the war had drained the royal coffers of Castile, she was ready to pledge her jewels to raise the funds required. "I undertake it," exclaimed this noble and generous lady, "for my own crown of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds!" This was the brightest moment in the life of Isabella. It stamped her renown forever as the patroness of the discovery of the New World.

The money, however, was a minor consideration at that stage of the proceedings. Ferdinand of Aragon agreed to lend to Isabella of Castile the sum required, and in due time was careful to exact repayment. An officer was sent in haste to overtake Columbus. When he came up with him at the bridge of Pinos, two leagues from Granada, his first summons failed to induce the fugitive to retrace his steps; but as soon as Columbus heard of Isabella's noble declaration, he turned his mule, and hastened back to Santa Fé. And well he might.

His cause was now completely won. He was high in favor. Indeed, the queen gave him so warm a welcome that it was evident she wished to make amends for all past neglect. No more time was taken up in haggling about terms. All that had been asked for was conceded without a word, and Isabella, with delicate thoughtfulness, gracefully added to the more formal grant a personal favor which must have been particularly grateful to a sensitive and wounded spirit, appointing Don James, Columbus' eldest son, one of the pages of honor to Prince John, a distinction coveted for their sons by the highest grandees of Spain.

The terms of agreement were, with all convenient dispatch drawn up by the queen's secretary, and Ferdinand affixed his signature conjointly, but he took no further interest in the matter, and Isabella singly was the life and soul of the whole enterprise. It was to the following effect:—

The favors which Christopher Columbus has asked from the King and Queen of

Spain, in recompense of the discoveries which he has made in the ocean seas, and as a recompense for the voyages, which he is about to undertake, are the following—

1. He wishes to be made admiral of the seas and countries which he is about to discover. He desires to hold the dignity during his life, and that it should descend to his heirs.

This request is granted by the King and Queen.

2. Christopher Columbus wishes to be made viceroy of all the countries and islands.

Granted by the King and Queen.

3. He wishes to have a share, amounting to a tenth part, of the profits of all merchandise—be it pearls, jewels, or any other things—that may be found, gained, bought or exported from the countries which he is to discover.

Granted by the King and Queen.

4. He wishes, in his quality of admiral, to be made sole judge of all mercantile matters that may be the occasion of dispute in the countries which he is to discover.

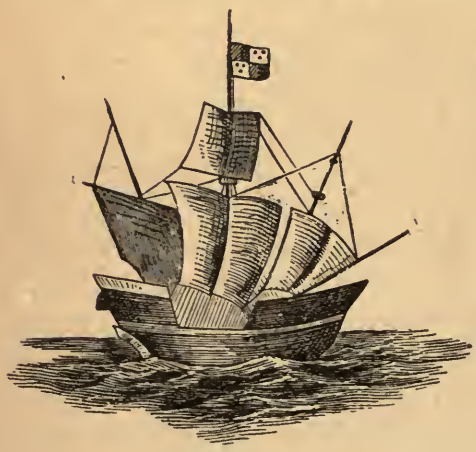
Granted by the King and Queen, on the condition, however, that this jurisdiction should belong to the office of admiral, as held by Don Enriquez and other admirals.

5. Christopher Columbus wishes to have the right to contribute the eighth part of the expenses of all ships, which traffic in the new countries, and in return to earn the eighth part of the profits.

Granted by the King and Queen.

SANTA FÉ, in the Vega of Granada, April 17th, 1492.

Isabella without delay, now issued her orders for the necessary arrangements. It happened that the little seaport of Palos, which Columbus knew so well, had been condemned to furnish to the crown one year's service of two caravels, armed and manned. Advantage was taken of this existing obligation, and the caravels were now required to be in readiness in ten days, and to be placed at the disposal of Columbus. The royal mandate was read to the natives of Palos in the Church of St. George by the notary public, on the requisition of Columbus, who was accompanied as a matter of course, by the Franciscan Guardian, Father Perez. The town authorities signified their submission; but seamen had wills of their own, and when they heard the nature of the service for which they were ordered to prepare they showed extreme repugnance to give in their names. Not even a royal order, or the promise of immunity from legal prosecution and of four months' pay at a higher rate than usual, to be made in advance at the time of embarkation, could induce men to offer



CARAVEL OF 1492.

themselves for so mad a venture as a voyage due west into the vast and gloomy ocean. They valued their lives, and they did not wish to be sent off on a fool's errand, or agree to make up a forlorn hope for anybody's asking. Nor were these timid landsmen, but bold and hardy sailors.

It is, in truth, suggestive to think that the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, was assigned to Columbus, as the headquarters of organization for the expedition, and the point of departure for his squadron. There he first found a true friend in Spain. The idea discussed in the monastery of La Rabida, near Palos, by Father John Perez and Dr. Garcia Hernandez when they first talked with Columbus, was thus brought home to them once more; and the learned Franciscan himself was going to preside over all the preparations, and see from his own hermitage, the first sail of his friend, spread towards that unknown world, which they had already contemplated together with the eye of faith and genius.

In spite of the kindness and authority of Isabella, many unforeseen obstacles threw themselves in the way of success.

If it had not been for the active help of the Father Guardian of La Rabida, Columbus might have seen his cherished project fall through finally, not for want of letters patent, but for want of men. A Franciscan by his vocation is at home among the poor. Father Perez, sometimes with and sometimes without his friend, made his rounds among the townspeople of Palos. Both his position and his personal character made him welcome and gave him influence. He maintained the feasibility of the voyage and made light of imaginary terrors; nor did he fail, priest as he was and speaking to Catholics, to insinuate motives of a loftier kind than mere thirst for discovery or desire of profit. He was defending his own profound convictions all the time. He was thinking also of souls to be saved, far away beyond that mysterious ocean, which barred them from the light of the Gospel. If he could not communicate to lesser souls the noble confidence he felt himself, he at least did much to weaken prejudice and soften down hostility; and when glorious success had crowned that western voyage, his efforts were gratefully remembered.

One service, rendered by Father Perez in Palos, was the introduction of Columbus to Martin Alonzo Pinzon. The three brothers Pinzon, all experienced mariners, lived in the best house at Palos. Martin, the eldest, had lately returned from Rome with some fresh information, which predisposed him to favor the idea of Columbus. He brought a map given him by one

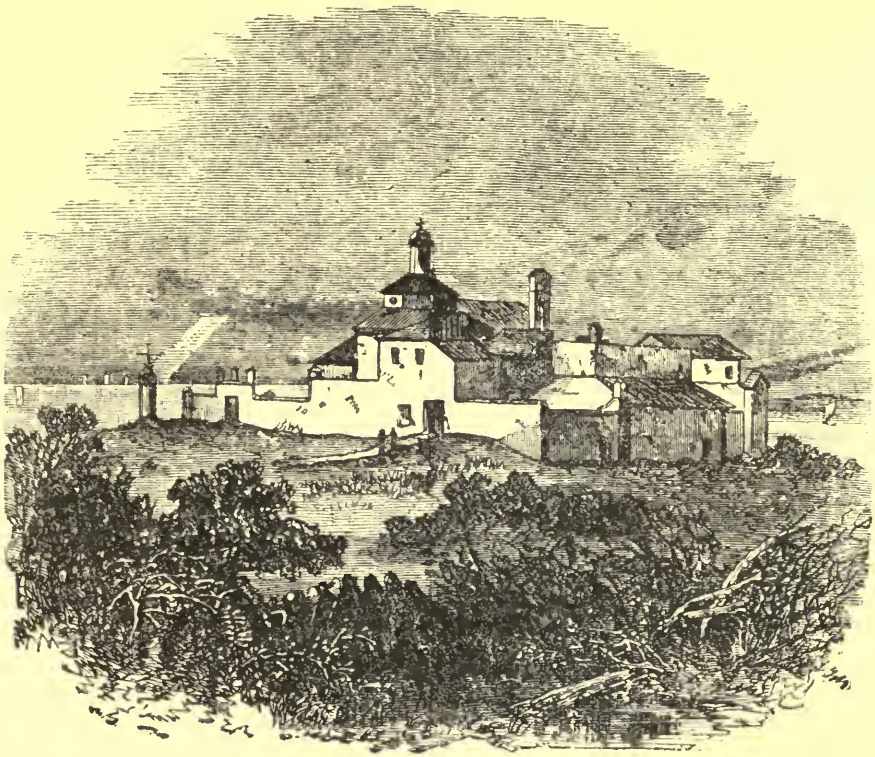
of Innocent VIII's librarians, upon which an unnamed land was marked in the far west. He therefore trusted and entered heartily into the scheme, agreed to accompany Columbus, and to provide a fine little caravel named the Niña, with lateen-sails, belonging to Vincent Pinzon — the youngest of the three brothers — who made himself famous in the sequel, as the discoverer of Yucatan, and as the first of the Spanish captains who crossed the equinoctial line. An ancient vessel called the Pinta had already been supplied by the municipality. Columbus had engaged to furnish an eighth part of the expenses, and the brothers Pinzon enabled him to fulfil his engagement.

Public opinion now began to change. For the demand made on it, Palos offered as a second vessel a carack named the Galleja, large, heavy, and very solid. She had four masts, was decked throughout, and her long boat is said to have been thirty feet in length. Although unsuited for the service assigned her, neither Columbus, nor his counsellor, Father Perez, dared to refuse her, fearing to add to delay already too greatly extended. Rapidly she was equipped. Columbus even chose her for the erection of his pavilion as admiral, but he first changed her name. Placing the ship under the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, he had her blessed and called the Santa Maria.

Thus the expedition consisted of three vessels — the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Niña—each having a good armament and provisions for a year. The Santa Maria carried sixty-six persons, with the admiral himself in command, and strangely enough had among her crew an Irishman named William Rice. Martin Pinzon, with his brother Francis for a lieutenant, had command of the Pinta, which numbered thirty on board. The Niña, commanded by Vincent Pinzon, carried the remainder of the Palos contingent, twenty-four souls.

It cannot be doubted that in finishing his review of the equipage, Columbus, as was his custom, made an address, and that yielding to the emotions of his heart, he spoke to his hardy hearers of God, into whose hands they were about to commit their souls, and the fate of the expedition.

Fear and danger turned their hearts to heaven. Each confessed his sins, and obtained absolution. With Columbus at their head, the crews marched in procession to the sanctuary of La Rabida, to implore the divine assistance, and to put themselves under the special protection of the Most Blessed Virgin. Mass was said, and from the hands of Father Perez they all received Holy Communion—true bread of saints and heroes. Before



CONVENT OF LA RABIDA, PALOS.

departing, Columbus took his son Jámes from the convent of La Rabida, and sent him under convoy to his wife at Cordova, having himself called there on his way from Santa Fé. Having thus carefully provided for all that was dearest to him in this world, the admiral retired to his "cell" to wait for a good east wind. He had previously spent the chief part of his time in the Franciscan monastery, leaving the details of arrangement to the Pinzons, who were in every way competent to undertake the direction, and who had too large a stake in the enterprise to be suspected of negligence. Everything was ready, the baggage on board, and the signal flag flying. No one was allowed to step ashore except the admiral himself, and he was to be summoned as soon as the first breeze should begin to blow. He was at this period a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and attended choir. His favorite book was the Gospel of St. John. We may well imagine that his own meditations would have had, at such a time, a tinge of sublimity.

"The morning is breaking on Palos bay,
On its town, and wharf, and ramparts grey,
On three barks at their moorings that gallantly ride,
With the towers of Castile on their flags of pride."

It was about three o'clock in the morning, on Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492. Columbus was awakened by the rustling of the tall pines, whose tops were agitated by the land breeze; and at once the keen, practised ear of the veteran mariner recognised the expected favorable wind. Quitting his cell, he quietly rapped at the door of the Father Guardian. The brother sacristan was soon up, and the candles lit, preparatory to the celebration of Holy Mass. On board the caravels, the watch-guards might, through the stately pine-trees, see the high window panes of La Rabida shine at that unusual hour. While the community was peacefully slumbering, Columbus, with gentle step, entered the chapel of Our Lady. For him it was a morning of joy and deep solemnity. Father Perez, robed in his sacerdotal vestments, ascended the steps of the altar, and offered up the august Sacrifice for an intention, perhaps until then, unheard of since the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. At the time of Holy Communion, Columbus received the Bread of angels by way of *viaticum*.

Thanksgiving over, the admiral and the priest noiselessly passed out of the convent, and, absorbed in thought and silence, wended their way down the declivity that leads to Palos. The last stars still glittered in the sky, and the first faint glimmerings of dawn began to appear in the east. Together they arrived at the town; and without delay the cutter of the Santa Maria was seen approaching the shore to receive the admiral. The inmates of the neighboring houses were awakened by the shrill voices of the pilots and boatswains. In a moment doors and windows flew open. "They're off!" "They're off!" resounded from house to house. Mothers and sisters, wives and children hurried to the quay with mingled sighs and sobs and tears. Friends and relatives threw themselves into the barks to bid a sad adieu—perhaps the last forever! It was a touching scene. Columbus pressed to his heart the good Father Perez, bid a silent farewell, received his parting benediction, and, with tears in his eyes, stepped into the waiting cutter. On reaching the Santa Maria he was received with all the honors due to an admiral of Castile. He ascended the poop and took a careful glance at the arrangements. The signal was given; the boats were hoisted aboard; the anchors were lifted to the prows. Columbus waved a final adieu to his friend, the Franciscan father, and to the crowd on the shore. Then, with a

loud voice, from his place on the quarter deck, he ordered the sails to be unfurled in the name of Jesus Christ. Every eye in Palos gazed anxiously on the white canvas, as the little squadron pushed out to sea, and sped on its dangerous but momentous voyage.

FLEET OF COLUMBUS.

Chapter II.

THE LAND AND THE CROSS.

Off on an Unknown Sea.—Teneriffe's Burning Peak.—The Admiral Preaching Courage.—Too Far to Get Back.—Variation of the Compass.—Hymns to the "Star of the Sea."—Terrors of the Sargasso Plain.—False Cry of "Land!"—The Mutiny in the Fleet.—Plotting to Slay the Admiral.—"Land! Land!" at Last.—The Island of San Salvador.—Going Ashore in State.—Holy Songs of Thanksgiving.—The Planting of the Cross.—Taking Possession for Spain.—Innocent and Wondering Natives.—Other Beauteous Islands.—Wreck of the Santa Maria.—The Discoverer's Homeward Voyage.—Joy Bells Ring in Palos.—Welcome by King and Queen.—Second Voyage to America.—First Mass in the New World.—Troubles Beset the Admiral.—Mutinous Officers.—Homeward Bound in Chains.—Misfortunes Come in Shoals.—Close of a Bright Career.—Columbus Neglected and Poor.—Death, Character and Will.—His Tomb and Poetic Laurels.

THIS great Catholic enterprise was now fairly begun. Columbus had attained his heart's dearest wishes. Eighteen years of toil, suffering, watching and waiting had passed away, and the snows of fifty-seven winters were on his head, when he thus began anew to battle with storm and danger on the bosom of the mysterious ocean. His choice was made and his Guide did not fail him. After ordering the sails to be set, this greatest of navigators entered his cabin, and, with pen in hand, began the diary of his voyage, the very first words he inscribed in it being: "*In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi.*"

Of the one hundred and twenty men on the three vessels there was but one calm brow, one heart that knew not fear, one mind "constant as the northern star." Though no longer young, this extraordinary man was convinced that his life yet lay before him, and felt within himself the youth of hope and an immortal future. But he was well aware that even then little

was needed to ruin everything. If his men refused to sail forward, what could he do? In many breasts the old reluctance had been only smothered, not properly quenched, and the smouldering fire of disaffection might burst into flames at the slightest provocation.

After leaving the Canary Islands, where they had a couple of weeks delay to refit the Pinta, the hearts of the sailors were stricken with terror at the sight of the volcano of Teneriffe, an eruption from which was just then filling the sea and sky with a lurid outburst. They thought they beheld in this the flaming sword of the angel who drove Adam out of Paradise, waving before the sons of men to warn them from these forbidden seas and shores. Columbus went from ship to ship, in order to dispel the panic, and to explain scientifically to those simple men, the physical laws which govern this seemingly awful phenomenon. But when the peak of Teneriffe had sunk beneath the horizon, the mariners bemoaned its loss with a degree of sorrow equal to their former fear. For them it was the last sea-mark, the last beacon of the old world; and in losing sight of it they seemed to have lost the very traces of their route across immeasurable space. They felt as if detached from this earth altogether, and as sailing through the ether of the planet. A general prostration of soul and body seized upon them. Once more the admiral gathered them around him and tried, in eloquent words, to infuse into their souls some of his own fire and energy.

But the distance alone was now enough to terrify the crews. In order to keep them in ignorance of the extent sailed over, Columbus was accustomed every night, in calculating the day's progress, to subtract a part of the distance, thus keeping two reckonings — the correct one for his own private use, the other to satisfy the inquiries of his officers and seamen. The sequel showed the worldly wisdom of the contrivance.

When the squadron had sailed about two hundred leagues west of Teneriffe, a new and most singular phenomenon began to puzzle the admiral. Gladly would he have concealed it from all his companions. This was the variation of the needle of the compass — his last and hitherto infallible guide—which now seemed to fail him on the borders of an unknown hemisphere. For a few days he carried in his own mind this secret and terrible misgiving. But the pilots who visited the binnacle as anxiously as himself, soon noticed the singular variations. Sharing fully in his astonishment, but less determined to brave nature herself in the prosecution of their enterprise, they concluded that on the border of illimitable space, even the

elements themselves were no longer governed by invariable laws. Pale and terrified they gave utterance to their doubts, and resigned their ships to the mercy of the winds and waves, as thenceforth their only guides. All the sailors were filled with consternation on perceiving the panic which had seized the pilots. Columbus—who had vainly endeavored to satisfy his own mind on the reason of a phenomenon which may be ranked among the mysteries of science—now had recourse to that rich and lively imagination with which as an internal compass, Heaven had gifted him. He invented for these untutored minds a hasty explanation. He told them that the direction of the needle was not to the pole star, but to some fixed and invisible point. The variation, therefore, was not caused by any fallacy in the compass, but by the movement of the north star itself, which, like other heavenly bodies, he said, had its changes and revolutions, and every day described a circle around the pole. The high opinion the sailors entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer gave weight to his theory, and their fear subsided.

The change of the heavenly constellations also helped to alarm them. All things were strange—a new earth and a new sky and new laws of nature. Columbus, however, seemed to know no fear, or only to fear the fears of his companions. A magnificent meteor filled him with admiration, but the crews with terror. His trust was not in compass or constellations, but in the guiding hand of God and in the Star of the Sea shining from a higher heaven than the eyes of the body could reach. The standard of the Cross was floating overhead to disconcert the spirits of darkness and to rectify all malignant influences of the elements, and every evening the sound of the *Salve Regina* and the *Ave Maris Stella* sanctified those vast solitudes where never from creation's dawn the voice of man had sounded until then—

> "They were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

The admiral shut himself up at stated times every day, to make his meditation and recite his office, as a true Franciscan. He was pretty nearly all the remainder of the day and night at his station on the poop, keeping watch. The weather was charming, the trade-wind steady, and the progress rapid. But the hearts of the wanderers sank within them. The fair wind itself now began to be the chief of all their terrors. They were driving along before the breeze gaily to their doom, for if the wind blew always from the east how could they ever sail back!

Already, towards the end of September, the crews were ripe for mutiny. Argument had been exhausted; authority was little regarded. No effort was made to disguise the general discontent. But Columbus held on his course. The wind shifted to the west, to the immense relief of all. Next day, a calm ensued. Then light breezes came and went. As the caravels advanced slowly they encountered great masses of sea weed, for they had arrived at the Mar de Sargasso, where, over an extent of surface which Humboldt declares to be more than seven times the area of France, the ocean plain is thickly covered with floating verdure, and sometimes resembles a vast undulating meadow. At first the greater abundance of sea-weed was noticed with delight, as a sign that the land was not far away. Then great fears began to be felt lest, perchance, the only land might be found to be those hidden ledges and drowned islands, of which many fearful tales were told. Serious alarm reigned in the minds of the crews. They believed they had got to those endless swamps of the ocean, which were said to serve as boundaries to the world, and as tombs for the curiosity of those who dared to enter them. The crowds of plants growing in infinite numbers, presented the aspect of an unbounded marsh, which the Almighty Creator had placed as a limit in the ocean, in order to rebuke the rashness of mankind.

The most fearless turn pale. Now, at last, they had reached the place of their doom. No breath was in the air, no ripple marked the green sea, which stretched away without limit—a level plain on every side. They felt that they had brought their fate upon themselves, and had themselves to thank. Had they not really known all the time that such a voyage was the extreme of madness?

Fortunately the surface did not long remain smooth; great billows rose and fell, and the phantom of perpetual stagnation vanished, as the phantom of perpetual east wind had done. On the 25th of September, the Pinta being close to the Santa Maria, Martin Pinzon, deceived by a cloud upon the horizon, cried out, "Land! land! I claim the prize." All his crew were shouting with joy; the men of the Niña ran up the rigging for a better view and confirmed the announcement. Columbus fell on his knees and intoned the *Gloria in excelsis*. When the mistake was discovered the revulsion of feeling was terrible. Signs of land for the next few days kept a glimmering hope alive, but the distance which severed them from the world of human beings—580 leagues, they were told, but really 707, as Columbus well knew—seemed to shut out all chances of return.

Nor must it be imagined that these mariners were without stout hearts, but what a daring thing it was to plunge, down-hill, as it were, into

> "A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
> Trackless, and vast, and wild,"

mocked day after day with signs of land that neared not. They had left at home all that is dearest to man here below, and did not bring out any great idea to uphold them, and had done enough to make them important men in their towns, and to furnish ample talk for the evening of their lives.

Still we find Columbus as late as the 3d of October saying "that he did not choose to stop beating about last week during those days that they had such signs of land, although he had knowledge of there being certain islands in that neighborhood, because he would not suffer any detention, since his object was to go to the Indies, and if he should stop on the way it would show a want of mind."

During all this long voyage the admiral held communion only with his own thoughts, the stars and Heaven, under whose protection he felt himself to be. Almost without sleep he spent his days in his cabin, taking note of the degrees, the latitudes and distance he reckoned he had passed, in characters no one but himself could decipher, and spent his nights on deck beside the pilots, studying the stars and the appearance of the sea. He was almost utterly alone. Like Moses of old, leading God's people through the desert, his pensive gravity impressed his companions with a mingled respect, distrust and fear, which held them aloof from him.

"The sea is always fine," wrote Columbus in his diary, "be infinite thanks given to God." But he was now fated to need all his strength and presence of mind. The hour of trial and fearful test was at hand. The illusion of land seen but never found, and the iron purpose of Columbus in pursuing his way without turning either to the right or the left, exasperated the officers who counseled a different course. Murmurings were changed into hatred. The crews daily grew more and more sullen—a mark of the greatest discouragement. Unknown to the officers the sailors would gather in groups of three or four to console one another. These meetings grew more frequent. Discontent became general. Soon no pains were taken to disguise their pent-up feelings of fear and wrath. As Spaniards they naturally detested this eccentric foreigner, who had madly resolved, they said, to find what only existed in his over-heated imagination. In order to be able to speak ill of him—even in his very presence—they gave him the nicknames

of "braggart" and "humbug." The old sailors whispered to one another that he was a fool. All agreed that to push on further was to go to certain destruction.

Was it right, they said, that one hundred and twenty men—most of them Castilians—should perish through the whims of this dreaming Genoese? Never! He must be told to turn back to Spain; and in case of his refusal—why heave him into the sea he so much admired. This rigorous course was unavoidable. Necessity knew no law. Then, it would be easy on their return to publish that he fell of accident into the ocean, while observing the stars. There was even a secret agreement between the crews of the three caravels. This conspiracy had almost every sailor as an accomplice, while it had nobody as chief.

The captains of the Pinta and Niña were not ignorant of the plot which was hatching against the admiral, but their superior intelligence prevented them from participating in the fears of the common seamen. They carefully abstained, however, from saying a word. But many times, in their communications with Columbus, the three Pinzons, by their lofty airs and haughty proceedings, made him sorely feel their strength, and his own unhappy isolation.

The evening of the 10th of October—two days before Columbus doubled the size of the world's map—saw the crews in a state of open revolt. Their feelings, so long pent up, now burst forth like the roar of a cataract. Each night, according to the admiral's orders, the three vessels drew close together; and, in the present instance, no sooner had they drawn near than the Pinzons, followed by their men, all armed, jumped on the deck of Columbus' ship, and with fury in their looks, and weapons in their hands, loudly summoned him at once to turn the prows of the caravels to Castile. His own crew and pilots had joined in the revolt. As he afterward wrote of the event, he was "alone against all!" He had exhausted words; besides terror-stricken men neither hear nor reason. Yet this great man, equal to every emergency, calmed the fury of those rebellious spirits; although far from yielding to their demands he boldly declared, in a tone of authority which only a hero of resolution can assume, that their complaints were in vain—that he had started to go to the Indies—and that neither man nor devil could turn him from his course until, with the assistance of Heaven, he would reach the shores he sought. Wonderful to relate, this surging mass of enraged Spaniards became suddenly hushed before a lone man—a foreigner whom they detested! Phi-

losophy cannot explain such a phenomenon. It stands alone in history. The finger of God was there.

From the dawn of the next morning, the breezes were soft and balmy, yet the sea swelled, and the speed of the caravels increased. Numbers of petrels were seen. A reed, a green bulrush, a small plank, a branch of a tree bearing some red fruit, and a stick which appeared to be carved with a knife were observed on different occasions during the day. Such signs sustained the drooping hopes of the sailors.

The sun went down flaming into the vast and solitary ocean. Naught but the horizon on its pure azure appeared to the eye. No vapor indicated that land was near, but suddenly—as if by inspiration—Columbus changed his course somewhat, and ordered the helmsman to steer due west. As the caravels came together, all joined, according to custom, in singing the *Salve Regina*—our familiar "Hail, holy Queen!"—at the conclusion of which the admiral made them a touching discourse. He spoke of the mercy of that good God who had enabled them to reach seas never cut by keel before. He asked them to raise their hearts in gratitude, and vanquish their fears, that the fulfillment of their hopes was near at hand. That very night, he said, would see the end of their memorable voyage. He finally recommended all to watch and pray, as their eyes would behold land before morning. He ordered the pilots to lessen sail after midnight, and promised, besides the queen's premium, a velvet doublet to the person who would first announce land. Columbus then returned to his cabin. What passed there in the secret of his heart has not been given to history.

The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. About ten o'clock, the admiral mounted the poop. Scarcely had he got there, when his eagle glance seemed to discern a light in the distance. Fearing that his hopes might deceive him he called to one of his officers named Peter Gutierrez, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called one Roderic Sanchez, and made the same inquiry. By the time, however, the latter ascended the poop, the light had disappeared.

After midnight they proceeded cautiously, the Pinta being considerably in advance. Every eye was straining through the gloom—every heart throbbing. What must have been the feelings of the man, whose mind had schemed, whose single will had compassed, so sublime a venture? Before

him wrapped in darkness, lay a world awaiting discovery in the light of morning! His name was now the heritage of fame. No history of mankind could pass him by unnoticed. God was to be glorified. The memory of that night would live till the end of time.

At two A. M., by the clock of the Santa Maria, a flash came from the Pinta, followed by a loud report—the signal gun. It was no false alarm this time. Roderic de Triana, a sailor on the Pinta, had sighted land. Columbus, at the sound of the gun, fell on his knees and chanted the *Te Deum;* his men responded with full hearts. Then they went wild with joy. The admiral ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to be put in a state of defence, for it was impossible to say what the daylight might reveal. His officers came crowding round to offer their congratulations and their genuine reverence. Now they no longer blamed his obstinacy, or spoke of his infatuation.

It was Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. Friday—the day of the Redemption—was always a blessed day for Columbus. On Friday he sailed from Palos, on Friday he discovered America; on Friday he planted the first cross in the New World; and on Friday he re-entered Palos in triumph. At dawn of this fateful day there was seen issuing from the mists, a flowery land, whose groves, colored by the first golden rays of the morning sun, exhaled an unknown fragrance, and presented most smiling scenes to the eye. In advancing, the men saw before them an island of considerable extent, level, and without any appearance of mountains. Thick forests bounded the horizon, and in the midst of a glade shone the pure and sparkling waters of a lake. Green willows and sunny avenues gave half glimpses into these mysteries of solitude, and revealed many a scattered dwelling, seeming by its rounded form and roof of dried leaves, to resemble a human hive, from which the curling smoke ascended in the air, greeting the glad sunbeams of that early hour. Groups of half naked men, women, and children, astonished rather than alarmed, came down among the trees upon the shore, now timidly advancing, and again returning, showing by their lively attitudes and gestures, mingled fear, curiosity and admiration, at the sight of the ships and the strangers, which the previous night had sent them on the waves.

Columbus, after silently gazing upon the shore of that new land, so often pictured and so magnificently colored in his imagination, beheld it yet more beautiful than he had dreamed. Joy made his heart beat faster. He yearned impatiently to be the first to set a European foot upon these strange

sands, and plant thereon the cross and the Spanish flag, the standards of a conquest made by his genius for God and his sovereigns. But he restrained his own anxiety, and that of his men to land, wishing to invest this taking possession of a New World with all the solemnity befitting the greatest achievement ever accomplished by a navigator. Since human witnesses were wanting, he wished to call God and his angels, sea, and land, and sky, to bear testimony to his victory over the hitherto unknown world!

When all was ready, the anchors were dropped, orders were given to man the boats, and Columbus, with majestic countenance and great recollection—as one who walked in the presence of God—descended into his own cutter. He was richly attired in the costume of his dignities. A scarlet mantle hung from his shoulders, and he held displayed in his hand, the image of Jesus Christ on the royal flag. The captains of the Pinta and Niña, Martin and Vincent Pinzon, likewise put off their boats, each accompanied by a well-armed detachment, and bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross.

With mute delight, and all the elastic ardor of youth, the admiral stepped on shore. Scarcely had he touched the new land, when he planted in it the standard of the Cross. His heart swelled with gratitude. In adoration, he prostrated himself before God. Three times bowing his head, with tears in his eyes, he kissed the soil to which he was conducted by the divine goodness. The sailors participated in the emotions of their commander, and kneeling, as he did, elevated a crucifix in the air. Raising his countenance towards heaven, the gratitude of his soul found expression in that beautiful prayer which has been preserved by history and which was afterwards repeated by order of the sovereigns of Castile in subsequent discoveries.

"Lord! Eternal and Almighty God! who by Thy sacred word hast created the heavens, the earth, and the seas, may Thy name be blessed and glorified everywhere. May Thy Majesty be exalted, who hast deigned to permit that by Thy humble servant, Thy sacred name should be made known and preached in this other part of the world."

Standing up with great dignity, he displayed the standard of the Cross, offering up to Jesus Christ the first fruits of his discovery. Of himself he thought not. He wished to give all the glory to God, and he named the island San Salvador, which means "Holy Savior."

Columbus then drew his sword, and all the officers doing the same, he declared that he took possession of that land in the name of our Lord for the crown of Castile. The notary royal was ordered to draw up the proceedings

in prescribed form. He then called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral, viceroy, and representative of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Not only did his lieutenants, his pilots, and his crews swear obedience to the admiral, but they were overcome with wild joy, and filled with intense reverence for one whose wondrous glance had penetrated beyond the limits of the visible horizon, and whom they had so lately outraged by their blind rebellion. Overawed by his mental superiority, they now fell at his feet, kissed his hands and clothes, and, for a moment, recognized the dignity and grandeur of genius. But yesterday, they considered themselves the victims of his obstinacy; to-day they felt they were the companions of his success—radiant with the glory against which they had so lately blasphemed!

Let us now glance at the natives. When, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on the coast, they supposed them to be some monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. Their veering about, without any apparent effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld the boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves, and making signs of adoration.

During the ceremony of taking possession, they remained gazing, in timid admiration, at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his scarlet dress, and the deference paid to him by his companions. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Following the example set them by Columbus, the mariners received with smiles of kindness those artless children of the forest, and quietly submitted to their examinations.

The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above, on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were natives of the skies.

The people of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. They were entirely naked, of a moderate stature, well-shaped, of a copper hue, with agreeable features, lofty foreheads and fine eyes. The hair was coarse and straight; they had no beards, and were painted with a variety of colors. They appeared to be a simple and artless race, and of gentle and friendly dispositions. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the bone of a fish. Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawk's bells and other trifles, which they received as inestimable gifts, and, decorating themselves with them, were wonderfully delighted with their finery.

After Columbus had completed the formalities of taking possession of the island, he ordered the carpenters to construct a large wooden cross. This was soon done. At his desire the hole in which the pole of the banner had been planted in this shore was enlarged. Into this hole was placed the end of the erected cross, which was sustained by the admiral himself, while the hymn, *Vexilla Regis.*

"The banners of Heaven's King advance,
The mystery of the Cross shines forth,"

was chanted by the whole party. When the sacred sign was solidly fixed in the soil he intoned that grand hymn of victory, the *Te Deum.* Thus did the great Columbus erect the sign of redemption in the New World, not merely as a mark of prior occupation, but as a memorial of the fact that he took possession of this land in the name of Jesus Christ. As the day was now growing late, he said evening prayers before the rough cross, and on finishing this pious act he took up the flag of the expedition and returned on board the Santa Maria.

The island which Columbus had just offered to God, and named San Salvador, was called, in the language of the natives, "Guanahani." It is one of that group which geographers now term the Bahama Islands. The admiral supposed it to be at the extremity of India, and therefore called the inhabitants Indians—a name which has since been extended to all the aborigines of the New World.

San Salvador was soon explored. Among its natural advantages is noticed "stone for building churches." The poor natives in all parts of it received the strangers with the most sincere hospitality. Seven of the Indians were easily induced to go with Columbus, and he seems to have

distributed them among the three vessels. One of them deserted, but others were added from Cuba and San Domingo. He designed to present them to their Catholic Majesties, to have them instructed in the Faith, and then to send them back to their country to help forward the work of conversion.

When he sailed away from San Salvador, the admiral at once found himself in an archipelago, pleasantly embarrassed by the multitude of islands offered to his choice. He steered for the largest, which he named Santa Maria de la Concepcion, for the Immaculate Virgin. Another island he named Fernandina, and one Isabella.

Sailing across from Isabella the admiral discovered Cuba, where the Spaniards first saw potatoes and tobacco. Continuing his explorations he reached Hayti, which he named Hispaniola, and on the coast of which the Santa Maria grounded on a sand-bank and was soon a total wreck. The admiral built a fort at this point, and leaving it in trust of a small body of mariners he boarded the Niña and sailed for Spain in January, 1493.

But scarcely was the prow of his little bark turned on its homeward voyage, when a fearful tempest threatened to engulf the discoverer of America. His skill was tasked to the utmost; nor did he fail to look up to Heaven for assistance. In those dark hours of distress he implored the protection of our Blessed Mother, and vowed a pilgrimage to her nearest shrine the first land he touched—a vow punctually fulfilled.

When the great admiral once more touched the shores of sunny Spain, his first act was a solemn procession to the monastery of La Rabida. The faithful Father Perez said a Mass of thanksgiving, and the *Te Deum* was chanted. In his letter to the Spanish sovereigns, signifying his arrival, there is no tinge of egotism, no talk about his achievements. He simply asks Spain to exhibit a holy joy, "for Christ rejoices on earth as in Heaven, seeing the future redemption of souls."

The court was at Barcelona, and the progress of Columbus towards that city was like the march of some victorious monarch. Ferdinand and Isabella received him with royal magnificence.

"A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's walls,
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's halls.
All met to gaze on him who wrought a pathway for mankind,
Through seas as broad, to worlds as rich as his triumphant mind;
And King and Queen will grace forsooth the mariner's array,
The lonely seaman, scoffed and scorned in Palos town one day,
He comes, he comes! The gates swing wide, and through the streets advance
His cavalcade in proud parade, with plume and pennoned lance,

And natives of those new-found worlds, and treasures all untold—
And in the midst the admiral, his charger trapped with gold;
And all with joy are wild, and blithe the gladsome clarions swell,
And dames and princes press to greet, and loud the myriads yell.
They cheer, that mob, they wildly cheer—Columbus checks his rein,
And bends him to the beauteous dames and cavaliers of Spain."

The discoverer of America was now honored by princes, and his praise was sounded by those who had mocked him in other days. It was a moment of prosperity—a gleam of sunshine before the gathering clouds that announce the storm. Up to this time his enemies had done nothing worse than to waste his time and health and strength, and delay his work. It was now to be their base part to ruin his benevolent schemes, to bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and to heap reproaches on his memory.

After a short repose, Columbus pushed the preparations for a second voyage. He had in view the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic Faith and vast schemes of colonization. Among the noted persons who accompanied him were Alonzo de Ojéda, John de la Cosa, John Ponce de Leon, his old friend, Father John Perez, the Franciscan, and a Vicar Apostolic, Father Bernard Boil, of the ancient order of St. Benedict. There were twelve missionary priests. The expedition, which consisted of seventeen ships and about fifteen hundred persons, reached Hispaniola late in the fall of 1493.

The foundation of the ill-starred city of Isabella was laid, and the work of settlement commenced. But from that to the day of his death, the life of the illustrious admiral was one ceaseless conflict with calumny, avarice, and misfortune. He was soon surrounded by a host of bitter enemies. We may not, in this history, enter into details. There is no space and the story is too sad.

Meanwhile the Franciscan fathers, on January 6, 1494, blessed, on the island of Hayti, the first rude temple of the Most High in the New World. Churches were established in others of the West India islands, and—to anticipate a little—an episcopal see was erected at St. Domingo in 1513, and a few years after there were bishops at Yucatan and Santiago de Cuba.

In a few years, Columbus found it necessary to leave his brother Don Bartholomew in command and proceed to Spain in order to defend himself against the slanderous charges made by his foes in the New World. He succeeded. He then organized an expedition for his third voyage, in which he discovered the mainland of South America, August 1, 1498. The part first seen was the delta of the Orinoco.

But misfortune kept pace with his discoveries. In a short time the malice of his enemies succeeded in having him sent home in chains on a

vessel called the Gordo. And thus shamefully shackled in irons were "hands that the rod of empire might have swayed."

"I shall preserve these chains," said the great discoverer, "as memorials of the reward of my services!"

"He did so," writes his son Ferdinand. "I saw them always hanging in his cabinet, and he requested that when he died, they might be buried with him."

The sight of Columbus in chains aroused a feeling of indignation. It was a most disgraceful affair. Ferdinand and Isabella, it is true, expressed great sorrow; but a gross injustice—never to be repaired—was done the venerable prince of discoverers.

After another period of repose, he set out on his fourth and last voyage, in May, 1502. He was accompanied by his younger son Ferdinand, his noble brother Don Bartholomew, and his faithful friend James Mendez. Though now sixty-six years of age and in broken health, the great old admiral intended to circumnavigate the globe. Various reasons made him hope to find a strait at the Isthmus of Darien. He would pass through it, and sail around the world. He was mistaken, of course; but the guess ran strangely near the truth.

The astonishing resources of his genius, and his patience in suffering, were never more heavily taxed than in this expedition. He discovered the northern coast of Honduras, and after a desperate struggle with wind and waves, the badly-damaged ships rounded a cape, and at once found fair weather and free navigation. Columbus, full of gratitude to Heaven, named the cape Gracios a Dios, or "Thanks be to God"—a name retained to this day.

He then stood towards the south, and coasted along the Isthmus of Panama, carefully examining every bay and inlet in search of his supposed strait between the Atlantic and the Pacific; and not finding what he sought, he directed the prows of his now sinking, crazy, and worm-eaten vessels across the Caribbean Sea, but was forced to run them aground on the shores of Jamaica. While there, mutiny weakened his authority, and famine stared him in the face. It was only by predicting an eclipse that he compelled the savage and treacherous natives to supply him with food, thus preserving himself and his diminished crews from death by starvation. After countless adventures, and weighed down by age and infirmities, he returned to Spain in 1504.

The death of the generous Isabella destroyed his last hopes of being reinstated in his dignities. Ferdinand treated him with shameful ingratitude. The mighty admiral who gave Spain a hemisphere, did not own a roof in

Spain, and closed his days in the shades of poverty and neglect. In a letter to his son James, he urges him to extreme economy. "I receive nothing of the revenue due to me," he writes, "but live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. I have no resort but an inn, and during most of the time, I have not money to pay my bill."

But to the last his moral and intellectual greatness stood out in bold relief, clear and majestic. He made his will, turned his thoughts to heaven, received the last sacraments with all the devotion of his magnificent soul, and murmured in dying accents, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." His bed was surrounded by his two sons, James and Ferdinand, some friends, and a few Franciscan fathers. And thus died Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, at Valladolid, on the 30th of May, 1506. He was about seventy-one years of age.

The great admiral was buried as he directed, with his chains in his coffin, among the Franciscans of Valladolid, but in 1573 was transferred with pomp to the Carthusian convent of Santa Maria at Seville. His journeys were not, however, ended. In 1536 the bones and chains of Columbus crossed the ocean and were deposited on the right of the high altar of the cathedral of San Domingo; but when Spain lost the island in 1795, she removed them, as her great treasure, to the cathedral of Havana, where their place is marked by the monument of which a faithful illustration is furnished in this chapter.

TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

To the day of his death he was an ardent student, "ever trying to find out the secrets of nature." His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge. He was equally familiar with the ancient geographers and the Fathers of the Catholic Church. His poetical imagination was governed in its flights by a strong practical judgment; and his discovery of America has been truly called "a conquest of reflection."

But it was virtue, above all, that crowned the manly integrity of his character. God and religion held the first place in his mind. "Throughout his life," says Irving, "he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured."

A Catholic of Catholics, if this prince of pioneers desired to open the way to unknown continents, and to raise large sums of money, it was not through any motive of grasping selfishness. Before St. Ignatius Loyola adopted the maxim, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*,—"To the greater glory of God"—Columbus put it in practice. To carry the light of the Gospel to the heathen, to connect the ends of the earth for the glory of Heaven, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel Turk—such were the grand motives that guided his life's labors. Though a layman, he was one of the greatest of missionaries. His discoveries led to the salvation of millions of souls, and this messenger of the Cross rivals the most illustrious of the saints in being the means of unlocking the portals of paradise to countless multitudes. America, and the world at large, might well do honor in Chicago to his memory and his achievements. While he has handed down to all ages an imperishable name, he has also left an example to posterity—and particularly to us Americans, who owe him so much gratitude and reverence—that far outweighs in importance his contributions to science and his efforts to aggrandize his adopted country. He has proved in his own person that a soul filled with deep and intense devotion to the Creator, and a will conformable in all things to His laws, are alone capable of leading human beings to the achievement of true and lasting greatness.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue.
So when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heart-sick, or confront
Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod.
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God;
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod.

Poet and historian alike have employed their highest eloquence in doing

honor to this remarkable man, but his character, which they wreathe in eulogy, will appear in its truest and most Catholic light from the last will and testament which he left behind, and of which a careful translation is here appended:—

The Will of Columbus.

In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, who inspired me with the idea, and afterwards made it perfectly clear to me, that I could navigate and go to the Indies from Spain, by traversing the ocean westwardly; which I communicated to the king, Don Ferdinand, and to the queen, Doña Isabella, our sovereigns; and they were pleased to furnish me the necessary equipment of men and ships, and to make me their admiral over the said ocean, in all parts lying to the west of an imaginary line, drawn from pole to pole, a hundred leagues west of the Cape de Verd and Azore Islands; also appointing me their viceroy and governor over all continents and islands that I might discover beyond the said line westwardly, with the right of being succeeded in the said offices by my eldest son and his heirs forever; and a grant of the tenth part of all things found in the said jurisdiction; and of all rents and revenues arising from it; and the eighth of all the lands and everything else, together with the salary corresponding to my rank of admiral, viceroy and governor, and all other emoluments accruing thereto, as is more fully expressed in the title and agreement sanctioned by their Highnesses.

And it pleased the Lord Almighty that in the year 1492 I should discover the continent of the Indies and many islands, among them Hispaniola, which the Indians call Ayte, and the Monicongos, Apango. I then returned to Castile to their highnesses, who approved of my undertaking a second enterprise for further discoveries and settlements; and the Lord gave me victory over the Island of Hispaniola, which extends six hundred leagues, and I conquered it and made it tributary; and I discovered many islands inhabited by cannibals, and seven hundred to the west of Hispaniola, among which is Jamaica, which we call Santiago, and three hundred and thirty-three leagues of continent from south to west, besides a hundred and seven to the north, which I discovered in my first voyage, together with many islands, as may more clearly be seen by my letters, memorials, and maritime charts. And as we hope in God that before long a good and great revenue will be derived from the above islands and continents, of which for the reasons aforesaid belong to me the tenth and the eighth, with the salaries and emoluments specified above; and considering that we are mortal, and that it is proper for every one to settle his affairs, and to leave declared to his heirs and successors the property he possesses or may have a right to Wherefore I have concluded to create an entailed estate (Mayorazgo) out of the said eighth of the lands, places, and revenues, in the manner which I now proceed to state.

In the first place, I am to be succeeded by Don Diego, my son, who in case of death without children is to be succeeded by my other son Ferdinand; and should God dispose of him also without leaving children, and without my having any other son, then my brother Don Bartholomew is to succeed; and after him his eldest son; and if God should dispose of him without heirs, he shall be succeeded by his sons from one to another forever; or, in the

failure of a son, to be succeeded by Don Ferdinand, after the same manner; from son to son successively, or in their place by my brothers Bartholomew and Diego. And should it please the Lord that the estate, after having continued for some time in the line of any of the above successors, should stand in need of an immediate and lawful male heir, the succession shall then devolve to the nearest relation, being a man of legitimate birth, and bearing the name of Columbus, derived from his father and his ancestors. This entailed estate shall in no wise be inherited by a woman, except in case that no male is to be found, either in this or any other quarter of the world, of my real lineage, whose name, as well as that of his ancestors shall have always been Columbus. In such an event, (which may God forefend!) then the female of legitimate birth, most nearly related to the preceding possessor of the estate, shall succeed to it; and this is to be under the conditions herein stipulated at foot, which must be understood to extend as well to Don Diego, my son, as to the aforesaid and their heirs, every one of them, to be fulfilled by them; and failing to do so they are to be deprived of the succession, for not having complied with what shall herein be expressed, and the estate to pass to the person most nearly related to the one who held the right; and the person thus succeeding shall in like manner forfeit the estate, should he also fail to comply with said conditions; and another person, the nearest of my lineage, shall succeed, provided he abide by them, so that they may be observed forever in the form prescribed. This forfeiture is not to be incurred for trifling matters, originating in lawsuits, but in important cases, when the glory of God, or my own, or that of my family may be concerned, which supposes a perfect fulfilment of all the things hereby ordained; all which I recommend to the courts of justice. And I supplicate His holiness, who now is, and those that may succeed in the Holy Church, that if it should happen that this my will and testament has need of his holy order and command for its fulfilment, that such order be issued in virtue of obedience and under penalty of excommunication, and that it shall not be in any wise disfigured. And I also pray the king and queen, our sovereigns, and their eldest born, Prince Don Juan, our lord, and their successors, for the sake of the services I have done them, and because it is just, that it may please them not to permit this my will and constitution of my entailed estate to be anyway altered, but to leave it in the form and manner which I have ordained, forever, for the greater glory of the Almighty, and that it may be the root and basis of my lineage, and a memento of the services I have rendered their highnesses; that, being born in Genoa, I came over to serve them in Castile, and discovered to the west of Terra Firma the Indies and islands before mentioned. I accordingly pray their highnesses to order that this my privilege and testament be held valid, and be executed summarily and without any opposition or demur, according to the letter. I also pray the grandees of the realm and the lords of the council, and all others having the administration of justice, to be pleased not to suffer this my will and testament to be of no avail, but to cause it to be fulfilled as by me ordained; it being just that a noble, who has served the king and queen and the kingdom, should be respected in the disposition of his estate by will, testament, institution of entail or inheritance, and that the same be not infringed either in whole or in part.

In the first place, my son Don Diego, and all my successors and descendants, as well as my brothers Bartholomew and Diego, shall bear my arms, such as I shall leave them after my days, without inserting anything else in

COLUMBUS' COAT OF ARMS.

them; and they shall be their seal to seal withal. Don Diego my son, or any other who may inherit this estate, or coming into possession of the inheritance, shall sign with the signature which I now make use of, which is an X with an S over it, and an M with a Roman A over it, and over that an S, and then a Greek Y, with an S over it, with its lines and points as is my custom, as may be seen by my signatures, of which there are many, and it will be seen by the present one.

He shall only write "the admiral," whatever other titles the king may have conferred on him. This is to be understood as respects his signature, but not the enumeration of his titles, which he can make at full length if agreeable; only the signature is to be "the admiral."

The said Don Diego, or any other inheritor of this estate, shall possess my offices of admiral of the ocean, which is to the west of an imaginary line, which his highness ordered to be drawn, running from pole to pole a hundred leagues beyond the Azores, and as many more beyond the Cape de Verd islands, over which I was made, by their order, their admiral of the sea, with all the preeminences held by Don Henrique in the admiralty of Castile, and they made me their governor and viceroy perpetually and forever over all the islands and mainland discovered, or to be discovered, for myself and heirs, as is more fully shown by my treaty and privilege as above mentioned.

Item: The said Diego, or any other inheritor of this estate, shall distribute the revenue which it may please our Lord to grant him in the following manner, under the above penalty:—

First: Of the whole income of this estate, now and at all times, and of whatever may be had or collected from it, he shall give the fourth part annually to my brother, Don Bartholomew Columbus, Adelantado of the Indies; and this is to continue until he shall have acquired an income of a million of maravadises for his support, and for the services he has rendered and will continue to render to this entailed estate; which million he is to receive as stated, every year, if the said fourth amount to so much, and that he have nothing else; but if he possess a part or the whole of that amount in rents, that thenceforth he shall not enjoy the said million, nor any part of it, except that he shall have in the said fourth part unto the said quantity of a million, if it should amount to so much, and as much as he shall have of revenue beside this fourth part, whatever sum of maravadises of known rent from property or perpetual offices, the said quantity of rent or revenues from property or offices shall be discounted, and from the said million shall be reserved whatever marriage portion he may receive with any female he may espouse; so that, whatever he may receive in marriage with his wife, no deduction shall be made on that account from said million, but only for whatever he may acquire, or may have, over and above his wife's dowry; and when it shall please God, that he or his heirs and descendants shall derive from their property and offices a revenue of a million arising from rents,

neither he nor his heirs shall enjoy any longer any thing from the said fourth part of the entailed estate, which shall remain with Don Diego, or whoever may inherit it.

Item: From the revenues of the said estate, or from any other fourth part of it, (should its amount be adequate to it) shall be paid every year to my son Ferdinand two millions, till such time as his revenue shall amount to two millions, in the same form and manner as in the case of Bartholomew, who, as well as his heirs, are to have the million, or the part that may be wanting.

Item: The said Don Diego, or Don Bartholomew shall make out of the said estate, for my brother Diego, such provision as may enable him to live decently, as he is my brother, to whom I assign no particular sum, as he has attached himself to the Church, and that will be given him which is right, and this to be given him in a mass, and before any thing shall have been received by Ferdinand my son, or Bartholomew my brother, or their heirs, and also according to the amount of the income of the estate. And in case of discord, the case is to be referred to two of our relations, or other men of honor; and should they disagree among themselves, they will choose a third person as arbitrator, being virtuous and not distrusted by either party.

Item: All this revenue which I bequeath to Bartholomew, to Ferdinand, and to Diego, shall be delivered to, and received by them as prescribed under the obligation of being faithful and loyal to Diego, my son or his heirs, they as well as their children; and should it appear that they, or any of them, had proceeded against him in anything touching his honor, or the prosperity of the family, or of the estate, either in word or deed, whereby might come a scandal and debasement to my family and a detriment to my estate, in that case nothing further shall be given to them or him from that time forward, inasmuch as they are always to be faithful to Diego and to his successors.

Item: As it was my intention, when I first instituted this entailed estate to dispose, or that my son Diego should dispose for me, of the tenth part of the income in favor of necessitous persons, as a tithe, and in commemoration of the almighty and eternal God, and persisting still in this opinion, and hoping that his high Majesty will assist me, and those who may inherit it, in this or the new world, I have resolved that the said tithe shall be paid in the manner following:—

First: It is to be understood that the fourth part of the revenue of the estate which I have ordained and directed to be given to Don Bartholomew, till he have an income of one million, includes the tenth of the whole revenue of the estate; and that as in proportion as the income of my brother Don Bartholomew shall increase, as it has to be discounted from the revenue of the fourth part of the entailed estate, that the said revenue shall be calculated, to know how much the tenth part amounts to; and the part which exceeds what is necessary to make up the million for Don Bartholomew shall be received by such of my family as may most stand in need of it, discounting it from said tenth, if their income do not amount to fifty thousand maravadises; and should any of these come to have an income of such amount, such a part shall be awarded them, as two persons chosen for the purpose, may determine along with Don Diego, or his heirs. Thus it is to be understood that the million which I leave to Don Bartholomew, comprehends the tenth of the whole revenue of the estate, which revenue is to be distributed among my nearest and most needy relations in the manner I have directed;

and when Don Bartholomew has an income of one million, and that nothing more shall be due to him on account of said fourth part, then Don Diego, my son, or the person who may be in possession of the estate, along with the two other persons which I shall herein point out, shall inspect the accounts, and so direct that the tenth of the revenue shall still continue to be paid to the most necessitous members of my family that may be found in this or any other quarter of the world, who shall be diligently sought out, and they are to be paid out of the fourth part from which Don Bartholomew is to derive his million; which sums are to be taken into account, and deducted from the said tenth, which should it amount to more, the overplus, as it arises from the fourth part, shall be given to the most necessitous person as aforesaid; and should it not be sufficient, that Don Bartholomew shall have it until his own estate goes on increasing, leaving the said million in part or in the whole.

Item: The said Don Diego my son, or whoever may be the inheritor, shall appoint two persons of conscience and authority, and most nearly related to the family, who are to examine the revenue and its amount carefully, and to cause the said tenth to be paid out of the fourth from which Don Bartholomew is to receive his million, to the most necessitated members of my family that may be found here or elsewhere, whom they shall look for diligently upon their consciences; and as it might happen that said Don Diego, or others after him, for reasons which may concern their own welfare or the credit and support of the estate, may be unwilling to make known the full amount of the income, nevertheless I charge him, on his conscience, to pay the sum aforesaid; and I charge them, on their souls and consciences, not to denounce or make it known, except with the consent of Don Diego, or the person that may succeed him; but let the above tithe be paid in the manner I have directed.

Item: In order to avoid all disputes in the choice of the two nearest relations who are to act with Don Diego or his heirs, I hereby elect Don Bartholomew my brother for one, and Don Fernando my son for the other; and when these two shall enter upon the business, they shall choose two other persons among the most trusty and most nearly related, and these again shall elect two others when it shall be question of commencing the examination; and thus it shall be managed with diligence from one to the other, as well in this, as in the other of government, for the service and glory of God, and the benefit of the said entailed estate.

Item: I also enjoin Diego, or any one that may inherit the estate, to have and maintain in the city of Genoa one person of our lineage to reside there with his wife, and appoint him a sufficient revenue to enable him to live decently, as a person closely connected with the family, of which he is to be the root and basis in that city, from which great good may accrue to him, inasmuch as I was born there and came from thence.

Item: The said Don Diego, or whoever shall inherit the estate, must remit in bills, or in any other way, all such sums as he may be able to save out of the revenue of the estate, and direct purchases to be made in his name, or that of his heirs, in a stock in the bank of St. George, which gives an interest of six per cent, and in secure money; and this shall be devoted to the purpose I am about to explain.

Item: As it becomes every man of property to serve God, either personally or by means of his wealth, and as all moneys deposited with St. George are quite safe, and Genoa is a noble city and powerful by sea, and as at the time that I undertook to set out upon the discovery of the Indies, it

was with the intention of supplicating the king and queen, our lords, that whatever moneys should be derived from the said Indies should be invested in the conquest of Jerusalem, and as I did so supplicate them, if they do this, it will be well; if not, at all events the said Diego, or such person as may succeed him in this trust, to collect together all the money he can and accompany the king, our lord, should he go to the conquest of Jerusalem, or else go there himself with all the force he can command; and in pursuing this intention it will please the Lord to assist towards the accomplishment of the plan; and should he not be able to effect the conquest of the whole, no doubt he will achieve it in part. Let him therefore collect and make a fund of all his wealth in St. George, of Genoa, and let it multiply there till such time as it may appear to him that something of consequence may be effected as respects the project on Jerusalem, for I believe that, when their highnesses shall see that this is contemplated, they will wish to realize it themselves, or will afford him, as their servant and vassal, the means of doing it for them.

Item: I charge my son Diego and my descendants, especially whoever may inherit this estate, which consists, as aforesaid, of the tenth of whatsoever may be had or found in the Indies, and the eighth part of the lands and rents, all which, together with my rights and emoluments as admiral, Viceroy and governor amount to more than 25 per cent,—I say that I require of him to employ all this revenue, as well as his person and all the means in his power, in well and faithfully serving and supporting their highnesses, or their successors, even to the loss of life and property; since it was their highnesses, next to God, who first gave me the means of getting and achieving this property; although it is true I came over to these realms to invite them to the enterprise, and that a long time elapsed before any provision was made for carrying it into execution; which, however, is not surprising, as this was an undertaking of which all the world was ignorant, and no one had any faith in it; wherefore I am by so much the more indebted to them, as well as because they have since also much favored and promoted me.

Item: I also require of Diego, or whomsoever may be in possession of the estate, that in the case of any schism taking place in the Church of God, or that any person of whatever class or condition should attempt to despoil it of its property and honors, they hasten to offer at the feet of his holiness, that is, if they are not heretics (which God forbid!) their persons, power and wealth for the purpose of suppressing such schism and preventing any spoliation of the honor and property of the church.

Item: I command the said Diego, or whoever may possess the said estate, to labor and strive for the honor, welfare, and aggrandizement of the city of Genoa, and to make use of all his power and means in defending and enhancing the good and credit of that republic in all things not contrary to the service of the church of God, or the high dignity of our king and queen, our lords, and their successors.

Item: The said Diego, or whoever may possess or succeed to the estate, out of the fourth part of the whole revenue, from which, as aforesaid, is to be taken the tenth, when Don Bartholomew or his heirs shall have saved the two millions, or part of them, and when the time shall come of making a distribution among our relations, shall apply and invest the said tenth in providing marriages for such daughters of our lineage as may require it, and in doing all the good in their power.

Item: When a suitable time shall arrive, he shall order a church to be built in the island of Hispaniola, and in the most convenient spot, to be called Santa Maria de la Concepcion; to which is to be annexed a hospital, upon the best possible plan, like those of Italy and Castile, and a chapel erected to say Mass in for the good of my soul, and those of my ancestors and successors with great devotion, since no doubt it will please the Lord to give us a sufficient revenue for this and the aforementioned purposes.

Item: I also order Diego my son, or whomsoever may inherit after him, to spare no pains in having and maintaining in the Island of Hispaniola four good professors of theology, to the end and aim of their studying and laboring to convert to our holy faith the inhabitants of the Indies; and in proportion as, by God's will, the revenue of the estate shall increase, in the same degree shall the number of teachers and devout increase, who are to strive to make Christians of the natives; in attaining which, no expense should be thought too great. And in commemoration of all that I hereby ordain, and of the foregoing, a monument of marble shall be erected in the said church of La Concepcion, in the most conspicuous place, to serve as a record of what I here enjoin on the said Diego, as well as to other persons who may look upon it; which marble shall contain an inscription to the same effect.

Item: I also require of Diego my son, and whomsoever may succeed him in the estate, that every time, and as often as he confesses, he first show this obligation, or a copy of it, to the confessor, praying him to read it through, that he may be enabled to inquire respecting its fulfillment; from which will redound great good and happiness to his soul.

S.
S. A. S.
X. M. Y.
EL ALMIRANTE.

The name, as subscribed, is in the anagrammatic form, in which according to the custom of his age, the admiral gave his signature. The abbreviations signify—" *Christus*, *Sancta Maria*, *Yosephus*, or *Salve me*, *Xristus*, *Maria*, *Yosephus*."

Can we wonder, after perusing this testament, that the Catholic heart of America pays tribute to the memory of its saintly discoverer? Can we wonder, in this fourth centennial, that the most eloquent outpourings of its affection are laid as flowers before his tomb? Witness this lesson from his life by the gifted poet and historian, Professor Maurice F. Egan of Notre Dame (Ind.) University, very happily entitled—

Columbus, the World-Giver.

Who doubts has met defeat ere blows can fall,
Who doubts must die with no palm in his hand,
Who doubts shall never be of that high band
Which clearly answers Present! to Death's call;

For Faith is life, and, though a funeral pall
Veil our fair Hope, and on our promised land
A mist malignant hang, if Faith but stand
Among our ruins, we shall conquer all.

O faithful soul! that knew no doubting low,
O Faith incarnate, lit by Hope's strong flame,
And led by Faith's own cross to dare all ill
And find our world!—but more than this we owe
To thy true heart; thy pure and glorious name
Is one clear trumpet-call to Faith and Will.

And again, read this glowing memento from the pen of Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, the illustrious bishop of Peoria, Illinois, whose brilliant literary eminence is only surpassed by his zeal and piety as a shepherd of the Catholic fold:

Columbus.

I.

"My men and brothers, westward lies our way:"
So spoke Columbus, looking on the sea
Which stretched before him to infinity;
And while he sailed he wrote these words each day,

As though, "West lies thy course," he heard God say,
With promise of the blessings which should be
When a New World had borne young Liberty,
As fair and fresh as flowers in month of May.

O God-appointed man! all hail to thee!
Thou other Moses of a chosen race,
Who out of darkness and captivity
Leadest the people from the tyrant's face
To where all men shall equal be and free,
And evil life alone shall be disgrace.

II.

Sail on, Columbus! sail right onward still,
O'er watery waste of trackless billows sail,
Nor let a doubting race make thy heart fail
Till a new world upglow beneath thy will.

Let storms break forth and driving winds be shrill.
But be thou steadfast when all others quail,
Still looking westward till the night grow pale,
And the long dreamed-of land thy glad eyes fill.

Sailor, still onward sail! God leads the way
Across the gloomy, fathomless dark sea,
Of man unvisited until thy day,
But which henceforth for the whole world shall be
The road to nobler life and wider sway,
Where tyrants perish and all men are free.

Chapter III.

THREE NOBLE SPANIARDS.

THE FEVER OF OCEAN DISCOVERY.—BRAVE ALONZO DE OJÉDA.—EXPEDITION TO CARTHAGENA.—WAR-LIKE NATIVES.—PROCLAMATION OF CATHOLIC FAITH.—ATTACK BY THE SAVAGES.—DEATH OF THE VENERABLE PILOT.—OJÉDA'S GALLANTRY AND ESCAPE.—THE FOUNDING OF SAN SEBASTIAN.—SHIPWRECK ON THE CUBAN COAST.—A DESPERATE MARCH.—THE VENERATED PICTURE OF OUR LADY.—A VOW AND ITS FULFILMENT.—DAYS OF DARKNESS.—DEATH OF A CATHOLIC CAVALIER.—VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA.—THE INDIAN PALACE OF COMAGRE.—SQUABBLING OVER THE BOOTY.—PHILOSOPHY OF A YOUNG CHIEF.—RUMORS OF THE GREAT SEA.—BALBOA'S WAR DOGS.—A DARING EXPEDITION.—DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.—JOY AND RELIGIOUS SOLEMNITY.—ARRIVAL OF AN ENEMY.—A MOCK TRIAL.—EXECUTION OF BALBOA.—ONE OF A TRIO.—PONCE DE LEON.—A CAREER OF ADVENTURE.—THE DELUSIVE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.—DISCOVERY OF THE LAND OF FLOWERS.—THE DISCOVERER SLAIN BY NATIVES.—A WARRIOR'S EPITAPH.—A CLUSTER OF DISCOVERERS.—SUMMARY OF THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

THE success of Christopher Columbus aroused not only Spain, but all Europe, to a fever of oceanic enterprise. In this new career France may dispute the second place with Portugal, England comes next, Holland and Sweden last.

The captains under all these powers were Catholics; the observances and spirit of each expedition were Catholic; the forms used by other nations in taking possession or in founding colonies were copied after those of Spain, and of course were Catholic. These grateful facts may be illustrated by some notice of the chief discoverers, usually called the "successors of Columbus," before we enter on the great theme of that Catholic missionary work to which they all served as pioneers.

The Spaniards themselves were the first to follow on in the path of discovery and exploration. Among the companions of Columbus on his second

voyage mention has already been made of Alonzo de Ojéda. At that time he is described as a dashing young cavalier, handsome in person, rather under the middle height, but well-formed, and of great strength and activity. He was a master of the art of war, an admirable horseman, and unmatched in the use of all kinds of weapons. "Bold of heart," says Irving, "free of spirit, open of hand, fierce in fight, quick in quarrel, but ever ready to forget and forgive an injury, he was destined, for a long time, to be the admiration of the wild and roving youth who flocked to the New World."

Before his departure from Spain, Ojéda had been introduced to Bishop Fonseca, and the prelate made him a gift of a little Flemish painting of the most Holy Virgin. In all his wanderings the devout young soldier carried this picture about him, and it rises to fame in the story of his adventures.

Columbus gave the command of all perilous enterprises to Ojéda—whether it was the work of exploring the unknown interior of Hispaniola, or the still weightier responsibility of holding an exposed position against the hostile savages. Nor could the work have been placed in braver hands, and his tact was such that where he failed no man might hope to succeed.

The accomplished cavalier was appointed commander of Fort St. Thomas, and his skill and intrepidity were tested in many an enterprise by the great admiral. In 1496 he sailed back to Spain in company with Columbus, and shortly afterward was placed in command of an independent squadron of four vessels. This expedition was as full of strife and danger as of achievements, and was succeeded by others until, November 10, 1509, Alonzo set sail from San Domingo with two ships, two brigantines and three hundred men, among those aboard being the old pilot, John de la Cosa, and Francis Pizarro, afterwards the conqueror of Peru. Ojéda's expedition soon reached the harbor of Carthagena, at present a city and seaport of New Grenada, in South America. De la Cosa had been there on a previous voyage, and he advised his chief of the warlike disposition of the natives. They fought with palm swords, he said, and tipped their arrows in a deadly poison.

Ojéda, accompanied by De la Cosa, some priests, and a part of his force, landed. A crowd of savages had gathered, and he advanced to meet them. He then ordered one of the missionaries to read the solemn formula which had been prepared for such an occasion. It began:

"I, Alonzo de Ojéda, servant of the high and mighty kings of Castile and Leon, civilizers of barbarous nations, their messenger and captain, notify and make known to you, in the best way I can, that God our Lord, One and

Eternal, created the Heavens and the earth, and one man and one woman, from whom you and we, and all the people of the earth, were and are descended, procreated, and all those who shall come after us; but the vast number of generations, which have proceeded from them in the course of more than 5,000 years that have elapsed since the creation of the world, made it necessary that some of the human race should disperse in one direction, and some in another, and that they should divide themselves into many kingdoms and provinces, as they could not sustain and preserve themselves in one alone.

"All these peoples were given in charge, by God our Lord, to one person, named St. Peter, who was thus made lord and superior of all the people of the earth, and head of the whole human lineage; whom all should obey, wherever they might live, and whatever might be their law, sect or belief. He gave him also the whole world for his service and jurisdiction; and though he desired that he should establish his chair in Rome, as a place most convenient for governing the world, yet he permitted that he might establish his chair in any other part of the world, and judge and govern all nations—Christians, Moors, Jews, Gentiles, and whatever other sect or belief might be. This person was denominated Pope, that is to say, Admirable, Supreme Father and Guardian, because he is the father and governor of all mankind. This Holy Father was obeyed and honored as lord, king, and superior of the universe by those who lived in his time, and in like manner have been obeyed and honored all those who have been elected to the pontificate; and thus it has continued to the present day, and will continue until the end of the world . . ."

The pious manifesto then calls on the savages to render obedience to the Spanish sovereigns, to take time to consider the truths of the Catholic faith, and to embrace them; and, finally, threatens them with severe punishment in case of obstinate refusal.

When the priest had finished reading this document, Ojéda made signs of friendship, and held up presents. The fierce, dusky warriors, however, were not to be thus easily won. Assuming a sullen air, they loudly sounded the note of battle. The commander's fiery nature was in a moment aroused. De la Cosa saw this, and entreated his chief to abandon a hostile shore, whose wild inhabitants fought like poisonous reptiles. But in vain was the wise advice of the faithful old pilot.

Ojéda hastily breathed a prayer to his Heavenly Patroness, brandished

his sword, and rushed on the savages. The brave De la Cosa and others followed. In a few minutes the rout was complete. Nor was this all. Ojéda pursued the flying Indians some ten or twelve miles into the interior, in spite of the remonstrances of his, more prudent lieutenant, who never left his side. At last, they came to a stronghold of the enemy. It was in a dense wood. With the old Castilian war-cry of "San Jago!" on his lips, Ojéda led his men, and charged furiously on the entrenched Indians. The savages fled in terror, and the rash pursuit was continued. Evening found the Spaniards in a village whose inhabitants had taken to the neighboring mountains. Carelessly dividing into bands, they roved about from house to house, and seized on everything of value. While thus engaged, an army of Indians closed on the scattered soldiers. Everywhere they were suddenly surrounded. The Spaniards fought like lions; but overwhelmed by numbers, they fell, one by one, beneath the heavy war-clubs and the poisoned arrows of the enraged savages.

On the first alarm, Ojéda collected a few soldiers and ensconced himself within a small enclosure, surrounded by palisades. He was closely besieged and galled by flights of arrows. He threw himself on his knees, covered himself with his buckler, and, being small and active, managed to protect himself from the deadly shower, but all his companions were slain by his side, sone of them perishing in frightful agonies. At this fearful moment the veteran De la Cosa, having heard of the peril of his commander, arrived with a few followers to his assistance. Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades, the brave old seaman kept the savages at bay, until most of his men were slain, and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojéda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. De la Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin, the straw roof of which he aided them to throw off, lest the enemy set it on fire.

Here he defended himself until all his comrades but one were destroyed. The subtile poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion. "Brother," said he, "since God has protected you from harm, sally forth and fly, and if ever you should see Alonzo de Ojéda, tell him of my fate!" And thus died the kind and hardy veteran, John de la Cosa, devoted, fearless, faithful and unflinching to the last gasp.

The Spaniards who remained on the ships were alarmed at the long delay of their commander and his detachment in the interior. Days passed, but the absent appeared not. Search was then made, and soon given up in despair. One day, however, as a party were coasting along, they came to a dense forest of mangrove trees that lined the shore. In the distance seemed a human figure lying on the matted roots. The men drew near, and found Ojéda! He was speechless, but still bravely grasped his sword and buckler. A fire was made, food and wine given him, and in a little while the hero recovered. He told his astonished hearers how, after he had succeeded in cutting a passage through crowds of Indians, that he found himself alone in the savage wilderness. He deplored his rashness, and his heart was ready to break when he recalled the awful fate of his faithful followers, and, above all, the intrepid De la Cosa. He boldly pushed on, however, and struck the coast line, which he endeavoured to follow in order to reach the ships. But his marvelous strength gave way, and at length he fell half dead to the earth. He attributed his escape to the Immaculate Virgin; and it cannot be denied that it was little short of miraculous. Not a scratch marked his person, though "his buckler bore the dints of upwards of three hundred arrows!"

The cavalier now hastened from the scene of his misfortunes, steered across the Gulf, and began a settlement on the coast of Darien. He founded a city which he called San Sebastian, as he said "in honor of the sainted martyr who was slain by arrows, hoping that he might protect the inhabitants from the empoisoned shafts of the savages." But the colony did not take root. Provisions grew scarce. The settlers lost heart, and the Indians daily grew bolder, in spite of the fearful punishments again and again inflicted on them by Ojéda, who "slew more of their warriors with his single arm than all his followers together."

In the midst of this gloomy state of affairs, a strange ship appeared in the harbor of San Sebastian; and Ojéda decided to board her, and seek aid for his struggling colony. He left Francis Pizarro in command, and sailed for San Domingo. The ship was wrecked on the southern coast of Cuba. It was a sad misfortune. The poor castaways were hundreds of miles from any Christian settlement, and their only course was to cut a pathway through the swamps, rivers, and tangled forests of Cuba, and then to cross the wide strait that separates it from Hispaniola.

Ojéda led the dreary march, and daily infused some of his own hardy spirit into the famished and exhausted travellers. At one point, a swamp

ninety miles in extent seemed to bar all further progress. Ojéda had daily offered his prayers before the Flemish painting of the Holy Virgin, and invited his companions to do the same; but now he vowed that if his Heavenly Patroness should conduct him safely through this peril, he would erect a chapel to her honor in the first Indian village he would reach, and leave her picture there as an object of veneration to the dusky children of the forest.

OJÉDA'S MADONNA.

When the sorely tired travellers, still guided by the iron figure of Ojéda, had cut their way through the frightful morass, it was found that only thirty-five out of the seventy men who left the ship survived. The rest had sunk beneath the burden of their miseries. A path led to an Indian village. The good old chief consoled the famished, toil-worn Spaniards, "and" says Las Casas, "almost worshipped them as if they were angels."

Ojéda built a chapel, placed his famous painting of the Holy Virgin above the altar; and after explaining the truths of the Catholic religion, he committed it to the care of the chief, who conceived a profound regard for the beautiful Madonna. When Las Casas, the celebrated missionary, visited this village at a later period, he found the little chapel preserved with the most religious care as a sacred place and the picture of the Holy Virgin regarded with fond admiration. The poor Indians crowded to attend Mass, which he performed at the altar; they listened attentively to his paternal instructions, and at his request brought their children to be baptized. The good Las Casas, having heard much of this famous relic of Ojéda, was desirous of obtaining possession of it, and offered to give the cacique, in exchange for it, an image of the Blessed Virgin which he had brought with him. The chieftain made an evasive answer and seemed much troubled in mind. The next morning he failed to make his appearance.

The missionary went to the chapel to celebrate Mass, but found the altar stripped of its precious relic. On inquiring he learned that in the night the cacique had fled to the woods, bearing off with him his beloved picture of the Madonna. It was in vain that Las Casas sent messengers after him, assuring him that he should not be deprived of the relic, but, on the contrary,

that the image should also be left with him as a gift. The cacique refused to come forth from the dark recesses of the forest; nor did he return to his village and replace the picture in the chapel until after the departure of the Spaniards.

To return to Ojéda. On reaching San Domingo he found himself greatly fallen in popular estimation. The ill success of his colony was received as a bad omen, and, without friends or fortune, he could do little. Poor health added to the ruin already made by poverty and hardship. The brilliant leader and discoverer sank into obscurity and poverty. But his end was marked by the humble piety of a brave Christian cavalier. Religion, which in more prosperous days had shone on his wild and adventurous pathway, still cheered his intrepid spirit and brightened the last hours of life. Humility and true valor are commonly found inseparable. In expiation of his past pride, Ojéda requested, with dying lips, to be buried under the portal of the monastery of St. Francis, at San Domingo, "that every one who entered might tread upon his grave." And thus passed away from this world Alonzo de Ojéda, the protégé of the Blessed Virgin, the fearless leader of many a bold and desperate charge, and one of the most dauntless men that ever stood on the shores of the New World.

Another Spanish discoverer who merits especial mention is Vincent Nuñez, also called Balboa from the city of his birth. At the age of twenty-five he sailed for the New World, and, after some unprofitable wandering, turned farmer in Hispaniola. But fortune refusing to smile on his toil, he was forced to escape from his creditors by having himself smuggled on board a vessel bound for Panama, in 1510. He was a brave and worthy gentleman, however, and soon rose to leadership and distinction in the new Spanish settlements. In time he became a commander in the colony of Darien, but space will not allow of a record of all his exploits and adventures. One incident among the rest imperatively demands a place. On a certain expedition the commander made a friendly visit to the chief of Comagre, who must have been an important personage as it is said he could muster 3,000 warriors in the field. His dominions lay at the foot of a lofty mountain, in a beautiful plain twelve leagues in extent. On the approach of Balboa,

THE CHIEF OF COMAGRE.

the cacique came forth to meet him, attended by seven sons, all fine young men. He was followed by his principal chiefs and warriors, and by a multitude of his people. The Spaniards were conducted with great ceremony to the village, where quarters were assigned them, and they were furnished with abundance of provisions, and men and women were appointed to attend upon them.

The dwelling of the cacique surpassed any they had yet seen, for magnitude, and for the skill and solidity of the architecture. It was 150 paces in length and 80 in breadth, founded upon great logs, surrounded with a stone wall; while the upper part was of woodwork, curiously interwoven and wrought with such beauty as to cause surprise and admiration. It contained many commodious apartments. There were store-rooms also; one filled with bread, with venison, and other provisions; another with various spirituous beverages which the Indians made from maize, from a species of the palm, and from roots of different kinds.

There was also a great hall in a retired and secret part of the building, wherein the dusky ruler preserved the bodies of his ancestors and relatives. These had been dried by the fire, so as to insure them against decay, and afterwards wrapped in mantles of cotton, richly wrought and interwoven with pearls and jewels of gold, and with certain stones held precious by the natives. They were then hung about the hall with cords of cotton, and regarded with great reverence, if not with religious devotion.

The chief's eldest son was distinguished above the rest by his lofty, generous spirit and superior intelligence. Seeing, writes old Peter Martyr, that the Spaniards were a "wandering kind of men, living only by shifts and spoils," he sought to gain their favor by gifts of the precious metal. He presented Balboa with 4,000 ounces of gold in various forms.

The commander ordered the treasure to be weighed, one-fifth to be set apart for the crown, and the rest to be distributed among his followers. The gold was weighed in the porch of the chief's residence, and in presence of the youthful donor. While this was going on a violent quarrel arose among the Spaniards as to the size and value of the pieces which fell to their respective shares. The young cacique was disgusted on beholding such a sordid brawl among beings whom he had regarded with such reverence. Seized by an impulse of disdain, he struck the scales with his hand, and scattered the glittering gold about the porch.

"Why," he exclaimed, "do you quarrel about such a trifle? If this

gold is, indeed, so precious in your eyes that for it alone you abandon your homes, invade the peaceful lands of others, and expose yourselves to such sufferings and dangers, I will tell you of a region where you may gratify your wishes to the utmost. Behold those lofty mountains," he continued, pointing to the south, "beyond these lies a mighty sea which may be discerned from their summit. It is navigated by a people who have vessels almost as large as yours. The streams that flow down to the sea abound in gold. The kings who rule on its shores eat and drink out of golden vessels."

Balboa inquired how this rich region could be reached.

"The task," replied the young chief, "is both difficult and dangerous. You must pass through the territories of many powerful caciques, who will oppose you with hundreds of warriors. Some of the mountains are infested by fierce and cruel cannibals. But, above all, you will have to encounter the great cacique Tubanama, whose territories are at the distance of six days' journey, and more rich in gold than any other province. He will be sure to come forth against you with a mighty force. To succeed in such an enterprise would require at least one thousand men armed like those whom you now command."

The young chief also gave some further information, and even offered to accompany Balboa with his father's warriors.

This was the first information which the Spaniards received concerning the great Pacific Ocean, and the rich and extensive country afterwards known by the name of Peru. Balboa had now before him objects worthy of his ambition and the enterprising ardor of his bright and active genius. Nor was the Faith forgotten.

Before leaving Comagre, Balboa had the happiness of receiving its wise and distinguished cacique into the Church. The dusky ruler was baptised by the name of Don Carlos. His sons and many of his people followed his example. Thus did religion and the spirit of discovery go hand in hand.

Balboa now concluded that the ocean which the young chief mentioned was no other than that for which Columbus had searched without success in this part of America, in hopes of opening a more direct communication with the East Indies; and he surmised that the rich territory which had been described to him must be part of that vast and opulent region of the earth. He was elated with the idea of performing what so great a man had in vain attempted. The thought of such an enterprise aroused his spirit and ennobled his character. Besides, he was also eager to accomplish a discovery which he

knew would be no less acceptable to the king than beneficial to his country; and was impatient till he could set out upon this undertaking, in comparison with which all his former exploits appeared inconsiderable.

With these thoughts nerving him to action, Balboa carefully chose one hundred and ninety hardy and resolute followers—men devoted to his person and fortune. He armed them with swords, cross-bows and arquebuses. Nor did he conceal from them the dangers that might have to be encountered; but the bold spirit of the early Spanish adventurers always rose with the difficulties of their position. They were ready to follow their intrepid leader to the ends of the earth. A number of Darien Indians were likewise added to the force for the expedition. Such was the motley armament that set out in quest of the Pacific Ocean!

It was the 6th of September, 1513. In the little Indian port of Coyba, on the east side of the Isthmus, there lay rocking on the quiet waves a brigantine and nine large canoes—the little fleet which had just transported Balboa and his force from Darien to this point. All felt it was a day of great importance. Early in the morning Holy Mass was celebrated, and even the least devout prayed that God would bless the expedition with success.

Balboa left about half his men to guard the vessels, and with the rest struck into the interior. The Isthmus of Darien—now called Panama—is not above seventy miles in breadth; but this neck of land, which binds together the grand divisions of North and South America, is barricaded by a chain of lofty mountains stretching through its whole extent. The mountains at that day were covered with forests almost inaccessible. The valleys in such a moist climate, where it rains during two-thirds of the year, are marshy, and so frequently overflowed, that the inhabitants find it necessary, in many places, to build their houses upon trees, in order to be elevated at some distance from the damp soil and the reptiles engendered in the putrid waters. From the high grounds large rivers rush down with an impetuous current. And in a region then inhabited by wandering savages, the hand of industry had done nothing to correct those natural disadvantages.

To march across this unexplored country with no other guides than Indians—whose fidelity could be little trusted—was, perhaps, the boldest enterprise on which the Spaniards had hitherto ventured in the New World. But the intrepidity of Balboa was such as distinguished him among his countrymen at a period when every explorer was conspicuous for daring courage. Nor was bravery his only merit. He was prudent in conduct, generous,

courteous, and possessed of those popular talents which in the most desperate undertakings inspire confidence and secure attachment.

The commander no sooner advanced into the interior of the country than he found his pathway strewed with numberless obstacles. Roads there were none. Some of the caciques, at his approach, fled to the mountains with all their people, and carried off or destroyed whatever could afford subsistence to his troops. Others collected their wild subjects in order to oppose his progress. In short, he quickly learned what an arduous undertaking it was to lead such a body of men across swamp and river, through wood and wilderness, over plain and mountain, which had never been pressed but by the feet of straggling savages. But by sharing in every hardship with the meanest soldier, by being first to meet every danger, by promising confidently to his little force the enjoyment of honor and riches superior to what had been attained by the most successful of their countrymen, he inspired them with such enthusiastic bravery that they followed him without a murmur.

When the Spaniards had penetrated a good way into the mountains, a powerful chief appeared in a narrow pass with a large body of warriors, armed with bows and arrows, spears and war-clubs made of palm, which were almost as hard and heavy as iron. The hostile savages looked with contempt on the handful of white, exhausted travelers, raised the war-cry, and with fury rushed to the attack. Balboa and his men, like a wall, withstood the impetuous onset. The first fire of the Spanish guns filled the dusky horde with alarm. They broke and ran. The Spaniards pursued. At the end of the conflict the chief and six hundred Indians lay dead on the battle-field, and many more were taken prisoners.

The troops then marched to the village of the slain cacique and took possession of a large quantity of gold and jewels. Balboa reserved one-fifth for the king and made a liberal division of the rest among his exhausted followers. They had now reached the foot of the last mountain that separated them from a view of the Pacific Ocean. In the recent engagement several of the Spaniards were wounded, and others were so worn out with fatigue that they could go no farther. After a careful examination of his force the commander found but sixty-seven men who were in sufficient health and spirits to continue their long and toilsome march. Though the guides had represented the breadth of the Isthmus to be only a journey of six days, they had already spent twenty in forcing their way over mountains and through the trackless wilderness. It was evening, and all retired to rest.

The day had scarcely dawned when Balboa and his followers set forth from the Indian village and began to climb the height. It was severe and rugged toil for men so way-worn; but they were filled with new ardor as the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships. About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended, and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence from which, they said, the Southern Sea was visible.

Upon this, Balboa commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit, the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock, and forest, and green savannas, and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

It was, in truth, a scene glorious and picturesque. The brave Balboa fell upon his knees, raised his eyes to Heaven, and thanked the good God for being the first European to make such a great discovery. He invited his troops to ascend.

"My brothers," he exclaimed, "behold the object of all our desires, and the reward of all our toils. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and, by the favor of Christ, you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever came to the Indies; you will render the greatest service to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith!"

This warm, eloquent address produced profound emotion. The soldiers embraced their heroic commander, and promised to follow him even to death itself. The chaplain, Father Andrew de Vara, then lifted up his voice and chanted the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving to the Almighty Ruler of the universe. "The rest, kneeling down," writes the Protestant Irving, "joined in

the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy ; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar than from the mountain summit. It was, indeed, one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards."

Balboa called his companions to witness that he took possession of the sea, islands, and surrounding territory, in the name of the Catholic sovereigns of Castile. A testimonial to that effect was drawn up, and signed by the sixty-seven men. He then cut down a tall tree, made a cross, and raised the august sign of the redemption on the very spot whence he first saw the vast expanse of water.

BALBOA CLAIMS THE PACIFIC.

The Spaniards held on their course, descended the mountain, and through many obstacles forced their way to the shore. The wild waters lay in sombre silence. No sail met the eye. A great bay extended as far as the vision could reach, and it being St. Michael's day, Balboa, in the spirit of a true Catholic, gave it the name of Gulf of St. Michael, the name by which it is known even to day. At that hour the tide was out, but the commander waited till the surging deep swept in almost to his feet. He then took a banner, upon which were painted the images of

the Most Blessed Virgin and the Holy Infant, and under them the arms of Castile, and, drawing his sword, he marched into the sea, until the water was knee-deep, and called upon all to witness that he took solemn possession for the Spanish Sovereigns. The notary of the expedition drew up the usual document, which was signed by those present. Then all stooped down and tasted the waters, and again returned thanks to heaven. Balboa finally cut three crosses on three adjacent trees, in honor of the Holy Trinity, and in token that he had discovered and taken possession of the great Pacific Ocean.

The remainder of Balboa's life was as sad as it was brief. His first care was to send home the news of his discovery, and to demand reinforcements for the conquest of Peru. King Ferdinand, with his usual hateful policy, appointed another governor over the territories added by Balboa to his crown, while the immortal pioneer himself was tardily assigned the subordinate position of lieutenant-governor. But Balboa did not complain. He received the new governor—a cruel, intriguing courtier named Davila—with all the respect due to his position.

It could scarcely be hoped that harmony would long prevail among men so different in merit, temper, and genius, as Balboa and Davila. From the first Davila exhibited feelings of jealousy. Dissensions were frequent, and the colony suffered in consequence. The bishop of Darien, for a time, succeeded in reconciling the governor and his lieutenant. When Balboa promised to marry Davila's daughter, it was thought the reconciliation would be lasting.

The discoverer of the Pacific now hastened preparations for the conquest at Peru. Not finding suitable timber for ship-building on the Pacific coast, he had it cut on the Atlantic seaboard. It was then dragged piece by piece over the rugged, lofty mountains of the isthmus. Even anchors and rigging were thus conveyed, and it need scarcely be said that the toil was extreme. At length, four vessels manned by three hundred chosen men were ready to sail, when Balboa received an unexpected message from Davila, requesting his immediate presence.

He at once hastened to Alca to meet the governor, never for a moment suspecting the murderous treachery of the man. While on the way he was arrested by his old companion Francis Pizarro, and cast into prison. A mock trial began, and Balboa was condemned to death, on the false charge of meditating rebellion. But the notable discoverer repelled the charge with virtuous indignation; and, fixing his eye on the brutal Davila, he exclaimed:

"Had I been conscious of my guilt, what could have induced me to come

here and put myself into your hands? Had I meditated rebellion, what prevented me from carrying it into effect? I had four ships ready to weigh anchor, three hundred brave men at my command, and an open sea before me. What had I to do but to spread sail and press forward? There was no doubt of finding a land, whether rich or poor, sufficient for me and mine, far beyond the reach of your control. In the innocence of my heart, however, I came here promptly at your mere request, and my reward is insult—slander—chains!"

In violation of all forms of justice, Balboa was condemned to death. But he met his unhappy fate like a brave man and a true Catholic; and after making a last humble confession and receiving Holy Communion, he was beheaded in 1517, at the rude town of Alca, almost in sight of the cross on the mountain that bore witness to his immortal discovery.

To complete a noble trio of Spanish pioneers some account must also be given of John Ponce de Leon, a cavalier who had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage. The early years of this gallant gentleman had been devoted to arms, and in his native Spain he had served in many a campaign against the Moors. Nor was he long in the New World when he also acquired fame as a skilled Indian fighter.

Ponce de Leon was appointed to the command of a province embracing the eastern extremity of Hispaniola. A neighboring island, hitherto unexplored, could be seen in the distance. It was Porto Rico, whose lofty mountains were clothed with forest trees of prodigious size and magnificent foliage. The climate was healthy. Precious metals abounded, and silvery streams flowed down through wild valleys full of romantic scenery.

All this Ponce de Leon discovered on exploring the country in 1508. The next thing was to conquer it. The king, indeed, made him governor; but the Indians battled bravely for their island paradise. It was only after much fighting and many hardships that he became master of Porto Rico.

It is singular that among his most successful "warriors was a dog named *Berezillo*, renowned for courage, strength, and sagacity. It is said that he could distinguish those of the Indians who were allies from those who were enemies of the Spaniards. To the former he was docile and friendly, to the latter fierce and implacable. He was the terror of the natives, who were unaccustomed to powerful and ferocious animals, and did more service in this wild warfare than could have been rendered by several soldiers. This

famous dog was killed some years afterwards by a poisoned arrow, as he was swimming in the sea in pursuit of a Carib Indian!"

In the course of time, however, Ponce de Leon was relieved of the command of Porto Rico. But the old cavalier looked about for some new undertaking. Age could not tame his restless spirit, and his head was soon filled with one of the most romantic enterprises in early American history. He had learned from some wandering Indians of a country in the northwest—a land abounding in riches and possessing a river of such marvellous virtue that a bath in its healing waters restored decrepit age to the bloom, vigor, and beauty of youth.

"Ponce de Leon," says Irving, "listened to these tales with fond credulity. He was advancing in life, and the ordinary term of existence seemed insufficient for his mighty plans. Could he but plunge into this gifted river and come out with his battered, war-worn body restored to the strength, and freshness, and suppleness of youth, and his head still retaining the wisdom and knowledge of age, what enterprises might he not accomplish in the additional course of vigorous years insured to him."

It may seem incredible at the present day that a man of years and experience could yield any faith to a story which resembles the wild fiction of an Arabian tale; but the wonders and novelties breaking upon the world in that age of discovery almost realized the illusions of fable.

So fully convinced was the worthy old cavalier of the existence of the region described to him that he fitted out three ships at his own expense to prosecute the discovery, nor had he any difficulty in finding adventurers in abundance ready to cruise with him in quest of this fairy-land.

He steered from the Island of Porto Rico, and after sailing to the northwest for over three weeks, he discovered an unknown country, decked in blooming flowers and covered with magnificent forests. It was Easter Sunday—called by the Spaniards Pascua Florida—the 27th of March, 1512. The veteran Catholic pioneer named the new land Florida, a name retained to this day. He took possession of the country for the Spanish sovereigns. The Indians proved fierce and warlike, and, after looking in vain for the river of youth, he turned his steps homeward.

Ponce de Leon was received with much honor at the Spanish court, and King Ferdinand bestowed on him the title of Governor of Florida. Nine years passed away, however, before he resolved to settle and develop the resources of the new country. Aroused to fresh exertion by the news of the

brilliant achievements of Cortés in Mexico, he fitted out an expedition and landed on the coast of Florida. A sharp encounter with the savages followed. The governor, mortally wounded, was borne on board of his ship, which sailed for Cuba. He died, shortly after landing at that island, in 1521.

"Thus fate," says a Spanish writer, "delights to reverse the schemes of man. The discovery that Ponce de Leon flattered himself was to lead to a means of perpetuating his life, had the ultimate effect of hastening his death."

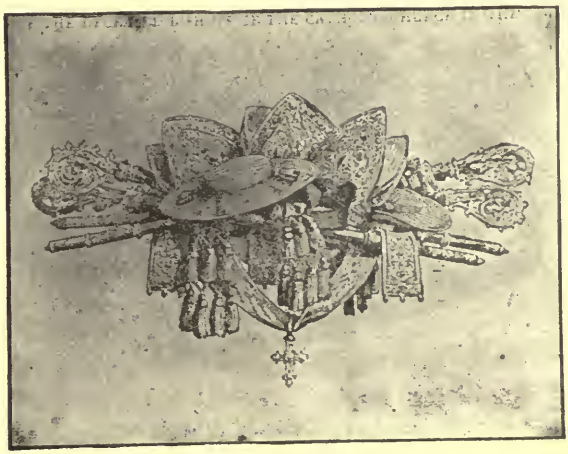
It is true the old warrior failed to find the fountain of youth, but he immortalized his name by discovering Florida. The epitaph on his monument is a fair summary of his fearless character: "In this tomb rest the bones of a man who was a lion by name, and still more by nature."

But many volumes might be filled in recounting the deeds of those pioneers of the New World. Nor was Spain the only nation that sent her brave captains into this field of discovery and exploration. Farther southward still the Portuguese discoverers, Cabral and Orellana, carried on the work. Finally, on the utmost southern cape, the pious Magellan planted the Cross. In all the Portugese voyages the same religious characteristics prevailed as in those of the Spaniards.

At the North we also meet with the Italian genius in Verazzano and the two Cabots, father and son. The latter were in the service of England; but as yet England was Catholic, and the creed of an Italian was no bar to his employment. Jacques Cartier, De Soto, Champlain and La Salle are of a later day, and will each be fittingly noticed in the order of time. In all the attributes that distinguish manly character—as courage, energy, fortitude—these Catholic discoverers were eminent. In piety, virtue, integrity, they will bear comparison with any equal number of the world's great men. They were not free from faults, but neither did their faults outnumber their virtues. They were not all good missionaries, but they were a brood of eagles, penetrating farther and farther into the wilderness as population pressed on from behind. Most of them died in the regions they had marked out for their own. None of them fared better than Columbus—not one of them ruled in his posterity. In the islands or on the mainland, with two exceptions, their unknown graves are scattered in solitary places, and the names they dreamed to make immortal are now almost un-

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

known. But assuredly they shall not be forgotten by us who are of the same sacred Household—for they were all Catholics, who undertook their daring ventures from Catholic motives, and who only succeeded in them through Catholic co-operation.



Chapter IV.

CONQUEST AND CONVERSION OF MEXICO.

YOUTH OF HERNANDO CORTÉS.—A ROVING AND GALLANT CAREER.—PLANNING A MIGHTY ENTERPRISE.—THE EXPEDITION SETS FORTH.—UNDER THE VELVET BANNER.—IN THE LAND OF MONTEZUMA.—GIFTS FROM AN EMPEROR.—"ON TO MEXICO!"—A LEGION OF BARBARIAN ALLIES.—THE INVADER AS A MISSIONARY.—ENTERING THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.—ENCOMPASSED WITH DANGER.—SEIZURE OF THE DUSKY MONARCH.—THE SPANIARDS IN A DILEMMA.—AN ARMY TO ARREST CORTÉS.—SAFETY PLUCKED OUT OF DANGER.—A CITY IN ARMS.—FIERCE BATTLES WITH THE NATIVES.—MONTEZUMA KILLED BY ACCIDENT.—SCENES OF BLOOD AND TERROR.—FIGHTING AGAINST FEARFUL ODDS.—CORTÉS SLAYS A COMMANDER.—LAYING SIEGE TO MEXICO CITY.—A STUBBORN INVESTMENT.—SHIPS HAULED OVER MOUNTAIN-TOPS.—THE CITY IS DESPERATELY WON.—THE CHRISTIAN POLICY OF THE CONQUEROR.—HIS HONORS AND FURTHER CAREER.—LAST SCENE OF ALL.—MEXICO IS CATHOLICIZED.—NINE MILLION CONVERTS IN TWENTY YEARS.

AS one of the chief factors in the Spanish settlement of this continent, as well as in the evangelization of millions of its aborigines, the wonderful conquest of Mexico demands a special notice. Among the crowd that greeted Columbus at the wharf of San Domingo, after his escape, on his last voyage, from the wreck at Jamaica, might be noticed a handsome, well-educated young man of distinguished bearing, who seemed to take an unusual interest in the venerable discoverer. This was Hernando Cortés, who had lately arrived in Hispaniola.

He was born in 1485, at Medellin, a little town in Spain. His parents, Don Martin Cortés and Doña Catharine Pizarro, belonged to ancient families, and were persons of worth, virtue, and distinction. Hernando was educated for the law, and spent two years at the University of Salamanca;

but his daring nature inclined him to a life of adventure, and he afterwards adopted the profession of arms. In 1504, at the age of nineteen, he received some money and the tender blessing of his father and mother, and sailed in an expedition to the New World.

On arriving at Hispaniola, young Cortes was well received by his kinsman, Governor Ovando, who employed him in helping to put down a rebellion among the Indians. It was here he gained his first experience in savage warfare. When, in 1511, Velasquez undertook to subdue and colonize Cuba, Cortés joined the enterprise, and so distinguished himself that he received a handsome reward for his services in large grants of lands and Indians.

Cortés now settled down in Cuba, lived on his estate, devoted himself to agriculture, was appointed a magistrate, and married a beautiful lady named Doña Catherine Juarez. Time had moulded, ripened, and improved his restless character. Good temper and soldierly frankness were now accompanied by calm prudence in concerting his schemes, by persevering vigor in executing them, and by what is a peculiar gift of superior genius—the art of gaining the confidence and governing the minds of men.

HERNANDO CORTÉZ.

To all these were added the smaller accomplishments that strike the vulgar, and command their respect — a graceful person, a winning countenance, remarkable skill in warlike exercises, and a constitution of such iron vigor as to be capable of enduring any fatigue. Such was Cortes at the age of thirty-three, when he was selected by Governor Velasquez to add the recently discovered empire of Mexico to the provinces of Spain.

The future conqueror expressed his warm thanks for the commission; but Velasquez had no sooner granted the document, than the whispering of evil tongues inclined him to revoke it. He suddenly grew jealous. He seemed to fear that his dashing and sagacious lieutenant would deprive him of all the glory of the enterprise. Cortés, however, maintained his command in defiance of the governor.

Never, perhaps, was a great enterprise begun with so little regard for its difficulties and dangers. The fleet consisted of eleven small vessels, and six hundred and seventeen men. Only thirteen soldiers had muskets. Thirty-two were cross-bowmen, and the rest were armed with spears and swords. The cavalry and artillery were summed up in twelve horses and ten small pieces of cannon.

The chief banner of the expedition was of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a red cross on black ground, sprinkled with blue and white flames, and underneath was the motto: "Let us follow the Cross, and in that sign we shall conquer."

The fleet was placed under the protection of St. Peter, the patron saint of Cortés. Holy Mass was celebrated early in the morning by the chaplain of the expedition, Father Bartholomew de Olmedo, O. S. F., and on the 18th of February, 1519, the trumpet sounded for departure, and the armament bore away towards Mexico.

After touching at the island of Cozumel—where he had the good fortune to redeem Jerome de Aguilar, a Spanish ecclesiastic who had been eight years a captive among the Indians, and who afterwards proved extremely useful as an interpreter—Cortés doubled Cape Catoche, swept down the broad Bay of Campeachy, and cast anchor at the mouth of the little river Tabasco.

The shore was lined with Indians. The general asked permission to land, but he was answered with angry gestures and shouts of defiance. He disembarked, however, and at once found himself surrounded by crowds of enemies. The hard-contested battle of Cintla was fought after Mass on the festival of the Annunciation. Forty thousand Indians made frantic efforts to crush the handful of Spaniards, but Cortés, by a bold flank movement, at the head of the cavalry, turned the scales of victory. The savages were completely routed.

"It was not long," said Prescott, describing this brilliant charge, "before the ears of the Christians were saluted with the cheering war-cry of San Jago and San Pedro! and they beheld the bright helmets and swords of the Castilian chivalry flashing back the rays of the morning sun, as they dashed through the ranks of the enemy, striking to the right and left, and scattering dismay around them. The eye of faith, indeed, could discern the patron saint of Spain himself, mounted on his gray war-horse, leading the rescue and trampling over the bodies of the fallen infidels!"

The terror-stricken Tabascans humbly submitted, acknowledged the king of Spain as their sovereign, made liberal presents to the victors, and gave all the information in their power about Mexico. Nor did Cortéz forget that the spread of the Catholic religion was one of the first objects of the expedition. He broke down the idols, and set up crosses. The priests instructed the Indians, who embraced the Faith in large numbers. On Palm Sunday there was a solemn procession of the whole army, "each soldier bearing a palm-branch in his hand."

Next day the Spaniards returned to their ships, and coasted along towards the northwest till they came to the harbor of San Juan de Ulloa. Here they disembarked, and were visited by some Mexican officers, with whom Cortéz entered into negotiations regarding a visit to Montezuma, who then ruled with nearly absolute sway over the empire of Mexico. Montezuma sent the Spanish general rich presents—among which were a basket of gold and silver ornaments, some boxes filled with pearls, and two large circular plates of massive gold, one representing the sun and the other the moon—but objected to his visiting the capital.

Cortéz, however, resolved upon seeing the emperor in his capital and was not to be daunted by opposition. "This is indeed a rich and powerful prince," he remarked to his officers, "but it shall go hard if we do not one day pay him a visit." Having founded the town of Vera Cruz—or the True Cross—and burned all his ships but one, so that his troops could not return, and must henceforth conquer or perish, the hero, with a force reduced to four hundred Spaniards and a considerable number of Indians, lent him by dissatisfied chiefs dependent upon Montezuma, prepared to march for the city of Mexico. Before departing, he made an address to his soldiers, some of whom were discontented.

"As for me," he said in conclusion, "I have chosen my part. I will remain here while there is one soldier to bear me company. If there be any so craven as to shrink from sharing the dangers of our glorious enterprise, let them go home, in God's name. There is still one vessel left. Let them take that, and return to Cuba. They can tell how they deserted their commander and their comrades, and patiently wait till we return loaded with the spoils of the Mexicans."

This address had a magical effect. Shouts of "On to Mexico!" resounded through the camp, and the line of march was begun on the 16th of August, 1519. The hardy veterans scaled the table-lands of Mexico amid sleet and

hail, and erected crosses as they passed along. "The route of the army," says Prescott, "might be tracked by these emblems of man's salvation."

On coming to the proud little republic of Tlascala, Cortéz requested permission to pass through the country on his way to the capital of Mexico. He was refused, and had to vanquish two large armies before the Tlascalans recognized his power and genius, and became his friends and faithful allies.

The Spanish general continued his march with his forces swelled by 6,000 Tlascalan warriors. He next came to the beautiful city of Cholula, the sanctuary of the Mexican idols. Here he learned of a bold plot to massacre his whole force, but, heading off the treacherous barbarians, he fell on them like a flash of lightning, in swift and terrible chastisement. The slaughter lasted for two days. The dead bodies of six thousand Cholulans filled the city with terror, and carried dismay into the very heart of the empire.

The Spaniards and their allies pressed on through a lofty country of picturesque grandeur. For a few leagues the way led up the steep side of a great volcanic mountain, then in a state of eruption, although its fires are now extinguished. A dense forest for a time impeded their march, then, as they ascended, vegetation ceased, and they passed within the line of everlasting snow. At length, rounding a shoulder of the mountain, the great Valley of Mexico, seen afar, in that clear air, spread itself before them in all its glory of lake and city, of garden and forest, and cultivated plain. It was a vision never to be forgotten. Cortéz was received with great pomp by the emperor in person. He was conducted to a vast palace. "You are now," said the politic Mexican ruler, "with your brothers in your own house. Refresh yourself after your fatigues, and be happy till I return."

Cortés and his companions entered the capital on the 18th day of November, 1519. It had been well said that in a time of great festivity, they would have formed but a poor and mean sacrifice to have been offered to the Mexican gods. The population of the celebrated city—then the greatest in the New World—was estimated at 300,000 souls.

It was built on islands in a shallow salt-water lake, and was approached by three principal causeways of about thirty feet in breadth, and constructed of solid masonry. At the end of these causeways were wooden draw-bridges, so that in time of war communication could be cut off between the causeways and the city, which would thus become a citadel. There were numerous temples, and the royal palaces were vast and magnificent. The market-place accommodated fifty thousand people.

In the evening, Montezuma returned to visit his guests. He came in great state, and brought valuable presents to Cortés and his men. A long conference then followed with the Spanish general, in which the Mexican monarch freely expressed his opinion of the strangers. Among the Mexicans it was an established tradition, he told Cortés, that their ancestors came originally from a remote region, and conquered the countries now subject to his rule, and that after they were settled there, the great captain who conducted this colony returned to his own country, promising that at some future period his descendants would visit them, assume the government, and reform their laws and constitution.

From what he had seen and heard of the Spaniards, Montezuma said in conclusion, he had no doubt that they were the very persons whose appearance the Mexican traditions and prophecies taught him to expect; and hence he had received them, not as strangers, but as relations of the same blood and parentage, and desired that they might consider themselves as masters in his dominions, for both himself and his subjects would be ready to show them all due honor. The reply of the Spanish commander was eloquent, cautious, and dignified.

The next day Cortés paid a visit to Montezuma. This time the conversation was not political. It was religious. Our hero was a man of deep and ardent faith. As a true knight he would have shed the last drop of his blood for the glory of God and the Catholic Church. Indeed, the pages of history might be searched in vain for the name of any conquerer who was more deeply imbued with the missionary spirit than the wise and fearless Cortés.

The commander-in-chief was not unpracticed in expounding the truths of Faith. He related to Montezuma the wonderful story of Christianity, stated why the Spaniards honored the cross, gave expression to his hatred and scorn for the vile idols of Mexico, and informed the dusky emperor that these idols had given way before the cross. He then spoke of the creation, of Adam and Eve, and the universal brotherhood of man; and said that his king in the true spirit of such brotherhood, grieving over the loss of souls, had sent the Spaniards to prevent the adoration of idols and the revolting sacrifice of men and women. The ministers of the good and all-powerful God, he concluded, would come after him to instruct the Mexicans in these holy things.

"I have had a perfect understanding," replied Montezuma, "of all the discourse and reasonings which you have addressed before now to my subjects

upon the subject of your God, and in relation to the cross. We have not responded to any of these things, for from the beginning here we have adored our gods, and have held them to be good gods; and so, no doubt, are yours. But do not take the trouble, at present, to say anything more about them to us." The royal pagan then concluded with a most courteous reference to the Spanish sovereign.

Several days were now employed in viewing the city. Its appearance filled the Spaniards with surprise and admiration. There could be seen the vast market-place, with its thousands of buyers and sellers. Cortés visited the great temple of the Mexican god of war, at the entrance of which he was received by Montezuma and his priests and nobles. The party ascended to the pinnacle, and the view was beautiful.

While enjoying the grandeur of the scene, Cortés turned to his venerable companion, Father de Olmedo, and said: "It appears to me, Reverend Father, that we might just make a trial of Montezuma, and see if he would let us set up our church here." The wiser Franciscan replied that it would be very well to make the request if there were any hope of its being granted; just then did not seem to be an opportune moment, and the Mexican ruler would most likely give a decided refusal. The Spanish general abandoned the idea, and merely asked Montezuma to permit the strangers to see his gods. For the first time a Christian entered those dread abodes of idolatry.

In a tower they beheld two hideous figures seated on an altar under a canopy. One had a broad face, wide mouth, and terrible eyes; the other had a countenance like that of a bear. Before these idols were burning eight real hearts of men who had that day been sacrificed. The walls were black with clotted blood. The stench was sickening. In short, it was a sight awful and revolting, and Cortés did not attempt to conceal his just and Christian indignation. The Spaniards marched back to their quarters, sickened and saddened, but somewhat enlightened as to the nature and barbarous customs of the men by whom they were surrounded.

Cortés felt the peculiar danger and delicacy of his situation. From a concurrence of circumstances, no less unexpected than favorable to his progress, he had been allowed with a handful of soldiers to penetrate into the heart of a powerful empire, without having once met with open opposition from its ruler. He was now lodged in its capital. The Tlascalans, however, had earnestly dissuaded the Spaniards from placing such confidence in Montezuma as to enter a city so singularly situated as Mexico, where that monarch would

have them at his mercy, shut up as it were in a snare, from which it was impossible to escape.

They assured the Spaniards that the Mexican priests had—in the name of the gods—counseled their sovereign to admit the strangers into the capital, that he might cut them off at one blow, with perfect security. Cortés only too plainly perceived that the apprehension of his allies was not destitute of foundation ; that by breaking the bridges placed at certain distances on the causeways, the retreat of his band of Castilians would be next to impossible, and that he would have to remain cooped up in the centre of a hostile city, surrounded by savage multitudes sufficient to overwhelm his forces.

The genius of Cortés at once grasped the idea that the success of his enterprise entirely depended upon supporting the high opinion which the people of Mexico had formed with respect to the irresistible power of his arms. To be timid was to be lost. The least sign of fear might bring Montezuma to let loose upon him the whole force of the empire. A bold step had involved him in difficulties, but he ventured on a still bolder—perhaps, the boldest in all history.

He resolved to seize Montezuma, in his own palace and bring him as a prisoner to the Spanish quarters. Various causes urged him to act thus. From the superstitious veneration of the Mexicans for the person of their monarch, as well as their implicit submission to his will, Cortés hoped that by having Montezuma in his hands, he would have a sacred pledge which would secure him from their violence. He moreover thought that with the emperor once in his power, all the provinces of the Mexican empire would be easily brought under Spanish rule. He communicated the perilous scheme to his troops, and, according to Bernal Diaz, they passed the night in praying to God, "that the enterprise might be so conducted as to redound to His holy service."

The recent killing of a few Spaniards outside the city was made the pretext. Until the matter was cleared up, Cortés declared, Montezuma must come and live with his forces in their quarters. He added kind and soothing words, but the Mexican monarch sat stupefied at the bold demand. "I am not one of those persons," he replied, "who are put in irons. Even if I were to consent, my subjects would never permit it." The Spanish general persisted, however, in his demand, and Montezuma finally yielded. In deep silence he was borne out of his palace—never more to return. He was hurried in silent pomp to the Spanish quarters. "This," says Helps, "is an

unparalleled transaction. There is nothing like it, I believe, in the annals of the world.'

Montezuma was received in the Spanish quarters with every mark of high respect. He was attended by his own domestics, and served with his usual state. His principal officers had free access to him. As if he had been at perfect liberty, he carried on every function of government. The Castilians, however, kept a careful watch over their royal prisoner-guest; but at the same time endeavored to soothe and reconcile him to his situation by delicate acts of regard and attachment. Thus, by the fortunate temerity of Cortés, they at once secured to themselves more extensive authority in the Mexican empire than it would be possible to have acquired in a long course of time by open force. In the name of another they now exercised more absolute sway than they could have done in their own.

The Spanish general did not hesitate to avail himself of the powers which he possessed by being able to act in the name of Montezuma. He sent some of his best qualified officers into different parts of the empire, accompanied by persons of distinction, whom Montezuma appointed to attend to them, both as guides and protectors. They visited most of the provinces, viewed their soil and productions, they surveyed with particular care the districts which yielded gold or silver, pitched upon several places as proper points for future colonies, and endeavored to prepare the minds of the Mexicans for submitting to Spanish rule.

With the eye of thoughtful genius Cortés, however, saw there was one thing still wanting to complete his security. He looked ahead. He wished to have command of the lake which surrounded the great city. This would open a means of retreat, if, either from levity or disgust, the Mexicans should take arms against him, and break down the bridges or causeways. With him, to plan was to accomplish. Having frequently entertained Montezuma with accounts of ships and the art of navigation, he awakened the latter's curiosity to see those moving palaces, which without oars made their way through the water.

Under the pretext of gratifying this desire, Cortés requested Montezuma to appoint some of his subjects to bring to the city part of the naval stores which the Spaniards had left at Vera Cruz, and to employ others in cutting down and preparing timber. It was done. And with Mexican assistance, the Castilian carpenters soon completed two brigantines. A new source of

amusement was thus afforded to the dusky monarch, and a means of escape to Cortés, if he should be obliged to retire.

The Spanish commander felt that the time had arrived to persuade Montezuma to give some public sign of fealty to the king of Spain. It was certainly a trying test. The Mexican monarch's elastic power of submission was now to be stretched to the utmost. He called together the chief men of his empire, and reminded them in a solemn speech of the traditions and prophecies which led them to expect the arrival of a people sprung from the same stock as themselves in order to take possession of the supreme power. He declared his belief that the Spaniards were this promised race. He said he recognised the right of their king to govern the Mexican empire, and that he would lay down his crown and obey the Spanish sovereign as a tributary. His grief was visible, for he wept. This act of submission and homage was executed with all due formality. What a sudden change in the position of a vast empire!

CORTES DEMOLISHING MEXICAN IDOLS.

But the grand triumph of Cortés, and that use of his power for which he has been likened to Judas Maccabeus, was in the destruction of the hideous Mexican idols, the cleansing of their foul temples, and the stern forbidding

of human sacrifices any more. Montezuma himself and many of his chief men were present at the downfall of the idols.

About six months had thus passed away since the Mexican monarch began to live in the Spanish quarters. One day he sent for Cortés. They retired to a room, and Montezuma thus addressed the Spanish general : " I pray you, take your departure from this my city and my land, for my gods are very angry that I keep you here. Ask of me what you want, and I will give it to you. Do not think that I say this to you in any jest, but very much in earnest. Therefore, fulfill my desire, that so it may be done whatever may occur."

Cortés was a man whom events might surprise, but never discompose. " I have heard what you have said," he replied, " and thank you much for it. Name a time when you wish us to depart, and so it shall be."

" I do not wish you to hurry," said the politic Montezuma. " Take the time that seems to you necessary; and when you do go I will give to you, Cortés, two loads of gold, and one to each of your companions."

" You are already well aware," remarked the Spanish general, " how I destroyed my ships, when I first landed in your territory. But now we have need of others to return to our own country. I should be obliged if you would give us workmen to cut and work the timber; and when the vessels are built, we shall take our departure. Of this you can inform your gods and your subjects."

Montezuma assented. Mexican workmen were sent to Vera Cruz under Spanish officers. The building of ships was begun in earnest.

From the day of this interview, however, the tone of the Mexican ruler towards Cortés was changed. The Spaniards began to appreciate the danger of their position; and went about fully prepared for a sudden attack at any moment. Indeed, this little body of men lived in their armor, and formed such habits of wariness that years of peace could not efface the watchful customs which they had acquired at this eventful period of their lives, so much so, that one of them afterwards describes how he could never pass a night in bed, but must get up and walk about in the open air, and gaze at the stars. If such were the feelings of the common soldiers, what must have been the sleepless anxiety of their commander?

Only a few of those days of fear and suspense had worn away, when Cortés received intelligence of a most perplexing event. Eighteen ships had arrived in the Bay of San Juan, not far from his little colony of Vera Cruz.

It was alarming news. The general instantly sent messengers in various directions to glean further information in regard to the ships. At last, Montezuma informed him that he was aware of the arrival of the new-comers. He showed Cortés a picture of the force. It had disembarked, and consisted of eighty horses, eight hundred men, and ten or twelve cannon. The Mexican ruler also intimated, it is said, that there was now no excuse for the Spaniards to delay their return home.

This formidable armament was sent by his former master, and now bitter enemy, Governor Velasquez of Cuba. It was commanded by De Narvaez, an experienced general; and his instructions were to seize Cortés and his companions. He sent a flattering message to Montezuma, telling him that he came to release him. He also sought to gain the little garrison at Vera Cruz, but they were true to their commander. To Cortés the danger was imminent, and like a hero, he met it more than half-way.

Leaving a brave officer named Alvarado in command, he departed from the city at the head of only seventy of his tried and trusted followers, and by forced marches pushed on towards Cempoalla. On the way he learned that Narvaez occupied the great temple, and at once determined on a night assault. His plans were laid with amazing skill. The sentinels were surprised at their posts. The attack was bold and sudden, and in a few minutes Narvaez and all his men were prisoners in the hands of Cortés.

The prisoners soon ranged themselves under the banner of the conqueror; and thus a great danger was turned into a welcome succor. Cortés received the vanquished troops in the most winning manner, and at once created an enthusiasm in his favor. One of the soldiers of Narvaez—a negro and a comical fellow—danced and shouted for joy, crying: "Where are the Romans who with such small numbers ever achieved so great a victory?"

Two weeks after this, a travel-worn courier hurried up to Cortés, and communicated most unwelcome intelligence. The Spanish garrison in Mexico, he said, were besieged by the citizens, and were in extreme peril. The four brigantines on the lake had been burned. Fury possessed the barbarous multitude. In short, Alvarado implored his general for the love of God to lose no time in hastening to his assistance!

This revolt was excited by motives which rendered it very alarming. On the departure of Cortés for Cempoalla, the Mexicans flattered themselves that the long-expected opportunity of restoring Montezuma to liberty, and of

freeing their country from the dominion of the dreaded strangers, was at length arrived. The Spanish forces were divided, and the general was absent. Consultations were held. Many schemes were formed. The Spaniards knew their own feebleness, and suspected and dreaded a conspiracy.

Alvarado, though a gallant officer, possessed neither that wonderful capacity nor dignity of manners by which Cortés had acquired such an ascendancy over the minds of the Mexicans, as never allowed them to form a just estimate of his weakness or of their own strength. Alvarado knew no mode of supporting his authority but force. He thought of no means of persuasion but his sword. Instead of employing address to disconcert the plans, or to soothe the spirits of the plotting Mexicans, he waited the return of one of their solemn pagan festivals, when the chief persons in the empire were dancing, according to custom, in the court of the great temple. He attacked the crowd with all his force, and the massacre was fearful. It was wild and bloody work. The news of this event filled the city with rage and fury. Vengeance walked the streets. The Spaniards were besieged, and all those acts of violence were committed of which Cortés received an account.

The distant general lost no time, but, gathering his men around him, he began his march for the capital. At Tlascala, all was friendly. Reviewing his troops there, he found that they amounted to thirteen hundred soldiers, ninety-six of whom were horsemen, eighty cross-bow men, and about eighty musketeers. With this hardy force he made rapid strides towards Mexico, and reached the city on the 24th of June, 1520. It was St. John the Baptist's Day. He passed over the great causeway by which he first entered. But how changed was the scene! No crowds now lined the roads, no boats swarmed on the lake. Over all brooded a death-like silence. It was a stillness that spoke louder to the heart than the acclamations of multitudes!

When Cortés arrived at his own quarters he found the gates barred, so strict had been the siege. He had to demand an entry. Alvarado appeared upon the battlements, and asked if Cortés came in as free as he went out, and if he were still their general. The commander replied, "Yes," and that he came with victory and increased forces. The gates were opened, and Cortés and his veterans rushed in. On both sides the greeting was most affectionate.

Cortés eagerly inquired as to the causes of the revolt, putting many questions to Alvarado. When the latter had concluded his answers, the brow of the commander darkened as he said to his lieutenant: "You have done badly. You have been false to your trust. Your conduct has been that

of a madman!" And, turning abruptly on his heel he left him in undisguised displeasure.

Next day the whole city was in arms. A messenger informed Cortés that the draw-bridges were raised. In a few hours the surging multitude, headed by Montezuma's brother, advanced on the Spanish quarters, and fiercely began the assault. It was a spectacle to appall the stoutest heart. The stones fell like hail, and the arrows came in showers. Cortés made two or three desperate sallies, but himself and eighty of his men were wounded.

At day-break the following morning, the attack was renewed. There was no occasion for the gunners to take any particular aim, for the Mexicans advanced in such dense masses that they could not be missed. The gaps made in these masses were instantly filled up. Veterans in the Spanish army who had served in Italy, France, and against the Turks, declared that they had never seen men close up their ranks as did these Mexicans after each terrible volley of artillery. They, indeed, often staggered under the fire, but they would rally, and rush on to the very muzzle of the cannon. Again and again Cortés sallied forth against the bold barbarians, but he only added to the list of his wounded.

On the third day, the unfortunate Montezuma, either at the request of the Spanish general, or of his own accord, came out upon a battlement, and addressed the angry multitudes. He was dressed in his imperial robes, was surrounded by Castilian soldiers, and was at first received with honor and respect by his people. He spoke to them in loving words, advised them to cease the attack, and assured them that the Spaniards would depart from Mexico.

At the conclusion of the parley, a murmur ran through the crowd, and a shower of stones and arrows flew. For the moment the Spanish soldiers had ceased to protect the monarch with their shields; and he was severely wounded in the head and in two other places. He was borne away. He had received his death-stroke. Whether it came from the wounds themselves, or from the indignity of being thus treated by his people, remains a doubtful point. Cortés, his chaplain and officers did all they could to heal his wounds and soothe his anguish of mind, but in a little while Montezuma was no more.

Difficulties were daily thickening. New dangers menaced the garrison. Opposite the Spanish quarters, at only a few rods' distance, stood a great pyramidal temple. It rose to the height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet, and its elevated position completely commanded the palace occupied by the Christians. A body of five hundred chosen Mexican nobles and warriors

threw themselves into this lofty structure, and galled the Spaniards with tempests of arrows. To dislodge this new enemy was absolutely necessary.

The general sent one of his best officers to take this position, but the Spanish soldiers were twice repulsed. Cortés, though wounded, determined to lead the attack in person. He placed some of his troops at the base of the temple, and began the difficult and dangerous ascent. The Spaniards, after a terrible combat, gained the summit, dislodged their enemies from that giddy height, and drove them down upon the lower terraces. Then might be seen the Indian priests running to and fro, with their hair clotted and bloody, and wildly streaming over their sable mantles. Hovering in mid-air, they seemed like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter. But every one of the Mexicans were put to the sword.

The victory in the temple was a momentary gleam of success for the Spanish arms. It afforded Cortés an opportunity to resume peace negotiations. But the savage determination of the Mexicans was complete. In vain did the Spanish general press them to consider the havoc he was daily making among the citizens. They were aware of it, was the reply, but they would all perish, if that were needful, to gain their point of utterly destroying the Spaniards.

The enraged multitudes bade Cortés to look at the streets, squares and terraces, and then, in a business-like way, they solemnly assured him that if 25,000 Mexicans were to die for each Spaniard, still the Spaniards would perish first. These furious barbarians jeeringly called his attention to the fact that all the causeways were destroyed, and that hunger and thirst were already staring the Spaniards in the very face. "In truth," writes Cortés himself, "they had much reason in what they said, for if we had no other enemy to fight against but hunger, it was sufficient to destroy us all in a short time!"

It generally requires as much courage to retreat as to advance, and few leaders have the ready wisdom to retreat in time. But Cortés, on finding that it was impossible to hold his position, lost no time or energy in parleying with danger. That very night he resolved to quit Mexico.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was celebrated by the venerable Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty on the little army. The gates were thrown open, and July 1, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomi-

table courage. The force began to move in three divisions. The brave and youthful Sandoval led the van. Alvarado brought up the rear-guard. Cortés himself commanded in the center, where he placed the prisoners, among whom were a son and two daughters of Montezuma, together with several Mexicans of distinction, the artillery, baggage, and a portable bridge of timber, intended to be thrown over the breaches in the causeway. They marched in profound silence along the shortest causeway, and had reached the first breach in it before their retreat seemed to be discovered. In a moment the alarm was given.

Loud shouts and blowing of horns were heard in all directions. "Come out quickly in your canoes," yelled the frantic Mexicans. "The *teules* are going. Cut them off at the bridges!" The lake was soon covered with canoes. It rained, and the misfortunes of the night began by two horses slipping from the pontoon into the water. Flights of arrows and showers of stones poured in upon the Spaniards from every quarter. The wild barbarians rushed forward to the charge with fearless impetuosity, as if they hoped in that moment to take full vengeance for the past.

Unfortunately the wooden bridge, by the weight of the artillery, got wedged so fast into the stones and mud, that it was impossible for the troops to remove it. This accident caused dismay, and the Spaniards advanced with haste towards the second breach. But the Mexicans hemmed them in on every side, and though they defended themselves with all the bravery of skilled and desperate soldiers, yet, crowded together as they were on a narrow causeway, their discipline and military science were of little avail; nor did the darkness of the night permit them to derive any great advantage from their fire-arms, or the superiority of their other weapons. The position was truly appalling!

The whole city was now in arms, and so eager were the excited multitudes for the destruction of the Spaniards, that those who were not near enough to annoy them in person, impatient of delay, pressed forward with such ardor as drove on their countrymen in the front with irresistible violence. Fresh warriors instantly filled the place of such as fell. The Castilians were weary with slaughter, and, unable any longer to sustain the weight of the torrent that poured in upon them, began to give way. In a moment all was confusion. Horse and foot, officers and soldiers, friends and enemies were mingled together. And while all fought, and many fell, scarcely any could distinguish from what hand the blow came.

In a very short time the water was full of dead horses, Indians, Spaniards, baggage, prisoners and artillery. On every side the most piteous cries were heard—"Help me! I drown!" "Rescue me! they are killing me!" Prayers to the Most Blessed Virgin and St. James were mingled with the groans of the dying and shouts of desperate warriors.

At the second bridge-way a single beam only was found. It was, of course, useless for the horses; but the watchful genius of Cortés found a shallow place where the water did not reach further than up to the saddle. Here he passed at the head of his cavalry, and succeeded in reaching the main-land. The foot soldiers also contrived in some way to follow. The general left the van guard and his own division safe on shore, and returned to give what assistance he could to the unfortunate men who were still behind.

But few of the rear-guard escaped. It is told as a wonder of Alvarado, that, coming to the last bridge, he made a leap—which by many has been deemed impossible—and cleared the vast opening. On coming up to him, Cortés found that his lieutenant was accompanied by only seven Spaniards and eight Tlascalans, all covered with blood and wounds. They told their commander that it was useless to go further. All who remained alive were with them!

On hearing this the general turned back. It was not yet day-break, but the small and melancholy band of Spaniards pushed on, Cortés protecting the rear. Morning soon dawned, and he reviewed the shattered remains of his heroic little army. The remembrance of so many faithful friends and gallant followers who had fallen in that night of sorrow pierced his soul with anguish. It is said that he sat down on a stone and wept at the sad sight. But as the country was aroused against them, the exhausted veterans did not rest till they had fortified themselves in a temple on a hill at some distance from Mexico. A church was afterwards built here, and very appropriately dedicated to *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*—Our Lady of Refuge.

In this disastrous flight all the artillery and forty-six horses were lost, eight hundred and seventy Spaniards perished, and four thousand of the Indian allies were killed, including one son and two daughters of Montezuma. A loss which posterity will ever regret was that of the books, memorials and writings. These, it is said, contained a narrative of all that had happened since Cortés left Cuba.

The Spaniards now took the road for Tlascala, the only place where they could hope for a friendly reception. It was about sixty-four miles east

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MOST REV. JOHN CAROLL, "OUR FIRST SHEPHERD."

of the city of Mexico. Day after day they marched on through a savage and hostile country, always fighting and always encumbered with enemies. Numerous bodies of Mexicans continued to hover around them, sometimes harassing them at a distance with flights of stones and arrows, and sometimes attacking them closely in front, in rear, in flank, and always with great boldness, as they knew that the Castilians were not invincible.

Nor were the fatigue and dangers of those incessant conflicts the worst evils to which the troops were exposed. As the barren country through which they passed afforded scarcely any provisions, they were reduced to feed on berries, roots, and stalks of green maize; and at the very time that famine was thus depressing their spirits and wasting their strength, their situation required the most vigorous and unceasing exertions of courage and activity.

But amid those numberless distresses, one circumstance supported and animated the sorely-tried Spaniards. It was the genius of their dauntless commander. He sustained this sad reverse of fortune with unshaken magnanimity. His presence of mind never forsook him. His keen sagacity foresaw every event, and his vigilance provided for it. He was foremost in every danger, and endured every hardship with heroic cheerfulness. The difficulties by which he was surrounded seemed to call forth new gifts; and his soldiers, though despairing themselves, continued to follow him with increasing confidence in his matchless abilities.

On the sixth day they arrived near Otumba, a valley not far from the boundary line between Mexico and Tlascala. Early next morning they pushed on, flying parties of the enemy still hanging on the rear, and occasionally shouting: "Go on, robbers. Go to the place where you shall quickly meet the vengeance due to your crimes!"

The Spaniards did not comprehend the meaning of this threat until they reached the summit of the mountain steeps which shut in the valley of Otumba. Below was a sight that might, in truth, arouse fear in the breast of the bravest cavalier. A vast army of Mexicans extended as far as the eye could reach. The forces of the empire had been hastily collected at this spot to dispute the passage of the Christians. Every chief of note had taken the field with his whole array gathered under his standard, proudly displaying all the pomp and rude splendor of his military equipment.

It was a spectacle to fill the stoutest heart among the Spaniards with dismay, heightened by the previous expectation of soon reaching the friendly

land which was to terminate their weary pilgrimage. Even Cortés, as he contrasted the tremendous array before him with his own diminished squadrons, wasted by disease, and enfeebled by hunger and fatigue, could not escape the conviction that his last hour had arrived. But his was not the heart to quail before danger, and he gathered strength from the very extremity of his situation.

He addressed a few words to his troops. He reminded them of the victories they had won against fearful odds; and remarked that numbers were of no account when heaven was on their side. All then earnestly commended themselves to the protection of God, the Immaculate Virgin, and St. James; and Cortés led his brave battalions straight against the hosts of Mexico. Every man felt that it must now be death or victory.

The charge of the cavalry with the general at its head was irresistible. It penetrated and dispersed the most numerous divisions of the enemy. The infantry fought like lions. But while the Mexicans gave way in one quarter, fresh combatants advanced from another; and the Spaniards, though successful in every attack, were ready to sink under these repeated efforts, without seeing any end to their toil, or any hope of victory. The contest had now lasted several hours. High the sun rose in the heavens, and shed an intolerable heat over the plain. The tide of battle was setting rapidly against the Christians; and all that remained for them seemed to be to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

At this critical moment, Cortés, whose restless eye had been roving around the field in quest of any object that might offer him the means of arresting the coming ruin, rising in his stirrups, descried at a distance, in the midst of the throng, the chief who from his dress and military cortége, he knew must be the commander of the barbarian forces. The eagle glance of the general no sooner fell on this personage than a glow of triumph lit up his countenance.

He turned quickly to the cavaliers at his side—among whom were Sandoval and Alvarado—and pointed out the chief, exclaiming: "There is our mark! follow and support me!" Then crying his war-cry, and striking his iron heel into his weary steed, he plunged headlong into the thickest of the press. His enemies fell back, taken by surprise and daunted by the ferocity of the attack. Those who did not were pierced through with his lance or borne down by the weight of his charger. The cavaliers followed close in the rear. On they swept with the fury of a thunderbolt, cleaving the solid

ranks asunder, strewing their paths with the dying and the dead, and bounding over every obstacle in their way. In a few minutes they were in the presence of the Indian commander, and Cortés, overturning his supporters, sprang forward with the strength of a lion, and striking him through with his lance, hurled him to the ground. The imperial standard was captured. It was all the work of a moment.

When the Mexican leader fell, and the standard, towards which all directed their eyes, disappeared, a general panic seized the Indians, and, as if the bond which held them together had been dissolved, every ensign was lowered, each dusky warrior threw away his weapons, and all fled with the utmost precipitation to the mountains. The Spaniards, unable to pursue them far, returned to collect the spoils of the field, which were so valuable as to be some compensation for their toil and for the wealth which they had lost in the city of Mexico. Next day, to their great joy, they entered the Tlascalan territories.

The Tlascalan chiefs came out to meet the hardy veterans, and instead of showing any coldness, they labored to console Cortés in his misfortune. "Oh, Malinche, Malinche"—which was the name the Indians gave to Cortés—they said, "how it grieves us to hear of your losses and your sorrows. Have we not told you many times, that you should not trust in those Mexican people? But now the thing is done, and nothing more remains at present but to refresh you and to cure you." The noble kindness of these good allies fell like a blessing on the wounded, way-worn Spaniards.

In such circumstances almost any other commander but Cortés would have been thoroughly cast down. But the elastic spirit of this modern Hannibal was untouched, and he beheld the star of hope shining as brightly as ever on his checkered pathway. While his enemies, and even many of his own followers, considered the disasters which had befallen him as fatal to the progress of his arms, and imagined that nothing now remained but speedily to abandon a country which he had invaded with unequal force, his bold and lofty mind—as eminent for perseverance as for enterprise—was still bent on accomplishing his original purpose of subjecting the Mexican empire to the crown of Castile, and of planting the cross on the pagan towers of its beautiful capital!

In the face of countless obstacles, his genius formed in a few months a great offensive and defensive alliance against the Mexicans. He wished to render an attack on that nation not only a splendid and chivalrous event, but

an enterprise entirely consistent with the rules of that prudence into which the valor of Cortés was welded as the blade of the sword is to its handle. He created and equipped a new army, and with wonderful foresight he gave orders for brigantines to be constructed in separate pieces at Tlascala.

On the day after Christmas, the general reviewed his troops. He found that they consisted of forty horsemen and five hundred and fifty foot soldiers. He had also eight or nine cannon, but very little gunpowder. He made a touching and eloquent address, reminding his veterans that they were going on a war for the glory of God and the Catholic Faith, and their native land. He begged them to observe certain rules which he laid down for the good government of the army, one of which was that no man should blaspheme the holy name of God. Two days after this, the gallant band of Spaniards set out on the march for the city of Mexico, accompanied by 100,000 Tlascalans.

On coming near the capital, Cortés sent a message of peace to the authorities. He assured them that he did not desire war, although he had much cause for offense. He wished to be their friend, as he had been in other days. "Let the past be past," he concluded, "and do not give me occasion to destroy your lands and cities, which I should much regret." This peaceful offer, however, led to no result, and he resolved to besiege the city. But his enemies were well prepared.

Nor was Cortés the leader to begin such a dangerous and difficult enterprise unprepared. He at once dispatched the brave Sandoval to Tlascala for the materials of the brigantines. The men appointed to carry these materials were 8,000. Another body of 2,000 was to furnish a relief for the bearers, and to carry provisions. The whole was guarded by an escort of 20,000 armed men. The march was thus arranged: In front came eight Spanish horsemen and one hundred Spanish foot, then 10,000 Tlascalans formed an advance guard, with wings thrown out to the right and the left. The center was taken up by the bearers of the rigging and cordage, and the carriers of the timber and iron-work. The whole line of march was closed by eight more Spanish horsemen, a hundred Spanish foot, and 10,000 Tlascalans, under the command of a noted warrior. From the van-guard to the rear-guard was six miles in length. This vast procession advanced leisurely, but in excellent order; and in a few days Cortés had the pleasure of seeing the materials of a fleet on the shores of the lake which surrounded the city of Mexico.

Preparations for the siege were now pushed on vigorously. The brigantines were soon completed, and the day for launching them arrived. Cortés resolved that so auspicious an event should be celebrated with due solemnity. On the 28th of April the troops were drawn up under arms. Mass was celebrated, and the general, together with every man in the army, went to confession, and devoutly received Holy Communion. Prayers were offered up by Father Olmedo, and a benediction invoked on the little navy, the first —worthy of the name—ever launched on American waters. The signal was given by the firing of a cannon; and as the vessels, one after another, rode forth on the ample bosom of the lake, with music sounding, and the royal ensign of Castile proudly floating from their masts, a shout of admiration arose from the countless multitude of spectators, which mingled with the roar of artillery and musketry from the vessels and the shore. To the simple natives it was a novel spectacle. It even touched the stern hearts of the conquerors with a glow of rapture, and as they felt that heaven had blessed their undertaking, they broke forth by general accord into the noble anthem of the *Te Deum*.

Cortés formed his troops into three divisions, for the attack on the city was to be made from three different quarters. To Alvarado was given the command of thirty horsemen, eighteen musketeers, and one hundred and fifty men with sword and buckler. This division was accompanied by 20,000 Tlascalan warriors.

Olid's division consisted of thirty-three horsemen, eighteen musketeers, and one hundred and sixty swordsmen. A body of 20,000 Indian allies accompanied this force.

Sandoval had under his command twenty-four horsemen, seventeen musketeers, and one hundred and fifty swordsmen. Over 30,000 Indian allies supported this division.

About three hundred men were left to man the brigantines—most of them good seamen. Each vessel had twenty-five men, with six musketeers. Cortés took command of the fleet himself; for, as he afterwards remarked, "the key of the whole war was in the ships."

A minute description of this historic siege may not here be expected. Its incidents by flood and field are among the most terrible and romantic on record. At one time the little fleet is attacked by 500 canoes; but the defeat of the Mexicans on the water was swift and signal. From that day Cortés remained master of the lake.

The Mexicans exhibited desperate valor. Each morning the Spaniards began the attack anew. But week after week the siege continued. On land and water, by day and night, one furious conflict succeeded another. Cortés, on one occasion, stormed the city with his whole force, but was repulsed with heavy loss, and came near being captured, as he was severely wounded. Six Mexican captains suddenly seized him, and were hurrying him off, when two of his bravest officers rescued the general at the cost of their own lives. The barbarians were flushed with triumph, and at this time many a poor Spaniard was sacrificed to the hideous god of war.

The Spaniards, after bravery perhaps unmatched in the annals of war, finally succeeded in penetrating to the vast square in the center of the great city, and there made a secure lodgment. The fighting was truly awful, and ghastly were the sights after each conflict. On one occasion 12,000 Mexicans were killed; and the day before the last of the siege, it is stated that no fewer than 40,000 Mexicans were slain, or taken prisoners.

The final day of Mexico had come. The situation of the besieged grew so desperate that the new monarch tried to escape, but was captured by the Spaniards. Cortés received him with much courtesy. The Mexican ruler probably knew the person of the conqueror, for he broke silence by saying: "I have done all that I could to defend myself and my people. I am now reduced to this state. You will deal with me, Malinche, as you please."

"Fear not," replied the great and kind-hearted general. "You shall be treated with all honor. You have defended your capital like a brave warrior. A Spaniard knows how to respect valor even in an enemy."

The sovereign being captured, all further opposition ceased. The whole city was taken. Sixty thousand Mexicans laid down their arms. This memorable day in the annals of American history was August 13, 1521. The siege lasted seventy-five days. Its fearful results cannot be better given than in the simple words of an eye-witness. "It is true," writes Bernal Diaz, "and I swear, Amen, that all the lake and the houses and the baracans were full of the bodies and heads of dead men, so that I do not know how I may describe it. For in the streets and in the very courts there were no other things, and we could not walk except among the bodies and heads of slain Indians. I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem; but whether there was such a mortality in that I do not know."

Thus fell the great city of Mexico.

It was, in truth, a time for thanksgiving. A procession of the whole

army was formed with Father Olmedo at its head. The soiled and tattered banners of Castile, which had waved over many a field of battle, now threw their shadows on the peaceful array of the soldiery, as they slowly moved along, rehearsing the Litany, and displaying the image of the Holy Virgin, and the blessed symbol of man's redemption. The Reverend Father pronounced a discourse, in which he briefly reminded the troops of their great cause of thankfulness to heaven, and ended by calling on them to "conduct themselves like Catholic Christians, that so God might continue to favor them." Cortés and his chief officers received the Blessed Sacrament, and the services concluded with a solemn thanksgiving to the God of battles, who had enabled them to carry the banner of the cross triumphant over this barbaric empire.

We can merely glance at the subsequent career of the illustrious conqueror of Mexico. In Spain he had bitter enemies. But in spite of every opposition, his acts were confirmed in their full extent; and his commission as captain-general and chief justice of Mexico, was signed by the Emperor Charles V, in October, 1522.

In less than four years from the destruction of Mexico, a new city had risen on its ruins, which, if inferior to the ancient capital in extent, surpassed it in magnificence and strength. Great alterations, of course, took place in the fashion of the architecture. On the site of the famous temple of the god of war arose the stately cathedral; and, as if to complete the triumphs of the cross, the foundations were laid with the broken images of the Mexican idols.

The conversion of the natives was an object of which Cortés never lost sight. In one of his reports to the emperor, dated 1524, he says that, "as many times as I have written to your Sacred Majesty, I have told your Highness of the readiness which there is in some of the natives to receive our Holy Catholic faith, and become Christians. And I have sent to supplicate your Imperial Majesty that you would have the goodness to provide for that end religious persons of good life and example."

In obedience to these suggestions, twelve Franciscan fathers embarked for Mexico, which they reached early in 1524. The presence of these men of God in the country was greeted with general rejoicing. The inhabitants of the towns through which they passed came out in a body to welcome them; processions were formed of the natives, bearing wax tapers in their hands, and the bells of the churches rang out a joyous peal in honor of their arrival. On entering the capital, they were met by a brilliant cavalcade of the princi-

pal cavaliers and citizens, with Cortés at their head. The general, dismounting, and bending one knee to the ground, kissed the robes of Father Martin of Valencia, the superior of this band of apostles. The natives were filled with astonishment at the viceroy's profound reverence towards men whose naked feet and tattered garments gave them the aspect of mendicants, and henceforth regarded them as beings of a superior nature. The Indian chronicler of Tlascala does not conceal his admiration at this edifying condescension of Cortés, which he pronounces "one of the most heroic acts of his life."

The missionaries lost no time in the good work of conversion. They began their preaching through interpreters, until they had acquired a competent knowledge of the language themselves. They opened schools and founded colleges, in which the native youth were instructed in profane as well as Christian learning. The ardor of the Indian neophyte emulated that of his teacher. In a few years every vestige of the primitive teocallis was effaced from the land. Father Toribio states that twenty years after the conquest there were 9,000,000 of Catholic Indians in the empire. In 1527 Mexico received her first bishop in the person of Julian Garces, Bishop of Tlascala. The city of Mexico became a see in 1530, the first bishop being the Rt. Rev. John de Zumarraga, who has had a long line of zealous and holy successors.

The whole Mexican nation was now completely subjected, for though some attempts at revolt were afterwards made, they were soon crushed by the conqueror, and Cortés abundantly proved that he could govern a great empire as well as vanquish it.

In 1528, Cortés returned to Spain to meet some calumnies against him, and was received with marked distinction. On his return to Mexico, however, two years later, he was divested of much of his authority. He fitted out several expeditions at his own expense, and discovered California. In 1540, he again returned to his native land, but was coldly received at court, from which he soon retired, and prepared for his end at a little village near Seville. He received the last sacraments with devotion, and died on the 2d of December, 1547, at the age of sixty-two years.

The conqueror of Mexico was one of the most gifted men in all history. His life was far from faultless, but his career is marked by dazzling splendor. He was certainly a great general. He stands without a peer the first military genius the New World has yet seen. He was a great explorer and discoverer. He was a statesman of the first order. His letters, written with manly

strength and simple elegance, give him an honorable rank in literature. He was charitable and sincerely religious. He always felt that he was a Catholic soldier of the Cross; and that the most brilliant of his achievements consisted in planting the blessed sign of man's redemption over the blood-stained temples of pagan Mexico.

"He preferred," writes the brave Bernal Diaz, one of his companions-in-arms; "to be called Cortés by us, to being called by any title; and with good reason, for the name of Cortés is as famous in our day as was that of Cæsar among the Romans, or of Hannibal among the Carthaginians."

And elsewhere says this old chronicler: "It was perhaps intended that he should receive his recompense in a better world, and I fully believe it; for he was a good cavalier, most true in his devotions to the Holy Virgin, to the Apostle St. Peter, and to all the other Saints. May God pardon his sins, and mine, too, and give me a pious end, which is of more concern than the conquests and victories that we had over the Indians."

Chapter V.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

AMERICUS, THE FLORENTINE.—ILL-REWARDED SERVICES.—TESTIMONIAL FROM COLUMBUS.—EXPLORATION AND STORY TELLING.—A NAME THAT STICKS FAST.—ONE MORE CATHOLIC NAVIGATOR.—THE NOTION OF CIRCLING THE WORLD.—AN EXPEDITION BEGUN WITH PRAYER.—MISTAKE AT LA PLATA RIVER.—SAILING TOWARD THE SOUTH POLE.—MAGELLAN PASSES THE STRAITS.—BAPTISM OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—AMONG THE PHILLIPINE ISLANDS.—DUSKY AND DECEITFUL KINGS.—MURDER OF THE ADMIRAL.—INTRODUCING ANOTHER CONQUEROR.—THE EXPEDITION OF PIZARRO.—DISCOVERY OF PERU.—GOLD AND JEWELS GALORE.—A NEW EXPEDITION.—MARCHING TOWARD THE ANDES.—CAPTURE OF A KING.—ROUT OF THE NATIVE ARMY.—A ROOMFUL OF TREASURE.—WHERE IGNORANCE WAS DEGRADING.—THE CONQUEROR BECOMES RULER.—CONSPIRACY AND MURDER.—GENIUS WITHOUT CHARACTER.—THE CHURCH IN SOUTH AMERICA.

TURNING our attention now to the southern portion of this continent—or what is geographically known as South America—we find that discovery and conquest here followed each other in a similar manner. As already stated in the sketch of Ojéda, that adventurer had for companion on his fourth voyage one Amerigo (or Americus) Vespucci, who was a Florentine by birth and a gentleman of some means and education. This was in the year 1499; and it is supposed that Vespucci aided the expedition to the extent of fitting out one of the four vessels. After coasting along the northern shores of South America, he returned in November of the same year, but immediately took part in a second memorable voyage under Vincent Pinzon.

On returning to Spain, however, Americus was allured by promises into the service of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, and undertook two more voyages with the ships of that monarch. He sailed from Lisbon in May, 1501, ran along a portion of the coast of Africa, and passed over to Brazil.

The object of his fourth and last voyage was to find a western passage to Malacca. He left Lisbon with a fleet of six vessels, in May, 1503, and after a perilous passage discovered the famous Bay of All Saints, in Brazil. After many adventures, he arrived in Portugal in the summer of the year following. The king gave orders that some remains of the ship Victoria, in which Americus had made his last voyage, should be suspended in the cathedral of Lisbon, but fulfilled none of the promises which he made.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

Indeed, the merits and services of Americus seem to have been poorly rewarded by the Portuguese monarch, for we again find him, in 1505, at Seville. He was on his way to the Spanish court, in quest of employment, and carried a letter of introduction from the aged Columbus to his son James. The letter is dated February 5th, and runs thus:

"My Dear Son.—James Mendez departed hence on Monday, the third of this month. After his departure I conversed with Americus Vespucius, the bearer of this, who goes there, summoned on affairs of navigation. Fortune has been adverse to him, as to many others. His labors have not profited him as much as they reasonably should have done. He goes on my account, and with much desire to do something, if in his power, that may result to my advantage. I cannot ascertain here in what I can employ him that will be serviceable to me; for I do not know what may be there required. He goes with the determination to do all that is possible for me; see in what he may be of advantage and co-operate with him, that he may say and do everything, and put his plans in operation; and let all be done secretly, that he may not be suspected. I have said everything to him that I can say touching the business; and have informed him of the pay I have received, and what is due, etc."

This letter was penned but little more than a year before the death of Columbus. How sad to think that the great discoverer of the New World, and the famous man who was destined to give his name to it, should each be reduced to such needy circumstances by the meanness and black ingratitude of monarchs who rolled in wealth!

At a later period, Americus obtained the Spanish government office of chief pilot, which he retained for the brief remainder of his life. He died at Seville, on the 22d of February, 1512, at the age of nearly sixty-one years.

The fame of Americus Vespucius had its origin in his writings. Of his first voyage, he drew up an interesting narrative which he transmitted to a

friend in Germany. He describes the Carib Indians and their immense houses built in the shape of bells—houses of such magnitude as to contain six hundred persons. In one place there were eight vast houses, capable of sheltering nearly ten thousand inhabitants. Every seven or eight years, the savages were obliged to change their places of residence on account of the maladies engendered by the heat of the climate in their crowded habitations. As this was long before the days of quinine and medical education in the New World, the Indian mode of treating a fever is worthy of mention. In the very height of the disease, the patient was plunged in a bath of cold water, after which he was obliged to run around a large fire, until he was in a violent heat, when he retired to bed for a sleep—a kind of treatment by which Americus declares he saw many cured.

Shortly after his return from his last expedition to Brazil, he wrote a letter addressed to an old fellow-student, René, Duke of Lorraine. It contained a summary account of all his voyages. It claimed considerable credit for its author as a discoverer, and soon found its way over all Europe. He was, beyond all doubt, a skilled, energetic navigator, and a man of superior literary and scientific attainments. It is greatly to his credit that he retained the confidence and friendship of Columbus to the last. How America came to receive its name from him is not quite clear; but it is certain from the investigations of Humboldt that Americus himself had nothing to do with it.

The hemisphere discovered by Columbus was first called Land of the Holy Cross, or New World. It is so named in maps drawn in the early part of the sixteenth century. The word America came from Germany. A selection from the narratives of Americus found its way into that country, and was translated by one Waldseemuller. As the first printed account of the wonderful discovery, the book sold rapidly and made a great sensation. It must be remembered that the daily paper was then unborn, and the telegraph a thing of the future.

The delighted Waldseemuller, who, it seems, had never heard of Columbus, proposed that the new continent should, in honor of his favorite author, Americus, be called America, since it is the custom in most languages to make Europe and Asia of the feminine gender, and America is the feminine of Americus, just as Julia is the feminine of Julius, or Augusta the feminine of Augustus. The name America is first found on an old map of 1522, and on a globe of 1570. Thus, less than a century after the great discovery, this was the name generally received. It was first given to portions of South America,

as can be seen in Verrazano's map of the world, drawn in 1529; but was afterwards extended to the whole Western world. "The name of Americus," says Robertson, "has supplanted that of Columbus; and mankind may regret an act of injustice, which, having received the sanction of time, it is now too late to redress."

Americus was a Catholic, of course, but even a warmer Catholic than he was soon on the path of discovery in the same southern latitudes. Fernando Magellan belonged to an ancient and noble family, and was born at Oporto,

COLUMBUS MAPPING OUT HIS ENTERPRISE.

in Portugal, about the year 1480. From boyhood he was noted for his piety, bravery and enterprise. He spent some years at the court of his native country, and afterwards served with distinction in the East Indies under the famous General Albuquerque. He thought, however, that his faithful services were ill-rewarded by the Portuguese monarch, and directed his steps to Spain in 1517.

Magellan's mind was now filled with the idea of a noble enterprise. Columbus had discovered the New World and Balboa found an ocean washing

its western shores. If this continent had an opening anywhere to the southward, and he could navigate beyond the land already discovered, what was there to hinder him from sailing around the world! This splendid idea, it will be remembered, owed its origin to the genius of Columbus; but it remained for another great Catholic pioneer to carry it into execution.

Magellan at once made his plans known to Cardinal Ximenes and King Charles, and met with every encouragement. An agreement was drawn up to the effect that Magellan was to be admiral of the exploring fleet, and governor of all the lands that he might discover. He was also to have one-twentieth part of all revenues arising from his discoveries, besides many other privileges.

Having bade a last loving farewell to his young wife, Magellan stepped on board his ship at Seville. The fleet dropped down the river, and soon reached the old seaport of San Lucar. Here the ship's stores were completed, Mass was celebrated for the success of the enterprise, and the admiral at the head of his crews received Holy Communion.

Let us glance at the little squadron before it departs. It was the 20th of September, 1519. The vessels were five in number, and carried eighty cannon. Magellan's flag-ship was named the Trinity; then there were the Immaculate Conception, the St. Anthony, the Victoria, and the St. James. The crews numbered two hundred and fifty men. Among the most noted of the officers were Magellan's brother-in-law, Edward Barbosa; John Serrano, captain of the St. James; Anthony Pigafetta, who afterwards wrote an account of the voyage, and John Sebastian Elcano, a distinguished pilot. Several priests accompanied the expedition.

Magellan stood to the southwest, and after buffeting the waves of the Atlantic for over two months, he reached the shores of what is now Southern Brazil in South America. His first act was to land, and have a little altar erected on the beach. Officers and men knelt around devoutly, and Mass was celebrated for the first time in that wild region, which seemed to be the favorite abode of demons, parrots, monkeys, and cannibals.

The admiral skirted along the coast towards the south, keeping a careful watch for every bay and inlet. "He did not reach the River de la Plata," says Robertson, "till the 12th of January, 1520. The spacious opening through which its vast body of water pours into the Atlantic allured him to enter, but after sailing up it for some days, he concluded, from the shallow-

ness of the stream and the freshness of the water, that the wished-for strait was not situated there, and continued his course towards the South.

"On the 31st of March he arrived at the port of St. Julian, about forty-eight degrees south of the line, where he resolved to winter. In this uncomfortable station he lost one of his squadron; and the Spaniards suffered so much from the excessive rigor of the climate, that the crews of three of his ships, headed by their officers, rose in open mutiny, and insisted on relinquishing the visionary project of a desperate adventurer, and returning directly to Spain.

"This dangerous insurrection Magellan suppressed, by an effort of courage no less prompt than intrepid, and inflicted exemplary punishment on the ringleaders." He held his course towards the South in the midst of blinding tempests. The weary, disheartened sailors again grew clamorous, and the admiral was obliged to exhibit a stern front, and exert all his authority.

"I shall go on," he said, "even till we reach the ice-seas of the Southern pole. The land of this continent must end somewhere; and when we reach this limit we shall have achieved our object. We still have food, water, clothing, and sound ships. Why, then, should we despair?"

The 21st of October, 1520, a bright, sunny morning, was the festival of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. The vessels were making brisk time, and Mass was just finished, at a little altar on the poop, when a sailor from the look-out cried that he saw a cape in the distance. It was soon visible to all. Magellan called it Cape of the Virgins, the name by which it is yet known, and on rounding it a vast expanse of water, which proved to be the long-sought-for strait, was seen to extend inland.

Mingled hope and fear filled the heart of Magellan as he steered into the strange opening. He cautiously crept along the winding, unknown channel, which at some points narrowed to five miles in width, and at others expanded to thirty. The navigation was as difficult as it was dangerous.

Towering snow-crested mountains, with cloven peaks, guard the strait like so many hoary sentinels. Bays, shady inlets, and small sheltered harbors break the base of these mountain walls on each side, while above the sombre forests, above the line of vegetation, lie vast fields of snow and ice—glaciers in which the voyager can count every rift and deep crevice as he sails past them, and from which countless cascades descend and mingle with the waters below.

After sailing for twenty days in this lonely, labyrinthine, but picturesque strait—to which he gave his own name—which is three hundred miles in length, and where one of his ships deserted him, Magellan beheld the boundless expanse of the Southern Ocean. The illustrious navigator thanked Heaven for seeing what he had so long sought. The *Te Deum* was chanted, and the joyful booming of the cannon was echoed for miles around by the wild, hilly shores.

Having made some repairs, and taken in a fresh supply of wood, water, and provisions, Magellan steered towards the northwest, determined to push his way to the far-famed Molucca, or Spice Islands, and thence homeward, thus encircling the globe.

This was really the course of the voyage pursued, and in which were discovered the famous Phillipine Islands, to this day a possession of the Spanish monarchy. While cruising among these picturesque islands, admiring the perfumed air, luxuriant foliage, and countless beauties which nature had scattered around with a lavish hand, Magellan came to the island of Mazzava, where he was warmly welcomed. The dusky monarch of that island was very friendly. He dined more than once on board the flag-ship; and it is said that he used the royal fingers at table with such skill as to make a knife and fork unnecessary.

When Easter Sunday came, Magellan resolved to have it celebrated with becoming splendor. The king, his brother, and their officers, were invited to be present at the sacred ceremonies It was a scene for a painter. An altar was erected on shore. Weather-beaten sailors and brave officers gathered around this lone center of Catholic devotion. Magellan, in his admiral's uniform, with a swarthy king on each side, knelt with dignity and reverence; and as the priest raised the Holy Host to Heaven, every worshiper bowed down to the earth, and the cannon from the ships pealed forth one salute after another in honor of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. And thus was celebrated the first Mass in that region of untutored barbarism, whose inhabitants were given to the worship of idols and demons. A few days after this, the admiral erected a large cross on a lofty neighboring hill, and explained to the pagan king that it was the symbol of the true God.

From Mazzava the admiral sailed for the beautiful neighboring island of Sebu, accompanied by his royal friend. The Spaniards were kindly received. Magellan and the priests began the work of conversion. It was indeed a glorious work to plant the first seeds of faith in that wild archipelago.

When the young princes expressed their belief in the truths of the Catholic Religion, Magellan said:

"You must not accept our Faith from any fear of us, or in order to please us. If you wish to become Christians you must do so willingly. No harm will be done you if you do not embrace our religion; but those who do will be more loved, and better treated than the others. Moreover, if you become Christians, I will leave you arms, as my king has commanded; and then you can defend yourselves from your enemies."

The day for baptism was fixed, and when the hour came the admiral, accompanied by the two royal converts—the kings of Mazzava and Sebu—mounted a platform prepared for the occasion. The dusky rulers were asked the necessary questions, and the sacrament that made them children of the Catholic Church was administered with impressive ceremonies. About fifty of the chief men of the island followed their example. Mass was then celebrated, and a cross erected in the center of the town.

Magellan was about to bid adieu to Sebu and its friendly monarch, when he received a startling item of information. The people of Matan, a neighboring island, headed by a bold chief, had risen in rebellion against the King of Sebu on account of his becoming a Christian, and were about to declare hostilities. Magellan resolved to punish the heathen rebels himself. He landed at Matan with three boats and sixty veterans, and found fifteen hundred half-naked warriors drawn up on a hill. The admiral, through an interpreter, promised forgiveness to all who would lay down their arms and return to their allegiance. He was answered by yells of defiance.

The wild barbarians rushed down on the Spaniards, but were well received by these hardy swordsmen. Magellan fought like a lion at the head of his men. His long sword made havoc in the ranks of the foe, but it was in vain that skill and valor battled for supremacy. The conquest was too unequal. The natives pressed to the fight in overwhelming numbers; and, at length, the admiral fell, mortally wounded, by a poisoned javelin. This misfortune decided the conflict. The infuriated savages fell upon the fearless but exhausted discoverer with staves and clubs, and he expired under their blows, murmuring a prayer to God and his Blessed Mother, on Saturday, the 17th of April, 1521, at the age of forty-one years.

The name of Magellan is one of the brightest in the history of discovery. He was a true Catholic. He had the zeal of a missionary. He burned to see the ancient Faith extend its conquests. Like the great discoverer of America,

he observed the festivals of the Church in the wildest situations. His character was firm, noble, generous, and enterprising. In vain did disease, famine, hardship, and treachery oppose him. Till surrounded by the shadow of an untimely death, he triumphed over the rage of man and the fury of the elements. His voyage was a brilliant achievement that threw a new light on the size of the globe, and completed the unfinished work of Columbus. He not only named the Pacific Ocean—that vast expanse of water which covers two-fifths of the whole earth—but was the first European to sail across its briny bosom. He is best known by the stormy straits which gave him a passage around America.

"Forever sacred to the hero's fame,
These foaming Straits shall bear his deathless name."

But we must retrace our way to the South American continent. A more daring even than Magellan, though of far meaner mould, was now about to stamp it with the iron heel of conquest. And yet, among the Catholic pioneers of the New World who rose to distinction, and chiseled their names in the marble of history, none began life in such poverty, ignorance, and degradation as Francis Pizarro.

The illegitimate son of a military officer, he was born at Truxillo, in Spain, about the year 1471. The child, it seems, was wholly neglected by his parents, never taught to read or write, and spent his time in taking care of pigs. But as he grew up, this humble employment became intolerable. His bold, aspiring mind longed for fields of adventure; and he enlisted as a common soldier, serving through various campaigns in Spain and Italy.

Pizarro's roving spirit led him to the New World. In 1509, he joined the ill-fated expedition of Ojéda, in which John de la Cosa was killed, and the attempt to found a colony at San Sebastian ended in failure. He then followed the fortunes of Balboa, was present at the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, and displayed great bravery and resolution in various contests with the Indians. A little later on, he arrested his noble chief, and led him to a death of violence.

He next engaged in trafficking with the natives on the shores of the newly-discovered ocean. In a few years more he joined the victorious banner of Cortés, and served in the conquest of Mexico. Speaking of the famous night attack on the forces sent by Velasquez, Bernal Diaz writes: "Cortés ordered that, in the attack, the first thing to be done was to seize the artillery. For this duty he selected seventy soldiers, of which number I was

one, and put us under the command of Pizarro, an active lad, whose name however, was at that time as little known as that of Peru."

It will be remembered that Balboa had heard of Peru, and formed the design of conquering it; but after his untimely death, all thought of that mysterious land of gold and dusky civilization seemed to have faded from the popular mind. Some considered it a dazzling fiction. There resided on the Isthmus of Panama, however, three men who had a firm belief in its existence—namely, Francis Pizarro, James de Almagro, and Hernando de Luque, a priest.

When the splendid achievement of Cortes resounded through the world, giving fresh impulse to adventure, these three friends put their heads together, formed a kind of solemn partnership, ratified at the altar, and fitted out a small expedition for the discovery and conquest of Peru.

Pizarro took command. In 1524, about four years after Magellan's squadron had entered the Pacific, he spread his sails, and bore away towards the South on the same boundless ocean. He crept down the coast, and landed from time to time, only to find a rugged and barren country. Hunger came, and many of the men died. Nor was that all. The Indians fought with poisoned arrows, the climate was unwholesome, and the forests were dense beyond description.

Almagro brought a reinforcement; but the hopeless toil became intolerable, and most of the men returned to Panama. Pizarro, with only fourteen followers, sought shelter on the uninhabited island of Gorgona, "which those who have seen it compare to the infernal regions." Here they spent five miserable months, living on shell-fish, and anything else the sharpened eye of hunger could discover.

At length fresh supplies from Almagro enabled the dauntless commander to set forth once more, and achieve the discovery of Northern Peru. The Spaniards landed, and their eyes beheld a country rolling in wealth and barbarous splendor. The precious metals were everywhere. Pizarro returned to Panama, carrying with him numbers of costly and beautiful ornaments of gold and silver, specimens of woollen cloth of silken texture and brilliant hue, and some llamas, or alpacas—all of which he had received from the rich and generous natives.

In 1528, the indomitable Pizarro sailed for Spain, and landed at Palos, where he accidentally met his old chief, Cortés, who was then spending a few days of repose, after his voyage, at the hospitable Monastery of La Rabida. "The meeting of these two extraordinary men," says Prescott, "the con-

querors of the North and of the South in the New World, as they set foot, after their eventful absence, on the shores of their native land, and that, too, on the spot consecrated by the presence of Columbus, has something in it striking to the imagination."

Pizarro appeared at court with the dignity and frank manners of a soldier, and recounted to Charles V. the thrilling story of his wonderful discovery. He was appointed governor and captain-general of Peru. Returning to Panama, he set sail for Peru with a small but well-equipped force of one hundred and eighty-three men and 37 horses. He landed at St. Matthew's Bay in 1531, marched towards the South, and was joined by small reinforcements under the gallant Hernando de Soto and other officers.

He began to advance cautiously into the interior, and soon learned the real state of the country. The golden empire of Peru, which stretched along the Pacific Ocean, from north to south, for over fifteen hundred miles, was convulsed in civil war. A quarrel had arisen between Huascar and Atahualpa, the two sons of the late monarch. Atahualpa, triumphant in battle, had taken his brother prisoner, and was encamped beyond the Andes with a victorious army of fifty thousand men.

Just at this point Pizarro appeared on the scene, and decided to meet the victor. "Let every one of you," he said to his men, "take heart, and go forward like a good soldier — nothing daunted at the smallness of your numbers. For in the greatest extremity God ever fights for his own; and no doubt He will humble the pride of the heathen, and bring him to the knowledge of the true Faith—the great end and object of the conquest."

"Lead on!" shouted the troops, "wherever you think best. We will follow with good will, and you shall see that we can do our duty in the cause of God and the king."

He took up his line of march for the Andes, whose vast summits soon "cast their shadows on the little army, and the toilsome ascent began. The path was so steep that the cavalry dismounted and with difficulty led their horses upward—so narrow that there was barely room for a horse to walk. In many places it overhung abysses thousands of feet in depth, into which men and horses looked with fear. As they rose, the opulent vegetation of the tropics was left behind, and they passed through dreary forests of stunted pine-wood. The cold was piercing. But the summit was reached in safety, and the descent of the eastern slope began. As they followed the downward path, each step disclosed some new scene of grandeur or of beauty."

The hardy battalions passed down to the city of Cassamarca, and were courteously received by Atahualpa. Pizarro, however, well knew the peril of his position. He thought of Cortés and Montezuma, and, during a public interview, he boldly seized the king, and, by a few swift and well directed charges, routed the panic stricken Peruvian army. It was all the work of less than an hour.

Atahualpa, now a captive in his own country, in the hands of strange and terrible warriors, sought to regain his liberty by offers whose magnificence astonished Pizarro and his soldiers. "He offered," says Mackenzie, "to fill with gold, to a height of nine feet, a room whose area was seventeen feet in breadth and twenty-two feet in length. A room of smaller dimensions was to be twice filled with silver; and he asked only two months to collect this enormous ransom. The offer was accepted, and the Inca — which was the title given to monarchs of Peru—sent messengers to all his cities, commanding that temples and palaces should be stripped of their ornaments.

"In a few weeks, Indian carriers began to arrive at Cassamarca, laden to their utmost capacity with silver and gold. Day by day, they poured in, bearing great golden vessels, which had been used in the palaces — great plates of gold, which had lined the walls and roofs of temples — crowns and collars and bracelets of gold, which the chieftains gave up in the hope that they would procure the liberty of their master. At length, the room was filled up to the red line which Pizarro had drawn upon the wall as his record of this extraordinary bargain."

This immense mass of gold and silver—equal, it has been computed, to fifteen or twenty millions of dollars—was melted down; one fifth was set aside for the king of Spain, and a small portion was given to Almagro, who had just arrived with reinforcements. The general reserved the rest for himself, his officers and soldiers. It is said that each horseman received about forty thousand dollars.

"There is no example in history," says Robertson, "of such a sudden acquisition of wealth by military service; nor was ever sum so great divided among so small a number of soldiers."

But though it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet that Atahualpa had paid his ransom like a king, he still continued a prisoner. It is related that the captive monarch found pleasure in the visits of the knightly Hernando de Soto, who knew how to treat him with becoming respect. But in the presence of Pizarro, "he was always uneasy and overawed. This dread soon

came to be mingled with contempt. Among all the European arts, what he admired most was that of reading and writing; and he long deliberated with himself, whether he should regard it as natural or acquired talent. In order to determine this, he desired one of the soldiers who guarded him to write the name of God on the nail of his thumb.

"This he showed successively to several Spaniards, asking its meaning; and to his amazement they all, without hesitation, returned the same answer. At length Pizarro entered; and on presenting it to him, he blushed and with some confusion was obliged to acknowledge his ignorance. From that moment Atahualpa considered him as a mean person, less instructed than his own soldiers; and he had not address enough to conceal the sentiments with which this discovery inspired him."

The illiterate governor was mortified to be "the object of a barbarian's scorn," and it is said the foregoing incident hastened the doom of the unfortunate Inca. It was soon rumored that he had ordered a rising of the Peruvians. He was at once tried before Pizarro and Almagro, who sat as judges, and unjustly accused of a number of crimes. The unhappy monarch was condemned to death, and after receiving baptism, he was cruelly strangled. De Soto was absent from the camp at the time of this horrible transaction, but on returning he reproached his chief, and expressed his firm belief that Atahualpa had been basely slandered.

Pizarro now marched and took possession of the Peruvian capital—"the great and Holy city of Cusco." It contained a population of about three hundred thousand. The streets crossed each other at right angles, and the houses were built chiefly of stone. It was adorned with numerous and splendid palaces, and guarded by a mighty fortress built on a lofty eminence. "This noble city was the pride of all Peruvians. It was to them what Jerusalem was to the Jews, or Rome to the Romans."

In less than ten years Pizarro made himself master of the Peruvian empire. He erected churches, cast down idols, and set up crosses on the highways. He founded the city of Lima in 1535. But the demon of strife appeared among the conquerors. An open rupture between Pizarro and Almagro led to new scenes of blood and appalling slaughter. Almagro was defeated, taken prisoner and mercilessly condemned to be strangled. Though in feeble health, and pressed down with the burden of seventy-five years, he died with the dignity and fortitude of a veteran.

Almagro perished, but he left behind him a strong party that hated

Pizarro, and plotted his destruction. About noon, on Sunday, the 26th of June, 1541, a band of conspirators rushed into the residence of the governor, exclaiming: "Long live the king! Down with the tyrant!" Pizarro was in his apartment, surrounded by only a few followers. On becoming aware of his danger he ordered the door to be shut, grasped his sword and said: "Courage, companions, we are yet many enough to make these traitors repent of their audacity."

When the door opened the struggle grew desperate. Pizarro threw himself on his enemies like a lion aroused in his lair. "Traitors!" he cried, "have you come to kill me in my own house!" and his sword fell with fatal force on numbers of his enemies. But all his followers were soon killed or wounded, and at length the fearless old man received a mortal stab in the throat and fell. "Jesus!" exclaimed the dying general, and tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke more friendly than the rest put an end to his existence.

And thus perished Francis Pizarro, the stern conqueror of Peru, who had surmounted so many stupendous difficulties on land and water, who had served under Ojéda and Balboa and Cortés, who had braved hunger and thirst and disease, who had smiled at the wrath of man and the fury of the tempest, who had broken through the lofty barrier of the Andes, and triumphed at the head of his veterans on countless battle-fields. He was about seventy years of age. He was never married. Simple in dress and manners, he was tall in stature and well proportioned, with an air of soldierly distinction. He rose early, and was temperate in eating and drinking. Far from hoarding up the vast wealth that poured in upon him as Governor of Peru, he generously employed it in promoting great public enterprises. He was a warrior of dauntless courage, iron nerve, and rare power of patient endurance, but in many of his boldest actions he simply imitated Cortés, and trusted to luck for success. Though often guided by noble and generous impulses, his wonderful career is marked by deeds of cunning, cruelty and treachery. The conquest of Peru is a long and bloody drama, in which he was the chief actor, but it is only right to remember that this terrible genius was a poor, unlettered "son of sin and sorrow." To judge him fairly we must judge with charity.

Very soon after the date of Pizarro's conquest, Central America had bishops at Nicaragua, Guatemala and Panama, and as the Spanish power advanced, episcopal sees were erected at Carthagena and at Cuzco, the seat

of the Inca power, and before the close of the sixteenth century there were bishops at Paraguay, La Plata, Santiago de Chile, and Buenos Ayres. The nominations to these sees were all made by the Spanish kings, to whom the Holy See granted extensive powers in America. The early bishops were almost all remarkable men—full of zeal, laboring earnestly to bring to orderly lives both rulers and people, who were alike in those wild times disposed to excess. They preached the gospel fearlessly, and not without danger. One of them, the holy Bishop Valdiviose, of Nicaragua, actually died by the hand of a governor whom he rebuked. The Spanish monarchs assigned part of their revenues from mines for the erection of churches; the religious orders sent colonies to the various provinces, establishing seminaries, colleges, hospitals; and a new order, that of Bethlehem, for the care of the sick, arose in Guatemala, founded by the venerable Peter Betancurt.

By the missions now established millions of the aborigines were won to the Christian faith, not only in the half civilized state of Peru, but among the wildest and fiercest tribes of the southern wilderness. The great Jesuit missions of Paraguay remain in history as monuments of the zeal that spread itself over the continent, bearing with it the gospel of peace.

The bishops founded seminaries, held provincial councils and diocesan synods; and one, St. Turribius Mogrobejo, Bishop of Lima (1578–1606), is already canonized. Led by such examples, clergy and religious showed similar fervor. St. Louis Bertrand labored for years in Columbia; St. Francis Solano in La Plata and Peru; the Blessed John Masias, Martin Porras and Sebastian of the Apparition, lay brothers of the Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, edified all by their holy life; St. Rose of Lima and Blessed Mariana of Quito became models for holy virgins.

The introduction of negro slaves into America gave the Church a new flock to save. The Blessed Peter Claver devoted his life to them, becoming the slave of the slave.

Brazil, settled by the Portuguese, followed the system of the Spanish colonies, and had an episcopal see at Bahia in 1550; and for a time religion flourished in the settlements and in the Indian mission, where the Ven. Father Anchieta led his wonderful life.

When Protestantism gained a foothold in some states of Europe, the missionaries on their way to America were exposed to fearful dangers before they reached the field where they were to labor. Piratical cruisers, veiling their cruel rapacity under a pretext of religion, murdered all Catholic mis-

sionaries found on vessels that fell into their hands. In this way the Blessed Peter Azevedo and thirty-nine companions were martyred on their voyage to Brazil.

Religion continued to be maintained and extended in South America till the middle of the last century, when it received a severe blow in the expulsion of the Jesuits. Missions were then everywhere broken up and scattered, colleges and seminaries were closed and churches left desolate. The state in vain endeavored to supply the void thus created. Some of the other religious orders had grown wealthy, and had lost their early fervor, the system of lay patronage had placed many unworthy persons in the benefices of the secular clergy, and a general decline of religion followed. When the French Revolution broke out, the infidel doctrines that produced it spread in books to Spanish America, and did more to wreck the faith of that once Catholic people.

Revolution began in the provinces from Darien to Patagonia, and gradually the Spanish authorities and forces were expelled, and new governments, nominally republican, were set up. Brazil followed a similar course, but became an Empire under a prince of the royal family of Portugal.

In these revolutions most of the bishops were driven out as adherents of Spain, and for years religion was at a low ebb. Gradually, Freemasonry, introduced into Mexico from the United States, spread over Spanish America and Brazil, and most of the leading men becoming its dupes and tools, no longer concealed their hostility to religion. In all these countries the Church has been for many years at the sport of impious men. Bishops are imprisoned or exiled for doing their duty, religious Orders and convents are suppressed, all attempts at reform are checked; even the pious sodalities and confraternities attached to the churches are made an instrument to oppress and insult the Church.

The Holy See has been unceasing in its vigilance and efforts to revive religion, and has repeatedly sent pious and able men to operate the needed reform. With one of these, Monsignor Musi, sent by Pope Pius VII., came the Abbate Mastai Ferretti, afterwards the famous Pius IX., who spent two years in Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Peru.

Yet the faith is not dead. There are many learned and pious bishops and priests, and under better auspices, religion may revive and regain in South America its early and happier influence. We have purposely summed up the situation down to date, as hereafter our retrospect will confine itself to the North American continent.

Chapter VI.

THE TRUE NATIVE AMERICANS.

God's Hand In the Discovery.—Millions in Heathen Darkness.—The Genuine Lords of the Soil.—Peculiarities of the Tribes.—Manners and Modes of Life.—Indian Dancers and Athletes.—Low Condition of the Females.—Lack of Craft and Industry.—Canoes and Snow Shoes.—War the General Pursuit.—Men Born only to Fight.—The Nine Great Indian Families.—Hunting and Battle Expeditions.—Out for a Bloody Campaign.—Torturing and Devouring of Captives.—Indian Notions of the Deity.—The Happy Hunting Grounds.—Superstition and Devil Worship.—Aboriginal Languages and Learning.—Calumet, the Pipe of Peace.—"Our Father" in some Strange Tongues.—The Music of Native Names. Familiar Terms Explained.—Missionary Linguists and Scholars.—The Dominican "Protector of the Indians."—A Bishop, Missionary and Chronicler.—The First Priest Ordained in America.

THE discovery of America, like every other event in the history of the world, had, in the design of God, the great object of the salvation of mankind. In that event, more clearly than is often permitted to us, we can see and adore the Providence which thus extended to millions, long sundered from the rest of man by pathless oceans, the light of the Savior's gospel and the proffered boon of redemption. The manners and condition of these native American millions, when first made known to the civilized world, are of deep interest to all who would read intelligently of the efforts made to convert them.

The primitive inhabitants of the New World were the races of red men who have been called Indians. The name Indian was given to them from their supposed identity with the people of India. Columbus and his companions, as already stated, believed that they had reached the islands of the far East, and that the natives were of the same race with the inhabitants of the

Indies. The mistake of the Spaniards was soon discovered; but the name Indian has ever since remained to designate the native tribes of the western continent.

These tribes of natives differed very much in some respects as to their mode of life. Some were warlike, others peaceful. Some lived only by hunting, others had fields of waving corn, and raised also beans, pumpkins, tobacco, American hemp and sunflowers,—these last for the oil in the seeds. Some had only little tents of skin or bark, called "wigwams;" others built permanent villages, with streets, and rows of houses. These houses were of bark, supported by wooden posts; they had a slit, about a foot wide, the whole length of the roof, to let the light in, and the smoke out. The fires were built on the ground, in a row, under the long opening, when the house or wigwam happened to be a large one.

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But, however carefully they may have built their houses, all these Indians were alike in being a roving race, living in the open air most of their time, and very unwilling to be long confined to one place. They were always moving about, changing their abode at different seasons of the year, or when they wished to pursue a different kind of game. One of their commonest reasons for removing was that they had burned the woods immediately around them. So when the first white settlers came, and the Indians were puzzled to know why these strangers arrived, some of them thought that it must be because they had burned up all the wood in the country from which they came, and that they visited the American continent merely to find fuel.

The Indians were not commonly equal to the Europeans in bodily

strength; they were not so strong in the arms and hands, nor could they strike such heavy blows. But, on the other hand, their endurance was wonderful. They were very light of foot, so that their best runners could run seventy or eighty miles in a day; and they could bear the greatest torture without uttering a groan. In the woods they could hear sounds and observe signs which no white man could perceive; and they had the power of travelling for miles in a straight line through the thickest forest, being guided by the appearance of the moss and bark upon the trees.

When the discoverers arrived, they found the Indians dressed chiefly in the skins of animals, which they prepared by smoking them, instead of by tanning, as is now the practice. But in time they obtained blankets from the colonists, and decorated them with beads, shells and feathers. On great occasions, such as councils and war-dances, the chiefs wore a great quantity of these decorations, and also painted their faces with bright colors. The women or "squaws," as they were called, had this same practice, but were more plainly dressed than the men, and, like them, sometimes tattooed their bodies. But the women wore their hair long, while the men commonly shaved theirs off, except one lock called the "scalp-lock," which was left as a point of honor; so that, if one Indian killed another, he could cut off the scalp, lifting it by this lock.

The food of the Indians was very simple; it consisted of what they obtained by hunting and fishing, with pounded corn, acorns, berries, and a few vegetables. They used tobacco; but had no intoxicating drinks till they got them from Europeans. They knew how to make rush mats and wooden mortars and earthen vessels. They made fish-hooks of bone, and nets out of the fibres of hemp. They made pipes of clay and stone, often curiously carved or moulded. They made stone axes and arrow-heads; and these are often found in the ground to this day, wherever there is the site of an Indian village. They made beads called "wampum," out of shells. After the Europeans came, they supplied the Indians with their own beads, and with iron axes and arrow-heads, and, at last, with fire-arms.

But the most ingenious inventions of the Indians were the snow shoe and birch canoe. The snow-shoe was made of a maple-wood frame, three or four feet long, curved and tapering, and filled in with a net-work of deer's hide. This net-work was fastened to the foot by thongs, only a light, elastic moccasin being worn. Thus the foot was supported on the surface of the snow; and an Indian could travel forty miles a day upon snow-shoes, and

could easily overtake the deer and moose, whose pointed hoofs cut through the crust. The peculiar pattern varied with almost every tribe, as did also the pattern of the birch canoe. This was made of the bark of the white birch, stretched over a very light frame of white cedar. The whole bark of a birch tree was stripped off and put round the frame, without being torn. The edges were sewed with thongs cut from the roots of the cedar, and were then covered with pitch made from the gum of trees. If torn, the canoe could be mended with pieces of bark, fastened in the same way. The largest of these canoes were thirty feet long, and would carry ten or twelve Indians; they were very light, and could be paddled with ease. They were often very gracefully shaped, and drew very little water. The birch canoe and the snow-shoe are still much in use, even among white men, in certain sections of the country.

The Indians generally had great courage, self-control, and patience. They were grave and dignified in their manners, on important occasions; in their councils they were courteous to one another, and discussed all important questions at great length. They were often kind and generous, and sometimes even forgiving; but they mostly regarded sternness as a virtue, and forgiveness as a weakness. They were especially cruel to captives, putting them to death with all manner of tortures, in which women took an active part. It was the custom among them for women to do the most of the hard work, in order that the bodies of the men might be kept supple and active for the pursuits of the chase and war. When employed on these pursuits, the Indian seemed incapable of fatigue; but in the camp, or in traveling, the women carried the burdens, and when a hunter had carried a slain deer on his shoulders for a long distance, he would throw it down within sight of the village, that his squaw might go and bring it in.

The Indian tribes that once ruled over the present limits of this country are generally grouped into nine nations or families. The Algonquin or Algic family occupied the whole basin of the St. Lawrence and its lakes, the western valley of the Mississippi down to the fifty-fifth degree of latitude, and the whole Atlantic shore to about the same parallel. Below them lay the Mobilian or Muscolgee tribes, reaching to the Gulf of Mexico. Encircled by these two great families lay two isolated groups, peculiar in all their institutes and destined to attain a greater eminence than the rest; these were the Huron-Iroquois, extending from Lakes Huron and Ontario, in a solid body or in scattered clans, to North Carolina, and south of them the Cherokees, "the mountaineers of aboriginal America."

Of the Algonquin tribes, all on the borders of Canada were gained in process of time to the faith. A glance at the map will show their chief divisions. Above the St. Lawrence, bordering on the Esquimaux of Labra-

dor, and stretching off towards Hudson's Bay, were the Montagnais; below the gulf lay the Gaspesians and Micmacs, or Souriquois, occupying the present colonies of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Maine was occupied by the

tribes of the Abnakis, the headwaters of the Connecticut by the Sokokis, while along the St. Lawrence and Ottawa lay the Algonquins, properly so called, with the Nipissings dwelling on their own lake, and the Attikamegues above Three Rivers. Westward still, the Ottawas and Chippewas lay near the outlet of Lake Superior, while below roamed the Menomonee, the Sac, the Fox, the Kikapoo, the Mascouten; and around the circling shore of Lake Michigan were the numerous clans of the Illinois and Miamis, who have left their names to the territories which they possessed.

Of these tribes we shall frequently speak; they were all mission ground. In the part occupied by the English and Dutch, other tribes of the Algonquin stock existed, to whom, with few exceptions, the gospel was never preached, and who have now mostly perished. New England was inhabited by the Narragansetts, Pequods, and other tribes of similar origin; the Mohegans lay on the Connecticut and Hudson, the Lenni Lenape on the Delaware and Susquehanna, while Virginia was occupied by the Powhatan clans, and the banks of the Ohio by the roving Shawnees.

The Huron-Iroquois, more agricultural and sedentary than the Algonquin tribes, with whom they were ever at war, occupied a territory in the midst of them. Northmost of all, the Wyandots, traders of the west, lay in their densely peopled villages, well fortified by ditch and palisade on a small peninsula in Lake Huron; southwest lay their allies, the Tionontates, whose luxuriant fields of tobacco won for them and their fertile hills the name of Petuns; and south and east of these, stretching beyond the Niagara and its marvellous cataract, lay the many clans of the Atiwandaronk, friends to the Huron and Algonquin, friends too to the Iroquois, and called by the French the Neutral Nation. East of these in New York, stretching from the Genesee to the mouth of the Mohawk, lay the five clans, who are now known collectively by the French name, Iroquois. West of these, on the southern shores of Lake Erie, lay the far-famed archers, the Eries or Cat tribe, who have melted away like a dream; on the Susquehanna were the Conestogues, friends of the Huron and the Swede, few but brave; and below them, amid the Powhatans, the traveler would find the wigwam of the Meherrin, the Tutelo, and the clan whom the Algonquins called Nottoway; and still further south in modern Carolina, ruled the fiery Tuscarora, last of the clans of the Huron-Iroquois.

Close on the last of this great family came the mountain home of the Cherokee, and its sands laden with gold. Below them still from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, were found the clans of the Muscolgee —the Creek, the

Yamassee, the Apalache, the Coosa, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw with the Natchez and other tribes who claimed another lineage.

West of the Mississippi, from its source to the Arkansas, spread tribes of the Dakota family—the Sioux, the Assiniboins, the Kappas ; while on the southwest lay the New Mexican tribes, and beyond the mountains the many tribes which still people California and Oregon.

Among all the tribes thus catalogued war was esteemed the most honorable employment, and next to it ranked hunting and fishing. The weapons of the Indians were bows and arrows, spears, clubs, and tomahawks. The arrows and spears were pointed with horn, or sharp pieces of flint stone. The clubs consisted of heavy pieces of knotted wood hardened in the fire; while the tomahawks were simply stone hatchets, with hickory branches twisted around them for handles and smoothed down to a sharp edge. The Indian's skill in the use of his arms was proverbial. In his hands the bow and arrow were no mean weapons. Pitched battles, or general engagements were unknown until the natives learned of the white man to make war on a large scale. Their hostile movements were generally skillful dashes of a few warriors into the enemy's country, taking some scalps, doing all the mischief they could, and returning with as little injury as possible to themselves. The great point of their tactics was surprise. Comparative rank of chiefs and warriors often depended on the number of scalps they had taken. If made prisoner, the Indian brave was subjected to the most cruel treatment, being burned at the stake by a slow fire. Sometimes, as a tribute of respect to manly fortitude, mercy took the place of ferocity, and the half-murdered warrior was adopted as a brother by his enemies. Often, as a religious ceremony, the flesh of the unhappy victim was eaten, his heart being divided into small pieces, and given to the young men and boys, that it might communicate its courage to them. Cannibalism to this extent was practiced both by the Hurons and Iroquois. The dying warrior made it a point of honor to endure these awful torments with unshaken heroism. To his last breath he taunted his savage tormenters, and boldly shouted his death-song from among the flames.

Women, among the Indians, was a degraded being—a slave. To her life there was no bright side. She did all the drudgery of the wigwam, raised the crops of corn, and, in their wanderings, bore the heavy burdens. In the words of Champlain, "their women were their mules." Catholicity first taught the Indian that the squaw was equal to the warrior; and that the sex which our divine Lord honored by making one of them His mother, must be respected.

BY PERMISSION OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN, FATHER GENERAL, C. S. C.

The Indian system of government was exceedingly simple, and, in many respects, worthy of serious study.

The fifty sachems of the famous Iroquois formed the government of that confederacy. The learned Jesuit missionary, Lafitau, tells us that this great Council of Fifty would, in wisdom and eloquence, compare very favorably with the Roman Senate in the early days of the Republic. He thus describes that singular legislative body: "It is a greasy assemblage, sitting sur leur derriere, crouched like apes, their knees as high as their ears, or lying some on their bellies, some on their backs, each with a pipe in his mouth, discussing affairs of state with as much coolness and gravity as the Spanish Junta or the Grand Council of Venice." In fact, the code that obtained among the Five Nations was the masterpiece of Indian jurisprudence. Both as law-givers and as warriors they towered above all other tribes within the limits of our country.

The general form of government common among the Indians, is thus tersely and correctly stated by a late writer: "The head of each tribe was a chief, or sachem, sometimes so by birth, but generally chosen on account of his bravery, or wisdom, or eloquence. His opinion, if supported by a counsel of the elders, was the only law. But he had no means of enforcing it on those who were unwilling to obey. His influence depended wholly on his personal character. The warriors followed him on a war party only if they chose. There could be no compulsion. Proud as the Indian was in many things that of which he was most proud was his personal freedom."

It is a popular notion that the primitive Indians worshiped God under the name of the Great Spirit. Nothing could be further from the truth: The fact is, the primitive Indian was as ignorant of Almighty God as he was of Christian morality and the elegancies of life. And as he first obtained firearms from the white man, so he first learned this greatest of all truths—the existence of one God—from the lips of the Catholic missionary. No Indian dialect had an equivalent term for our word God, which had to be translated in a roundabout manner by saying the "Great Spirit that lives above," the "Great Chief of Men," "the Great Ruler of the Skies," or something to that effect. If they had anything in common with Christianity, it was their belief in the existence of the soul, and of a spirit-land, or future state. For all there was, however, but one spirit-land, yet all were not to be equally happy when they reached that bourne whence no traveler returns. "Skillful hunters and brave warriors went to the happy hunting ground; while

the slothful, the cowardly, and the weak were doomed to eat serpents and ashes in dreary regions of mist and darkness. According to some Algonquin traditions, heaven was a scene of endless festivity, the ghosts dancing to the sound of the rattle and the drum, and greeting with hospitable welcome the occasional visitor from the living world; for the spirit-land was not far off, and roving hunters sometimes passed its confines unawares.

As a whole, the Indian's belief was really a ridiculous medley of superstition and idolatry. "Pure unmixed devil-worship," says Shea, "prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the land." Some tribes paid honors to the calumet. Father Marquette tells us that the Illinois, who dwelt on the upper Mississippi, "adored the sun and thunder." Father Doury, who accompanied La Salle's expedition, found the Indians of Lower Mississippi paying divine honors to the sun. Fathers Dablon and Allouez tell us of an Indian idol which they discovered on the banks of Fox River, near Green Bay, Wisconsin. It was "merely a rock bearing some resemblance to a man, and hideously painted. With the help of their attendant they threw it into the water."

The Indian fancied that manitous were in everything—men, animals, lakes, rivers, hills, and valleys. To his rude and narrow mind these manitous had it in their power to cause disaster or triumph, health or sickness, life or death. Besides, there were good and bad manitous, great and small manitous. Their bad manitous answer to our devil. But it may be proper to call to our assistance one of the old missionaries in order to explain this complicated subject of Indian worship; and to exhibit the rascality of that most accomplished of red-skin rogues—the medicine-man, or Indian conjurer.

"It would be difficult," writes Father Marest, S.J., "to say what is the religion of our Indians. It consists entirely of some superstitions with which their credulity is amused. As all their knowledge is limited to an acquaintance with brutes, and to the necessities of life, so it is to these things that all their worship is confined. Their medicine-man, who have a little more intellect than the rest, gain the respect of the Indians by their ability to deceive them. These jugglers persuade the others that they honor a kind of spirit to whom they give the name of manitou; and teach them that it is this spirit which governs all things, and is master of life and death. A bird, a buffalo, a bear, or rather the plumage of these birds, and the skins of these beasts—such is their manitou. They hang it up in their wigwams, and offer it sacrifices of dogs and other animals. . . . . .

These medicine-men have recourse to their manitous when composing their remedies, or when attempting to cure the diseased. They accompany their invocations with chants, and dances, and frightful contortions to induce the belief that they are inspired by their manitous. . . . During these different contortions, the medicine-man names sometimes one animal and sometimes another, and at last applies himself to suck that part of the body in which the sick person complains of pain. After having done so for some time he suddenly raises himself and throws out to the sick person the tooth of a bear or of some other animal, which he had kept concealed in his mouth. 'Dear friend,' he cries, 'you will live! See what it was that was killing you!' After which he says in applauding himself: 'Who can resist my manitou? Is he not the one who is the master of life?' If the patient happens to die, he immediately has some deceit ready prepared to ascribe the death to some other cause, which took place after he had left the sick man. But if, on the contrary, he should recover his health, it is then that the medicine-man receives consideration, and is himself regarded as a manitou! After being well rewarded for his labors, the best that the village produces is spread out to regale him.

"These jugglers are a great obstacle to the conversion of the Indians. In every way in their power they persecute and torment the Christians.

"One of them was about to shoot a young girl who passed by his wigwam door. Seeing a pair of beads in her hands, he wickedly thought they had caused his father's death; and was on the point of firing at her, when some other Indians prevented him.

"I cannot tell you how often I have received gross insults from them, nor how many times I should have expired under their blows, had it not been for the particular protection of God. On one occasion, among others, one of them would have split my head with his hatchet, had I not turned at the very time his arm was raised to strike me."

As the most singular of the objects worshiped by some of the tribes and venerated by all of them, must be mentioned the all-mysterious Calumet. Father Marquette thus writes of it: "Men do not pay to the crowns and sceptres of kings the honor they (the Indians) pay to the Calumet; it seems to be the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death. Carry it about you and show it, and you can march fearlessly amid enemies, who even in the heat of battle lay down their arms when it is shown. They use it for settling disputes, strengthening alliances, and speaking to strangers." The same father

describes a Calumet which the Illinois presented him when descending the great river as "made of polished red stone, like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle. It is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage; they also add large feathers of green, red, and other colors, with which it is all covered."

The Indian languages most widely diffused were those spoken by the great tribes already mentioned. Nearly all had quite limited vocabularies. The northern dialects were exceedingly harsh and guttural. In the Algonquin tongue—the most extensively spoken of them all—the words had few vowels, and were "often of intolerable length, occasioned by complicated grammatical forms—a whole sentence by means of suffixes and affixes being often expressed in a single word." This was a marked characteristic of nearly all the Indian dialects. The Wyandot language, spoken by the Hurons and Iroquois, was more sonorous than the Algonquin. The Mobilian included the kindred dialects of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Seminoles, Yazoos and others. "Compared with the northern languages, the Cherokee and Mobilian are soft and musical, thus indicating the long-continued influence of a southern climate."

As specimens of the languages once spoken on the banks of the Kennebec, on the shores of the Atlantic and the Great Lakes, and on the Pacific coast, may prove both curious and interesting to the American reader of to-day, a few are here given. They consist of the Lord's Prayer, translated into the various dialects mentioned below. For these linguistic curiosities we are indebted to the learning of Catholic missionaries—the only white men who ever thoroughly mastered the Indian tongues.

1. The Lord's Prayer, in the Abnaki dialect, the most ancient of the Algonquin family of languages, is as follows:

"Kemitanksena spomkik ayan waiwaielmoguatch ayiliwisian amantai paitriwai witawaikai ketepelta mohanganeck aylikitankonak ketelailtamohangan spomkik tali yo nampikik paitchi kik tankouataitche mamilinai yo paimi ghisgak daitaskiskouai aiponmena yopa katchi anaihail tama wihaikai kaissikakan wihiolaikaipan aliniona kisi anihailtamakokaik kaikauwia kaitaipanik mosak kaita lichi kitawikaik tampamohontchi saghi houeneminamai on lahamistakai saghihousouaminai mamait chikil, Nialest."

2. The same in the Huron or Wyandot language:

"Onaistan de aronhiaé istaré. Sasen téhondachiendateré sachiendaonan. Ont aioton sa cheonandiosta endindé. Ont aioton senchien sarasta ohoiient soone aché toti

ioti Aronhiaone. Ataindataia sen nonenda tara cha ecantate aoiiantehan. Onta taoiiandionrhens, sen atonarrihoiianderacoć, to chienne iotinendi onsa onendionrhens de oua. Onkirrihouanderai. Enon ché chana alakhionindashas d'oucaota. Ca senti ioti."

3. The same in one of the chief dialects of the California Indians:

"Chana ech tupana ave onech, otune a cuachin, chame om reino libi yb chosonec esna tupana cham nechetepe, micate tom cha chaom, pepsum yg car caychamo y i julugcalme cai ech. Depupnn opco chamo chum oyote. Amen."

4. The same in the present language of the Caughnawagas, who inhabit a village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at the head of St. Louis Rapids, near Montreal:

"Takwaienka ne karonhiake tesiteron, aiesasennaien, aiesawenniiostake, aiesawennarakwake nonwentsiake tsiniiot ne karonhiake tiesawennarakwa. Takwanout ne kenwente iakionnhekon niahtewenniserake; sasanikonrheus nothenon ionkinikouhraksaton non kwe; tosa aionkwasenni ne kariwaneren, akwekon eren sawit ne iotaksens ethonaiawen."

The English language is indebted to the Indians for a number of common words. Among them are canoe, potato, tobacco, tomahawk, wigwam, hammock, squaw, sachem, and others. They have also bequeathed to us nearly all the really beautiful names of our states, lakes and rivers. An American poet, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, has clothed this fact in some exquisite stanzas:

You say, they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
You may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tributes from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

You say, their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid her young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

We have but to vocalize some of these names and the dullest ear is pleased with the sweet music of the sound. I here give a few, accompanied by their signification in English:

Indian Names.	*Meaning in English.*
Ohio,	Beautiful.
Ontario,	Village on a mountain.
Idaho,	The gem of the mountains.
Cayuga,	Long lake.
Alabama,	Here we rest.
Chicopee,	Cedar tree.
Mohawk,	Eaters of live food.
Tennessee,	River of the big bend.
Niagara,	Neck of water.
Wisconsin,	Rushing channel.
Saratoga,	Place of miraculous waters in a rock.
Rappahannock,	River of rising waters.
Mississippi,	The Father of Waters, or Great River.
Missouri,	Muddy.
Manhattan,	Town on the island.
Merrimac,	Swift water.
Kennebec,	Long river.
Acadia,	Where we dwell.
Tuscaloosa,	Black-warrior.
Massachusetts,	Around the great hills.
Connecticut,	Land on the long river.
Onondaga,	Place of the hills.
Kentucky,	Dark and bloody ground.
Toronto,	Place of meeting.
Minnehaha,	Laughing waters—a waterfall.

As the Indians had no written language, they did not possess any learning. A few rude drawings on skins or bark formed their sole record.

The Franciscan, Dominican, and Jesuit missionaries were the first Europeans who set about the extremely difficult task of acquiring the Indian languages. Father Pareja, O.S.F., published an Indian catechism as early as 1593. Father Brebeuf, S.J., wrote a Huron catechism, Father Chaumonot, S.J., a Huron dictionary, and Father Bruyas, S.J., an Iroquois dictionary; while Father White, S.J., did the same for the Maryland Indians, and Father Rale, S.J., for the Abnaki of Maine. Numerous Catholic prayer-books, catechisms, and other works of devotion have, at various times, appeared in different Indian dialects. Of the present century, the best known Indian scholars are Bishop Baraga, Father De Smet, S.J., Rev. Dr. Vetromile, Rev. Joseph Marcoux and the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

Besides claiming the honor of having discovered America, the Church rightly lays claim to the honor of civilizing its interesting people. She was the first to succeed in obtaining gentle treatment, and indeed freedom itself, for these aborigines. In 1537 Pope Paul the Third declared in an apostolic brief that the native Indians of America were really and truly free men who should not be reduced to slavery.

Throughout the four hundred years that have well nigh elapsed since the cross of Christ was first planted in American soil, the Church has continued to send forth from European lands, heroes of faith and charity to bring the Indians, as well as the bold European pioneers, into a state of civilization. Who does not know, honor, and bless the name of that noble son of the Church, the illustrious Dominican monk, Father Las Casas, of whom a brief history may here be fitly presented.

Bartholomew Las Casas, the renowned missionary and friend of the poor Indians, was born in the year 1474, at Seville, in Spain. He belonged to a family of French origin. While the young man was pursuing his studies at the University of Salamanca, his father—who had accompanied Columbus in his second voyage to the New World—made him a gift of an Indian, who acted for some time as his servant. But the generous Isabella soon published a decree, giving freedom to all Indians in Spain. The pious student at once joyfully liberated his dusky servant, "and sent him back to his native land loaded with presents." Thus it happened that the unflinching advocate of human freedom had once been the owner of a slave himself, and that he had made the familiar acquaintance of a simple son of the forest at that happy period of life when the mind is open to receive deep and lasting impressions.

In 1502, Las Casas accompanied Ovando in his expedition to Hispaniola,

and eight years later he was ordained priest—the first, it is said, who was raised to that sacred dignity in the New World. When the Spaniards conquered Cuba he was appointed to a parish in a small settlement. It was here that he began to signalize himself in favor of the oppressed Indians, and to raise his voice in accents of holy indignation against the crimes of his own countrymen.

At this period, under the title of repartimientos or distributions, whole districts of the newly-found countries were held by Spanish noblemen or adventurers. The poor savages were divided with the lands, which they were

LAS CASAS, "PROTECTOR OF THE INDIANS."

compelled to cultivate. They had also to dig in the mines, or hunt the rivers for precious stones. So hard were their cruel taskmasters that the native race began to wither away. It was a diabolical system.

"The Indians were coupled together like beasts of burden," says Charlevoix, "and when forced to carry loads wholly beyond their strength they were urged forward by the lash. On falling from exhaustion, a vigorous use of the whip obliged them to rise. A colonist, in ordinary circumstances, rarely went any distance from his house except when borne in a litter by two Indians.

"There was no scruple made of separating husband and wife—the man being sent to the mines, from which he seldom returned, and the woman being employed in the cultivation of the lands. While engaged in this severe labor they were all forced to live on roots and herbs. To see them die of such violence and of pure fatigue was an ordinary spectacle."

"I have found many dead on the road," says Las Casas, "others gasping under the trees, and others in the pangs of death, faintly crying, hunger! hunger!"

The good priest was touched to the heart at the sight of such shameful scandals and appalling injustice. How could religion make any progress? It was mockery indeed to expect that the Indians would sincerely embrace the Christian religion—the faith of their heartless and tyrannical oppressors.

To oppose the cruel system of repartimientos, Father Las Casas went to Spain, where he prevailed on Cardinal Ximenes to send a commission of inquiry to the West Indies; but the work of the commission was far from satisfying his zeal, and he revisited Spain to procure the adoption of still stronger measures for the protection of the natives. He was honored with the title of Protector General of the Indians, and his exertions in their behalf were unceasing.

He carried his cause before Charles V, and as he had warm opponents, the emperor first heard the spokesman of the opposition. When the turn of Las Casas came, he arose with dignity and presented the rights of the Indians in a discourse of great vigor and eloquence.

"The Christian religion," he concluded, "is equal in its operation, and is accommodated to every nation on the globe. It robs no one of his freedom, violates none of his inherent rights on the ground that he is a slave by nature, as pretended; and it well becomes your majesty to banish so monstrous an oppression from your kingdoms in the beginning of your reign, that the Almighty may make it long and glorious."

Las Casas gained his point. In 1520 he attempted to form a settlement of Castilian peasants in the West Indies, with a view of giving more complete effect to his designs in behalf of the Indians; but unhappily, he had to contend against such a host of difficulties that his plan ended in failure. He had hitherto been a secular priest. He now retired to the Dominican convent in Hispaniola, and became a son of St. Dominic. His well-spent time was divided between spiritual duties, missions, and the composition of various famous works relating to the New World and the cause of his dear Indians.

He traversed Mexico, Peru, Guatemala, and other vast countries, everywhere exercising the double functions of missionary apostolic and protector of the Indians.

The venerable priest refused the rich bishopric of Cusco, in Peru; but, at length, he was persuaded to accept the poor see of Chiapa, in a wild province of Mexico. He was near seventy years of age when he began his episcopal labors. How he toiled and suffered, and battled for the rights of the red man, and pointed out the road to Heaven with dauntless courage, cannot be told here.

In 1551, the great bishop resigned his see. He crossed the Atlantic for the last time, retired to the Monastery of Atocha, at Madrid, where he spent many years in preparing his soul for that blessed end which came in July, 1566. He died at the advanced age of ninety-two, and his faculties were unimpaired to the last.

Las Casas was a sainted Catholic missionary, who loved justice and abhorred iniquity. He was inspired by one great and glorious idea. He crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and toiled for over half a century, in the midst of danger, hardship, and soul-trying opposition, to ameliorate the unhappy condition of the Indians, and to spread the light of the gospel in the dark wilderness of the New World. Nor was his pen less active and eloquent than his tongue. He is one of the great writers of Spain. "In the course of his work," says Irving, "when Las Casas mentions the original papers lying before him, from which he drew many of his facts, it makes one lament that they should be lost to the world. Besides the journals and letters of Columbus, he says, he had numbers of the letters of Don Bartholomew, who wrote better than his brother, and whose writings must have been full of energy. Above all, he had the map, formed from study and conjecture, by which Columbus himself sailed on his first voyage. What a precious document would this be for the world!"

Chapter VII.

EARLY SPANISH MISSIONS.

VOICE OF THE ROMAN SHEPHERD.—FIRST MISSIONARIES TO THE SOUTH.—THE FRANCISCAN TWELVE.—NARVAEZ' BLUNDERING EXPEDITION.—FRIAR MARK AND HIS WANDERINGS.—A DELUSIVE EMPIRE.—BRAVE FATHER PADILLA.—LOST BROTHER JOHN.—DE SOTO'S EXPEDITION.—FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH SAVAGES.—A FRIGHTFUL MARCH TO THE SEA.—THREE YEARS OF HARDSHIPS.—FROM FLORIDA TO THE MISSISSIPPI.—DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT RIVER.—DEATH OF THE EXPLORER.—A TOMB IN THE FLOWING WATERS.—RETREAT OF THE SURVIVORS.—FATHER CANCER INVADES FLORIDA.—DEATH ON THE THRESHOLD.—MORE DOMINICANS FOR MARTYRDOM.—FATHER FERRER AND HIS PROPHECY.—THE SURVIVOR OF THE MASSACRE.—EXPEDITION OF DON TRISTAN.—THE GREAT ADMIRAL MELENDEZ.—SEARCH FOR A LOST SON.—THE NEW EXPEDITION.—FOUNDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE.—JESUITS ON THE MISSION.—LETTER OF POPE ST. PIUS.—FATHER MARTINEZ WINS HIS CROWN.—OUR FIRST JESUIT MARTYR.

WITHIN two months after the return of Columbus from that momentous first voyage, on May 9, 1493, the Holy Father at Rome, Pope Alexander, issued to the Spanish sovereigns his famous bull, *Inter cetera*, in which he refers to the late discovery in these words:

"We have heard to our great joy that you have proposed to labor and use every exertion that the inhabitants of certain islands and continents remote and hitherto unknown, and of others yet undiscovered, be reduced to worship our Redeemer and profess the Catholic faith. You sent, not without the greatest exertions, dangers, and expense, our beloved son, Christopher Colon, a man of worth and much to be commended, fit for such business, with vessels and cargoes, diligently to search for continents and remote and unknown islands on a sea hitherto never navigated; who, finally, with the divine assistance and great diligence, navigated the vast ocean and discovered

certain most distant islands and continents which were previously unknown, in which very many nations dwell peaceably, and, as it is said, go naked and abstain from animal food, etc."

Further on His Holiness enjoins it as a duty on the sovereigns, to send out to the newly discovered countries "tried men, who fear God, and skillful and expert, to instruct the inhabitants in the Catholic faith, and teach them good morals."

Catholic priests were accordingly sent out on almost every voyage with the early explorers, and the planting of the Cross was co-incident with their settlement of the various islands of the West Indies, and of the conquests made in Mexico and Peru. Within the actual limits of our own country—to which we refer distinctively the name America—we find that the first Spanish missionaries set foot in Florida in 1528, in company with the expedition of Narvaez. The latter expected to found an empire rivaling in wealth and extent that of Mexico, so recently subjected to the Spanish arms by the prowess of Cortéz. The limits of the new empire were already marked out for a see, which took its title from the Rio de las Palmas—its southern boundary—a river in Mexico between Vera Cruz and Tampico, and extended to the Cape of Florida.

The new bishop himself, Juan Juarez, headed the band of missionaries. As Father Juarez, he had been one of the twelve Franciscans who were invited to Mexico by Cortéz to be its first apostles, and whom he received with great honor in 1524, five years after his landing. Father Juarez here distinguished himself by his zeal and his love and care for the Indians, and his appointment as the new bishop, which was made on the occasion of a subsequent visit to Spain, was therefore most fitting.

The expedition of Narvaez proved, however, a failure, and in its failure was involved that of the missionary scheme connected with it. No rich empire met the commander's expectant gaze, no dusky monarch clad in barbaric splendor and surrounded by assiduous courtiers crossed his path to question his purposes or withstand his advance. He encountered only straggling Indians who treacherously led him on to his ruin. At last, weary, disappointed, pinched with want, and decimated by disease or the arrows of ambushed savages, the troops of Narvaez forced their way back through the jungle to the shore they had left. Narvaez had injudiciously, and against the advice of Bishop Juarez, ordered his ships elsewhere, and the only resource of the party was to escape to sea as best they might in the rude

boats they constructed for the purpose. Four only remained behind, and these saved themselves by a perilous journey across the continent. The remainder were lost at sea, or were cast away to die a more lingering death by starvation, disease, or the attacks of the natives. Among the latter was the party of Bishop Juarez, which had been driven ashore on Dauphin Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi, and of which nothing further was ever heard.

The four survivors of the expedition of Narvaez traversed Texas and New Mexico, and, reaching the shores of the Gulf of California, reappeared to the gaze of their astonished friends. The accounts they gave of the kingdoms and cities they had passed on their journey—accounts that were doubtless somewhat colored by their imagination—came to the ears of an Italian friar named Mark, and excited his zeal for the glorious spiritual conquest that seemed to lie before him. Placing himself under the guidance of Stephen, a negro, one of the four survivors alluded to, and attended by some friendly Indians, he boldly plunged into the wilderness which skirted the river Gila. Crossing it, he continued his march until he came within sight of Cibola, a city of the Zuñi tribe. Here he sent forward Stephen with a party of the Indian attendants to prepare the way, but the natives drove them back, and even killed Stephen and some of his companions. The friar could only look with longing eyes towards the city where he had hoped to garner a harvest of souls, and then sorrowfully began to retrace his steps. Ere descending the hill from which he bade farewell to the city, he, however, planted the cross, the object of his journey and the emblem of his mission.

The chieftain, Coronado, stimulated by the representations made of the supposed riches of Cibola, headed an expedition fitted out by the government to reduce it. He followed the route previously traversed by Friar Mark, who accompanied him, together with a number of other Franciscans. Cibola was reached, and soon yielded to the invader, but so barren was the prize, that Coronado resolved to press on to the conquest of another fabled empire in the interior, leaving the poor friar, overwhelmed with reproaches, to return home in shattered health. He ended his days shortly after.

When Coronado, weary of his fruitless journey, resolved to return, Father John de Padilla, one of the Franciscans, in his younger days a soldier, begged to be allowed to remain at the Indian town of Quivira, west of the Rio Grande. Brother John of the Cross proffered a similar request in regard to the neighboring village of Cicuye, now Pecos. Bestowing upon them a

supply of live stock, and some Mexican Indians as guides and assistants, they were left about midway between both points. Pecos being still before them, Brother John of the Cross was sent on with an escort and reached it safely. Father Padilla took leave of his countrymen and retraced his steps to Quivira with his Indian converts. Here for some time he labored assiduously, but, as it would seem, almost in vain. Hearing of a tribe more docile in character, he set out for their town, but on the road was suddenly surrounded by a considerable force of roving Indians. Conscious of his danger, he urged his companions to fly, and kneeling down prepared to die. In a few moments he fell, pierced by a shower of arrows, and sealed his mission with his blood. His comrades fled down the river, and after many a danger, reached Tampico to announce his martyr triumph. Of Brother John of the Cross, and his mission at Pecos, no tidings were ever obtained.

The territory east of the Rio Grande had meanwhile been the scene of an expedition which, in its pomp and power, its cruelties and its misfortunes, has few parallels in our annals. Like Coronado, the illustrious Hernando de Soto sought the mighty kingdom of the interior which previous adventurers had reported. After serving in Peru with Pizarro he was appointed by Charles V as governor of both Cuba and Florida. A well-equipped armament stood across the Atlantic, touched at Cuba, and in May, 1539, De Soto landed at Tampa Bay, Florida, with six hundred and twenty chosen men, a band as gallant and well appointed, as eager in pursuit and audacious in hope, as ever trod the shores of the New World. The clangor of trumpets, the neighing of horses, the fluttering of pennons, the glittering of helmet and lance, startled the ancient forest with unwonted greeting.

Amid this pomp of chivalry, religion was not forgotten. The sacred vessels and vestments, with bread and wine for the Eucharist, were carefully provided; and De Soto himself declared that the enterprise was undertaken for God alone, and seemed to be the object of his especial care. The conversion of the savages was considered a matter of the first importance, and twelve priests accompanied the expedition.

The governor took possession of the country in the name of the Emperor Charles V. It is said he dreamed of nothing but success, and, moved by the example of Cortés, sent most of his ships back to Havana. The savages did not like the new-comers, and gave vent to their wrath in hideous yells and showers of arrows. But a well-directed charge of the cavalry gave fleetness to the heels of the noisy warriors. The loss of a fine charger, however, warned

the Spaniards that the Indian arrow was no mean weapon. The fatal shaft had flown with such force as to pass through the saddle and bury itself between the ribs of the horse.

The work of exploration began, but from the outset it was a toilsome and perilous enterprise. The little army pushed patiently along towards the north. The line of march lay through a trackless wilderness covered by dense forests, and intersected by muddy rivers and vast swamps. On every side the savages proved hostile. The Spaniards were obliged to fight and push on while burdened down with a large stock of provisions and ammunition. A cannon was hauled through treacherous bogs and tangled underwood with immense labor, and the care of scores of headstrong pigs must have added enormously to the difficulties of the dangerous journey.

FIRST MASS IN THE NEW WORLD.

When Sunday or some festival came, a halt was ordered. A temporary altar was erected, perhaps beneath some lordly tree which towered to the skies, like the steeple of a Gothic cathedral. Mass was celebrated, and the gallant De Soto and his cavaliers devoutly knelt on the grass around. Every religious practice was observed, and as the little army cut its way through the wilderness of Florida, the beautiful ceremonies of the Church were duly performed.

The governor used every effort to gain the friendship of the Indians. He assured them that his mission was peaceful, and that all he desired was a passage through their territories. But in vain were his assurances. Full of hatred and suspicion, the dusky warriors would lie in ambush, discharge a volley of arrows, and then fly to the thickets of the woods. Thus the army was ever exposed to the attacks of lurking savages, and unceasing vigilance was necessary. The moment a Spaniard strayed from the camp, he was likely to be shot down and instantly scalped.

Ever skirmishing, and always on the march, De Soto held on his course towards the north of Florida. At one point an immense morass stopped his progress. It was surrounded by a thick forest of lofty trees and tangled underwood, and all points were guarded by hostile Indians. Bridges of trees, made with great labor, enabled the way-worn Spaniards to cross such portions as came above their middle. But every inch of this muddy route had to be won at the point of the sword; and it was only after a dreadful conflict of four days, in which all fought and many fell, that the troops found themselves safely across the great swamp.

After months of such toilsome marching, the cold weather came on. A halt was ordered at an Indian village called Apalachee, which stood on the site of Tallahassee, the present capital of Florida. And there, "in the midst of the wilderness, this band of adventurous Spaniards passed the winter together." The natives of this region proved to be large, fierce warriors; and in spite of the strict discipline of the camp, many a careless cavalier lost his life and scalp at the hands of prowling war-parties.

De Soto left his winter quarters in March, 1540, and proceeded towards the north, earnestly bent on finding a rich region—some imaginary Peru or Mexico. "For month after month, and year after year," writes Parkman, "the procession of priests and cavaliers, cross-bowmen, arquebusiers, and Indian captives laden with the baggage, still wandered on through wild and boundless wastes, lured hither and thither by the *ignis-fatuus* of their hopes."

They traversed great portions of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, everywhere inflicting and enduring misery, but never approaching their phantom El Dorado. At length, in the third year of their journeying, they reached the banks of the Mississippi, a hundred and thirty-two years before its second discovery by Marquette. One of their number describes the great river as almost half a league wide, deep, rapid, and constantly rolling down trees and driftwood on its turbid current.

The Spaniards crossed over at a point above the mouth of the Arkansas. They advanced westward, but found no treasures—nothing, indeed, but hardships and an Indian enemy—"Furious," writes one of their officers, "as mad dogs." They heard of a country towards the north where maize could not be cultivated because the vast herds of wild cattle devoured it.

They penetrated so far that they entered the range of the roving prairie-tribes; for, one day, as they pushed their way with difficulty across great plains covered with tall, rank grass, they met a band of savages who dwelt in lodges of skin sewed together, subsisting on game alone, and wandering perpetually from place to place. Finding neither gold nor the South Sea, for both of which they had hoped, they returned to the banks of the Mississippi.

A short time before this, an interesting religious ceremony occurred. The army halted at an Indian village, and the chief with a band of picked warriors came forth. "Señor," said he to De Soto, "as you are superior to us in prowess and surpass us in arms, we likewise believe that your God is better than our god. These you behold before you are the chief warriors of my dominions. We implore you to pray to your God to send us rain, for our fields are parched for want of water."

De Soto replied that he and all his followers were sinners, but they would supplicate the God of mercy. A large pine cross was made, and raised on a high hill. The whole army formed in line, and marched in solemn procession towards the sacred emblem of man's salvation. The priests walked before, chanting the Litany of the Saints, while the soldiers responded. The chief took his place beside the governor, and thousands of Indians crowded around. Prayers were offered up at the cross, and the imposing ceremony closed with the lofty strains of the *Te Deum*. Rain fell the next night, to the great joy of the Indians.

Three years of unceasing toil, hardship, and disappointment now began to tell on the rugged frame and lofty spirit of De Soto. Assailed by fresh disasters, he was touched to the heart at the suffering of his diminished but faithful followers. A raging fever seized him, and his days drew rapidly to a close. But he met death like a fearless Catholic soldier. He made his will, bade an affectionate adieu to his officers and men, and having made a last humble confession, his soul calmly passed away, amid the tears of the whole army, on the 21st of May, 1542.

"And thus died Hernando de Soto," writes the historian of early Florida—"one of the boldest and bravest of the many brave leaders who

figured in the first discoveries, and distinguished themselves in the wild warfare of the Western World. How proud and promising had been the commencement of his career—how humble and helpless its close! Cut off in the vigor and manhood of his days, he was but forty-two years old when he expired." He was a true knight, "without fear and without reproach."

As the hostile savages might dishonor the body of the governor, if buried on land, his officers formed a new design. An immense oak was cut down. A space large enough for the body was scooped out of the trunk, and planks nailed over the opening. This was De Soto's coffin. At the dead of night, in the midst of silence, a few boats were rowed to the centre of the river, and slowly and sadly the rude coffin was lowered to its strange resting-place. As it sank, the sorrowing stream took the precious remains in pity to its breast. The discoverer of the great river slept beneath its waters. His successor, Muscoso, after trying in vain to reach Mexico by land, fled down the river, hotly pursued by the natives. A small party reached Tampico, but every clergyman had perished, and no mention is made of any attempt to found a mission.

Another attempt to christianize the Indians of Florida was made by a Dominican, Father Louis Cancer. He was a native of Saragossa, Spain, and began his labors in America as a missionary in Mexico. While there he heard much of the fierce tribes of Florida, and ardently desired to preach the gospel to them. Proceeding to Spain he obtained the grant of a vessel from the King for his pious mission. In this he embarked from Mexico for Tampa Bay, with two associates, Fathers Beteta and Garcia; and one other, Father Diego de Peñalosa, who had joined them. The vessel missed the intended port, but reached the coast of Florida in about the twenty-ninth degree of latitude on the eve of Ascension Day. After seeking the port for some days and landing from time to time, Father Diego went ashore, followed by Cancer, an interpreter, and one other, in order to confer with the Indians. Amid the dusky children of the everglades they knelt and commended the enterprise to God, then rose and began their intercourse with the natives. Presents soon won esteem and friendship, and as the long-sought harbor was now ascertained to be only a day's sail distant, it was agreed that Father Diego, with a Spaniard, and the Indian woman who had acted as interpreter, should remain on shore, while the rest proceeded to the port by sea.

So slowly, however, did their vessel move that they did not reach the desired haven till the festival of Corpus Christi. Here, too, friendly relations

were opened with the natives by Father Cancer; and the interpreter arrived, announcing that Father Diego was at the cacique's hut. On his returning to the vessel Cancer found all thrown into perplexity by the arrival of a Spaniard who proved to be a survivor of De Soto's expedition, and who had been for many years a slave among the Indians. He warned the missionaries to beware of the Indians, and to their amazement declared that Father Diego and his companion had been already butchered by the savages, with all kinds of ceremony and addresses. "All this was indeed terrible," says Cancer, "and very afflicting to us all, but not surprising; such things cannot but happen in enterprises for the extension of the faith. I expected nothing less. How often have I reflected on the execution of this enterprise, and felt that we could not succeed in it without losing much blood. So the Apostles did, and at this price alone can faith and religion be introduced."

THE MARTYR MISSIONARY.

Many were now in favor of abandoning the project, but Cancer resolved to remain alone, if necessary, hoping by mildness and presents to win the favor of the Indians. On the 24th of June he remained on board to draw up an account, which is still extant, and to prepare what he deemed necessary for his new mission. Storms for a day prevented his landing, but on the 26th he quitted the vessel, accompanied by Fathers Garcia and Beteta, and when near the shore sprang out, and, not heeding their entreaties and remonstrances, proceeded up the steep bank. The Indians looked on, but gave no sign of welcome. Then, doubtless, Cancer realized all his danger; he knelt for a moment in prayer, but an Indian approached, and, seizing him by the arm led him off. A crowd soon gathered around, his hat was torn off, and a heavy blow of a club stretched him lifeless on the shore. He uttered but one cry, "Oh! my God!" for in an instant the savages had covered him with mortal wounds, and rushing to the water's edge drove back the rest with a shower of arrows. Sadly the surviving missionaries drew off, and as they beheld the bleeding scalp of their devoted brother held aloft, lamented that his glorious plan, crowned with success in Vera Paz, had failed in Florida. Cooler

minds may treat as madness the conduct of Cancer, but in the whole history of our missions there is not a nobler episode than the attempt of this true Dominican, willing to shed no blood but his own in winning sinners from error, and seeking in an unarmed vessel, and with an unarmed company, to achieve the peaceful conquest of land already deluged in blood.

The next missionaries in Florida were a number of Dominicans thrown on the coast by shipwreck in 1553. A large vessel carrying no less than a thousand souls, sailed from Vera Cruz, and after leaving Havana was driven on the shore of Florida. Seven hundred perished; three hundred reached the hostile coast; among them, five Dominicans, Fathers Diego de la Cruz, Ferdinand Mendez, and John Ferrer, with two lay-brothers, John and Mark de Mena. The survivors had an able and energetic commander, who saved a cannon with ammunition, and immediately began his march for Tampico, then the frontier town of Mexico. His way lay through hostile tribes, but as long as he retained his cannon he kept them at bay; at last, however, he unfortunately lost it and much of his ammunition by the upsetting of a raft while crossing a rapid river. From that time their numbers were rapidly thinned. When they reached the Del Norte, the prior, Father Diego, had died of his wounds, Father Ferdinand of hardship, Brother John de Mena had been shot through the body, and Brother Mark, pierced by seven arrows, had been left for dead. Father John Ferrer had disappeared, having been taken prisoner by the Indians. To this religious, a man of eminent piety and sanctity, common report had long attributed prophetic power. Before they sailed from Mexico he had said: "Almost all of us will die, and I shall remain hidden in distant parts, where I shall live for several years in complete health." This now occurred to all, and as his prediction of the fearful loss had been realized, it was generally believed that he remained some years among the Indians, where he doubtless lost no occasion of instilling into their minds the truths of Christianity; but no tidings of him ever reached the Spanish colony.

Strange, too, was the fate of Brother Mark de Mena. He had, we have seen, been left for dead; but recovering from the loss of blood, he drew out the arrows, and dressing his wounds as well as he could, pursued, and at last overtook the fugitives. The exertion was, however, too great; he soon sank, and his companions, unable to carry him, buried him to the neck in the sand and continued their flight, but soon after were all cut to pieces. Brother Mark, meanwhile, had rallied again; he rose from his grave, and at last, with wounds corrupted and swarming with worms, reached Tampico, sole survivor

of the numbers who crowded the deck of the noble vessel that had left San Juan de Ulua so short a time before, radiant with hope.

This severe loss induced the government to think seriously of subduing and colonizing the northern shore of the Mexican gulf, and in 1559, Don Tristan de Luna was sent with 1500 men in thirteen vessels to accomplish it. As usual, missionaries attended the expedition. This time, too, they were Dominicans, Father Pedro de Feria being vicar-provincial. The others were Father Domingo de la Annunciation, Father Dominic de Salazar, who died first bishop of Manilla in the Philippine Islands, Father John Mazuelos, Father Dominic of St. Dominic, and Father Bartholomew Matheos, once commander of the artillery under Pizarro, and a close prisoner in the subsequent troubles, who, escaping, turned his back on an ungrateful world, and entering a convent became a fervent religious. As Don Tristan's fleet approached the fated shore a storm arose by which the vessels were driven on the shoals, and many were lost. Among those who perished in the shipwreck was Father Bartholomew. The survivors landed, and Tristan, collecting what had escaped, sent back a vessel for aid, and with a stout heart resolved to begin his colony. His troops revolted, and he himself hearing flattering accounts of Coosa, a kingdom in the interior, marched to the country of the Creeks, attended by Father Dominic of the Annunciation and Father Salazar. The Creeks received the new-comers as friends, and an alliance was soon formed. To aid his new allies, the Spanish commander marched westward to attack the Natchez on the banks of the Mississippi. The missionaries accompanied him, and on his return to Coosa labored earnestly to convert the friendly Creeks, but their efforts were not crowned with success, and only a few baptisms of dying infants and adults rewarded their zeal.

Meanwhile the other missionaries who had been left at the coast returned to Mexico to urge expeditious relief. The remainder of the party at the coast had become divided into factions, and these increased after the commander's return, as he on his part showed a stern unbending spirit; but the missionaries, true to their calling, restored peace, by a touching appeal to the faith and religious feeling of Don Tristan on Palm Sunday in 1561. Two days after the reconciliation the long expected relief arrived, with the new governor of Florida and three new missionaries, Father John de Contreras, the lay-brother, Matthew of the Mother of God, and Father Gregory de Beteta, the companion of Cancer, who, after having renounced the see of Carthagena, was hastening to Spain, when he heard of the Florida expedition, and at once

joined it to labor in the field of his early choice. But when the new governor beheld how little had been done, he resolved to abandon Florida, to the great joy of those who had long urged Tristan to adopt that course. Angel, accordingly, soon set sail, taking with him most of the Spaniards and several of the missionaries, who, disheartened by their fruitless labors among the Creeks, despaired of success. Don Tristan, unbroken by disaster, remained with a few resolute men, and the intrepid Father Salazar and Brother Matthew, who both resolved to labor on. Tristan wrote a pressing letter to the viceroy to urge him to proceed with the projected settlement, but the reports spread by the disaffected members of the expedition were such that a vessel was sent back with positive orders for Don Tristan to return. To this command he yielded, and the colony and mission of Santa Cruz in Pensacola Bay were abandoned.

The motive which impelled the attempt made by Don Tristan de Luna soon induced a more successful one, which resulted in the settlement of St. Augustine. Vessel after vessel was lost on the coast or among the dangerous keys of Florida, and in 1561, a storm scattered the great India fleet which bore from Mexico the treasures that colony annually poured into the lap of Spain. One of the vessels disappeared—whether driven on the coast or swallowed up in the ocean, none could tell. In it were lost the only son and many a relative and retainer of the brave and energetic Pedro Melendez, the first naval commander of his day. Long had his banner floated on the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the North Sea, and well had he served, at his own expense, his royal master against the corsairs and the French; but like Columbus, when his broken health and resources entitled him to a rich reward, his cup of misfortune was filled to the brim. Unable to wait and search for his son, he proceeded on his voyage, intending to fit out an expedition for that purpose as soon as he arrived in Spain; but on reaching Seville, he was arrested and imprisoned on a frivolous charge, made by some officers, who little brooked the strict discipline of the old admiral. In that hour all turned against him. Bail was refused, his services and paternal feelings were alike forgotten, and every delay was made in the process against him. For nearly two years he lingered in prison. He then sought the presence of Philip II., who had known him long and well. As a sole reward for his past services, he asked permission to sail in search of his son; thence to return to his castle, and spend his remaining years in the service of God. Hope never forsook him: he believed his son to be among the Indians, or in the

hands of French pirates; and, if alive, he despaired not of rescuing the hope of his old Asturian house. Philip favored his request, and offered him a grant of Florida, with the title of adelantado, but on very onerous conditions. These Melendez accepted, and employed the remnant of his property to fit out an expedition. By the charter which he received, he was to take out twelve friars and four Jesuits, as missionaries for Florida.

While the adelantado was preparing for the expedition, news arrived that a French post was actually formed on the coast of Florida; this gave a new character to the whole affair, and the first object now was to destroy that settlement. To attain this object he increased his forces, and sailed from Cadiz, in June, 1565. After a stormy passage that scattered his fleet, he touched the mouth of the St. John's River, in Florida. Near by lay Fort Caroline and the little French settlement.

The Spanish admiral gave unsuccessful chase to a number of French ships in the vicinity, and then sailed towards the south along the coast. He entered a small inlet, and threw up a rude fort. It was the foundation of St. Augustine—to-day the oldest town in this Republic.

Then follows the woeful tale of blood and butchery. Melendez "marched against Fort Caroline, took it by surprise, and put the garrison to the sword, only Laudonniére and a few of his followers escaping. Ribault and most of his men afterwards surrendered, and were massacred in cold blood; a remnant of the Frenchmen were captured and sent to the galleys."

"It was he," says Parkman, "who crushed French Protestantism in America."

For years St. Augustine remained the only European settlement within the present limits of the United States. It was the headquarters of missionary effort. The Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits toiled like apostles among the wild, dusky children of the everglades. Many watered the soil of Florida with their blood. Not a few were scalped and eaten by the savages.

The priests who had been chosen to accompany the expedition of Melendez, though all did not sail or arrive in Florida, were eleven Franciscans, one Father of the order of Mercy, a secular priest, and eight Jesuits. The superior of the latter was Father Peter Martinez, a native of Feruel, in the north of Spain. Owing to an unexpected delay, however, these fathers did not sail with the admiral, but took passage, several months later, in another expedition. Before departing, Father Martinez addressed a long letter to the celebrated St. Francis Borgia, then general of the Society of Jesus.

"By the mercy of God," he writes, "I undertake this voyage with courage, and with entire confidence in His grace, having often devoted my life and my blood to His service in the mission which obedience assigns me. Rest assured, dear father, that we shall employ all our strength, with the assistance of divine grace, in bringing those provinces to the knowledge of their Creator and Redeemer—that the souls redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ may not perish forever. . . .

"Gladly, indeed, would we have received the benediction of our most Holy Father Pius V., humbly prostrate at his feet. But as this was not in our power, we were sufficiently consoled by the letter which informed us that he wished us well, and, though absent, conferred upon us especial favors; and your paternity can assure him, in our name, that besides myself—who am bound to him by the vow of my profession—faithful sons of the Holy Roman Church are about to part for the acquisition of a new flock, for which end they are ready, with the aid of divine grace, to shed their blood; and they will account it a very great favor of God to lay down their lives for the spiritual advancement of those whom they may gain to Christ."

When the vessel in which the fathers sailed approached the coast of Florida, it separated from the rest of the squadron, taking a northern direction. The captain on nearing the shore desired a few men to land in a yawl, and explore the country. All refused to hazard their lives among the fierce savages. Finally about a dozen Belgians and Spaniards offered to comply, in case Father Martinez was allowed to accompany them. He was informed of this. The fearless priest, moved by charity, was the first to leap into the boat. The exploring party landed, but had scarcely done so, when a sudden storm arose, driving the ship which they had left far from the shore.

The position of the castaways was extremely perilous. Far and wide nothing met their gaze but a dreary wilderness—on one side the rough and threatening ocean, on the other vast and unknown solitudes! On this savage coast they waited ten days, thinking that perhaps some other vessel might present itself. "Occasionally they wandered about," says Tanner, "to gather a few herbs, Father Martinez at their head, bearing the image of Christ crucified, and, as some of his companions afterwards related, performing prodigies of charity."

Would space permit, pages might be filled with the adventures of the brave Jesuit and his sorely tried companions in their efforts to reach a Spanish settlement. At one of the rivers which they crossed the kindness of Father

Martinez in waiting for two tardy Belgians caused his own death. Rushing to the boat, a troop of hostile savages seized the heroic priest, forced him on shore and began their murderous work. With hands uplifted to Heaven, he received the repeated blows of a heavy club until life was extinct! His death occurred on the 28th of September, 1566, within about three leagues of the mouth of the St. John's River. And thus the good and fearless Father Peter Martinez, the first Jesuit who stepped on the soil of America, baptized it with his martyr-blood. As we shall see later on, he but headed a long roll from his illustrious order who freely gave up their lives to establish the faith in America.

Chapter VIII.

THE FAITH IN FLORIDA.

FATHER ROGER AMONG THE CREEKS. — FLORIDA A JESUIT PROVINCE. — THE FATHERS INVADE CAROLINA. — SAVAGES OF SUPERIOR QUALITY. — ESTABLISHMENT OF A "REDUCTION."—SATAN WINS A PREFERENCE.—ARRIVAL OF FATHER SEGURA.—THE CONVERTED CHIEF OF AXACAN. — TREACHERY OF A GUIDE. — HUNGER AND DESERTION IN THE WILDERNESS. — MARTYRDOM OF FATHERS SEGURA AND QUIROS.—DEATH OF A GREAT ADMIRAL.—ANOTHER FRANCISCAN BAND.—FATHER CORPA REPROVES WICKEDNESS. — THE REVENGEFUL CHIEF.— VARIOUS MISSIONS ATTACKED. — TWO FRANCISCAN VICTIMS. — MASS BEFORE MARTYRDOM.—MURDER AND PILLAGE.—FATHER AVILA IN SLAVERY.—ESCAPE TO ST. AUGUSTINE. — THIRTY HOURS IN A TREE. — MISSION CLOSED AND REOPENED. — ENCROACHMENTS OF THE BRITISH. — WAR AMONG THE TRIBES.— MISSION WORK SET BACK.—THE SEMINOLE WAR.—GLANCES AT NEW MEXICO AND TEXAS.

THE death of Father Peter Martinez, S. J., was a severe blow to the toilsome and dangerous Florida mission, not only from the fact of his being the superior, but also as his abilities were of a rare. order, and his zeal and virtues the theme of general admiration On learning of his martyrdom his associates, Father Roger and Brother Villareal, retired to Havana, and spent the winter in studying the language of the part of Florida near Cape Connaveral. Of this dialect they drew up vocabularies, by the help of the natives then in Havana, whom they at the same time instructed in the faith. In February, they crossed over to that province and began a mission.

The people among whom they now labored being evidently a branch of the Creeks, were far from having made any progress in the arts of life. Like the inhabitants of the West India Islands, they were entirely naked, the women alone wearing a scanty apron of skins or grass — proof that modesty

is inherent in the sex. Their houses were constructed of upright logs, meeting at the top; their beds were a kind of raised platform, under which a fire could be made, to dispel the mosquitoes by the smoke. Polygamy was universal, or rather marriage as a permanent state was unknown. Their arms and utensils were of the rudest description, and their wandering disposition and almost entire neglect of agriculture, presented great obstacles to the introduction of the faith. The Jesuits, however, applied themselves earnestly to the great work, and in response to their appeals St. Francis Borgia formed Florida into a vice-province of the order. Father John Baptist Segura, of Toledo, Spain, was selected as vice-provincial, and with him were sent out two other priests and several lay brothers. On arriving the vice-provincial held consultations with the missionaries already on the ground, and full of zeal, formed a plan of action. The education of young Indians in Christian principles was deemed the most efficacious means of advancing the mission; and Father Roger and Brother Villareal being already acquainted with the language, were appointed to begin at Havana an Indian school for Florida children, while the vice-provincial and his companions proceeded to Florida to make their novitiate in missionary life, and acquire, amid the hardships of an apostolic career, the rudiments of the language. They accordingly took post at various points in the province of Carlos, in Tequesta, still farther north, and in Tocobaga, which lay on Apalachee Bay. Here they labored for some time, studying the language and manners of the people, preaching by interpreters, and of course with little success.

In 1566, Father Roger was sent to St. Helena, or Orista, as it was then called, and after giving the colonists established in that cradle of Carolina the succors of religion, struck inland with three companions, to announce the gospel to the native tribes. Here this father met a race far superior to those whom he had previously encountered, and who were, in all probability, a branch of the Cherokees. Superior to the Creeks in many respects, they were a sedate and thoughtful race, and dwelling in peace in their native mountains, whence they defied their enemies at the north and south, they cultivated their fields, and lived in prosperity and plenty. Their morals were far superior to those of the lowland races; polygamy was unknown; and men and women, by their very aspect, gave tokens of a higher state of culture.

Inspired with hopes, Roger devoted himself to the language of the new-found tribes with such assiduity, that in six months he had mastered its difficulties, and was able to announce intelligibly to his neophytes the mysteries

of our religion. While in their amazed ears he proclaimed doctrines never heard before, of a single almighty Deity, who rewarded and punished as he had created man, and who reserved for them all mansions of bliss or woe, which it was theirs to choose, they listened with attention ; and questions, curious, indeed, yet earnest, showed that the Indian had become interested in the new doctrine. The fond hopes of the missionary soon vanished, however. The time had come for gathering their winter store and all plunged into the woods, leaving their teacher baffled for the moment, but still courageous. His efforts were renewed when the tribe assembled again in the following year, but with equal want of success. The missions which had been renewed among the Creek tribes had proved equally ineffectual, and the Jesuits were about to abandon so unpromising a field. No hope of martyrdom, even, roused their zeal to new efforts; they decided that the mission was impracticable, and so announced it to their superiors in Europe.

A MISSIONARY TEACHER.

The Florida mission had, however, attracted the eyes of the Christian world. Not only the illustrious head of their order, the sainted Borgia and the Spanish monarch, still urged the great work of Christianizing the natives of the colony, but the sovereign pontiff himself addressed a brief to the governor of Florida to excite his zeal in the cause. In this earliest document from the Holy See, relative to the conversion of our Indian tribes, and their advancement in civilization, St. Pius V. lays down a doctrine now sanctioned by the experience of three centuries. "Nothing," says he, "is more important in the conversion of these Indians and idolaters, than to endeavor by all means to prevent scandal being given by the vices and immoralities of such as go to those western parts." Where this moral barrier, spoken of by the holy pontiff, was successfully raised, the Indian prospered; where, as in our English colonies, none such existed, the tribes dwindled away, contagious vices destroying them more silently or surely than war or aggression.

Ere the letter of St. Pius reached Florida, the courageous Father Roger made one more effort to plant a mission. He returned to his post, but found his house and chapel destroyed. In vain he preached the word of truth. Hopeless of obtaining conviction directly, he adopted a new plan: by extolling

the advantages to be derived from a thorough and regular cultivation of the ground, he induced the natives to attempt it, and thus founded what was termed a "Reduction." Lands were chosen; agricultural implements procured; twenty commodious houses raised; and the Indians had already made some progress, sufficient to excite the most favorable hopes, when all again vanished. Their natural fickleness prevailed; deaf to the entreaties and remonstrances of Roger, they abandoned their village and returned to the woods. Less anxious to gain proselytes to civilization than children to the Church, the missionary followed them to their forests, and continued to instruct all he met in the various points of Christian doctrine. After eight months' application, he judged many sufficiently instructed to receive baptism; and calling a council of the chiefs proposed that the tribe should renounce the devil and embrace the new faith.

A scene of confusion ensued. "The devil is the best thing in the world," was the unanimous cry of the leaders. "We adore him; he makes men valiant," they exclaimed; and swayed by a few, the multitude resolved not to renounce Satan, and publicly rejected the faith.

Father Roger then proceeded to other tribes, but as a missionary effected nothing. Returning to Orista he found the Indians gathered at a great festival on the banks of the Rio Dulce. Resolved to make a final effort, he proceeded to the place of their festivity, and again raised his voice among them. Recounting his labors for their good, his many acts of kindness and charity, he bade them judge by these of the sincerity of his affections for them. In return, he asked but one favor—their acceptance of the faith which he preached, and which they all acknowledged to be good and holy. This was his sole object, as it was their good. If they refused it he must depart forever. Scarcely had he ceased speaking when a chief arose, and by a few short, furious words, roused all minds to madness. In the trouble which ensued the missionary nearly lost his life, and with difficulty saved his church. Bidding, therefore, farewell to his flock, whom he promised to revisit at their first sign of acquiescence in his wishes, he returned to the fort of St. Helena in 1570, and, reporting to the governor the failure of his undertaking, proceeded to Havana with Father Sedaño and some Indian boys.

At this moment arrived the letter of Pope St. Pius and those from St. Francis Borgia to the Jesuits in Florida, encouraging them to persevere, and sending to aid them Father Louis de Quiros and two scholastics. These were intended to take part in a new mission already projected in Spain. The chief

of Axacan, who had accompanied the Dominicans to Spain, asked leave to return to use his influence in converting his tribe. As all now felt the necessity of removing the missions from the vicinity of the Spanish posts, his offer was accepted, and he agreed to be the guide of the missionaries who should be sent to the banks of the Chesapeake, or St. Mary's Bay.

Father Segura was delighted at the prospect thus opened, and resolved to undertake himself the new and promising mission. To aid him, he selected, besides Father Quiros, several lay brothers with some Indian youths, who had been educated in the academy at Havana. All were soon at St. Helena, the frontier post of the Spanish colony, whence a single vessel bore them to St. Mary's Bay, whose borders, in the names of Virginia and Maryland, seem to chronicle the devotion of its first explorers to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The missionaries landed with Don Luis, as the chief was now called, and without a sigh beheld the vessel stand out to sea, leaving them, the only Europeans for a thousand miles around.

The residence of the tribe to which Don Luis belonged, cannot be determined. It is stated to have been placed about thirty-seven or thirty-seven and a half degrees north, and to have been far from the sea. The name is uniformly given as Axacan.

This inland region was now the bourne of their journey, and they began their march; a vast tract of marsh and wood lay before them, interspersed with lands which had for several years been struck with the curse of sterility; but, hardened to toil, they pressed gallantly on, through many a winding and circuitous route, till the conduct of Don Luis excited suspicion. Months had passed, and yet their destination was not reached. At last he announced that his brother's village was but twelve miles off, and, bidding them encamp, hastened on in advance, to prepare his countrymen for their new guests. Days now elapsed, as months had done, in suspense, and yet no tidings came of Don Luis. Meanwhile hunger pressed heavily on the little band, whose only resource was in the protection of heaven. In this extremity they addressed earnest prayers to God to obtain a change of the apostate's heart. The rustic altar witnessed daily the holy sacrifice offered in his behalf. At last they sent to him, but as he returned evasive answers, Father Quiros set out, determined to try whether a personal conference would not effect a return in the misguided man. Don Luis met him with hypocritical excuses; and furnishing him a scanty supply of provisions, bade him return. The dejected missionary and his companions, Solis and Mendez, turned to leave

the village; but the apostate's hatred was too deep. Raising a war cry, he was answered by the tribe, and chief and warrior rushed on the unsuspecting missionaries, and butchered them without mercy. Quiros fell first, his heart was pierced by an arrow from the apostate's bow.

The suspense of the other Jesuits was increased by the non-appearance of Father Quiros and his companions; but the apostate chief came at last. The habit of Quiros, which enveloped his swarthy frame, told a tale which their hearts had already whispered, yet feared to believe. Luis coldly demanded their hatchets, the only article in their possession with which they could defend themselves. These Segura gave up in silence, and knelt with his companions in prayer. In a few moments the signal was given; a butchery ensued, and of all the party, only one escaped, an Indian boy educated at Havana.

This martyrdom closed all hopes of a mission in Upper Florida, and led the Jesuits to abandon the whole province for the more inviting field of Mexico. Three priests and four brothers had fallen victims to the perfidy of the natives; one had sunk under his toils and the climate; and yet no beneficial result had crowned their efforts.

The Spaniards heard of the glorious death of Father Segura and his companions from Alonzo, the Indian boy who had been spared, and who, contriving at last to elude the vigilance of the apostate, fled to the Spanish post. Strange is the heart of man; Luis had slain the missionaries, yet he decently interred them all, while he gave the consecrated vessels and devotional objects to his clansmen to become the ornaments of the braves and squaws of Virginia.

In 1572, Governor Melendez sailed to the Chesapeake in pursuit of the murderer. He landed, as the Jesuit Gonzalez had done the year before, and though he took some of the murderers, failed to seize the apostate, who roamed amid the forests. Eight were executed for their crime, all of whom, under the instructions of Father Roger, embraced Christianity, and died blessing the Almighty. This was the last missionary act of Father Roger in Florida. Fain would he have gone to disinter the hallowed remains of his martyred brethren, but to this the governor would not consent; and Father Roger, leaving the land of which his labors had made him the first, if not the successful, apostle, returned with the other missionaries of his order to Havana, and proceeding thence to Mexico, labored there for many years with zeal and abundant fruit.

A new band of missionaries now landed in Florida. These apparently were Franciscans, and if so, their mission dates properly from 1573, although others of their order must have been there occasionally from the foundation of St. Augustine. What the progress of the colony and its missions would have been under the command of the energetic and determined Melendez, we cannot easily judge, but he was too great a naval commander for the king to allow him to consume his days in establishing a distant colony. Fleet after fleet had been confided to his care, and he was now called upon to lead the Great Armada against England. But his career was ended. Amid the busy preparations, amid the din of arsenals and shipyards, Melendez expired at Corunna, still vigorous and unbroken by age, in the height of his glory, a brave, loyal and disinterested naval commander, but whose fame is blemished by one act of blood. His death was a fatal blow to Spanish colonization in Florida. The northern limit of the colonies, pushed to Chesapeake Bay by Melendez, gradually retired to the St. Mary's, leaving St. Augustine almost the only foothold in this part of the continent, till in later days Pensacola rose to check the French on the Mississippi.

Though Florida languished, the missions went on. More Franciscans were invited in 1592, and the usual number, twelve, were sent under Father John de Silva as superior. They arrived the following year, and proceeded to St. Augustine, to put themselves at the disposal of Father Francis Marron, warden of the convent of St. Helena in that city. Father Marron had eagerly awaited their coming to begin the Indian missions, which he deemed now feasible, from the flattering account given by Father Perdomo, who in the previous year had traversed much of Florida. Fathers Peter de Corpa, Michael de Auñon, Francis de Velascola, and Blas Rodriguez, at once hastened to the troubled province of Guale, and, after winning the natives to peace, took separate stations nearer the city. Meanwhile the Mexican father, Francis Pareja, drew up, in the language of the Yamassees, his abridgment of Christian doctrine, the first work in any of our Indian languages that issued from the press. Father Corpa, at Tolemato—the ground now occupied by the cemetery at St. Augustine—endeavored to overcome polygamy and vice, while Father Blas de Montes, after planting the cross by the little creek near St. Augustine, gathered alms in the city to raise beside it the chapel of Our Lady. Fathers Auñon and Badajoz remained at Guale, which soon whitened for the harvest, while other fathers in St. Peter's Isle labored in all

the rivalry of zeal to gain to heaven and to progress the fickle and often ill-treated children of the forest.

For two years these apostolic men labored in peace, and succeeded in forming regular villages of neophytes, who no longer bowed the knee to Baal (for, like the Sabæans, these tribes worshiped the sun and fire), or practiced the polygamy which had so long induced them to turn a deaf ear to the teachings of the missionaries.

Amid this reign of peace a storm suddenly arose, which turned the smiling garden once more into a howling wilderness. In September, 1597, Father Corpa found it necessary to reprove publicly the cacique's son, whose unbridled licentiousness had long grieved the missionary's heart. One of the earliest converts, he had, after a short period of fervor, plunged into every vicious excess. Vain had been all the entreaties and remonstrances which De Corpa addressed him in private. A public rebuke was the only means of arresting a scandal which had already excited the taunts of unbelievers. Enraged at the disgrace, the young chief left the town, and, repairing to a neighboring village, soon gathered a body of braves as eager as himself for a work of blood. In the night he returned with his followers to Tolemato; they crept silently up to the chapel; its feeble doors presented too slight an obstacle to arrest their progress. The missionary was kneeling before the altar in prayer, and there they slew him; a single blow of a tomahawk stretched him lifeless on the ground. The spot thus hallowed by the martyrdom of the missionary then lay without the walls of St. Augustine, but is now the cemetery of that city. When day broke, the Indian village was filled with grief and terror, but the young chief well knew the men with whom he had to deal. Appealing to their national feeling, he bade them take heart; he had slain the friar for interfering with their time-honored customs; the day had come when they must strike a blow, or submit to be forever slaves. This faith of the Spaniards that deprived men of enjoyment, that took from them the dearest of their wives, and bade them give up war, could no longer be borne. He had begun the great work, and they had no alternative but to join him. Terrible vengeance would the Spaniard wreak, and their only course was to proceed to a general massacre—first of the friars, then of all the other Spaniards.

Enough joined him to overawe those who remained faithful. The missionary's head was cut off and set on a spear over the gate, while his body was flung out to the fowls of the air.

The camp of Topoqui was the next point to which they hurried, apparently before the authorities of St. Augustine were at all aware of the plot which was already threatening the Spanish power in Florida. Bursting unheralded into the chapel of Our Lady, the insurgents informed Father Rodriguez of the fate of Corpa, and bade him prepare to die. Struck with amazement at their blindness and infatuation, the missionary used every argument to divert them from a scheme which would end in their ruin; he offered to obtain their pardon for the past if they would abandon their wild project—but in vain. Finding all his eloquence useless, he asked leave to say Mass before dying. Strange as it may seem, this was granted. He vested for the altar and began the Mass. His executioners lay grouped on the chapel floor awaiting anxiously, but quietly, the end of the sacrifice, which was to prelude his own. The august mysteries proceeded without interruption, and when all was ended the missionary came down and knelt at the foot of the altar. The next moment it was bespattered with his brains. Throwing his body into an adjoining field, the murderers pressed on, anxious to make up by their speed for the delay wrung from them by the fearless eloquence of Montes.

Their present destination was the Island of Guale, to whose cacique they had already sent orders to despatch the missionaries at Asopo. The chief, however, was friendly to the fathers, and sent a messenger to warn them of their danger. Unfortunately, the faithless envoy never fulfilled the errand, but deceived the chief by a pretended answer from Auñon. When the insurgents reached the island, the chief hastened to Auñon himself, to insist on his flight; here he discovered the treachery of his servant, and that all escape was now cut off. Father Auñon consoled him, assuring all of his happiness at shedding his blood for the faith. He then said Mass, and gave the Holy Communion to his companion, Antonio de Badajoz. A few moments devoted to silent prayer followed, then the tramp and the yell of an angry crowd announced the coming of the insurgents. Calmly had the Franciscans lived, calmly they died. Kneeling, Badajoz received one, Auñon two blows of a club, and both sank in death. The chapel now seemed to be filled with awe, for the murderers retired as if in flight, leaving the bodies to be interred by the friendly cacique.

Asao was the next mission, but here the insurgents were at first baffled. Velascola, the greatest of the missionaries, was absent when they arrived. Well might they fear his power, and feel their work half done, unless they could end his life of zeal. A perfect religious, learned, poor, and, humble,

he combined the greatest mildness with the greatest firmness, and possessed over the Indians an influence which no other of his countrymen ever attained. Provoked at his absence, they resolved to await his return in ambush, and as he landed, a few went out to welcome him with treacherous words, while others fell on him with clubs and axes, and did not leave him till his body was one quivering, shapeless mass.

Father Avila's chapel, at Ospa, was next attacked. Hearing the approach of the murderous band, he took the alarm and fled, but was overtaken and brought back. He escaped again, and reached a cane-break, where, in the darkness, for night had come on, he hoped to elude observation; but the moon betrayed him. Wounded by a shower of arrows, he fell into their hands, and was condemned to die. His habit, however, excited the cupidity of one of the Indians, who interfered in his behalf. Then changing their plans, they stripped the missionary, and, binding him to a stake, carried him to a neighboring village, where they sold him as a slave.

After destroying his chapel, the party proceeded on its errand of death, and so many had now joined them that they bore down on St. Peter's Isle with a flotilla of forty war-canoes. As they drew near, and doubled a headland, they descried a Spanish vessel lying at anchor near the mission. It was but a provision boat with supplies for the fathers, and had but one soldier on board. Its mere appearance, however, disconcerted all their plans; new counsels were to be adopted; the chiefs began to discuss a plan of action, but while all were in hot dispute, they were suddenly attacked and routed by the chieftain of St. Peter's, who by this victory broke their power forever. The missionaries welcomed their deliverer with heartfelt gratitude, and soon learned how wide had been the destruction.

Father Avila was meanwhile a prisoner. The slave of savages, for a year he dug their fields and performed every menial office, till, weary of him, his inhuman masters at last resolved to put him to death. Tied to the stake, with the fagots around him, he spurned the offer of life made on condition that he should renounce his God and marry into the tribe. He now looked forward to the crown of martyrdom which his companions already enjoyed, when an old woman demanded him to effect the liberation of her son, a prisoner at St. Augustine. Her demand was granted, and Father Avila, so changed by his savage life and brutal treatment as to be past all recognition, was once more restored to his countrymen.

The missions were now almost abandoned till 1601, when the governor

of Florida made a new effort to secure laborers for that barren field. He was not unsuccessful. Florida was the next year visited by the bishop of Cuba, who, witnessing the extreme spiritual want of the people, aided the governor's efforts. Bodies of Franciscans were continually sent, and the wardenship of Florida was so much augmented that it was soon made a Franciscan province, under the name of St. Helena, from its principal convent.

On restoring the mission at Guale or Amelia Island in 1605, it was the pious care of the missionaries to take up the bodies of Auñon and Badajoz from their unhonored graves and place them in a position worthy of their virtues and glorious death.

The progress of the mission in succeeding years must have been very great, although we have no details of the results. Twenty-three missionaries were sent from Cadiz in 1612, under the Peruvian Father Louis Jerome de Oré, himself the author of a Relation of the Martyrs of Florida, and several works for the missions. In 1613, eight, and two years after, twelve more Franciscans of the province of the Angels in Mexico were also sent to Florida, where they soon learned the language and labored with such success that they ere long required assistance. In less than two years they were established at the principal points, and numbered no less than twenty convents or residences in Florida. These were not confined to the coast. A missionary whose name is not given, followed by Father Alonzo Serrano, penetrated the interior and explored the various localities, which long bore the names he gave them.

The mission was now steadily extended and stations established among the Apalaches. That tribe had attacked the Spaniards in 1638, but were defeated, and the missionaries soon made them friendly. Many were employed on the public works, and, receiving protection and consolation from the Franciscans, obtained them a favorable reception in the villages of their tribe.

Missions were gradually formed among the Apalaches and Creeks in many parts of West Florida and Georgia. In 1643, they began a mission at Achalaque, and soon baptized the chief, thus renewing the faith among the Cherokees. When Bristock, an English traveler, visited it ten years later, a flourishing reduction existed, and he was hospitably received by the missionaries at their station, a beautiful spot on the mountain-side. Several of the governors were greatly devoted to the cause, especially, however, Paul de Hita, who founded a mission on the western shore of the peninsula, aided by the zealous Sebastian de la Cerda, the pastor of St. Augustine, who, with

some secular priests from Cuba, undertook it in 1679. In the following year a royal decree permitted any priest to devote himself to these missions, but owing to some secret opposition, the learned and pious Canon John de Cisneros, who, with seven priests, volunteered to serve in the missions, was never able to realize his great design.

Unfortunately, at this time some disputes arose which retarded the missions, and the Indians even made complaints against their directors, and these complaints were used for political purposes. Tranquillity was at last restored, and a permanent benefit resulted in a set of regular instructions for the government of the reductions, which obviated all further difficulty.

The encroaching colonies of England presently troubled this field. In 1684, the Yamassees, rejecting their missionaries, joined the English; in the following year they attacked the mission of St. Catharine's and, taking it by surprise, plundered the church and convent, and burnt the town. Soon after, the old charges against the Franciscans were renewed, and great discussions ensued, but still the work went on. In 1690, the provincial sent Father Salvador Bueno to San Salvador de Maiaca, to found a new mission. He was well received, and soon had a flourishing station around him.

The foundation of Pensacola, in 1693, gave a new impulse to the missions in West Florida. Four years later, five Franciscan missionaries attempted to found a mission on the Carlos Keys, but the Indians believing the processions and religious rites of the missionaries to be some magical ceremony for their destruction, drove them out, and they proceeded to the Matacumbe Key, in Florida channel, where the inhabitants were all Catholics.

By this time the Spanish colony, though itself small, was surrounded by Indian tribes, most of whom were, to some extent, converted; towns of converts existed all along the Apalachicola, Flint, and other rivers; these were all directed by Franciscan missionaries, who had acquired a complete mastery over those fierce tribes. But war was now impending; the English rapidly encroached on the colony, and frequently attacked the mission stations to carry off the "Indian converts of the Spanish priests," to sell them as slaves in Charleston and other ports. Six hundred were killed or taken on the river Flint in 1703; but the greatest blow was given in 1704, when an English force, with a large body of Alabamas, took St. Marks, the center of the Apalachee mission, and completely destroyed it. Don Juan Mejia, the commander of the post, fell into the hands of the enemy. Three Franciscans, who directed the neophytes, went out to obtain terms for their children;

but they, too, were taken and put to death with all the terrors of Indian barbarity. By these blows the Apalaches were so reduced, that in a few years only four hundred could be found of a tribe that once had numbered seven thousand. All the stations between the Altamaha and Savannah were broken up, and such as escaped slavery or death fled into the peninsula. Eight hundred had been killed on the spot, or fell into the hands of the Indian allies of the English; fourteen hundred were carried off by Governor Moore and settled at Savannah.

The war was soon after renewed. The Atimucas, a tribe whose center was at Ayavalla on the Apalachicola, were attacked by the English in 1706. A bare-footed Franciscan came out of the town to obtain favorable terms, as English accounts assure us, but of his fate we know nothing. The Atimucas were driven from their towns, and a portion of them retired to the east side of St. John's River, where they founded a new town, known as the Pueblo de Atimucos.

By these wars many of the missions were entirely broken up, and all suffered greatly. The Christians were again mingled with the pagans, and many, for want of their religious guides, fell away. Some tribes, too, won by the English, rejected the missionaries. In a few years, however, the latter became aware of their error. The Yamassees, who had been the first to join the English, and had, as we have seen, destroyed a Franciscan mission, now organized a general confederacy against their former friends, and in 1715 burst on their settlements. Defeated, at last, they took refuge in Florida, where they afterwards remained. In this war the Christian Indians took an active part, led by Osiuntolo, a Creek chief, Adrian, an Apalachicola, John Mark, of the same tribe, and Tixjana, war-chief of the Talisi, a band of the Tallapoosas, who had visited Mexico, had been baptized there by the name of Baltasar, and appointed Maese del Campo of his tribe.

As the negotiations with the English at the close of the war were quite favorable to the Indians, the fervent John Mark and other Christian chiefs thought of restoring the former reductions. After several vain attempts to induce the Spanish government to build a fort to protect them, he, at last, in 1718, founded, with one hundred souls, the missions of Our Lady of Loneliness and St. Louis, where missionaries soon began their labors. Most of the missionary stations in this quarter, however, were abandoned when Father Charlevoix visited in 1722.

From this period few details of the missions have reached us down to

the time when Spain ceded Florida to England by the treaty of Paris (1763). This was the death-blow of the missions. The Franciscans left the colony with most of the Spanish settlers; the Indians, who occupied two towns under the walls of St. Augustine, were expelled from the grounds cultivated by their toil for years, and deprived of their church, which they had themselves erected. All was given by the governor to the newly established English church. In ten years not one was left near the city. The Indians thus driven out became wanderers, and received the name of Seminoles, which has that meaning. By degrees all traces of their former civilization and Christianity disappeared, and they have since been known only by their bitter hate of the successors of the Spaniards.

England, in a possession of twenty years, completely destroyed what had survived of the Franciscan missions; no successful attempt was made by the Spaniards after 1783 to re-establish them, and now scarce a trace remains, unless we consider the Seminoles themselves as a striking monument of the different results obtained by the Catholic government of Spain and the Protestant government of England. The one converted the savages into Christians —a quiet, orderly, industrious race, living side by side with the Spaniards themselves, in peace and comfort; the other replunged the same tribes back into barbarism and paganism, and converted them into a fearful scourge of her own colonies.

The government of our own country failed to repair the wrong and harvested a fearful penalty. In 1832, the Seminoles of Florida, dissatisfied with a treaty for their removal, made by some of their chiefs, made a determined resistance under the leadership of Osceola. General Thompson and a few companions were killed and scalped near Fort King, December 28, 1835, and the same day, at a place many miles distant, a detachment of one hundred soldiers under Major Dade were surprised and all but four were slain.

A few days later General Clinch fought a battle with the Seminoles on the Withlacoochee, and in February, 1836, General Gaines inflicted upon them a severe defeat near the same place. In May, the Creeks of Georgia and Alabama joined the Seminoles, but General Scott soon subdued them and they were sent across the Mississippi. The Seminoles still held out, and, lurking in the trackless swamps known as the Everglades, they caused the soldiers much suffering. Osceola, having once made a treaty and broken it, was captured and imprisoned at Fort Moultrie, at Charleston, where he died. Soon afterwards Colonel Zachary Taylor, later president of the Republic, defeated

the hapless redskins after a fierce battle. This broke their spirit and many were removed, but it was only in 1841 that they were finally subdued by cutting down their crops and sweeping off their cattle, after costing the United States a seven years' war, many millions of dollars, and thousands of gallant lives.

We may here sketch briefly the history of other Spanish missions which were begun at an early day in the region now embraced by our Southern States. It has been already noted, in the account of Coronado's expedition, how the zealous Father Padilla and his companion attempted to plant the faith along the upper Rio Grande, and the failure of their efforts to convert the tribes of New Mexico.

The unfavorable account given by Coronado prevented any further secular exploration of the territory; it was left to the zeal of Christian missionaries to explore it again. Meanwhile the Indian missions of Mexico were steadily advancing to the north, and in 1580 there dwelt in the valley of St. Bartholomew a pious lay-brother named Augustine Rodriguez, who had grown old amid austerities and toil in the Franciscan missions. Hearing, from Indians who visited the mission, that populous countries, unvisited by the Spaniards, lay to the north, he burned with the desire of announcing to them the gospel of Christ.

His zeal induced him to apply to his provincial for leave to go and learn their language. The viceroy of Mexico approved the mission, and the good brother was not allowed to depart alone. A regular mission was projected. Father Francis Lopez, of Seville, was named Superior; the learned and scientific Father John de Santa Maria, with brother Rodriguez, were selected to accompany the expedition, and they all set out in the year 1581, with ten soldiers and six Mexican Indians, and advanced to the country of the Tehuas. At this point they were compelled to halt, for the soldiers, seeing seven hundred weary miles behind them, refused to proceed. The missionaries, after a vain appeal to their honor, pride, patriotism, and religion, allowed them to depart, and began to examine the tribe among whom they were. This New Mexican tribe lived then, as in Padilla's time, in their peculiar houses, and, unlike the wild Indians of the plains beyond, dressed in cotton mantles. The missionaries were so pleased with the manners of the people that they resolved to begin a mission among them, and the success of their first efforts so exalted their hopes that they sent Father John de Santa Maria back to Mexico to bring auxiliaries. Fearless, and reliant on his skill, the missionary set out alone,

with his compass, to strike direct for the nearest settlement; but, while asleep by the wayside, on the third day after his departure, he was surprised and killed by a party of wandering Indians. The others meanwhile proceeded with their missionary labors, instructing the people, till, at last, in an attack on the town, Father Lopez fell beneath the shafts of the assailants, and Brother Rodriguez, the projector of the mission, was left to conduct it alone.

The people were not indifferent to his teaching, but vice had charms too powerful for them to submit to the doctrine of the Cross. Rodriguez inveighed with all the fire of an apostle against the awful sins to which they were addicted, till, weary at last of his reproaches, they silenced the unwelcome monitor in death.

Meanwhile the returning soldiers had excited the anxiety of the Franciscans, and at their instance Don Antonio de Espejo, a rich, brave and pious man, set out, in 1582, with Father Bernardine Beltran, but arrived only to learn the death of all.

Some time after, two other Franciscans, who accompanied an expedition under Castaño, were put to death at Puaray, but no details remain.

In 1597, Juan de Oñate led a colony to the northern Rio Grande, and founded San Gabriel, the first Spanish post in that quarter. Eight Franciscans had set out with him under Father Roderic Duran; but as the latter returned with a part of the forces, the other missionaries proceeded with Father Alonzo Martinez as commissary or superior. For a year Oñate was engaged in establishing his post and exploring the country—the missionaries, on their side, investigating the manners, customs, language and religion of the people. Having, in addition to the knowledge already acquired of their mechanical arts and singular dwellings, sought to unravel their theology, they found great difficulty. All were loth to speak at any length on the point. They learned, however, that they adored principally three demons, or rather sought to propitiate them, especially in times of drought. These deities were called Cocapo, Cacina, and Homace; to the first of whom a temple was raised some ten feet wide and twice as deep. At the end sat the idol of stone or clay, representing the god, bearing some eggs in one hand and some ears of maize in the other. In this temple an old woman presided as priestess, and directed the ceremonies by which the natives implored rain—a blessing the more necessary, as the streams frequently run dry.

At the close of a year, Oñate wished to send a report of his proceedings to Mexico. To bear his dispatches, and urge the dispatch of reinforcements,

he selected the commissary, Father Martinez, who set out with Father Christopher Salazar and the lay-brother, Peter de Vergara; but on the way, Father Christopher died, and was buried under a tree in the wilderness.

The account brought by Father Martinez induced the provincial to send new missionaries, and as Martinez was unable to return, Father John de Escalona, a man of great virtue and sanctity, was chosen commissary in his stead, and set out with several fathers of his order. Meanwhile, Oñate, with Father Francis de Velasco and a lay-brother, struck farther into the country, but without effecting any good.

There is extant a letter of Father Escalona, dated in 1601, in which he speaks despondingly of the Indian mission, and of the little good which he and his associates had as yet been able to do, from the manner in which Oñate controlled and interrupted their labors.

His superiors, however, did not share his despondency. They sent out six new missionaries, under Father Francis de Escobar, now appointed successor to Escalona. Under this enterprising missionary, the church took new life. The missionaries already there, skilled in all the accessories needed—a knowledge of the language and people, and a sort of naturalization among them—soon made rapid progress. By the year 1608, when Father Escobar was at last allowed to resign his post of commissary, the missionaries in New Mexico had baptized eight thousand of the people.

His successor, Father Peinado, was no less skilled as a director, or successful as a missionary. Gradually the Cross advanced from town to town, and in all won votaries, who at last forsook Cocapo to worship Christ.

Of the state of the mission in 1626, less than thirty years after its foundation, we have a detailed account, in a memoir addressed to the Spanish court by Father Benavides, one of the apostles of New Mexico. A mission had just then been established at Socorro, making the 27th in New Mexico. Several of these stations possessed large and beautiful churches. At Queres all were baptized, and many of the Indians had learned to read and write. Four thousand had been baptized at Tanos, two thousand at Taos, and many at other towns. There were residences or convents at St. Antonio or Senecu, Socorro, Pilabo, Sevilleta, St. Francis, and Isleta, among the Topiras, the Teoas, the Picuries, and at Zuñi, while Santa Fé, Pecos, St. Joseph or Hemes, and the Queres, could boast their sumptuous churches; and missionaries were residing, not only in the difficult mission of Zuñi, but in Acoma, which had so often been reddened with Spanish blood. So rapid had been

the progress of Christianity and civilization on the Rio Grande, that the Indians, or Pueblos, as they began to be called, could read and write there, before the Puritans were established on the shores of New England.

Among those who contributed to bring about so happy a result, were Father Benavides, Fathers Lopez and Salas at Jumanas, Father Ortego, and, we may add, the venerable Maria de Jesus de Agreda, whose mysterious connection with the New Mexican mission, whether now believed or not, certainly drew great attention to it, and gave it an extraordinary impulse. Benavides met a tribe which no missionary had as yet reached, and found them, to his amazement, instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. On inquiring, he learned that they had been taught by a lady, whose form and dress they described. This account he gave in his work, published in 1630. Subsequently, Father Bernardine de Sena told him that the nun, Maria de Agreda, had, eight years before, related to him apparitions of a similar character. Benavides then visited her, and was at once struck with her resemblance to the lady described by the Indians, and still more so by her account of the country and the labors of the missionaries, of which she related many remarkable incidents.

The difficult mission of Zuñi had been confided to Father John Letrado. After spending some time there, he resolved to attempt the spiritual conquest of the Cipias, but perished in his work of zeal. Similar was the fate of Father Martin de Arbide, who, undaunted by the danger, attempted to reach the same tribe.

Gradually various causes seem to have driven the missionaries from most of these posts. No general revolt occurred, but the territory must have been abandoned before 1660. In that year two missionaries returned, founded missions, and preached for two years. The Indians then rose against them, stripped them naked, and expelled them from their villages. Yielding to the storm, they retired to Parral, where they were found by some Spanish soldiers nearly dead with cold and hunger. They soon recovered their strength, and undeterred by the past, returned in the following year and founded successively the missions of Our Lady la Redonda, Collani, Santa Fé, San Pedro del Cuchillo, San Cristobal, San Juan, and Guadalupe. Zuñi was the last mission founded at this time. Once more the churches flourished, and the Catholic Indians for several years enjoyed all the blessings of religion; the pagan portion, however, were still obdurate, and maintained a stubborn opposition to the missionaries. In 1680 they succeeded in raising a general

revolt, in which all but San Juan de los Cabelleros joined. A scene of pillage and devastation ensued: San Pascual, Sevillete, and Socorro were destroyed, and missionaries were killed at several of the stations, as well as among the Moquis and Navajoes, to whom some adventurous fathers had penetrated.

After a few years peace was again restored: the missions rose again, never, indeed, on the same footing, as many churches were never rebuilt, for the new colonies were much harassed by the Apaches.

In 1733 a new mission was founded among the Apaches themselves at Jicarillas, but after a short existence it closed, the Indians retiring to their tribes. A new missionary spirit was, however, awakened; in 1742, Father John Menchero proceeded to the territory of the Moquis and Navajoes, and with his companions succeeded in making several converts on that ground, so often the object of the ambition of his associates.

Villaseñor, who published his Teatro Americano in 1748, gives a brief but flattering picture of the state of the country at that time. The Indians were all well clad in stuffs woven by the women; industry prevailed in their villages, with its attendants, peace and abundance. The religious edifices erected under the direction of the Franciscan fathers could rival those of Europe. In a religious point of view, the New Mexicans were not inferior to their Spanish neighbors. He enumerates more than twenty existing missions, each averaging, as it would seem, about a hundred families.

These missions all continue to the present time with one or two exceptions, and several are still directed by Catholic missionaries, although Spain lost her power, and Mexico, after greatly injuring the missions by her plundering laws, finally yielded the country to the United States. Since that period New Mexico was made Vicariate Apostolic, and finally a bishopric, by the erection of the see of Santa Fé. The Right Reverend John Lamy in his report for 1854, estimates the Indian Catholic population of the see at 8000. They are generally pious, industrious, peaceable, and instructed, many being able to read and write; their deputies sent to Washington compare favorably with those of the most civilized tribes.

"The Pueblo or half-civilized Indians of this territory," says a government report, "are in a satisfactory condition in every respect. They reside in villages situated upon grants made to them by the governments of Spain and Mexico, and subsist themselves comfortably by cultivating the soil and rearing herds and flocks of various kinds. Each tribe or pueblo has a separate organized government of its own, though all fashioned after the same model.

They annually elect their respective governor, lieutenant-governor, and various other minor officers. Many of them speak the Spanish language quite well, and they usually clothe themselves quite comfortably, often in cloth of their own manufacture. They have ceased to rely upon the chase for a subsistence, and very rarely commit depredations upon others, but are orderly and decorous in their deportment. Each pueblo or village has its church. When disputes arise between two pueblos, or between them and their more civilized neighbors, the matter is invariably laid before the governor, and his decision is invariably regarded as final. From the best information I can gather, these pueblos or villages number about twenty, and the aggregate number of souls may be set down at from 8,000 to 10,000."

Chapter IX.

SEED SOWN IN CALIFORNIA.

First Church at Lapaz.—A Region Long Neglected.—Fearless Father Kino.—Other Champions of the Cross.—The "Black-gowns" in the Lead.—Expulsion of the Jesuits.—A Corps of Eager Substitutes.—Father Serra and His Band.—Founding of San Diego.—Attack by Bad Indians.—Corpus Christi in the Wilderness.—The Indefatigable Superior.—Advancing on San Gabriel.—The Banner of Our Lady.—Enemies Made Good Friends.—Trouble in San Diego.—Redskins Assail the Mission.—Murder of Father Jayme.—Reconstruction by Father Serra.—About California's Indians.—Witchcraft and Devil Worship.—First Work at San Francisco.—Many Missions Planted.—Death of the Indefatigable Serra.—The Missions in Later Days.—Ruin and Desolation.—A Startling Contrast.—Mexicans as Church Plunderers.—Missionaries Dying of Want.—The Decimated Natives.—California Annexed to the States.

AS DETAILED in a previous chapter, it was Cortés himself, the conqueror of Mexico, who discovered the peninsula of California, and its gulf long bore his name. It was, however, subsequently unnoticed till the close of the fifteenth century, when it was again visited; and in 1596, Vizcaino sailed to explore the coast, accompanied by some Franciscan missionaries, among others by Father Perdomo, who had, as we have seen already, traversed Florida, cross in hand. A church and palisade fort were thrown up at Lapaz, and every preparation was made for a permanent settlement, but Indian hostilities soon induced the colonists to renounce the new undertaking.

On a second expedition, in 1601, the explorer was attended by three Carmelite friars, Fathers Andrew of the Assumption, Anthony of the Ascension, and Thomas of Aquinas. By the 16th of December they had reached Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco, and at Monterey, Fathers Andrew and Anthony landed, and, raising a rustic altar beneath the

spreading branches of a time honored oak, they celebrated the divine mysteries of our faith. This may be considered the natal day of the Upper California mission.

This portion of it, however, was doomed to a long neglect; but subsequent voyagers explored and surveyed the coast of the peninsula, which was soon visited by Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries. As the latter here founded a celebrated mission which led, in the end, to Franciscan missions in Upper California, we shall glance at the labors of the Jesuits. The work of the famous California mission, next to the reductions of Paraguay, the greatest in the annals of the Society of Jesus, was first inaugurated by Father Hyacinth Cortés in 1642, being thus contemporaneous with the Iroquois and Apalachian missions. The Jesuits were not formally sent to it, however, till 1679, and even then four years elapsed before a station was actually founded by the enterprising German, Father Eusebius Kühn, or, as he is commonly called, Kino. His mission, moreover, was but temporary; two years later the station had been abandoned, and the intrepid Kuhn was laboring, with a zeal truly worthy of admiration, among the Pimos and other Indians south of the Gila. Fearless by nature and a sense of duty, he went alone among them, formed them into villages, prevailed on them to sow their lands and raise cattle. The Pimos were his chief care; but as other tribes were also in his district, he learned several languages, and translated into all the abridgment of Christian doctrine and the usual prayers; he likewise composed vocabularies and grammatical treatises for the use of his assistants and successors. In these toils he continued till his death in 1710.

Meanwhile, Father Salvatierra founded, at Loretto, in 1697, the first permanent mission in California. From that point, Christianity gradually extended to the north, and station after station arose where the Indians were gathered around the black-gowns to hear the words of truth. These conquests over idolatry and barbarism were not achieved without loss, and the arid soil of Lower California is dyed with the blood of heroic missionaries; but undaunted by loss of life, unbroken by defeat, the Jesuit missionaries of California were still the pioneers of civilization and the faith, when the Spanish king, yielding to the advice of unprincipled men, ordered them to be torn, in a single day, from all their missions throughout his wide domains. At that time Father Wenceslaus Link was continuing the explorations of Kühn—advancing along the Pacific to Guiricata; his associates, Victorian

Arnes and John Joseph Diez, were founding, under the 31st parallel, the last Jesuit mission of St. Mary's, the limit of their zeal and labors.

Accused of no crime, condemned without a trial, the missionaries were dragged from amid their neophytes, who in wonder, grief, and consternation deplored their loss. On the 3rd of February, 1768, every Jesuit was carried off a prisoner from California.

Unjust as the government had been to the Jesuits, it was not insensible to the claims of their Indian neophytes. A body of Franciscans had been ordered to enter the country and continue the good work. As the sixteen Jesuit prisoners landed at San Blas, twelve Franciscans and four secular priests prepared to embark on the same vessel to fill their stations.

Of these new missionaries the leader was Father Juniper Serra, a Majorcan, already well trained to the labors of an Indian mission in various parts of Mexico. By the 1st of April, he and his eleven companions (for the Franciscans always, if possible, went forth in companies of twelve), reached Loretto, the center of the Jesuit mission.

After placing priests in the various stations occupied by his predecessors, Father Serra began carrying into effect the wish of the government, to found three missions in Upper California—one at San Carlos de Monterey in the north, another at San Diego in the south, and a third at San Bonaventura in the middle district. Galvez, then visitor for the king, was charged with the establishment of these new posts, and Father Serra at once named friars to begin a mission at each. The expedition was to set out in three divisions, one by land and two by sea. Of the latter, the first sailed in January, 1769, bearing Father Ferdinand Parron, the second in February, with Fathers John Vizcaino and Francis Gomez; Serra himself accompanied the land force, with De la Campa and Lazven, and meeting the others at Vellicata, founded there with much ceremony, the mission of St. Ferdinand, leaving Father de la Campa as missionary, with a number of Christian Indians, one-fifth of the live stock, and a supply of corn, to begin a reduction. Before the expedition proceeded, the natives had begun to gather around and enter into friendly relations with the missionary and the Christian Indians who attended him.

Meanwhile Father Crespi, with a portion of the troops, had pushed on to San Diego, whither Serra soon followed him, after vainly attempting to reach the Colorado as Father Link had done. On the 1st of July, Serra reached the port of San Diego, and found there not only Crespi, but Vizcaino, Parron, and Gomez, who had come by sea and were of the few who escaped

the diseases which had broken out on board. The mission of San Diego was now founded on the 16th of July, 1769, on the banks of the stream of that name, and in a long and narrow valley, formed by two chains of parallel hills, embosoming a delightful prairie. The natives, Comeyas, were apparently friendly, and everything seemed to promise speedy success. The missionaries at once set about the erection of two buildings, one for a chapel, the other for dwellings; but just as all were congratulating themselves on the prospects before them, the house was attacked by the Indians, who had already begun to commit depredations. The door was only a mat, and before the assailants could be repelled a boy was killed, and Father Vizcaino, with four others, wounded.

Notwithstanding this act of violence, amicable relations were at last established, and the mission continued its labors. Crespi, who had returned from an ineffectual attempt to reach Monterey, now set out with a new expedition by sea, as Serra did with another by land. They met at Monterey, in 1770, and founded the mission of San Carlos, leaving the usual number of Indians, with a supply of cattle and a guard of soldiers.

When the news of the establishment of these missions reached the city of Mexico, universal joy prevailed, and the bells rang out a peal of triumph, as for the conquest of a realm. Father Serra called for new auxiliaries; thirty were chosen by the superior of the order in Mexico to go and till the new field; and, amid the general exultation, the sons of St. Dominic applied for leave to enter that land of missions.

Ten of the Franciscans were intended for Upper California, and these fathers, reaching San Diego in March, 1771, by the following month joined their superior in the beautiful vegas of Carmel at Monterey. The feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated soon after, with a pomp such as the wilderness had never seen; twelve priests joined in the sacred procession to honor that Real Presence which is the center of Catholic faith and worship.

After this holy solemnity, Serra proceeded with Father Michael Pieras and Father Bonayenture Sitjar to a beautiful spot on the river San Antonio, in the bosom of the Sierra Santa Lucia, where a towering cañada encircles the stream. Here, on the 14th of July, 1771, he founded the mission at St. Anthony of Padua, the beloved saint of the Franciscans, on the wide grounds of the Telames. Hanging aloft his mission bells, the enthusiastic Serra tolled them till the ravine rang again, while he shouted aloud his invitation to the natives to come and sit down in peace beneath the cross he had planted.

A house and chapel were soon raised for the missionaries, with barracks for the soldiers, and the whole was encircled by a palisade. Difficulties at first threatened the new mission, but it was soon in a way of prosperity.

The next undertaking of Father Serra was the removal of the Monterey mission, which he began, after sending Father Francis Dumetz and Luis Jayme to San Diego to replace the missionaries there, who both sought to retire; as they actually did on the arrival of their successors. Monterey labored under the disadvantage of a want of water for the cattle and for irrigation. Selecting a site on the banks of a little stream not far from the little bay of Carmel, on the 3d of June, 1770, he founded the mission of Mt. Carmel, hemmed in by the mountains. His mission cross was planted on that day, and before the close of the next year his chapel and buildings were all completed.

The next mission to be founded was that of San Gabriel, to commence which Father Angelo Somera and Father Peter Benedict Cambon set out in August, 1770. With a guard of ten soldiers they reached the Rio de los Temblores, and were selecting a place to plant the cross when the Indians rushed down upon them. In this moment of danger the missionaries unfurled the banner of the Blessed Virgin, and as its azure folds opened before the eyes of the astonished natives, and the radiant form of Our Lady met their eyes, they threw down their arms, and timidly approached to offer her all they had as propitiatory presents. Peace being thus wonderfully established, the good fathers planted the cross at the foot of a sierra, on a magnificent plain near three Indian villages. The first Mass was said on the 8th of September, and buildings were soon erected; but new troubles arose. These missions were always attended, as we have seen, by a few soldiers, generally most unfit companions for the missionary of peace. Among those at St. Gabriel was one whose brutal violence roused an injured husband to vengeance. The Indians rose in arms, the house was attacked; but when the unfortunate leader of the natives was shot down by a ball from his oppressor's musket, the rest fled. The guilty man was now driven from the mission, and the Indians at last were appeased. Fathers Somera and Cambon now began to suffer from the climate, and, as soon as their health permitted, retired to old California, leaving in their place Fathers Antonio Paterna and Antonio Cruzado, who, on their way to the site selected for the mission of St. Bonaventure, had accompanied them to St. Gabriel.

The missions thus established relied at first on the supplies brought from

Mexico, and in a short time want pressed heavily on them. This was especially the case at San Diego, so that one of the missionaries, Father Dumetz, proceeded to Old California for relief. When Serra knew their distress he recalled Father Crespi to Monterey and sent him with provisions to San Diego, to relieve the laborious Father Jayme.

Father Dumetz presently returned with material aid and also three new missionaries. With this reinforcement the unwearied superior resolved to found a new mission, that of San Luis Obispo, on a knoll in a beautiful plain, sheltered by low wooded hills, and well watered, as well as easy of access from the sea. The mission cross was planted on the 1st of September, 1772, and a church and barracks were immediately begun.

After laying out the ground for the mission of Santa Barbara, and dispatching the laborious Crespi with Father Dumetz to Monterey, he proceeded to Mexico, where a change of governors, and various matters connected with the missions, required his presence.

The Dominicans, as we have seen, had sought to obtain the California mission; the Franciscans offered to retire, but it was finally divided between them. All the old Jesuit missions in Old California, with San Ferdinand of Vellicata, were assigned to the Dominicans, and the Franciscans retained only those which their own zeal had founded in the upper province. These were now to receive a new impulse from the accession of missionaries whom Father Palou brought from the peninsula, and from the aid which Father Serra sent from Mexico, just before his return in May, 1774.

While some of these fathers accompanied expeditions sent to explore the coast, Fathers Lazven and Gregory Amurro were dispatched, in October, to begin between San Diego and San Gabriel the mission of San Juan Capistrano. The commencement of this mission seemed to promise great success, when it was abandoned, and the bells and less portable objects buried, in consequence of the news of a startling scene that had transpired at San Diego.

In November, 1775, the two missionary fathers, Jayme and Vincente Fuster, were rejoicing in the success of their labors at the last-named mission, which, to gain the confidence of the native Comeyas more easily, they had removed from the fort, when they discovered that two of their Christian Indians had suddenly left. Their disappearance surprised, but did not alarm the missionaries, who, supposing them to have taken umbrage at something said or done, sent messengers to recall them; but it was not such a trifle as they too hastily supposed. These men had gone forth to rouse their country-

men to destroy the missionaries. Baptized they had been, they declared, but by force; and the sacrament was but a means to effect their annihilation.

This idea of baptism we shall find in the sequel in almost every tribe, and from its universality can be ascribed only to him, whose power was to be overthrown by the fulfillment of the command once given to a few humble men, "Go and baptize all nations." Not less credulous to the words of the tempter than the Indians by the northern lakes, the Californians crowded around the apostates. A thousand braves resolved to attack the mission and fort, and commit them to the flames, when the inmates shall have sunk under their murderous arms. On the night of the 4th of November they advanced noiselessly to the ravine where the mission lay, for the good friars had withdrawn to some distance from the fort to avoid the untoward influence always exercised by a band of soldiers. Here the hostile army divided; one party marched against the fort, the other entered the mission village, and, placing a sentry at the door of each house, pressed on to the church, whose furniture and decorations promised a splendid booty. A part, however, turned off to assail the house occupied by the missionaries and by a few Spaniards, and, approaching unobserved, set it on fire. Awakened by the flames and yells, the soldiers ran to arms, and, with Father Vincent, threw themselves into an adobe kitchen. Father Louis Jayme, awakened by the noise, and totally unprepared for such an attack, supposed the fire accidental, and issued from the house with his usual salutation, "Love God, my children." He was at once seized by the Indians, dragged through the deepest part of the neighboring stream, stripped, and killed with arrows and blows from their swords of hardened wood, which cut almost like iron. When found, his body was so hacked and mangled as to defy recognition—the hands alone being untouched.

The attack on the kitchen was kept up till daybreak, when the Indians, fearing a charge from the fort, drew off and enabled Father Vincent and his companions to reach that place of refuge.

This was a terrible check to the missions, and many wished to abandon San Diego and some other stations entirely. No such thoughts, however, were entertained by the missionaries. Words of joy welcomed the announcement of the death of Jayme. "Thank God, that field is watered!" exclaimed the intrepid Prefect Serra, as he proceeded, though in broken health, to rouse the civil authorities to courage. But the letters he obtained from the latter miscarried, and when, in September, he attempted to rebuild the mission of San Diego, Rivera, the commandant, ordered him to desist. The prefect

obeyed without a murmur, but a change of authorities soon enabled him to realize his plan, and San Diego arose from its ruins. As soon as he saw it in progress he hurried with Fathers Mugartegui and Amurro to San Capistrano. Here he found the cross still standing; and this admirable man, unbroken by toil, undaunted by danger, hastened, almost alone, amid hostile tribes, to San Gabriel to obtain the necessary articles.

This last mission is situated in a beautiful plain, a league from the sea, on the banks of a little river which never fails, even in the greatest drought. The people, among whom it was established, were called the Acagchemem nation, and of them we have, in a work of Father Boscana, a later missionary, a fuller account than we possess of any other tribe in California. No portion of the continent contained, in the same compass, tribes so variant in language and consequently in race.

All the Californian tribes resemble, in general manners and customs, the Indians of other parts of the republic. Ignorant of the use of metals, they relied on hunting and fishing for a sustenance: agriculture, even in its rudest form, being almost unknown, and seeds and herbs the only production used by them. The men went naked, or wore a cloak of skins over the shoulders; the women, and even the youngest female children, wore a kind of apron of fringe, and were never known to lay aside this badge of modesty; many, too, wore a kind of cloak reaching from the neck to the knees. The most advanced tribes were those between Santa Barbara and Monterey; these Indians were skillful fishermen, and showed great dexterity in the use of their well-made canoes, and in a money made of shells, like the wampum of the eastern tribes, carried on a thriving commerce.

The tribe among whom the mission of San Juan Capistrano was founded were the Acagchemem. Their religious ideas are easily described. Considering heaven and earth as the first of beings, they peopled the universe with a monster progeny, which issued from them, and which disappeared before Chinigchinich, "the Almighty," who created man and the animals. This being was the object of their worship. To him they raised temples, and in them placed the skin of a coyote, or wild-cat, filled with feathers, claws, horns, and similar parts of various birds and beasts. The worship, directed by priests or puplem, consisted of various dances and ceremonies, in which little trace of sacrifice can be discovered. Their belief in witchcraft, their medicine-men and jugglery, their various dances, are, in the main, such as are found in almost every American tribe.

Having established anew the mission of San Juan Capistrano, the active Serra projected that of San Francisco. An expedition had been sent from Sonora by land to commence a settlement at that bay, and was attended by Father Font as chaplain. Fathers Palou and Cambon joined it, as missionaries, tofound astation at the new settlement, and Fathers Murguia and Peña to begin another mission, under the patronage of Santa Clara, in its vicinity.

The mission of San Francisco was really inaugurated in a rustic chapel, on the 27th of June, 1776, and the country around that beautiful bay explored by the intrepid missionaries. The legal organization of the missions was delayed by the inactivity of the commandant Rivera, to whom they were obliged to recur for supplies and for the usual guard. Santa Clara was in consequence not begun till the 6th of January, 1777, when that mission arose on the charming plains of San Bernardino.

The missions thus established in Upper California differed essentially from those planted in the other sections of our republic. Here it was not a single missionary, venturing alone into a distant land, facing every danger from the elements, the wild beasts, or the untamed child of the forest; the missionary went to his station attended by a small guard, with a colony of Indian converts, herds of cattle, and a plentiful supply of agricultural and other implements. Around this nucleus of converted Indians, others soon gathered; buildings were erected, the new-comers formed to habits of industry, and instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. As many of the missionaries were ingenious in mechanical arts, the Indians were formed to every trade, and each mission yearly sent off its cargoes of surplus products and manufactures, to receive in return the necessary European goods. This prosperity constantly attracted new-comers, who were in time trained to the life of the mission. The wealth of these missions, a few years since, shows how great the progress of the Indians had been.

Father Serra, the Prefect Apostolic, had now founded a goodly number of missions, which began to bear fruit. Baptisms had become numerous, the new converts had swelled the village at each mission, and peace, order, and prosperity had begun their reign. That the neophytes might not be deprived of the sacrament of confirmation, the Holy See, on the 16th of June, 1774, issued a bull conferring on the Prefect Apostolic the power of administering it, and this privilege he exercised, though for a time prevented by government from doing so.

Under his care the missions henceforth grew and prospered, the only

affliction they suffered being the loss of the veteran Father Crespi, who died at Monterey on the 1st of January, 1782, after a missionary career of thirty years, fourteen of which had been spent in California.

But if prosperity and success smiled on the missions from San Diego to San Francisco, the same cannot be said of a new mission attempted about this time. The power exercised by the missionaries over the converted Indians in the reductions, the management of the property, which they kept in their own hands, and the kind of tutelage in which the new Christians were held, had drawn great odium on the Jesuits. The Franciscans, nevertheless, had continued the system, being convinced of its expediency. Not so the government, which wished to justify its charges against the suppressed order. A new mission was therefore to be formed, in which the fathers were to confine their labors to the spiritual instruction of the Indians, leaving their civilization and temporal advancement in the hands of those whom interest, zeal, or ambition might induce to attempt it. Four missionaries from the Franciscan college of the Holy Cross of Queretaro accordingly joined the captain-general, and by his orders founded two missions on the right bank of the Colorado above its mouth; one under the invocation of St. Peter and St. Paul, the other three leagues further south under that of the Immaculate Conception, and both intended for the conversion of the Yumas, who were the nearest tribe.

Matters went on slowly; the soldiers, as colonists, chose the fairest lands, and the ejected Indians, deprived of their crops, began ere long to covet the flocks of the invaders. The missionaries, whose duty led them daily to the villages of the Yumas, saw the danger, and in vain endeavored to excite their countrymen to measures of conciliation. Vengeance was not long delayed. One Sunday in July, after Mass, the Indians, to the number of several thousands, simultaneously attacked both missions, set fire to them, and killed Rivera, the commander, and his soldiers, with most of the settlers. The missionaries hurried around to exercise their ministry, confessing, exhorting, encouraging, till they, too, were cut down. The four missionaries who perished here were Father John Diaz and Father Matthew Morena, whose bodies were found amid the ruins of their mission, and Father Francisco Garces and John Barraneche, of the province of Florida, whose bodies, interred by an old woman, were recovered some time after. Of these, Father Garces deserves especial notice as a successful and adventurous missioner, who had extended his excursions to Upper California, and traversed much of the

country north of the Colorado, so that, adapting himself to Indian life, he had become as one of the natives. Yet loved as he was, the Yumas did not spare him in the general massacre.

The missions already founded did not satisfy the boundless zeal of the prefect, the venerable Serra. He died in 1784, planning new foundations, and still eager to plant the cross in parts as yet unvisited. Ten missions were already established, and about ten thousand Indians had been baptized. Among the enterprising men who have attempted the conversion of the Indians, few deserve a higher place than Father Juniper Serra. Nothing is more admirable than the courage he displayed in the effort to civilize the barbarous tribes, amid whom his charity had called him. If he had not the heroic sanctity of earlier missionaries, his steady development of the Jesuit plan of missions, his constant attention, assiduous labor, and prudence in government, often amid factious opposition, entitle him to the highest place among illustrious missionaries. Nor was he wanting in deep and tender piety. When an Indian child that he was about to baptize was taken from his arms, he was deeply moved. "The feelings of the venerable father, seeing the baptism of this child so frustrated, were such," says Palou, "that for many days the sorrow and pain which he suffered might be discovered in his countenance—the good father attributing the conduct of the Indians to his own sins; and many years afterwards, when he related this circumstance, his eyes were suffused with tears." His death was as calm as his life. Sinking under a malady of the lungs, he continued his labors, visiting the missions, administering confirmation, and regulating everything, till, finding his death at hand, he sent for the nearest fathers to come and take leave of him. In August he sank gradually, but still kept up and recited his office, though preparing to die. On the 27th of that month he directed Father Palou to consecrate a host, and give him the holy Viaticum. In the course of the same day he ordered his coffin, and received the sacrament of extreme unction on his bed—a mat stretched over a board. The next day, August 28, 1784, he was up again and cheerful, but presently retiring to his hard couch, lay down and expired without a struggle or a sigh, at the age of 71. It will be remembered that a beautiful monument was raised to his memory in 1891 by Mrs. Leland Stanford, the Protestant wife of a present U. S. senator from California. Father Serra had been a true apostle among the wandering tribes of the Sierra Gorda, and he toiled for years to gain these poor souls to Christ. He was a holy spiritual guide.

"He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

It is said that in order to give his simple, dusky flock a good example, he made it a custom to go to confession in the presence of the people. It was at the very time when the fathers of this republic were drafting the Declaration of Independence that the mission was founded at San Francisco by his order on the 27th of June, 1776. "San Francisco," says a western writer, "has this, at least, to boast of—that the first building erected within it, was dedicated to God's worship under the patronage of Saint Francis."

On the death of Father Serra, his future biographer, Father Palou, was appointed Prefect Apostolic; but before we enter on the history of his administration, we shall describe these missions as they then existed, for though the California mission began about the period of the American revolution, and attained a wonderful degree of prosperity, it is now almost as much a matter of the past, as the Iroquois or Huron missions in the north.

A rectangular building, eighty or ninety yards in front, and about as deep, composed the mission. In one end was the church and parsonage. The interior was a large and beautiful court, adorned with trees and fountains, surrounded by galleries, on which opened the rooms of the missionaries, stewards, and travelers, the shops, schools, store-rooms, etc., and granary. A part, separated off, and called the monastery, was reserved for the Indian girls, where they were taught by native women to spin and weave, and received such other instruction as was suited to their sex. The boys learned trades, and those who excelled were promoted to the rank of chiefs, thus giving a dignity to labor which impelled all to embrace it.

Each mission was directed by two friars; one of whom superintended this mission building and the religious instruction, the other the field-labors, in which he always took part, teaching *consilio manuque*, to use their own expression —by advice and example. How well they succeeded we may judge by the results which they obtained and by the affection of the Indians. Those who, but a few years since, visited these missions, were amazed to see that with such petty resources, most frequently without the aid of the white mechanics, with Indian workmen alone, they accomplished so much, not only in agriculture, but in architecture and mechanics—in mills, machines, bridges, roads, canals for irrigation—and accomplished it only by transforming hostile and indolent savages into laborious carpenters, masons, coopers, saddlers, shoemakers, weavers, stone-cutters, brick-makers, and lime-burners.

The discipline was indeed severe, and the whole establishment conducted like some large factory. This has excited, in modern times, great outcry; but the missions have been abolished, and the Indians left to the "enlightened" men of our day. Under their care the Indians have perished like smoke before the wind, and men now sigh for the missions.

Around the mission building rose the houses of the Indians and of a few white settlers; at various distances were ranches or hamlets, each with its succursal chapel. In a little building by the mission was a picket of five horsemen, half soldiers, half couriers.

The regulations of the missions were uniform. At daybreak the Angelus summoned all to the church for prayers and Mass, from which they returned to breakfast. Then all joined their respective bands, and proceeded to their regular labor. At eleven they returned to dine, and rested till two, when labor recommenced and lasted till the Angelus, which was rung an hour before sunset. After prayers and the beads, they supped and spent the evening in innocent amusements. Their food was the fresh beef and mutton plentifully supplied by their flocks, cakes of wheat and Indian, with peas, beans, and such other vegetables as they chose to raise.

The dress of the men was a shirt, trousers, and blanket, though the alcalde and chiefs of gangs of workmen wore frequently the complete Spanish dress. The dress of the women was the usual one, with the invariable blanket. When the crops were harvested, each mission sold or shipped its breadstuffs, wine, oil, hemp and cordage, hides and tallow, and from the returns distributed to the Indians clothes, handkerchiefs, tobacco, and other articles. The surplus was spent in the purchase of necessaries for the mission, furniture for the church or the houses, implements of agriculture, tools, etc.

Besides the funds thus resulting from their own labors, the Indians enjoyed the revenue of a portion of the "Pious fund," which had been bestowed by charitable persons on the old Jesuit mission: the missionaries, bound by vows of poverty, receiving only food and clothing.

The Indians of a mission were not all of the same tribe, but perfect harmony prevailed, and when the season of work was over, many paid visits to their countrymen, and seldom returned alone. Sometimes a zealous Christian would visit his own tribe as an apostle, to announce the happiness enjoyed under the mild rule of the gospel. In this way the missions constantly received new accessions, for the good friars had the art of making labor attractive.

One of the first acts of Father Palou was to found the mission of Santa Barbara, which was begun on the 4th of December, 1786, at the foot of a chain of arid mountains. This was followed on the 8th of December, 1787, by that of La Purisima Concepcion, separated from that of San Luis Obispo by a beautiful and fertile plain. Soon after, in 1791, the mission of Santa Cruz, near Branciforte, was founded in August, and that of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad in October, in a delightful cañon, which extends to Monterey. These were the last acts of Father Palou's administration; for it is said that he then left California, and became superior of the convent of San Fernando, in the city of Mexico.

Under Father Lazven, who was the next prefect, the California mission received still greater development. In the single year 1797 he founded three missions—San José, San Miguel, and San Fernando Rey. The first, which dates from the 18th of June, is at the foot of a range of low hills, along which runs the San Joaquin. Its proximity to the Tulares enabled this mission to collect a great number of Indians, and it was soon one of the most flourishing and commercial in all California.

FATHER ANTONIO PEYRI, O. S. F.

San Miguel arose on the 25th of July, in a beautiful plain, into which several mountain gorges enter, giving easy access to other missions, while San Fernando, founded on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, lay nearer San Gabriel. All these missions soon attained a high degree of prosperity.

The next mission was that of San Luis Rey de Francia, which arose in

the wilderness at a time when France rejected alike the faith, institutions, and family of that holy king. Its founder, the illustrious Father Peyri, raised a thatched cottage by the beautiful banks of the San Luis on the feast of his patron, Saint Anthony of Padua, in the year 1798. A few cattle and some converted Indians were all that he asked from the next mission, and thus he founded San Luis Rey among the Kechis. From this feeble commencement rose the greatest of the Californian reductions, as English, French, and American writers all concur in asserting. Its church of stone is ninety feet deep, and rises at one end in a beautiful tower and dome; and from its façade extends a colonnade, not without architectural beauty, and nearly five hundred feet long, while in depth it is almost in equal dimensions. Father Peyri was not only an architect, but also an able mission-director. He soon had 3,500 Indian converts, scattered in twenty ranches, and the whole place bore marks of industry, and consequently of peace and plenty.

Spain now began to reel under the effects of the French revolution; and the distracted state of the mother country and the colonies materially affected the missions, which were in a great measure left to their own resources. For several years their funds came very irregularly, but the Indians, who relied chiefly on their own labor, suffered no loss, and the only difficulty was that new missions could not be undertaken; and the weakness of the government seemed to offer an opportunity to the savage tribes to burst on these frontier stations.

Amid this period of trial Father Lazven died in 1803, at his mission of Carmel, where he was interred. His successor founded the mission of Santa Inez in the following year, on a beautiful prairie embosomed in the hills—a perfect garden of fertility. In 1817 the missionaries resumed their activity, and Father Ventura Fortuni founded the mission of San Rafael among the Jouskiousmé, and the prefect, Father Mariano Payeras, proposed to the Spanish king to establish a presidio at Telame, and missions running in a line from San Luis Rey to San José, but the power of Spain in the western world was already tottering, and the project was abandoned.

Left to their own resources, the missionaries did not falter; they steadily advanced the faith, and in August, 1823, Father Amoros began the mission of San Francisco Solano among the Guilucos, the most northerly and last of all those religious establishments which now lie in ruins, and the only one that dates from the period of the Mexican republic. The same father did,

indeed, attempt another in 1827, but the little chapel of Saint Rose was all that he could accomplish.

Echandia, the first governor sent by the Mexican republic to California, arrived in 1824. Our historian, Robinson, calls him "the scourge of California, an instigator of vice, who sowed seeds of dishonor not to be extirpated while a mission remains to be robbed." One of his first acts was to interfere in the established plan of the missions, and attempt to take all temporal direction from the missionaries. The latter opposed this invasion of the rights of their Indians, who they clearly foresaw were doomed to destruction if left to the mercy of the agents of government. Echandia persisted in his plan of pillage, drove out the fearless Martinez, and loaded with ill treatment Father Sanchez, the prefect or president of the missions, so that the venerable man, after struggling for years against the oppressors of his forest children, died of grief in 1831, consoled in his last moments by the conduct of the upright Don Manuel Victoria, who for a few months restored the missions. But that excellent governor was soon removed and the plunder recommenced. Father Antonio Peyri, a man of energy and capacity, and though advanced in years, still hale and able to maintain his rights, became peculiarly obnoxious. He was driven from his mission of San Luis Rey, which he had founded and directed with admirable skill for thirty-four years. The entreaties and tears of his neophytes could not obtain his continuance, and as he tore himself from his flock to embark for Mexico, tears streamed down his aged cheeks. For years after the Indians preserved a painting which represented Father Peyri amid his neophytes, and frequently came to recite their prayers before that effigy of him who had first led them to a knowledge of God, and when he finally proceeded to Barcelona, every stranger was eagerly questioned for tidings of their beloved guide, and heard them speak with sighs of their happy state when directed by his paternal hand. Such is the testimony of Forbes and Robinson in 1835, of Duflot de Mofras in 1840, and even of Bartlett in 1852.

At San Luis Obispo, Father Martinez had formed his flock to industry: they wove and dyed ordinary cloth and fine cotton fabrics, which would soon have made them a prosperous and happy colony, even amid the increasing whites, but he was brutally expelled. Five other fathers were driven from other missions and a regular system of robbery commenced, ranch after ranch was taken, cattle swept off, and the Indians, seduced from their labors by Echandia, the governor, were so inflamed against the missionaries that they

attempted to kill Father Cabot at San Miguel. At the view of his misery, several other fathers, exposed to ill treatment and persecution, resolved to leave the country, where some had spent thirty and forty years in civilizing the Indians, and raising them to a state of ease and comfort and plenty. They departed as poor as they had lived, for they lost nothing: it was their neophytes who had been robbed. The number of missionaries was now so reduced that in 1833 the Mexican government applied to the college of Our Lady of Guadalupe, at Zacatecas, and obtained ten missionaries for California, who took the richer and more northerly stations; and Father Duran, who had just succeeded Father Francisco Garcia Diego as prefect, removed to Santa Barbara, after being for a time imprisoned on a frivolous charge.

Meanwhile, the government in California was carrying on the work of secularization or plunder, and the year 1834 may be considered as that of the complete overthrow of the missions, although it was not till 1837 that it was finally and officially decreed by congress. But this act of congress was as unnecessary as a later one, in 1840, for then restoration was impossible: the property of the poor Indians was already in the hands of the plunderers, and there was no power to wrest it from them.

The mission of St. Gabriel had its vineyards planted by Father José Maria Zalvidea, which already produced excellent wine: he was negotiating with an American house for iron fences. All around was activity, industry, and enterprise, created by him; for his ships, loaded with the products of the mission, sailed regularly for Lima and San Blas; but neither here nor at San Juan Capistrano, also under his care, could he prevent the spoliation. His vineyards were torn up, and in a short time misery usurped the place of plenty and industry.

At this period the missions contained 30,650 Indians, 424,000 head of cattle, 62,500 horses, 321,500 sheep, and raised annually 122,500 bushels of wheat and maize. This property was now handed over to the authorities, who allotted some to each family. Here and there, a missionary, better able to struggle with intriguing men, saved the mission buildings and the live-stock given to his neophytes, but, in most cases, they were deprived of it almost immediately. The missionary was merely allowed rations for his support, and these were often never sent. Thus, in 1838, Father Sarria, of whom an American says, "it was a happiness indeed to have known him," died of hunger and wretchedness at his mission of La Soledad, having refused to abandon his constantly decreasing flock. Neither his age, his goodness, his

charity, nor gentle character, could win a petty living on the spot where thousands had enjoyed his hospitality. One day in August, though worn down by suffering and want, he gathered his flock in the church, but had only just begun the Mass when his strength failed him: he fell at the foot of the altar, and expired in the arms of those Indians whom he had spent thirty years in instructing and protecting. Father Fortuni, the founder of the mission of San Rafael, expired soon after.

Not even the elevation of Father Francisco Garcia Diego, an old California missionary, to the episcopacy, in 1840, could arrest the work of sacrilege. When Duflot de Mofras visited the missions in 1842, several of the missions were entirely closed, the Indians had dwindled down from 30,000 to 4,450, their cattle from 424,000 to 28,000, and their other stock in proportion. The mission and church of San Diego were in ruins, and the missionary, Father Vicente Oliva, had but one little farm for his remaining five hundred Indians. That of San Juan Capistrano was in ruins, too. Amid the ruins of San Gabriel he found the unbroken Biscayan, Father Thomas Estenega, seated in a field before a large table, with his sleeves rolled up, kneading clay, and teaching his Indians to make bricks. At San Fernando, Santa Clara, and at Santa Inez, the missionaries had contrived to save much. St. Bonaventure, Santa Cruz, San Juan Bautista, San Miguel, Carmel, the Conception, and San Rafael were deserted or in ruins. St. Barbara was the residence of Father Narcissus Duran, the kind, generous, benevolent, and devoted prefect. At San Luis Obispo, amid the ruins, he found, in the greatest misery, the oldest missionary in the country, Father Ramon Abella, whom La Peyrouse had seen there in 1787. This aged man had no bed but a hide, no cup but a horn, no food but some dried beef. In vain had Father Duran urged him to leave his place and take one of greater ease; he determined to die at the mission, and divided all the alms sent him among his poor and plundered Indians. Founder of several of the missions that now lay in ruins, he still talked of proceeding to found others in the north. At La Soledad, it was loneliness indeed: there were silent ruins, but no missionary—not an Indian nor a single head of cattle; the vineyards were abandoned, the gardens overgrown, and the orchards wild. At San José, the prefect of the northern missions, Father Gonzalez, received from the civil administrator an allowance of food less than would be given to a criminal. San Francisco Solano had been destroyed, and the materials taken by Don Mariano Vallejo to construct his beautiful mansion.

Such was the state of these missions which still numbered thirteen missionaries; but civil war now broke out; the remaining missions were occupied by the contending parties, and the Indians were drawn into the quarrel. Before any order could be restored, the American war ensued; California was taken, the gold mines drew a new population to the country, and the Indians of the missions entirely disappeared. In a later chapter of our work we shall learn of the Church's success under these new and startling conditions.

Chapter X.

FRENCH VALOR IN THE NORTH.

BIRTHPLACE OF JACQUES CARTIER.—AN ADVENTUROUS MASTER PILOT.—BLESSINGS OF A BISHOP.—HOW THE ST. LAWRENCE WAS NAMED.—DANCING SQUAWS AND WARRIORS.—THE VILLAGE OF HOCHELAGA.—CAPTAIN JACQUES AS A CHAPLAIN.—THE BAPTISM OF MONTREAL.—WINTERING AT AN ICE-BRIDGE.—TAKING POSSESSION FOR FRANCE.—A STRICKEN COLONY.—DEATH OF CARTIER.—SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN'S EARLY LIFE.—AN EXPEDITION TO ACADIA.—QUEBEC FIRST VISITED.—THE WHITE CHIEF BUILDS A FORT.—FIGHTING FOR INDIAN NEIGHBORS.—BATTLE WITH THE ADIRONDACKS.—CHAMPLAIN'S MARRIAGE.—A NEW EXPEDITION.—SEEKING A PATH TO CHINA.—CEREMONIES AT CHAUDIERE FALLS.—INVITING MISSIONARIES OF THE CROSS.—FATHERS DOLBEAU AND LE CARON.—WORK AMONG THE HURONS.—STRIFE WITH THE IROQUOIS.—A DISMAL MARCH.—LATER FEATS AND SUFFERINGS.—BRINGING OVER THE JESUITS.—MADAME CHAMPLAIN IN CANADA.—DEATH ON A CHRISTMAS DAY.—CHARACTER OF THE GREAT PIONEER.

THE Spanish missions in the south of this country, of which some have just been recorded, were rivaled in Catholic interest by those of a French origin that had their theatre along our northern frontier. As in the former case, too, the clergy were here preceded by some adventurous Catholic laymen, who blazed a way in the wilderness for the Cross and its holy ambassadors. Some notice of these gallant explorers is an essential chapter of the history of Catholicity on this continent.

Verrazano, as we have seen, was in the French service, but he perished at sea on his second voyage. His successor under the same flag was James Cartier, who was born in 1494 at that famous French seaport to which the Irish St. Malo has left his name. Little is known of Cartier's early years, except that he became a skilled navigator, and at the age of twenty-five was a master pilot.

The dim memory of Verrazano's voyage remained, and France still thought of discovering a passage to the riches of India, and of founding a colony beyond the seas. Cartier was commissioned to make a preparatory exploration. He sailed from St. Malo on April 20, 1534, coasted a portion of Newfoundland, steered through the strait of Belle Isle, crossed the Gulf of St. Lawrence, entered the bay of Chaleurs, passed northward to the smaller bay of Gaspé, and there took possession of the country in the name of Francis I. A cross thirty feet high was erected on a point of land. It bore the arms of France and the words—Vive le Roi de France, "Long live the King of France." After some further exploration of the gulf, Cartier turned the prows of his ships homeward, and arrived at St. Malo in September.

JACQUES CARTIER.

"The spirit of discovery," writes Parkman, "was awakened. A passage to India could be found, and a new France built up beyond the Atlantic. Mingled with such views of interest and ambition was another motive scarcely less potent. The heresy of Luther was convulsing Germany, and the deeper heresy of Calvin infecting France. Devout Catholics, kindling with redoubled zeal, would fain requite the Church for her losses in the old world by winning to her fold the infidels of the new."

Three small vessels were equipped for a new expedition. Cartier "was a man of deep religious feeling," and, in imitation of Columbus before departing, he assembled his officers and crews in the Cathedral of St. Malo on Whit-Sunday, May 16, 1535. All went to confession, received Holy Communion, and after Mass the bishop gave them his solemn blessing. Two Benedictine fathers, Dom William and Dom Anthony, accompanied the expedition as chaplains:

"In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore James Cartier to the westward sailed away.
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every bitter blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear."

After a stormy passage, Cartier entered a small bay opposite the island of Anticosti, on the north shore of the gulf he had explored twelve months before. It was the 10th of August, the feast of the holy martyr St. Lawrence, and he "called it the Bay of St. Lawrence, a name afterwards extended to the entire gulf and to the great river above."

The little squadron took its way up the lonely majestic stream, whose savage grandeur must have deeply impressed the Frenchmen. At length, they came to a point where bold towering cliffs, three hundred feet high, thrust themselves into the river, narrowing its channel, and standing like grim sentinels appointed to guard its waters. Here a dusky chief named Donnacona ruled over the Indian village of Stadaconé; and here, in later years, Quebec, the rock-built capital of Canada, reared its frowning battlements.

Donnacona visited the ships attended by a fleet of canoes. Cartier entertained him with bread and wine, and the greasy ruler was overjoyed. When the French commander went ashore, he was received with delight. Squaws and warriors danced before him, and, when he distributed beads and knives, the simple creatures made the hills echo with their songs and merriment.

Cartier learned that a greater village named Hochelaga lay further up the river; and as soon as he found a safe harbor for his ships, he set out for it in two boats and a pinnace. The Frenchmen pushed up the St. Lawrence for nearly two weeks before they came to the object of their search. They were warmly welcomed. The village of Hochelaga was built on a large island. It was circular in form, "and three rows of palisades inclosed in it about fifty tunnel-shaped cabins, each over fifty paces long, and fourteen or fifteen paces wide. It was entered by a single gate, above which, as well as along the first palisade, ran a kind of gallery reached by ladders, and well provided with stones and pieces of rock for the defence of the place."

When Cartier and his men entered this singular metropolis of dusky power, they were led to an open square in the center of the village. The squaws beheld them with wonder, rubbed their hands and faces, cried with delight, and brought their children to be touched by the mysterious strangers.

Mats were spread on the ground for the Frenchmen, and the warriors seated themselves around.

The chief was then borne by ten men on a litter and placed on a mat next to Cartier. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, and had no mark of distinction but a cap ornamented with porcupine's quills dyed red. He took it off, and gave it to the captain, requesting him to rub his arms and legs, which trembled with the palsy. A crowd of sick, blind, and lame now crowded around—all wishing to be relieved of their miseries.

"The simplicity of these people," writes Charlevoix, "touched the captain, who, arming himself with a lively faith, recited with all possible devotion the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. He then made the sign of the cross on the sick, and gave them beads and Agnus Deis. This done, he began to pray, and earnestly besought the Lord not to leave these poor idolaters longer in the shades of unbelief. Then he recited aloud the whole passion of Jesus Christ. This was heard with great attention and respect by all present, and the pious ceremony was closed by a blast of trumpets, which put these Indians beside themselves with joy and wonder."

A magnificent hill looked down on the village, and that was the next point visited by Cartier. On reaching the top, he was charmed, and called it Mount Royal—Montreal. The name is now well known. "From the summit," says an American historian, "that noble prospect met his eye which at this day is the delight of tourists, but strangely changed since, first of white men, the Breton voyager gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life.

"Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert; and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods."

The French departed from Hochelaga amid the regrets of the kindly savages, and their arrival at Stadaconé was hailed with pleasure. Cartier decided to pass the winter there. The ships were properly secured. Cold set in. Jack Frost threw an ice-bridge across the river, and the snow fell in more than abundance. In short, all the rigors of a Canadian winter had to be endured. Nor was this all. Scurvy soon added its appalling horrors to the miseries of the ice-bound Frenchmen. A good number died, and dozens

were stricken down. The flinty ground denied the dead a burying-place, and their remains had to be hidden in the huge snowdrifts!

In his woeful distress, Cartier, with the piety of a brave son of the ancient faith, implored the protection of heaven. "Our captain," says the account of the voyage, "seeing the misery and malady thus spread, summoned all to prayer and devotion. He caused an image in remembrance of the Virgin Mary to be borne over the snow and ice and set up against a tree, a bow-shot distant from our fort; and he ordered that, on the Sunday following, Mass should be celebrated at the said place, and that all those who could walk, both sick and well, should go in procession, singing the Seven Psalms of David, with the Litany, praying the said Virgin that it would please her dear Child to have pity on us. The Mass said and celebrated before the said image, the captain declared himself a pilgrim to Our Lady of Roquemado, promising to get there if it pleased God to permit him to return to France."

Shortly after this, Cartier learned of a remedy for scurvy from one of the savages. It "was a decoction of the leaves and bark of the white pine, pounded together." The poor, bloated woe-begone mariners drank the disagreeable medicine, and its effects were surprising—all were soon restored to good health. When the sun of May broke the icy fetters that bound the ships, and drove the vast masses of ice down the river, the French commander took formal possession of the country by erecting a cross thirty-five feet high, bearing the arms of France and the inscription—*Franciscus Primus*, *Dei Gratia*, *Francorum Rex*, *regnat*, "Francis the First, by the grace of God, King of France, reigns." The sails were spread on the 6th of May, and Cartier steered for home. Donnacona and two Indians were on board. St. Malo was reached in July, 1536.

Cartier gave a good account of the strange country beyond the Atlantic, and the mighty river that swept past Hochelaga and Stadaconé. Though the times were unfavorable, a new expedition was fitted out. Roberval, a nobleman, was appointed governor of Canada. Cartier received the post of Captain-General, and in May, 1541, he steered for the banks of the St. Lawrence, with a squadron of five vessels. Roberval was detained in France.

Summer was fading away when the French began to form a settlement and build a fort some leagues above Stadaconé. Cartier himself went up the river, and explored the rapids above Hochelaga. He returned in November. Roberval had not come. The settlers prepared for winter, and, no doubt, they had a hard time of it before spring appeared; for as soon as the ships

could drop down the river, the disgusted colonists packed their trunks and set sail for France. On arriving, however, at the harbor of St. John, in Newfoundland, they met Roberval, who was on his way with three ships to establish a colony in Canada. Cartier refused to return, and bore away for France.

And what became of the ill-starred colony? It had a brief existence. The king sent Cartier to bring home the survivors, as he needed the services of Roberval.

And here abruptly closes the public career of the discoverer of Canada. He was ennobled, retired to his estate near St. Malo, and when he died, about 1555, the wild Indian was still sole master of the vast country watered by the St. Lawrence. Cartier had pointed out the way. It remained for a more renowned Catholic pioneer—a man of a later generation—to begin in real earnest the work of founding a nation which to-day holds a prominent place on the map of North America.

This was Samuel de Champlain, a brave Biscayan of noble family, who first beheld the New World in a cruise to the West Indies. He visited many of the scenes made famous by Columbus, Balboa, and Cortés; and, while at Panama, he planned a ship-canal across the Isthmus, "by which," he says, "the voyage to the Pacific Ocean would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues."

On his return, an association of merchants at Dieppe engaged him to make a voyage of exploration to Canada, which still lay an unbroken wilderness, untouched by the hand of civilization. Champlain sailed from Honfleur in 1603, crossed the Atlantic, held his way up the lonely St. Lawrence, passed the bare, frowning cliffs of Quebec, where all was solitude, and, at length, reached the island of Montreal—sixty-eight years after the first visit of Cartier. Mount Royal looked down as before, but Hochelaga had vanished. The new pioneer explored the St. Louis Rapids, and tried to learn what he could about the country from a few wandering Indians. He then sailed homeward, "the objects of his mission accomplished, but his own adventurous curiosity unsated."

On his arrival in France, he was invited to join the expedition of De Monts, a nobleman, who held a commission from the king to settle Acadia, now Nova Scotia; Champlain was pilot. Two vessels were equipped, and sailed in March, 1604. The voyagers coasted the southern extremity of Nova Scotia, explored the Bay of Fundy, sailed up the St. John's River, and began a fort and settlement on a rocky islet near the mouth of the St.

Croix. Winter came and proved very severe. Scurvy attacked the colonists. Before the warm sun of May shone out, thirty-six Frenchmen had peopled the little cemetery. "Yet among them," writes Parkman, "there was one at least, who, amid languor and defection, held to his purpose with an indomitable tenacity; and where Champlain was present there was no room for despair."

The settlement was soon removed to Port Royal, and Champlain continued his explorations. He took observations, made charts, and carefully examined every bay, river, harbor, and island from Nova Scotia to Cape Cod in Massachusetts. Thus the first coast survey of New England was made by a Catholic pioneer, fifteen years before the Puritans landed at Plymouth.

But we must now leave the hapless colony of Acadia, and follow Champlain to the great labor of his life. He directed the attention of De Monts to Canada. That nobleman obtained a monopoly of the fur trade from Henry IV for one year, and it was at once decided to establish a colony on the St. Lawrence. De Monts appointed Champlain his lieutenant with all necessary powers.

In 1608, Champlain sailed from Honfleur, and was soon on his way up the great river of Canada. He cast anchor at a point where the St. Lawrence was narrowed by a bold rocky cape that thrust itself into the channel, and was crowned by vines and walnuts. The natives called it Quebec. Stadaconé had disappeared. The eagle eye of Champlain saw in this striking place the key to the valley of the St. Lawrence; and in July he laid the foundation of what was destined to be one of the most famous cities in America.

"Our habitation," wrote the founder of Quebec, "is in forty-six and a half degrees north latitude. The country is pleasant and beautiful. It is suitable for all kinds of grain. The forests are stocked with a variety of trees. Fruits are plentiful—wild, of course—as the walnut, cherry, plum, raspberry, gooseberry, etc. The rivers produce fish in abundance, and the quantity of game is infinite."

The little French colony sat down on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Before it took firm root in the soil, however, it was condemned to be shaken by many a tempest—to be decimated by disease, tormented by the Iroquois, and attacked by its neighbors of New England. Indeed, during a long period, it seemed to be on the point of perishing; but, with the aid of Providence, it picked up vigor, and finished by naturalizing itself under the rigorous sky of Canada.

When the first long winter at the rude fort of Quebec had passed away —leaving only eight men alive out of twenty-eight—Champlain felt strongly urged to begin the work of exploring the country. But it was a dangerous enterprise. He quickly learned what was meant by scalping-parties of savages. As he was one of the bravest of men, however, the perilous toil had its fascinations.

At that time, two great Indian families—the Hurons and Algonquins—ranged the woods of Canada, and claimed to be "lords of the fowl and the brute," in its wilderness. The Algonquin hunters roamed the wide territory that stretches from the city of Quebec along to the head-waters of the Ottawa River; while the Hurons inhabited villages in a country of limited extent, which lay south of Georgian Bay. The Hurons and Algonquins were allies in a deadly struggle with the Iroquois, or Five Nations—famous warriors of hardy mold and fierce disposition, who occupied fortified towns in what is now the central part of the State of New York.

The assistance of the great white chief at Quebec was eagerly sought by his red neighbors. Fighting and exploration went hand in hand. One day, in the summer of 1609, a fleet of canoes might be seen skimming along the calm surface of the Richelieu River. It was a war party of Hurons and Algonquins on their way to attack the Iroquois; and Champlain and two Frenchmen, well armed, were in company. The canoes, at length, glided into a beautiful sheet of water, which to-day bears the name of Lake Champlain, after its intrepid discoverer.

When paddling near the historic site of Crown Point, the allies suddenly fell in with a party of their enemies. The canoes were pulled ashore. For reasons of policy, the three Frenchmen were hidden in the ranks of the Hurons and Algonquins. About two hundred Iroquois warriors stepped to the conflict with great order and steadiness. At their head were three chiefs who could be easily recognized by their long, waving plumes.

The two parties being face to face, at a little distance from each other, the allies opened their ranks, and loudly called on Champlain to come to the front. He wore a coat of light armor, and had four balls in his gun. "I walked some twenty paces ahead," he writes, "till I was within thirty paces of the enemy, when they perceived me, and halted to look at me, and I at them. As I saw them moving to fire at us, I raised my arquebuse, and aimed directly at one of the three chiefs."

Two chiefs and a warrior fell mortally wounded. Then arose a series of

wild war-cries that were echoed back by the Adirondacks, and a shower of arrows filled the air. The two other Frenchmen were concealed behind trees, and now one of them discharged his arquebuse. This ended the battle. The Iroquois broke and fled in terror. It was the 30th of July, 1609—nearly two months before Henry Hudson entered New York Bay. Thus Champlain was the first white man whose foot pressed the soil of New York; he was the first of that countless crowd of tourists who now visit the Adirondacks—not to fight the vanished Mohawk, but to find health and pleasure.

Champlain, on arriving at Quebec, sailed for France. He gave De Monts an account of his labors and explorations, and had a pleasant interview with his old master, Henry IV, to whom he presented a belt adorned with porcupine's quills. But his stay was short. He was soon in Canada again, fighting, exploring, and building up the infant colony.

It was during a visit to Paris two years later that he married Miss Helena Boullé, a gifted and beautiful girl, who—unknown to the hero of the Canadian forests—had been secretly educated a Protestant. Under his instruction, however, she became a pious and sincere Catholic, and God blessed their companionship.

In 1613, Champlain, misled by the story of a Frenchman named Du Vignan, set out in search of a northwest sea. He paddled up the turbid current of the Ottawa, till the far-away island of Allumette was reached. Great was the astonishment of the savages on seeing the bold pioneer. "These white men must have fallen from the clouds," exclaimed an old warrior. "How else could they have reached us through the woods and rapids which even we find it hard to pass? The French chief can do anything. All that we have heard of him must be true."

When he learned that he was deceived in hoping to find a great sea and a road to China in that direction, Champlain turned about and pursued his way homewards, accompanied by a number of Indian traders. On reaching the Chaudiere Falls, at the site of the present capital of Canada, he witnessed a ceremony which the savages never omitted in passing that picturesque but dangerous place. The dusky voyagers assembled at the bottom of the foaming waterfall. "They stood in a circle. A wooden plate was passed around, and each deposited on it a small piece of tobacco. The collection made, they sang around the plate. A harangue was pronounced. Then all followed to see the tobacco thrown into the falls; and this offering to the guardian manitou was accompanied by a general and prolonged shout. To pass down

without making the accustomed gift would be to insult the manitou and call forth his vengeance!"

While Canada had careless royal protectors, and greedy merchants looked to it for furs and profit, Champlain was its true life and soul. He says that he bore his toils and hardships in order "to plant in this country the standard of the Cross, and to teach the knowledge of God and the glory of His Holy Name." He longed to rescue from perdition a people living "like brute beasts, without faith, without law, without religion, without God." In short, the noble founder of Quebec declares that "the salvation of a single soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire."

The favorable circumstances of the colony now convinced Champlain that the proper time had arrived to invite missionaries to visit the banks of the St. Lawrence, for the purpose of reviving and sustaining the faith among the French and of preaching the gospel to the dusky sons of the forest. To accomplish such a sublime enterprise, he "sought out some good religious, who would have zeal and affection for God's glory." As those who earnestly seek always find, so Champlain did not look in vain for apostolic men. Four Franciscan Fathers offered their services, but as they "were as weak in resources as Champlain himself," to use the words of Parkman, "he repaired to Paris, then filled with bishops, cardinals, and nobles assembled for the states-general. Responding to his appeal, they subscribed fifteen hundred livres for the purchase of vestments, candles, and ornaments for altars. The Pope authorized the mission, and the king gave letters patent in its favor."

The four religious pioneers named for the Canadian mission were Fathers Denis Jamet, John Dolbeau, Joseph Le Caron, and Brother Pacific du Plessis—men "who were borne away by holy affection, who burned to make this voyage, if so, by God's grace, they might gain some fruit, and might plant in these lands the standard of Jesus Christ, with fixed resolution to live, and if need were, to die, for His Sacred Name."

The necessary preparations for departure being made, "each of us," to quote once more the words of Champlain, "examined himself and purged himself of his sins by penitence and confession, so as best to say adieu to France and to place himself in a state of grace, that each might be conscientiously free to give himself up in the keeping of God, and to the billows of a vast and perilous sea."

Champlain ordered the sails to be spread, and the good ship stood out to sea, leaving Honfleur in April, 1615. Quebec was reached towards the end

of May. A little convent and chapel were erected for the missionaries, and on the 25th of June, Father Dolbeau had the happiness of celebrating the first Mass ever said in the rude rock-built capital of the little colony.

"Nothing was wanting," writes Father Le Clercq, "to render this action solemn as far as the simplicity of the infant colony would permit. . . . All made their confessions and received Holy Communion. The *Te Deum* was chanted, and its sounds mingled with the roar of the artillery and the acclamations of joy, which were re-echoed by the surrounding solitudes, of which it might be said that they were changed into a paradise, all therein invoking the King of Heaven, and calling to their aid the guardian angels of these vast provinces."

A month after, Mass was celebrated regularly every Sunday at Quebec. Truly it was a grand and beautiful day for Champlain and for the colonists who clustered around him in the poor little chapel of Quebec, as they assisted for the first time at the Holy Sacrifice on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence. This was the beginning of Catholicity in Canada. During a century and a half the church of Quebec was the center and almost only focus of the Faith in the immense regions which extended from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.

Each father began the work assigned him. It was a vast field with few laborers. The Huron mission fell to Le Caron. Dolbeau was charged with the roving bands of Algonquins below Quebec. For the present Jamet and Du Plessis were to remain at Quebec. Let us glance for a moment along the thorny pathway of Dolbeau and Le Caron—the pioneer missionaries of Canada. The picture is from a non-Catholic pen.

"Dolbeau, full of zeal," writes Francis Parkman, "set out for his post, and, in the next winter, essayed to follow the roving hordes of Tadoussac to their frozen hunting-grounds. He was not robust, and his eyes were weak. Lodged in a hut of birch bark, full of abominations, dogs, fleas, stench, and all uncleanliness, he succumbed at length to the smoke, which well-nigh blinded him, forcing him to remain for several days with his eyes closed. After debating within himself whether God required of him the sacrifice of his sight, he solved his doubts with a negative, and returned to Quebec, only to set forth again with opening spring on a tour so extensive that it brought him in contact with the outlying bands of the Esquimaux.

"Meanwhile Le Caron had long been absent on a mission of more noteworthy adventure. While his brethren were building their convent and

garnishing their altar at Quebec, this ardent friar had hastened to the site of Montreal, then thronged with a savage concourse come down to the yearly trade. He mingled with them, studied their manners, tried to learn their languages; and when, soon after, Champlain and Pontgravé arrived, he declared his purpose of wintering in their villages. Dissuasion availed nothing. 'What,' he demanded, 'are privations to him whose life is devoted to perpetual poverty, who has no ambition but to serve God?'"

The assembled Hurons and Algonquins begged Champlain to aid them against the common enemy, the Iroquois. He consented, promising to join them with all the men at his command. The Indians were to muster without delay twenty-five hundred men, and the fierce enemy would soon feel the power of such a formidable combination. To hasten preparations, Champlain proceeded to Quebec, while the Indians awaited his return. But they soon grew impatient of delay and hastened to their villages, accompanied by the indefatigable Father Le Caron. The voyage was long and painful.

"It would be hard to tell you," the apostolic priest writes to a friend, "how tired I was with paddling all day, with all my strength, among the Indians; wading the rivers a hundred times and more, through the mud and over the sharp rocks that cut my feet; carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods, to avoid the rapids and frightful cataracts, and half-starved all the while, for we had nothing to eat but a little sagamite, a sort of porridge of water and pounded maize, of which they gave us a very small allowance every morning and night. But I must needs tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and his life."

About a week after the devoted Champlain was following on the track of the pious Franciscan. With two canoes, ten Indians, his interpreter, and a Frenchman, he pushed up the currents of the Ottawa, passed into the Mattawan, and was soon on the shores of Lake Nipissing. Here he was well received by the Indians, and rested for two days. His canoes then skimmed down the French River, and soon his eyes beheld the placid waters of Lake Huron, to which he gave the name of "Mer Douce." Paddling to the south, along the eastern shore of Georgian Bay, he landed, and, on the 1st of August, found himself in the famed country of the Hurons.

The Huron territory stretched from north to south between the rivers

to-day named the Severn and Nottawasaga; and from east to west between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay. Its length was about twenty or twenty-five leagues, and its width not more than seven or eight leagues. Although the soil was sandy, it was quite fertile, and produced Indian corn, beans, and pumpkins in abundance. Indeed, the Huron country was regarded as the granary of the Algonquin nations, whose half-naked hordes came hither yearly from the borders of Lake Nipissing and the banks of the Ottawa River to buy their provisions. Champlain found eighteen villages. "By the Indian standard," writes Parkman, "it was a mighty nation; yet the entire Huron population did not exceed that of a second or third class American city, and the draft of twenty-five hundred warriors, pledged to Champlain, must have left its villages bereft of fighting-men."

Father Le Caron, on his arrival, took up his abode in the village of Carhagonha. Here he built for himself a cabin of poles and bark, in which he erected an altar for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries. Champlain came just in time to assist at the first Mass. When the Holy Sacrifice was ended, a large wooden cross was made, blessed, and planted in the soil, while all the Frenchmen present chanted the *Te Deum*, and a volley of musketry resounded through the forests. Thus was the precious sign of Redemption erected for the first time in a land covered with the darkness of paganism.

On the 1st of September the little army of Hurons began the march under the leadership of Champlain, who was accompanied by twelve Frenchmen. The fleet of canoes skimmed over Lake Simcoe, then followed the course of a number of little rivers, and passed over a portage to the lakes which form the sources of the river Trent. As they traversed a country full of game and fish, there was no danger of starvation. Passing down the Trent, the little fleet entered the Bay of Quinté, and, after a voyage of thirty-five days, Champlain beheld the sparkling waters of the grand and beautiful Lake Ontario. "There," he writes, "is the beginning of the great river St. Lawrence."

The nimble paddles cut the smooth surface of Ontario, and soon the birch-bark squadron touched the New York shore. We shall let the photographic pen of Parkman recount what befell the hardy invaders.

After hiding their light craft in the woods, the warriors took up their swift and wary march, filing in silence between the woods and the lake, for twelve miles along the pebbly strand. Then they struck inland, threaded the

forest, crossed the river Onondaga, and, after a march of four days, were deep within the western limits of the Iroquois. Some of their scouts met a fishing-party of this people, and captured them, eleven in number—men, women and children. They were brought to the camp of the exultant Hurons. As a beginning of the jubilation, a chief cut a finger of one of the women, but desisted from further torturing on the angry protest of Champlain.

Light broke in upon the forest. The hostile town was close at hand. Rugged fields lay before them with a slovenly and savage cultivation. The young Hurons in advance saw the Iroquois at work among the pumpkins and maize gathering their rustling harvest, for it was the 10th of October. Nothing could restrain the hare-brained and ungoverned crew. They screamed their war-cry and rushed in; but the Iroquois snatched their weapons, killed and wounded five or six of the assailants, and drove back the rest discomfited. Champlain and his Frenchmen were forced to interpose, and the crack of their pieces from the border of the woods stopped the pursuing enemy, who withdrew to their defenses, bearing with them their dead and wounded.

It was a town of the Senecas, the most populous and one of the most warlike of the five Iroquois tribes; and its site was on or near the lakes of Central New York, perhaps Lake Canandaigua. Champlain describes its defensive works as much stronger than those of the Huron villages. They consisted of four concentric rows of palisades, formed of trunks and trees, thirty feet high, each aslant in the earth and intersecting each other near the top, where they supported a kind of gallery, well defended by shot-proof timber and furnished with wooden gutters for quenching fire. A pond or lake which washed one side of the palisade, and was led by sluices within the town, gave an ample supply of water, while the galleries were well provided with magazines of stones.

Champlain was greatly exasperated at the desultory and futile procedure of his Huron allies. At their evening camp in the adjacent forest, he upbraided the throng of chiefs and warriors somewhat sharply, and, having finished his admonition, he proceeded to instruct them in the art of war.

In the morning, aided doubtless by his ten or twelve Frenchmen, they betook themselves with alacrity to their prescribed task. A wooden tower was made, high enough to overlook the palisade, and large enough to shelter four or five marksmen. Huge wooden shields, or movable parapets, like the mantelets of the Middle Ages, were also constructed. Four hours sufficed to finish the work, and then the assault began. Two hundred of the strongest

warriors, with unwonted prowess, dragged the tower forward and planted it within a pike's length of the palisade. Three arquebusiers mounted to the top and opened a raking fire along the galleries, now thronged with wild and naked defenders.

But nothing could restrain the ungovernable Hurons. They abandoned their mantelets, and, deaf to every command, swarmed out like bees upon the open field, leaped, shouted, shrieked their war-cries and shot off their arrows; while the Iroquois, hurling defiance from their ramparts, sent back a shower of stones and arrows in reply. A Huron, bolder than the rest, ran forward with firebrands to burn the palisade, and others followed with wood to feed the flame. But it was stupidly kindled on the leeward side, without the protecting shields designed to cover it; and torrents of water pouring down from the gutters above quickly extinguished it. The confusion was redoubled. Champlain strove in vain to restore order. Each warrior was yelling at the top of his throat, and his voice was drowned in the outrageous din. Thinking, as he says, that his head would split with shouting, he gave over the attempt, and busied himself and his men with picking off the Iroquois along their ramparts.

The attack lasted three hours, when the assailants fell back to their fortified camp, with seventeen warriors wounded. Champlain, too, had received an arrow in his knee and another in his leg, which, for the time, disabled him. He was urgent, however, to renew the attack; while the Hurons, crestfallen and disheartened, refused to move from their camp unless the five hundred allies for some time expected should appear.

They waited five days in vain, beguiling the interval with frequent skirmishes, in which they were always worsted, then began hastily to retreat in confused lines along the somber forest pathways, while the Iroquois, sallying from their stronghold, showered arrows on their flanks and rear. Their wounded—Champlain among the rest—had been packed in baskets for transportation, each borne on the back of a strong warrior, "bundled in a heap," says Champlain, "doubled and strapped together after such a fashion that one could move no more than an infant in swaddling-clothes. . . . I lost all patience, and as soon as I could bear my weight I got out of this prison, or, to speak plainly, out of hell."

At length the dismal march was ended. They reached the spot where their canoes were hidden, found them untouched, embarked, and recrossed to the northern shore of Lake Ontario. The Hurons had promised Champlain

an escort to Quebec; but, as the chiefs had little power, in peace or war, beyond that of persuasion, each warrior found good reason for refusing to go or lend his canoe.

Champlain, too, had lost prestige. The "man with the iron breast" had proved not inseparably wedded to victory; and though the fault was their own, yet not the less was the luster of their hero tarnished. There was no alternative. He must winter with the Hurons. The great war-party broke into fragments, each band betaking itself to its hunting-ground. A chief named Durantal offered Champlain the shelter of his lodge, and he was fain to accept it.

Winter wore away, spring came, and finally summer. It was, in truth, a novel and stirring time for Champlain. Here his many adventures "by flood and field" cannot be recounted. Our space is too small. We must hasten on. It was the 11th of July, 1616, as he again trod the rude streets of Quebec, accompanied by his Huron host, Durantal. Great were the rejoicings, for the Indians had reported that he was dead. Father Le Caron—who had retured a little before him—welcomed the brave companion of his toils; and the Franciscans offered up a solemn Mass of thanksgiving in their little chapel.

Serious work now remained for Champlain. In his absence the puny colony had been daily wasting away, and, without the constant support of his strong arm and magic presence, it must soon ingloriously perish. He was the life and soul of Canada, yet there were colonists on whose friendship he dare not count. His was a stern and thankless toil.

The picture of affairs given by Parkman is dismal. At Quebec all was discord and disorder. Champlain was the nominal commander; but the actual authority was with the merchants, who held, excepting the Franciscan fathers, nearly every one in their pay. Each was jealous of the other, but all were united in a common jealousy of Champlain. From a short-sighted view of self-interest, they sought to check the colonization which they were pledged to promote. Some of the merchants were of Rouen, some of St. Malo; some were Catholics, some were Huguenots. Hence unceasing bickerings. All exercise of the reformed religion, on land or water, was prohibited within the limits of New France; but the Huguenots set the prohibition at naught, roaring their heretical psalmody with such vigor from their ships in the river that the unhallowed strains polluted the ears of the Indians on shore. Champlain, in this singularly trying position, displayed a mingled

zeal and fortitude. He went every year to France, laboring for the interests of the colony.

The founder of Quebec remained in France during 1619. In the midst of the events which then agitated that kingdom, it was scarcely to be expected that the distant colony of Canada would command much attention. Still the young Duke de Montmorency purchased from the Prince of Condé the profitable lieutenancy of the colony. He paid 11,000 crowns for the bargain, and constituted Champlain his lieutenant-general.

Louis XIII, recognizing the services rendered to religion and to France, addressed the following letter to the intrepid explorer:

"Champlain: Having learned of the commission which you have received from my cousin, the Duke de Montmorency, admiral of France, and my viceroy in Canada, to proceed to that country as his lieutenant, and to have a care for what concerns my service, I have great pleasure in addressing you this letter, in order to assure you how very agreeable shall be the services which you will render me on this occasion, above all, if you preserve the colony in my obedience, leading the inhabitants to live in conformity with the laws of France, and having due care for the progress of the Catholic Faith, to the end that you may thereby call down the Divine blessing on yourself, and that you may succeed in all your enterprises for the glory of God, whom I beseech to keep you in His holy Grace. Given at Paris, the 7th day of May, 1620."

The prospects of the colony were growing brighter. Champlain engaged a number of persons to emigrate with him to Canada, and he even decided to make his own permanent residence on the banks of the St. Lawrence. He sailed from France, accompanied by his wife and several of her relations, and landed at Quebec in the summer of 1620. The governor was received with every mark of joy and respect. A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the chapel of the Franciscans, and new life and happiness seemed to be infused into the rough motley society of the little rock built capital of Canada.

During the four years that Madame De Champlain remained in Canada, she learned the language of the Algonquins, taught the little savages the catechism, and shed a happy influence around her. Immigration began to swell the number of inhabitants A settlement was formed at Three Rivers. The capital was making fair progress; but religious troubles blasted the happiness of the colony. Misfortune, however, did her worst, when the sorely-tried Champlain was obliged to surrender Quebec to an English armament under Sir David Kirk in 1629.

The great pioneer hastened to Paris, and used his efforts so successfully that Canada was restored to France three years later. In 1633, he landed at Quebec, bearing his commission as governor of Canada. The Indians were delighted. The colony grew in numbers and prosperity. A band of Jesuit fathers arrived; and the illustrious De Brébeuf and two others prepared to labor in the Huron country. Champlain introduced them to a party of chiefs and warriors. "These are our fathers," said the venerable man. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to Heaven. If you love the French as you say you love them, then love and honor these, our fathers." The wonderful story of the Huron mission will be found in a later chapter.

The Jesuits founded at Quebec the first college in the New World north of Mexico. "Its foundation was laid," writes Bancroft, "under happy auspices, in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living; and two years before the immigration of John Harvard, and one year before the general court of Massachusetts had made provisions for a college."

The angel of death came in the midst of those happy circumstances. It was on Christmas Day, 1635, that the bright, heroic spirit of Samuel de Champlain, fortified by all the consolations of that holy religion he had loved and practiced so well, "bade adieu to the frame it had animated, and to the rugged cliff where he had toiled so long to lay the corner-stone of a Christian empire."

"Of the pioneers of the North American forests," says Parkman, "his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau, at Paris, in the cabinets of princes and royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the court; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations, and battles, more hardy, patient, and bold than they—such for successive years were the alternations of his life. Here, while New England was a solitude, and the settlers of Virginia scarcely dared venture inland beyond the sound of cannon-shot, Champlain was planting on shores and islands the emblems of his Faith."

Chapter XI.

THE INDIAN MISSIONS IN MAINE.

METHODS OF FRENCH EVANGELISTS.—ORIGIN OF THE WORK IN MAINE.—HOW ST. SAUVEUR'S WAS NAMED—THE ROYAL COURT OF FRANCE.—A STRIPLING FROM THE NEW WORLD.—NOBLE AND PIOUS LADIES.—SAILING OF TWO APOSTLES.—ANOTHER EXPEDITION FROM HONFLEUR.—BAPTISM WORKS A MIRACLE.—ARGALL THE BUCCANEER.—INDIANS MAKE FRENCH COURTESIES.—A BETRAYED SETTLEMENT.—TWO CAPTIVE PRIESTS.—MT. DESERT REALLY DESERTED.—FATHER DRUILLETTES ON THE KENNEBEC.—SAD FAREWELLS.—JOY AT THE FATHER'S RETURN.—ARRIVAL OF FATHER RALE.—BURNING THE CHAPEL AT NORRIDGEWOCK.—ENGLISH VANDALISM AND SACRILEGE.—FAILURE OF A BOSTON PREACHER.—SUCCESS OF THE HOLY JESUIT.—ENGLISH JEALOUSY AND RAGE.—FATHER RALE'S INDIAN CHILDREN.—PLOTS AND TEMPTATIONS.—AN INDIAN'S NOBLE ORATORY.—THE DISCOMFITED GOVERNOR.—MURDER OF FATHER RALE.—DESOLATION OF THE ABNAKI INDIANS.—AN APOSTLE OF LATER DAYS.—HONORS TO THE MARTYR OF MAINE.

BEFORE giving an account of the first regular missionary establishments of the French, it will be useful to indicate some general features in which they differed from those of the Spaniards.

The Spanish missionaries, as we have seen, first went alone to found missions in Florida and New Mexico, and failing, adopted another system, by which each missionary corps consisted of missionaries with Spanish soldiers, Indians already converted, and mechanics. In this way the missions of New Mexico, Texas, and California were carried out.

The French plan was different: the missionary planted his cross among the heathen, and won all that he could to the faith, and whenever he could formed a distinct village of Christians; but these villages were never like the mission of the Spanish missionaries: the French priest left his neophyte free—

setting him no task, building no splendid edifices by his toil. The Spanish missions contained its workshops, dormitories, infirmaries, and granaries; the French mission was a fort against hostile attack, and inclosed merely the church, mission-house, and mechanics' sheds—the Indians all living without in cabins or houses, and entering the fort only in time of danger.

The missions of the French, then, bear a new aspect: tribes remain tribes—the Indian free in his idolatry was free as a Christian. As of the Spanish missionaries, so of the French, every authority bears testimony to their worth; many were men of eminent sanctity and devotedness, and America no less than Catholicity claims them as her heroes.

The Franciscan, Dominican, and Jesuit, bore the heat and burden of the day, and reaped the most bountiful harvest in that part of North America now known as the State of Maine; and the first mission in that neighborhood was planted at Mt. Desert, and called St. Sauveur. A hotel at Bar Harbor is at present so named, but not one in a hundred of the numerous guests who cross its threshold knows the reason of the French name of their temporary abiding-place.

This reason, and the facts connected therewith, will prove of interest to our readers. In 1610 Marie de Médicis was regent of France. The king, the great Henry IV, had been assassinated in the streets of Paris in the previous month of May. Sully was dismissed from court. All was confusion and dissension. Twelve years of peace and the judicious rule of the king had paid the national debt and filled the treasury.

The famous Father Cotton, confessor of the late king, was still powerful at court. He laid before the queen the facts that Henry IV had been deeply interested in the establishment of the Jesuit order in Acadia, and had evinced a tangible proof of that interest in the bestowal of a grant of two thousand livres per annum.

The ambitious queen listened indulgently, with a heart softened, possibly, by recent sorrows, and consented to receive the son of the Baron Poutrincourt, who had just returned from the New World, where he had left his father with Champlain. Father Cotton ushered the handsome youth into the presence of the stately queen and her attendant ladies. Young Biencourt at first stood silent and abashed, but as the ladies gathered about him and plied him with questions, soon forgot himself and told wondrous tales of the dusky savages—of their strange customs and of their eagerness for instruction in the true faith. He displayed the baptismal register of the converts of Father

Fléche, and implored the sympathy and aid of these glittering dames, and not in vain; for, fired with pious emulation, they tore the flashing jewels from their ears and throats. Among these ladies was one whose history and influence were so remarkable that we must furnish some account of her.

Antoinette de Pons, Marchioness De Guercheville, had been famed throughout France, not only for her grace and beauty, but for qualities more rare at the court where her youth had been passed.

When Antoinette was La Duchesse de Rochefoucauld, the king begged her to accept a position near the queen. "Madame," he said, as he presented her to Marie de Médicis, "I give you a lady of honor who is a lady of honor indeed."

Twenty years had come and gone. The youthful beauty of the marchioness had faded, but she was fair and stately still, and one of the most brilliant ornaments of the brilliant court; and yet she was not altogether worldly. Again a widow and without children, she had become sincerely religious, and threw herself, heart and soul into the American missions, and was restrained only by the positive commands of her mistress, the queen, from herself seeking the New World.

Day and night she thought of these perishing souls. On her knees in her oratory she prayed for the Indians, and contented herself not with this alone. From the queen and from the ladies of the court she obtained money and jewels that could be converted into money. Charlevoix tells us that the only difficulty was to restrain her ardor within reasonable bounds.

Two French priests, Paul Biard and Enémond Massé, were sent to Dieppe, there to take passage for the colonies. The vessel was engaged by Poutrincourt and his associates, and was partially owned by two Huguenot merchants, who persistently and with indignation refused to permit the embarkation of the priests. No entreaties or representations availed, and finally the marchioness bought out the interest of the two Protestant merchants in the vessel and cargo, and transferred it to the priests as a fund for their support.

At last the fathers set sail on the 26th of January, 1611. Their troubles, however, were by no means over; for Biencourt, a mere lad, clothed in a little brief authority—manly, it is true, beyond his years—hampered them at every turn. They arrived at Port Royal in June, after a hazardous and tempestuous voyage, having seen, as Father Biard writes, icebergs taller and larger than the Church of Notre Dome. The fathers became discouraged by

the constant interference of young Biencourt, and determined to return to Europe, unless they could, with Madame De Guercheville's aid, found a mission colony in some other spot.

Their zealous protectress obtained from De Monts—who, though a Protestant, had erected six years before the first cross in Maine at the mouth of the Kennebec—a transfer of all his claims to the lands of Acadia, and soon sent out a small vessel with forty colonists, commanded by La Saussaye, a nobleman, and having on board two Jesuit priests, Fathers Du Thet and Quentin.

It was on the 1st of March, 1613, that this vessel left Honfleur, laden with supplies, and followed by prayers and benedictions.

On the 16th of May La Saussaye reached Port Royal, and there took on board Fathers Massé and Biard, and then set sail for the Penobscot. A heavy fog arose and encompassed them about; if it lifted for a moment, it was but to show them a white gleam of distant breakers or a dark, overhanging cliff.

"Our prayers were heard," wrote Biard, "and at night the stars came out, and the morning sun devoured the fogs, and we found ourselves lying in Frenchman's Bay opposite Mt. Desert."

Mt. Desert Island had been visited and so named by Champlain in 1604, and Frenchman's Bay gained its title from a singular incident that had there taken place in the same spring.

De Monts had broken up his winter encampment at St. Croix. Among his company was a young French ecclesiastic, Nicholas d'Aubri, who, to gratify his curiosity in regard to the products of the soil in this new and strange country, insisted on being set ashore for a ramble of a few hours. He lost his way, and the boatmen, after an anxious search, were compelled to leave him. For eighteen days the young student wandered through woods, subsisting on berries and the roots of the plant known as Solomon's Seal. He, however, kept carefully near the shore, and at the end of this time he distinguished a sail in the distance. Signaling this, he was fortunate enough to be taken off by the same crew that had landed him. On these bleak shores the colonists decided to make their future home, and, with singular infelicity, selected them as the site of the new colony. It is inconceivable how Father Biard, who had already spent some time in the New World, could have failed to suggest to La Saussaye and to their patroness, that a colony, to be a success, must be not only in a spot easily accessible to France, but that a small

force of armed men was imperative; for, to Biard's own knowledge, the English had already seized several French vessels in that vicinity.

On these frowning shores La Saussaye landed, and erected a cross, and displayed the escutcheon of Madame De Guercheville; the fathers offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and gave to the little settlement the name of St. Sauveur, or Holy Savior.

Four tents—the gift of the queen—shone white in the soft spring sunshine. The largest of these was used as a chapel, the decorations of which, with the silver vessels for the celebration of the Mass, and the rich vestments, were presented by Henriette, Marchioness of Verneuil.

While the colonists were raising a little fort and houses, Father Biard, with Lieut. La Motte, landed on the coast and advanced into the interior of the country, in order to explore it and if possible open friendly communications with the natives. When they at last descried a village, their ears were saluted by fearful yells and cries, and supposing it to be a funeral ceremony they hastened on till they met an Indian, who told them that a child was dying. In hopes of arriving in time to baptize it, the missionary ran with all speed, and on reaching the village found all ranged in a double line, with the father of the child at the end, holding the little sufferer in his arms. At every sigh it uttered he gave a fearful yell, which, taken up and repeated on either side, produced the noise which had attracted the missionary. Biard, who with Massé had made some progress in the Algonquin at Port Royal, advanced to the father and asked him whether he was willing to have his child baptized. He silently laid it in the arms of the missionary, who, handing it to La Motte, ran for water and baptized it, amid the silent wonder of the Indians. He then knelt and implored the Almighty to vouchsafe some sign of his power in order to confirm his ministry in the eyes of this blind but docile people. His prayer was not refused. The child, being now handed over to its mother, was to all appearance well, and applied its lips to her breast. So striking a wonder disposed all to receive the missionaries as men of superior power; and, grateful to God, with a heart elated by hope, Father Biard returned to St. Savior's. The fort was soon finished; the various articles were landed; those who were not to remain prepared to embark, and the vessel, all ready for sea, lay at anchor, when a storm arose which annihilated all their hopes.

This storm had been felt twenty-four hours earlier off the Isles of Shoals by a British vessel commanded by one Samuel Argall. Thick fogs bewil-

dered him, and a strong wind drove him to the northeast, and when the weather cleared Argall found himself off the coast of Maine. Canoes came out like flocks of birds from each small bay. The Indians, who were all of the Algonquin tribe called Abnakis, climbed the ship's side, and greeted the new-comers with such amazing bows and flourishes that Argall, with his native acuteness, felt certain that they could have learned them only from the French, who could not be far away. Argall plied the Indians with cunning questions, and soon learned of the new settlement. He resolved to investigate farther, and set sail for the wild heights of Mt. Desert. With infinite patience he crept along through the many islands, and, rounding the Porcupines, saw a small ship anchored in the bay. At the same moment the French saw the English ship bearing down upon them "swifter than an arrow," writes Father Biard, "with every sail set, and the English flags streaming from masthead and stern."

La Saussaye was within the fort, Lieut. La Motte on board with Father Du Thet, an ensign, and a sergeant. Argall bore down amid a bewildering din of drums and trumpets. "Fire!" cried La Motte. Alas! the gunner was on shore. Father Du Thet seized and applied the match.

Another scathing discharge of musketry and the brave priest lay dead. He had his wish; for the day before he left France he prayed with uplifted hands that he might not return, but perish on that holy enterprise. He was buried the following day at the foot of the rough cross he had helped to erect.

La Motte, clear-sighted enough to see the utter uselessness of any further attempt at defense, surrendered, and Argall took possession of the vessel and of La Saussaye's papers, from among which he abstracted the royal commission.

St. Savior's was now a ruin—the broken cross alone remained above the body of Du Thet to guard that land for Catholicity; all was silent—no hymn, no voice of prayer; no savages reclaimed for God and society were gathered there. Thus the first Abnaki mission was crushed in its very cradle by men who founded a colony in which the gospel was never announced to the aborigines.

On La Saussaye's return from the woods, where he had retreated with the colonists, he was met by Argall, who informed him that the country belonged to his master, King James, and finally asked to see his commission. In vain did the French nobleman search for it. Argall's courtesy changed to

wrath; he accused the officer of piracy, and ordered the settlement to be given up to pillage, but offered to take any of the settlers who had a trade back to Virginia with him, promising them protection. Argall counted, however, without his host; for on reaching Jamestown the governor swore that the French priests should be hung. Useless were Argall's remonstrances, and finally, seeing no other way to save the lives of the fathers, he produced the commission and acknowledged his stratagem.

The wrath of Sir Thomas Dale was unappeased, but the lives of the priests were, of course, safe. He despatched Argall with two additional ships back to Mt. Desert, with orders to cut down the cross and level the defenses.

Father Biard was on board, as well as Father Massé; they, with refined cruelty, being sent to witness the destruction of their hopes.

This work of destruction completed, Argall set sail for Virginia. Again a storm arose, and the vessel on which were the ecclesiastics was driven to the Azores. Here the Jesuits, who had been so grossly ill-treated, had but a few words to say to be avenged. The captain of the vessel was not without uneasiness, and entreated the priests to remain in concealment when the vessel was visited by the authorities. This visit over, the English purchased all they needed and weighed anchor for England. Arrived there, a new difficulty occurred; for there was no commission to show. The captain was treated as a pirate, thrown into prison, and released only on the testimony of the Jesuit fathers, who thus returned good for evil.

Father Biard hastened to France, where he became professor of theology at Lyons, and died at Avignon on the 17th of November, 1622. Father Massé returned to Canada, where he labored without ceasing until his death, in 1646.

With the destruction of St. Sauveur, the pious designs of Madame De Guercheville seem to have perished. At any rate, the most diligent research fails to find her name again in the annals of that time. Probably the troubled state of France made it impossible for her to provide the sinews of war or of evangelization. Nevertheless, the good seed was planted, and zeal for the mission cause again revived in Europe, particularly in the Society of Jesus. Young men left court and camp to share the privations and life of the missionaries. Even the convents partook of the general enthusiasm, and Ursuline nuns came to show the Indians Christianity in daily life, ministering to the sick and instructing the young.

Many years after the melancholy failure of the mission at Mt. Desert, an apparent accident recalled the Jesuit fathers to the coast of Maine.

In 1642 there was a mission at Sillery, on the St. Lawrence, where had been gathered together a large number of Indian converts, who lived, with their families about them, in peace and harmony under the watchful care of the kind fathers. Among these converts was a chief who, to rescue some of his tribe who had been taken prisoners, started off through the pathless wilderness, and finally reached the English at Coussinoe, now known as Augusta, on the Kennebec.

There the Indian convert so extolled the Christian faith and its mighty promises that he took back with him several of the tribe. These were baptized at Sillery, and became faithful servants of our Lord Jesus Christ. In consequence of the entreaties of these converts, Father Gabriel Druillettes was sent to the lonely Kennebec.

Here he built a chapel of fir-trees in a place now known as Norridgewock, a lovely, secluded spot. Some years before Father Biard had been there for a few weeks, so that the Abnakis were not totally unprepared to receive religious instruction. Father Druillettes was greatly blessed in his teaching, and converted a large number, inspiring them with a profound love for the Catholic faith, which the English, twenty years before, had failed to do for the Protestant religion. He taught them simple prayers, and translated for their use, into their own dialect, several hymns. The savages even learned to sing, and it was not long before the solemn strains of the *Dies Iræ* awakened strange echoes in the primeval forests.

Even the English, biased as they were against the Catholics, watched the good accomplished by the faithful servant of the great Master, and learned to regard his coming as a great blessing, though at this very time the stern Puritans at Plymouth were enacting cruel laws against his order.

When the Abnakis went to Moosehead Lake to hunt and fish, Father Druillettes went with them, watching over the flock with unswerving solicitude. But the day of his summons to Quebec came, and a general feeling of despair overwhelmed his converts. He went, and the Assumption Mission was deserted; for, by that name, as it was asked for on that day, was this mission always designated.

Year after year the Abnakis—for so were called the aborigines of Maine—sent deputations to Quebec to entreat the return of their beloved priest, but in vain; for the number of missionaries was at that time very limited. Finally, in 1650, Father Druillettes set out with a party on the last day of August for the tiresome eight days' march through the wilderness;

the party lost their way, their provisions were gone, and it was not until twenty-four days afterwards that they reached Norridgewock, the chief Abnaki village.

All the tribe were forthwith in motion, and, amid a volley of firearms, the chief embraced the missionary, crying: "I see well that the Great Spirit, who rules in the heavens, deigns to look favorably on us, since he sends us back our patriarch." Universal joy prevailed: men, women, children, all sought to express their happiness at the missionary's return. A banquet was spread in every cabin, and he was forced to visit all. "We have thee, at last," they cried; "thou art our father, our patriarch, our countryman. Thou livest like us, thou dwellest with us, thou art an Abnaki like us. Thou bringest back joy to all the country. We had thought of leaving this land to seek thee, for many have died in thy absence. We were losing all hopes of reaching heaven. Those whom thou didst instruct, performed all they had learned, but their heart was weary, for it sought and could not find thee."

On every side he heard gentle reproaches: here a father led him to the cross-covered grave of his children, whom he had baptized in death, yet feared that he had erred, and that they would not enjoy eternal life.

From a letter written at this time by Father Druillettes we transcribe the following: "In spite of all that is painful and crucifying to nature in these missions, there are also great joys and consolations. More plenteous than I can describe are those I feel, to see that the seed of the gospel I scattered here four years ago, in land which for so many centuries has lain fallow, or produced only thorns and brambles, already bears fruit so worthy of the Lord." Nothing could excel the veneration and affection of the Indians for their missionary; and when an Englishman vehemently accused the French priest of slandering his nation, the chiefs hurried to Augusta, and warned the authorities to take heed and not attack their father even in words.

The following spring Father Druillettes was sent to a far-distant station, and years elapsed before he returned to Quebec, where he died in 1681, at the age of eighty-eight.

About this time two brothers, Vincent and Jacques Bigot, men of rank and fortune, left their homes in sunny France to share the toil and privations of life in the New World. They placed themselves and their fortunes in the hands of the superior at Quebec, and were sent to labor in the foot-prints of Father Druillettes. During their faithful ministrations at Norridgewock, the chapel built by their predecessor was burned by the English, but

was rebuilt in 1687 by English workmen sent from Boston, according to treaty stipulations. And now appears upon the scene the stately form of one of the greatest men of that age; but before we attempt to bring before our readers the character and acts of Sebastian Râle, we must beg them to return from Norridgewock, the scene of his labors and martyrdom, to the little village of Castine. For in 1688 Father Thury, a priest of the diocese of Quebec, a man of tact and ability, had gathered about him a band of converts at Panawauski, on the Penobscot. This settlement was protected by the Baron Saint-Castine. This Saint-Castine was a French nobleman and a soldier who originally went to Canada in command of a regiment. The regiment was disbanded, and Saint-Castine's disappointed ambition and a heart sore from domestic trials decided him, rather than return to France, to plunge into the wilderness, and there, far from kindred and nation, create for himself a new home.

After a while the baron married a daughter of one of the sachems of the Penobscot Indians, and became himself a sagamore of the tribe. The descendants of this marriage hold at the present day some portion of the Saint-Castine lands at Normandy.

We turn to Father Sebastian Râle, S.J., who left his native France in 1689 for America. After remaining for nearly two years in Quebec, he went thence to Norridgewock. He found the Abnakis nearly all converted, and at once applied himself to learning their dialect. To this work he brought his marvelous patience and energy, and all his wondrous insight into human nature. He began his dictionary, and erected a chapel on the spot known now as Indian Old Point. This chapel he supplied with all the decorations calculated to engage the imagination and fix the wandering attention of the untutored savage. The women contended with holy emulation in the embellishment of the sanctuary. They made mats of the soft and brightly-tinted plumage of the forest birds and of the white-breasted sea-gulls. They brought offerings of huge candles, manufactured from the fragrant wax of the bayberry, with which the chapel was illuminated. A couple of nuns from Montreal made a brief sojourn at Norridgewock, that they might teach the Indian women to sew and make a kind of lace with which to adorn the altar. Busied with his dictionary and with his flock, Father Râle thus passed the most peaceful days of his life; but this blessed quiet ended only too soon.

In 1705 a party of English, under the command of a Capt. Hilton,

burst from out the forest, attacking the little village from all sides at once, finishing by burning the chapel and every hut. The Indians were absent at the time of this valiant attack, but on their return quickly raised a bark chapel to replace their handsome church. Soon after, their beloved missionary, on a painful journey, fell and broke both legs. On his recovery he returned to his mission, though doubly exposed to danger, for the English had offered a reward for his head, and used every effort to induce the Indians to betray him; but the Abnakis were faithful, and all the expeditions against this mission failed.

About the same time, the governor-general of New England sent to the lower part of the Kennebec the ablest of the Boston divines to instruct the Indian children. As Baxter's (the missionary) salary depended on his success, he neglected no means that could attract.

For two months he labored in vain. His caresses and little gifts were thrown away; for he made not one convert.

Father Rale wrote to Baxter that his neophytes were good Christians, but far from able in disputes.

This same letter, which was of some length, challenged the Protestant clergyman to a discussion. Baxter, after a long delay, sent a brief reply in Latin so bad that the learned priest says it was impossible to understand it.

In 1717 the Indian chiefs held a council. The governor of New England offered them an English and an Indian Bible, and Mr. Baxter as their expounder.

The Abnakis refused them one and all, and elected to adhere to their Catholic faith, saying: "All people love their own priests! Your bibles we do not care for, and God has already sent us teachers."

Thus years passed on in monotonous labor. The only relaxation permitted to himself by Father Rale was the work on his dictionary. The converts venerated their priest; their keen eyes and quick instincts saw the sincerity of his life, the reality of his affection for them, and recognized his self-denial and generosity. They went to him with their cares and their sorrows, with their simple griefs and simpler pleasures. He listened with unaffected sympathy and interest. No envious rival, no jealous competitor, no heretical teacher, disturbed the relations between pastor and flock. So, too, it was but natural that they should look to him for advice when they gathered about their council-fires.

The wrongs which the Eastern Indians were constantly enduring at the

hands of the English settlers kindled to a living flame the smoldering hatred in their hearts, which they sought every opportunity of wreaking in vengeance on their foe. Thus, like lightning on the edge of the horizon, they hovered on the frontier, making daring forays on the farms of the settlers.

It was not unnatural that the English, bristling with prejudices against the French, and still more against Catholics, should have seen fit to look on Father Rale as the instigator of all these attacks, forgetting—what is undeniably true—that Father Rale's converts were milder and kinder and more Christian-like than any of their Indian neighbors. The good father was full of concern when he heard that a fierce and warlike tribe, who had steadily resisted all elevating influences, were about settling within a day's journey of Norridgewock. He feared lest his children should be led away by pernicious examples; so he with difficulty persuaded some of the strangers to enter the chapel, and to be present at some of the imposing ceremonies of the mother church. At the close of the service he addressed them in simple words, and thus concluded:

"Let us not separate, that some may go one way and some another. Let us all go to heaven. It is our country, and the place to which we are invited by the sole Master of life, of whom I am but the interpreter." The reply of the Indians was evasive; but it was evident that an impression was made, and in the autumn they sent to him to say that if he would come to them they would receive his teachings.

Father Rale gladly went at this bidding, erected a cross and a chapel, and finally baptized nearly the whole tribe.

At this time Father Rale wrote to his nephew a letter, in which he says: "My new church is neat, and its elegantly-ornamented vestments, chasubles, copes, and holy vessels would be esteemed highly appropriate in almost any church in Europe. A choir of young Indians, forty in number, assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and chant the divine offices for the consecration of the Holy Sacrament; and you would be edified by the beautiful order they preserve and the devotion they manifest. After the Mass I teach the young children, and the remainder of the morning is devoted to seeing those who come to consult me on affairs of importance. Thus, you see, I teach some, console others, seek to re-establish peace in families at variance, and to calm troubled consciences."

Another letter, still later, in speaking of the attachment of the converts to their faith, says: "And when they go to the sea-shore in summer to fish,

I accompany them; and when they reach the place where they intend to pass the night, they erect stakes at intervals in the form of a chapel, and spread a tent made of ticking. All is complete in fifteen minutes. I always carry with me a beautiful board of cedar, with the necessary supports. This serves for an altar, and I ornament the interior with silken hangings. A huge bear-skin serves as a carpet, and divine service is held within an hour."

While away on one of the excursions which Father Rale thus describes, the village was attacked by the English; and again, in 1722, by a party of two hundred under Col. Westbrook. New England had passed a law imposing imprisonment for life on Catholic priests, and a reward was offered for the head of Father Rale. The party was seen, as they entered the valley of the Kennebec, by two braves, who hurried on to give the alarm; the priest having barely time to escape to the woods with the altar vessels and vestments, leaving behind him all his papers and his precious Abnaki dictionary, which was enclosed in a strong box of peculiar construction. It had two rude pictures on the lid, one of the scourging of our Blessed Lord, and the other of the Crowning of Thorns. This box is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, while the dictionary itself is at Harvard.

Father Rale saved himself by taking refuge in a hollow tree, where he remained for thirty-six hours, suffering from hunger and a broken leg.

With wonderful courage Father Rale built up another chapel, and writes thus, after recounting the efforts of the English to take him prisoner: "In the words of the apostle, I conclude: I do not fear the threats of those who hate me without a cause, and I count not my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

Again, over the council-fires, the Indian chiefs assembled. They decided to send an embassy to Boston, to demand that their chapel, which had been destroyed by the English, should be rebuilt.

The governor, anxious to secure the alliance of the tribe, listened patiently, and told them in reply that it belonged properly to the governor of Canada to rebuild their church; still, that he would do it provided they would agree to receive the clergy he would choose, and would send back to Quebec the French priest who was then with them. We cannot forbear repeating here the unequaled satire of the Indian's reply:

"When you came here," answered the chief, "we were unknown to the French governor, but no one of you spoke of prayer or of the Great Spirit.

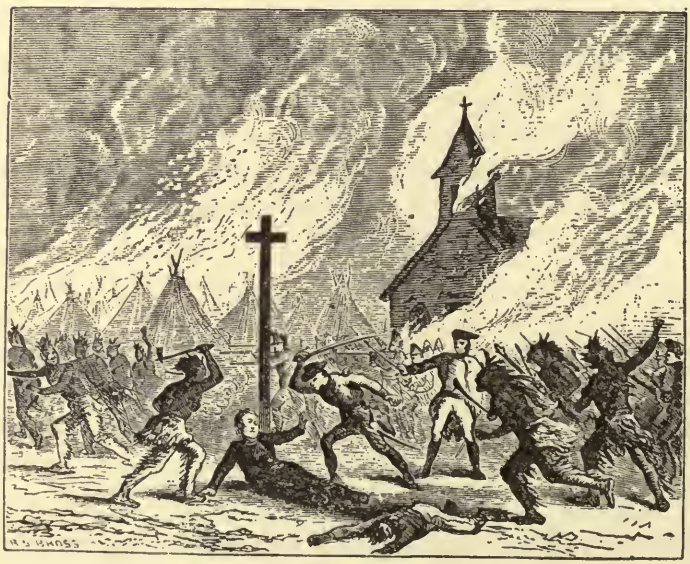
You thought only of my skins and furs. But one day I met a French black-coat in the forest. He did not look at the skins with which I was loaded, but he said words to me of the Great Spirit, of paradise and of hell, and of prayer, by which is the only path to heaven.

"I listened with pleasure, and at last begged him to teach and to baptize me.

"If, when you saw me, you had spoken to me of prayer, I should have had the misfortune to pray as you do; for I was not then able to know if your prayers were good. So, I tell you, I will hold fast to the prayers of the French. I will keep them until the earth burn up and perish."

At last the final and fatal effort on the life of Father Rale was made in 1724.

All was quiet in the little village. The tall corn lay yellow in the slanting rays of an August sun, when suddenly from the adjacent woods burst forth a band of English with their Mohawk allies. The devoted priest, knowing that they were in hot pursuit of him, sallied forth to meet them, hoping, by the sacrifice of his own life, to save his own flock. Hardly had he reached the mission cross in the center of the village than he fell at its foot, pierced by a dozen bullets. Seven Indians, who had sought to shield him with their bodies, lay dead beside him.



MURDER OF FATHER SEBASTIAN RALE.

Then followed a scene that beggars description. Women and children were killed indiscriminately; and it ill became those who shot women as they swam across the river to bring a charge of cruelty against the French fathers.

The chapel was robbed and then fired; the bell was not melted, but was

probably afterward buried by the Indians, for it was revealed only a few years since by the blowing down of a huge oak-tree, and was presented to Bowdoin College.

The soft, dewy night closed on the scene of devastation, and in the morning, as one by one the survivors crept back to their ruined homes with their hearts full of consternation and sorrow, they found the body of their beloved priest, not only pierced by a hundred balls, but with the skull crushed by hatchets, arms and legs broken, and mouth and eyes filled with dirt. They buried him where the day before had stood the altar of the little chapel, and sent his tattered habits to Quebec.

It was by so precious a death that this apostolical man closed a career of nearly forty years of painful missionary toil. His fasts and vigils had greatly enfeebled his constitution, and, when entreated to take precautions for his safety, he answered: "My measures are taken. God has committed this flock to my charge, and I will share their fate, being too happy if permitted to sacrifice myself for them."

Well did his superior in Canada, M. de Bellemont, reply, when requested to offer Masses for his soul: "In the words of S. Augustine, I say it would be wronging a martyr to pray for him."

There can be no question that Sebastian Râle was one of the most remarkable men of his day. A devoted Christian and finished scholar, commanding in manners and elegant in address, of persuasive eloquence and great administrative ability, he courted death and starvation for the sole end of salvation for the Indian.

From the death of Father Râle until 1730 the mission at Norridgewock was without a priest. In that year, however, the superior at Quebec sent Father James de Sirenne to that station. The account given by this father of the warmth with which he was received, and of the manner in which the Indians had sought to keep their faith, is very touching. The women with tears and sobs hastened with their unbaptized babes to the priest.

In all these years no Protestant clergyman had visited them, for Eliot was almost the only one who devoted himself to the conversion of the Indians, though even he, as affirmed by Bancroft, had never approached the Indian tribe that dwelt within six miles of Boston Harbor until five years after the cross had been borne by the religious zeal of the French from Lake Superior to the valley of the Mississippi.

But Father Sirenne could not be permitted to remain any length of time

with the Abnakis. Again were they deserted, having a priest with them only at long intervals.

Then came the peace of 1763, in which France surrendered Canada. This step struck a most terrible blow at the missions; for although the English government guaranteed to the Canadians absolute religious freedom, they yet took quiet steps to rid themselves of the Jesuit fathers.

A short breathing space, and another war swept over the land, and with this perished the last mission in Maine. In 1775 deputies from the various tribes in Maine and Nova Scotia met the Massachusetts council. The Indians announced their intention of adhering to the Americans, but begged, at the same time, for a French priest. The council expressed their regret at not being able to find one.

"Strange indeed was it," says Shea, "that the very body which, less than a century before, had made it felony for a Catholic priest to visit the Abnakis, now regretted their inability to send these Christian Indians a missionary of the same faith and nation."

Years after, when peace was declared, and the few Catholics in Maryland had chosen the Rev. John Carroll—a member of the proscribed Society of Jesus—as bishop, the Abnakis of Maine sent a deputation bearing the crucifix of Father Râle. This they presented to the bishop, with earnest supplications for a priest.

Bishop Carroll promised that one should be sent, and Father Ciquard was speedily despatched to Norridgewock, where he remained for ten years. Then ensued another interval during which the flock was without a shepherd.

At last a missionary priest at Boston, Father (afterward Cardinal) Cheverus, turned his attention to the study of the Abnaki dialect, and then visited the Penobscot tribe.

Desolate, poor, and forsaken as they had been, the Indians still clung to their faith. The old taught the young, and all gathered on Sundays to chant the music of the Mass and Vespers, though their altar had no priest and no sacrifice.

Father Cheverus, after a few months, was succeeded by Father Romagné, who for twenty years consecrated every moment and every thought to the evangelization of the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes. In July, 1827, Bishop Fenwick visited this portion of his disocese, and in 1831 sent them a resident missionary. A beautiful church stood at last in the place of Romagné's hut, and two years later Bishop Fenwick, once a father in the

Society of Jesus, erected a monument to Father Râle on the spot where he was slain a hundred and nine years before. From far and near gathered the crowd, Protestant as well as Catholic, to witness the ceremony. The monument stands in a green, secluded spot, a simple shaft of granite surmounted by a cross, and an inscription in Latin tells the traveler that there died a faithful priest and servant of the Lord. Bishop Fenwick became extremely anxious to induce some French priest to go to that ancient mission, and a year later the Society of Picpus, in Switzerland, sent out Fathers Demilier and Petithomme to restore the Franciscan missions in Maine. They conquered the difficulties of the Abnaki dialect with the aid of a prayer-book which the bishop had caused to be printed, and in this small and insignificant mission Father Demilier toiled until his death in 1843.

The successor of Bishop Fenwick resolved to restore the Abnaki mission to the fathers of the Society of Jesus, by whom it had been originally founded. Therefore, since 1848, the Penobscots and Passamaquoddys have been under the care of the Jesuits, who in that year sent out from Switzerland Father John Bapst to Old Town, on the Penobscot—a short distance from Bangor—where he ministered faithfully to the Abnakis until he nearly lost his life in a disgraceful know-nothing riot in 1854.

As we find ourselves thus at the conclusion of our narration, incidents crowd upon our memory of the wondrous sacrifices made by the Catholic clergy in the old missions of Maine; but we are admonished that our space is limited.

Little attention, however, has been paid to the fact that to these Catholic priests alone under God is due the evangelization of the many Indian tribes which formerly haunted our grand old forests. Of these tribes, only a few of the Penobscots are left, and these cling still to the cross as the blessed symbol of the faith first brought to them "as a voice crying in the wilderness," by Fathers Biard and Du Thet at St. Sauveur in 1613.

Chapter XII.

THREE SAINTLY LADIES

MOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION.—A HOLY CHILDHOOD IN TOURS.—TRIALS OF A YOUNG WIFE.—THE WIDOW SEEKS THE CLOISTER.—VISION FROM THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN.—VOCATION TO THE NEW WORLD.—THE LADY OF THE VISION.—AN EXPEDITION OF URSULINES.—DANGERS OF THE VOYAGE.—WELCOME AT QUEBEC.—THE SETTLEMENT OF CHEVALIER SILLERY.—URSULINES AMONG THE INDIANS.—SCANT QUARTERS AND PROVISIONS.—THE POT OF SAGAMITE.—TEACHING YOUNG SAVAGES.—THE NEW CONVENT.—DISASTROUS FIRE.—HEROINES OF CHRIST.—A HOLY DEATH.—MADAME DE LA PELTRIE.—BEAUTY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.—MISS JANE MANCE.—HOW SHE REACHED MONTREAL.—STORY OF THE FAIR CITY.—FAMOUS ABBE OLIER.—THE BRAVE SIEUR DE MAISONNEUVE.—HOSPITAL WORK AT VILLE MARIE.—WRESTLING WITH POVERTY.—SUCCESS OF THE ORDER.—TRIALS AND GRIEFS.—THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

AFTER the pillage and destruction of St. Sauveur's, in Maine, as recorded in the preceding chapter, missionary zeal in France was enkindled to such a fervor as to invade even the convents. Many of their gentle inmates aspired to be heralds of the Cross in the New World, and as the influence of these pious ladies on the religious life of America—of which the St. Lawrence was still the chief northern gateway—has been potent as well as enduring, a detailed notice of some of them will here be appropriate.

Mary Guyard, known in history and religion as Mother Mary of the Incarnation, stands first on the long roll of great and saintly women who have shed a luster on the annals of Canada. She was born in the city of Tours, France, on the 28th of October, 1599. Her parents were in very modest circumstances, but were persons of eminent piety and spotless lives. To their little daughter they gave the name of Mary, and in the gift of that

beautiful name was shadowed forth the grandeur of a noble life—the life of a Christian heroine.

"Mary! sweet name revered above,
And O how dear below!
In it are hope and holy love,
And blessings from it flow."

Placed in such a school of life, and endowed with rare dispositions, we are not surprised to learn that the girl grew in wisdom, age, and grace. In one of her letters, written years afterwards, she says: "The good education which I had received from my parents, who were most pious Christians, laid an excellent foundation in my soul; and I cannot but bless the God of goodness for his gracious kindness to me in this connection. It is a great step in the way of virtue and a precious preparation for a high degree of piety, to fall into hands which carefully mold the first years of our existence."

There are many mansions in heaven, and it seems that all who reach them do not travel the same road of life. Though manifesting some desire for the religious state, Mary Guyard, in her eighteenth year, and in obedience to the wishes of her parents, gave her hand in marriage to Claudius Joseph Martin. He was a silk manufacturer, and a young man of most estimable character.

The first care of Madame Martin in her new state was to make the fear of God reign in her house. She was a model of order and industry, and such was her life of faith that we are assured by her biographers that her most common actions were transformed into practices of piety. For her husband, who was, to use her own words, "a good, God-fearing man," she always entertained the most affectionate respect; and yet their married life was far from being happy. But the cause of this we know not. Two years after his marriage, however, Mr. Martin died, leaving his young wife, scarcely twenty years of age, with an infant some six months old, without fortune, and even with very scanty means of support.

When Mary Guyard was about to become a bride, more through obedience than love or inclination, she had said to her mother: "Mother, since the resolution is taken, and that my father absolutely wills it, I believe that I am obliged to bow to his decision and to yours, but if God will grant me the grace of giving me a son, I now promise to consecrate him to the Divine service; and if, afterwards, He should restore to me the liberty which I am now losing, I also promise to consecrate myself to Him." There is something singularly prophetic in these words.

But a long road of sorrow and suffering was to be traveled before either of these sublime objects was accomplished. Solitude, meditation, fasting, prayer, continual attention to the holy presence of God, the use of the hair-shirt and all kinds of mortification, and wonderful favors from heaven—these might form the headings of so many chapters in relation to this period in the life of this heroic woman. "I should regard as lost," she writes, "a day passed without suffering."

At length, after twelve years had brought her son beyond the helplessness of infancy, Madame Martin confided him to her sister's care, tore herself from his presence, and entered the cloister. Truly these years of probation had been to her the narrow, thorny path leading to the mountain heights of sanctity. Long before pronouncing her vows as a religious, she had practised the counsels of evangelical perfection.

On the 25th of January, 1631, Madame Martin entered the convent of the Ursulines, in the city of Tours. Two years after she made her religious profession, and hénceforth she will be known as Mother Mary of the Incarnation.

It may, perhaps, seem strange that this lady, capable of such exalted spirituality, was also gifted to a rare degree with the faculties most useful in the practical affairs of life. During the several years she spent in the house of her brother-in-law, she proved how able and efficient she was to aid him in the conduct of his business. Her heart was far away from these mundane interests, but her talent for business was not the less displayed. Of this her spiritual guides were aware, and saw clearly that gifts so useful to the world might be made equally useful to the Church. Hence it was that she was made superioress of the convent which Madame de la Peltrie was about to endow at Quebec.

"I now see," wrote Mother Mary of the Incarnation towards the end of her days, "that all the states of life, trials, and labors through which I have passed, have had but one object—to form me for the work to be done in Canada."

Not long after her admittance into the Ursuline convent, a mysterious dream or vision shadowed forth her future career. Over a dark and perilous way the holy novice seemed to grope hand in hand with an unknown lady. A venerable personage directed the travelers by a motion of his hand, and they entered a spacious court, formed by the buildings of a religious institution. The pavement was of white marble, intersected by lines of vermilion. Over

all seemed to breathe the spirit of peace. On one side arose a chapel of the purest alabastre, upon the summit of which, as upon a throne, were seated the Holy Virgin and the divine Child.

The Queen of Heaven seemed to be gazing upon a desolate country, covered with fogs, and traversed by mountains, valleys, and vast precipices. In the midst of these gloomy wastes, the spires and gable ends of a little church could be discerned, just visible above the misty atmosphere. She looked with sadness on the dismal scene before her; and as Mary of the Incarnation pressed forward, close to her seat, the dear Mother of Mercy turned towards her with a sweet smile of welcome, and, gently bending down, she kissed the fair traveler's forehead. Then she seemed to whisper some message to the divine Child. It concerned the salvation of souls. Our heroine heard not the words, but she caught their purport; and, on awaking, her glowing heart burned more than ever for the conversion of pagan nations.

A year later the mystery was removed. A voice within the soul of Mary of the Incarnation called upon her to found a convent of her order in Canada. She appeared to hear the Master of Life urging her to go to that new land, and "build a house to Jesus and Mary." The Church in Canada was then in its infancy. Its foundation stone had recently been laid, through the lofty zeal of Champlain. As we shall read later on, the illustrious Father John de Brébeuf, S.J., and a band of Jesuits were toiling among the Hurons of Upper Canada; and other apostolic priests of the same society were laboring at Quebec, or scattered at various points along the St. Lawrence.

The "Jesuit Relations," which the Canadian missionaries began to publish in 1632, found their way to the Ursuline convent at Tours, and helped to fan the flame. It is for the Almighty to provide the way for the accomplishment of his own designs. In what manner this was brought about, we shall now briefly relate.

Near the little town of Alençon, in Normandy, stood the castle of the Lord of Vaubougon, the ancestral home of Mary Magdalene de Chauvigny, better known by the name of Madame de la Peltrie. Like Mary of the Incarnation, she had entered the married state through pure compliance to the will of her parents.

Madamoiselle De Chauvigny wished to be a religious. Her father, however, passionately fond of his beautiful daughter, resisted her inclination for the cloister, and sought to wean her back to the world; but she escaped from the chateau to a neighboring convent, where she resolved to remain. Her

father followed, carried her home, and engaged her in a round of fêtes and hunting parties, in the midst of which she found herself surprised into a betrothal to M. de la Peltrie, a young gentleman of rank and character.

The marriage proved a happy one, and Madame de la Peltrie, with an excellant grace, bore her part in the world she had wished to renounce. After a union of five years, her husband died, and she was left a widow and childless at the age of twenty-two. She now gave her life and freedom to charity and devotion. The good lady had heard of Canada; and when Father Le Jeune's first "Relations" appeared, she read them with delight. "Alas!" wrote the father, "is there no charitable and virtuous lady who will come to this country to gather up the blood of Christ by teaching His word to the little Indian girls?"

This warm appeal found a prompt and vehement answer from the thrilling breast of Madame de la Peltrie. Henceforth she thought of nothing but Canada. A high and noble purpose filled her soul. She resolved to go to that heathen land and gather up the precious blood of Christ. But before she had actually taken any step towards the fulfillment of her pious project, she fell dangerously ill. Her life was despaired of. In this extremity, she made a solemn vow to go to Canada and to found, in honor of St. Joseph, an Ursuline convent for the instruction of the little Indian and French girls.

Suddenly, as from the brink of the grave, she arose to perfect health. But many difficulties yet remained to be overcome. Family interests changed them to persecution. She was harassed by legal proceedings. Those who coveted the wealth she was giving to good works were even determined to deprive her of her liberty in order to obtain it. By the advise of wise and learned priests, however, she adopted measures which thwarted all opposition and began to carry out her design of proceeding to the wilderness of the New World in order to found an Ursuline convent on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

It remained to obtain nuns for the proposed foundation. Madame de la Peltrie sought the advice of Father Poncet, S. J., who was charged with Canadian missions; and to her great joy learned from him the particulars of the life and vocation of Mary of the Incarnation. Not many weeks later, the pious widow was at Tours, negotiating the affair with the archbishop.

Madame de la Peltrie was no sooner admitted into the convent, than Mother Mary of the Incarnation recognized in her the unknown companion with whom, in that mysterious dream, eight years before, she had toiled

along a perilous pathway through the wilderness of a strange land. It was necessary to choose a companion for Mother Mary, and this was equally overruled by Providence. All were anxious to obtain the nomination.

One alone, in her humility, judged herself unworthy of such a distinction; but she was the chosen one. Of noble birth, gentle mien, and delicate health, the youthful and accomplished Mary de la Troche, known in religion as Mother St. Joseph, was too timid and too modest to think of herself as a candidate for the wild Canadian mission. Yet this sweet, delicate girl was chosen, and wisely chosen.

It now remained to regulate the temporal affairs of the projected foundation, and to receive the benediction of the archbishop of Tours. The assembly was held in the archiepiscopal residence. The venerable prelate, who was in his eightieth year, was deeply moved. And when the moment for parting came, he arose, presented the two nuns to Madame de la Peltrie, and addressed her in these remarkable words:

"These are the two foundation stones of the temple which you are about to erect in the new world for the glory of God. For this end, and according to your request, I entrust them to you. On the model of the Jerusalem above, may they be two precious stones in the foundation. May this edifice be a mansion of peace and grace and celestial blessings, more abundant than those of the ancient Temple of Solomon. May the efforts of hell never prevail against it, any more than against the Holy Church. And since this house is to be built for the Almighty, may He fix His dwelling there, as the Father and as the Spouse, not only of the nuns whom I confide to you, but of all who may accompany them, or who will live there after them, to the end of time."

On May 4, 1639, Madame de la Peltrie, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Mother Mary of St. Joseph, and another Ursuline embarked at Dieppe for Canada. In the ship were also three young hospital nuns, sent out to found at Quebec a Hôtel Dieu, endowed by the duchess of Aiguillon, the famous niece of Cardinal Richelieu. Here, too, were Father Poncet, S. J., and Father Chaumonot, S. J., on the way to their mission, together with Father Vimont, S. J., who was to succeed Father Le Jeune, S. J., in his post of superior.

To the nuns, pale from the cloistered seclusion, there must have been a strange and startling novelty in this new world of life and action—the ship, the sailors, the shouts of command, the flapping of sails, the salt wind, and

the tossing, boisterous sea. The voyage was long and tedious. Sometimes they lay in their berths, sea-sick and woe-begone; sometimes they sang in choir on deck, or heard Mass in the cabin.

Once, on a misty morning, a wild cry of alarm startled crew and passengers alike. A huge iceberg was drifting close upon them. The peril was extreme. Madame de la Peltrie clung to Mother Mary of the Incarnation, who stood perfectly calm. In this moment of peril they made a vow to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; Father Vimont offered it in behalf of all the company, and the ship glided into the open sea unharmed.

It was midsummer when they arrived in the harbor of Tadoussac, at the confluence of the Saguenay with the St. Lawrence. Our travelers, no doubt, were impressed with the stern, savage grandeur of the scenery. There stood frowning the bleak, impending cliffs, rising perpendicularly, and forming a gigantic gateway, through which the dark waters of the somber Saguenay issue—a fathomless flood—reminding the spectator of long ages past, and the terrible convulsions of nature since her birth.

The dense, lonely forests were unbroken, save by the curling smoke of the wigwam fire, or the rude sheds of the trading station. Strange and wild were these swarthy hunters, the roving Algonquins, who had come to this point, bringing their furs—the skin of the beaver, the seal, and the marten, to exchange for knives, kettles, blankets, and other European commodities. The poor Indians gazed with amazement on these fair "daughters of sachems," who, they were told, had left their happy homes beyond the "Great Sea" to teach the wives and daughters of the red man how to live in this world, and prepare themselves for the next.

The apostolic passengers were impatient to reach their destination. Leaving the ship in which they had traversed the Atlantic to its traffic, they pushed up the river in a smaller vessel. It was the 1st of August, 1639, as they neared the still rude fortress of Quebec. All labor ceased, and the cannon boomed welcome from the heights of Cape Diamond. The wooden tenements and the Indian camp-lodges alike sent forth their inhabitants to view the religious strangers. The gallant Governor Montmagny, in brilliant uniform, surrounded by his staff, some Jesuit fathers, and a file of soldiers, were all ranged on the shore.

On landing, the nuns fell prostrate, and kissed the soil of Canada. The pious cortege moved on, climbing the zig-zag pathway up the steep now known as Mountain street. At the top of the hill, to the left, was the little

chapel of our Lady of Recovery, which had been built by Champlain in 1632. Mass was offered up by the father superior of the missions. The *Te Deum* was chanted. Then they dined at the fort, and presently set forth to visit the new settlement of Sillery, four miles above Quebec.

Noël Brulart de Sillery, a knight of Malta, who had once filled the highest offices under the queen Marie de Médicis, had now severed his connection with his order, renounced the world, and become a priest. He devoted his vast revenues to the founding of religious establishments. Among other endowments, he had placed ample funds in the hands of the Jesuit fathers for the formation of a settlement of Christian Indians at the spot which still bears his name. On the strand of Sillery between the river and the woody heights behind, were clustered the small log-cabins of a number of Algonquins, converts, together with a church, a mission house, and an infirmary—the whole surrounded by a palisade. It was to this place that Madame de la Peltrie, Mary of the Incarnation, and their companions were now conducted by the Jesuits. The scene delighted and edified them; and in the transports of their zeal, they seized and kissed every female Indian child on whom they could lay hands, "without minding," says Father Le Jeune, "whether they were dirty or not." "Love and charity," he adds, "triumphed over every human consideration."

When the nuns visited the chapel they heard for the first time the voices of the Indians singing hymns—hymns, too, in a language that seemed like the chattering and twittering of birds. Father Le Jeune announced that a neophyte was to be baptized, and Madame de la Peltrie stood as godmother.

The Ursulines retired to their humble abode. It was a small building on the wharf, and they had merely the loan of it. It was, perhaps, preferable to an Indian wigwam; in which, however, the heroic Mother Mary of the Incarnation declared that she was prepared to lodge.

Mother Mary of the Incarnation and her Ursulines began laboring, "according to their Institute," for the French pupils at the same time that they were tasking their energies to acquire the Indian languages. In Father Le Jeune, S. J., they had an able and willing teacher, who had become learned in the barbarous dialects of America only at the expense of hard toil, and many months of forest life with the roving savages.

We must, however, have a peep at the interior of the little convent and academy. This stately residence consisted of two rooms, the larger being sixteen feet square. The other was smaller, and was enriched with a cellar

and garret. The larger apartment served as a dormitory, the beds being arranged in tiers along the wall; but it was also a parlor, choir, kitchen, refectory, and recreation room. The smaller apartment was the class-room. An additional wing—a sort of shed—served as a kind of exterior parlor, where, through the usual grating, the nuns could speak of God and religion to feathered chiefs and dusky warriors.

Happily, the Canadian colonists had invented an order of architecture which was not very expensive. A few strong posts of oak, maple, or some other hard wood, were driven into the ground, some bars bound them together; the whole was then covered with planks, and finished off with rough plastering. The edifice was thus completed. A chapel in this style, before the winter closed in, was raised, and received the "gilded tabernacle," the parting gift of a friend. It is a delightfully "devout chapel"—so one who saw it affirms—"agreeable for its poverty;" and, above all, precious to Mother Mary and her companions, for it was the residence of the hidden Redeemer.

The Ursulines had scarcely time to put their humble abode in order, when that terrible scourge, the small-pox, suddenly transformed it into a hospital. The Indian children especially were attacked with virulence, and the nuns had abundant occasion for the exercise of kindness, patience, and charity.

Night and day the little tawny sufferers were tended by their indefatigable nurses. Four children died of the frightful malady, and then it entirely disappeared; but not until the whole stock of linen for the use of the Indian children and the convent was exhausted. This was a serious loss. There was no supply to be got nearer than France.

Winter passed away, and the annual fleet from the mother country brought two more Ursulines to the little convent at Quebec, where they "live in admirable peace and union." "Mother Mary of the Incarnation," wrote one of the religious newcomers, "treats me with too much honor. The sweet odor of sanctity seems to surround her, and to embalm all who approach her. Mother St. Joseph is a charming person, most accomplished in every way. During recreation she often makes us laugh till we fairly cry. It is impossible to be melancholy in her company. She loves the little Indian girls like a mother. After catechism, she teaches them to sing hymns and to touch the viol. Sometimes she leaves them to perform one of their own pantomime dances, and the little scholars make no ceremony of inviting Madame de la Peltrie to dance with them, which she does with the best grace in the world."

Such incidents in the past belong to the beauties of American Catholic history. The Ursulines had, indeed, come to Canada at the opportune moment. The field in which apostolic missionaries labored long with but little success had, at last, begun to yield fruit. Mother Mary of the Incarnation and her Ursulines considered themselves supremely happy in being called to aid in gathering in the precious harvest.

The difficulties of the situation, however, were enormous. The expenses were large. It must be borne in mind that the Indian pupils—and sometimes even their families—had to be fed and clothed gratis. At the parlor, where the nuns exercised their zeal in behalf of the warriors, it was not merely the bread of instruction that was to be broken; but, according to the Indian laws of hospitality, the food of the body was indispensable.

Among those hardy rovers of the wilderness in Canada, it was considered an affront to send away a guest without inviting him to eat. The "pot of sagamite" had to be constantly on the fire. From time to time, a more "splendid banquet" was prepared for sixty or eighty dusky visitors. On such occasions it required "a bushel of black plums, twenty-four pounds of bread, a due quantity of Indian meal or ground peas, a dozen of tallow candles melted, and two or three pounds of fat pork"—all well boiled together. "It would be a pity," writes Mother Mary of the Incarnation, "to deprive these poor people of such a feast, since it requires no more to content even their sachems and war-chiefs."

It must be confessed that this was remarkable work for five Ursulines to accomplish. The toil was beyond their strength. The visits to the wonderful parlor were unceasing. "But," says the great Mother Mary, "the providence of our Heavenly Father supplies all things. The pot of sagamite was never empty."

Let us glance at another side of the picture in which the heroic Mother Mary of the Incarnation was the chief figure. In a moral sense, the distance was infinite from the forest-home of the Indian girl to the convent. She was as frolicsome and wild as the little animals which roamed the woods, and she knew as little as they of obedience and wholesome restraint. The only authority she was invited to respect was that of her mother, or, perhaps, of her aged grand-parents. But if she choose to be willful, on no account was she punished or compelled to obey.

The young Indian beauty's clothing was scanty and of the roughest material. In winter only were her feet covered with coarse moccasins. She

knew of no cosmetics save suet and bear's grease; and her matted hair had never been visited by either comb or scissors. Her bed had always been the ground, near the wigwam fire; and this was shared equally by dogs, fleas, papooses, warriors, and, in short, by whole families. It is not very surprising to learn that some of these "wild birds," caged for the first time, occasionally flew off to the forest; but when the affection and great patience of Mother Mary of the Incarnation had tamed them, they proved most open to instruction and quite exemplary to piety.

The little Algonquins of Sillery were the first pupils the Ursulines undertook to form; and as neither understood the language of the other, the difficulty must have been extreme. But "a great desire to speak," wrote Mother Mary, "is a great help towards doing so." We may readily believe it, when we are told that the nuns were able to begin to instruct in Algonquin before the end of two months.

Their holy toil was blessed with remarkable success. Mother Mary of the Incarnation declares that these new Christians were as meek as little lambs, and that after their baptism they preserved an admirable purity of conscience. Among the first Indian pupils, the venerable lady mentions Mary Gamitiens, who was but six years of age, and was no sooner awake in the morning than her little lips began to speak in the language of prayer. She said her beads during Mass, and sang hymns in her own language.

Mary Negalamat was a wild child of the woods, and at first did not relish school-life at the convent. Once she ran off to the forest, tearing her red tunic to shreds. But she was brought back, and became a good girl. She was one of a small band preparing for First Communion. The instructors were Father Pigart, S.J., and Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Mary, especially, was in great jubilation.

"Why are you so joyful?" inquired somebody.

"Oh!" cried this dear little dusky daughter of the wilderness, "I shall soon receive Jesus into my heart."

Mother Mary's first Huron pupil was a niece of the famous war-chief Chihatenhwa. On a visit to Quebec he had seen the "holy virgins," robed in black, who had come to teach the little Indian girls the way to heaven. He was delighted, and great was the admiration of his tribe when he recounted what wonders he had seen.

Chihatenhwa brought his little Teresa to the convent, where we are told that she became a prodigy of piety and knowledge. When next the Huron

flotilla covered the river, the fond uncle, from afar, pointed out to the chief and warriors who accompanied him the "House of Jesus," as the Indians termed the convent. He hastened to meet his niece. Teresa was only thirteen, but we are assured she had the zeal of an apostle.

Battle-scared warriors gave willing ear to her girlish exhortations; and, on returning to the Huron country, they published her fame to the whole tribe. "Teresa has more sense," they exclaimed, "than any one who has ever appeared in our country. Doubtless, the one who has taught her is also the greatest genius among the French."

She was deeply attached to her convent home, where she remained for over two years. When the day of separation came, it was most painful. The Jesuit fathers of the Huron country were anxious to have the influence of the pious young seminarist among her tribe; and her parents could no longer endure her absence. Teresa, like a brave girl, made the sacrifice, and bade adieu to her dear teachers. From Three Rivers, she wrote to Mother Mary of the Incarnation:

"My Dear Mother:

"I am going to my distant home. We are ready to start. I thank you for all the care you have bestowed upon me. I thank you for having taught me to serve God. Is it for a thing of small value that I offer you my thanks? Never shall I forget you.

Teresa."

There is, we fear, many a "young lady" of this "enlightened age" whose numberless "accomplishments" would scarcely enable her to write with the good sense and pointed brevity of this Indian girl of the seventeenth century; and who could not truthfully say to her teachers, "I thank you for having taught me to serve God." In many institutions of to-day such a study is not even elective. God is absolutely dismissed from the curriculum, and religion is politely told to "get out," or to "stand at the door." And what is more amazing is, that this is considered "fashionable," and many persons who have never been confined in a lunatic asylum are impressed with its "respectability."

The conversion of the Canadian Indians, which Mother Mary of the Incarnation had seen prefigured as a church just emerging from clouds and darkness, was now rapidly progressing. Whole tribes embraced the faith, and the fervor of the primitive ages was revived.

In order to meet the growing wants of the colony, a new convent was erected. In 1642 it was completed, and Mother Mary and her daughters bade adieu to the little tenement on the wharf, and took up their quarters in

a more suitable edifice. It was stately for the times—built of dark-colored, roughly-shaped blocks of stone. It was three stories in height, twenty-eight feet wide, and ninety-two feet long. To the Indians, this new "House of Jesus" was a wonder, and many a long journey was made to see it.

The regular Indian pupils, boarders, who were fed and clothed at the expense of the convent, soon amounted to eighty. But besides these, the nuns were daily called upon to give instruction to squaws in their class-rooms, and to warriors in their parlor. This was a large family to attend to, but the skill, piety, genius, and wonderful business capacity of Mother Mary of the Incarnation made her equal to every demand.

The letters of the illustrious woman during this period are most characteristic. It is not concerning her pupils, her labors, and her wants, that she chiefly entertains her friends. In her boundless charity she identifies herself with all who labor for the conversion of the Indians. Her eagle glance sweeps over the vast fields of missionary zeal, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes. She numbers the chapels that are built, the baptisms, the holy deaths. Well she knows all the roving clans that come to be instructed. And, after filling ten or more pages with such topics, she adds: "A word now of our pupils. They give us every possible satisfaction. Their piety, their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, their docility, their generosity in overcoming their defects—all this is ravishing. But it strikes us less, now that we are accustomed to it."

At other times she merely says: "God has blessed our labors this year, as in preceding ones. We have as much as we can do, especially during the winter months, when the braves leave us their children while they go to hunt."

Adversity, however, was about to frown on this fair scene. The year 1650, so fertile in trials and disasters, was drawing to a close. The dim shadows of a clear, cold December evening cast themselves over the snow-white landscape; and the beautiful constellations which lighted the wintry firmament with splendor were marking the progress of the night. The happy inmates of the convent had gone to rest; but there was something that did not sleep.

It was a pan of coals, which one of the sisters, charged with baking, had placed beneath her bread-trough, well closed round with the napkin that covered the dough. It was not her custom to take this precaution to hasten the action of the yeast; but this was bread for New Year's day. It was her wish

to have it light. The coals thus placed on duty were unperceived, and, alas! forgotten.

The fire was making sad havoc, when one of the nuns suddenly leaped from her humble couch. All were asleep. The flames were just bursting through the door of the sleeping-room, as she cried out: "Up for your lives, children, and fly!" She rushed to the nun's dormitory, and gave the alarm: "Wake! Wake! the house is on fire. Quick, and save the children!"

In a moment one and all were aware of the peril. The fire was upon them on every side. A nun rushed to the bell to give warning of their danger. The door was opened, and the startled inmates of the doomed convent began to pass out. But the smoke blinded, and the flames flew like lightning. Each sister became a heroine, and seizing the little innocents in their arms, they hurried them out. Suddenly the door gave way, but those brave ladies, regardless of the danger of suffocation, dashed through passage-ways, and hastened with their precious charges to a place of safety.

Mother Mary of the Incarnation, chief of those heroines, ever calm and self-possessed, did what she could to save the lives of her dear pupils and companions; and then, with thoughtful care, she grasped the papers of the community, and attempted to carry away some clothing for the nuns, who had all, in their night-dresses, rushed from the house with the children. She was alone in the midst of the burning mass. The flames were consuming the rooms beneath; the crackle of the victorious fire could be heard overhead, and was rapidly approaching her person, when, after bowing to her crucifix, to signify her perfect submission to the will of God, she flew along the passage of the dormitory to a staircase—now the only exit possible. Happily, it was free, and in a moment she was at the door, where she met the father superior of the Jesuits and all his household, who had hurried to the rescue.

Not one perished on that eventful night; some, it is true, were nearly naked, but all were saved from the savage flames. As they gazed at their late home, they saw the flames rising higher and higher, wreathing their way through the wooden roof. At length, the heavy timbers bent and fell with a crash. It was the brightness of day at this sad midnight scene; and the cold, silent stars looked down unmoved.

"My heart," wrote Mother Mary of the Incarnation, "preserved its usual peace. I felt neither grief nor anxiety, but united my will to His whose hand has passed over us, leaving us in the state in which He himself was at this season, in the cave of Bethlehem."

The Ursulines and their pupils were fit subjects for New Year's hospitality. The hospital sisters, of whom we shall presently hear, did everything to alleviate the distress of the sufferers. During three weeks, with indefatigable zeal these "friends in need" furnished materials, and aided in putting together complete suits of apparel for each of the Ursulines. The two communities made but one; they sat at the same table, and slept under the same roof. Mother Mary and her religious companions next moved to the house of Madame de la Peltrie, and there remained during the building of another new convent.

Fifteen months passed away, and by the blessing of Providence and the energetic mind of Mother Mary of the Incarnation, the Ursulines and their pupils had once more a suitable and substantial residence. It is the central building of that pile which to-day constitutes the Ursuline convent at Quebec. The nuns effected their removal on the vigil of Pentecost, 1652; and we are assured that few baggage-wagons were required on the occasion.

The educational programme of this pioneer female academy of Canada was most sensible, practical, and Christian. It was in the seventeenth century, we must remember, and there were fewer subjects taught than at present. But what was done, was done thoroughly. The pupils were taught reading, grammar, the Christian religion, sacred history, practical arithmetic, penmanship, and needlework. We hear no mention of a piano, and the formidable ologies were omitted; but it remained for our day to try the ridiculous experiment of studying everything—a sure road to the mastery of nothing.

During the winter of 1662, Mother Mary of the Incarnation was surrounded by a class of novices. These young religious were eager to render themselves useful, and to avail themselves of her knowledge of the Indian languages. For their benefit, and for the use of the other nuns, the venerable lady prepared at this time a catechism in Huron, three catechisms in Algonquin, and a large dictionary in French and Algonquin. After completing this literary labor of love for the Indian race, she wrote in 1664: "We are still more occupied in the classes for the French children; and it is certain that if God had not sent the Ursulines to Canada, they would be left to the most deplorable ignorance. All the young girls in the country pass through our hands; and this causes piety and religion to flourish everywhere. The French population being rapidly on the increase, our employments must keep pace with that increase."

To the last day of her beautiful life, this heroic woman was the great

teacher, model, and mother of her community. She wrote several text-books in French, Huron, and Algonquin. She excelled in all kinds of needle-work and embroidery, as well as in painting and gilding. She sanctified these accomplishments by contributing the fruit of her own hands to the decoration of chapels, churches and altars all over the colony. She even possessed remarkable skill in sculpture and architecture, and patiently instructed the workmen who were employed in decorating the interior of the church, guiding them in relation to the proportions of the columns and entablature. Not the minutest detail of the art escaped her eye, so trained and artistic.

Early in January, 1672, a serious illness threatened the precious life of Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Her pupils and her spiritual daughters were overwhelmed with grief, and besought Heaven to spare their beloved friend and mother. Even the venerable patient herself was unable to refuse them the consolation of joining in their petitions so far as to say: "My God, if I may yet be of service to this little community, I refuse neither labor nor fatigue. Thy will be done."

"No, my good Mother," urged the kind Father Lallament, S. J., "you must join our petitions, and ask to recover." The very soul of obedience, she did as commanded, and a few weeks more were obtained.

At length, on the 29th of April, it became necessary to administer the last sacraments; and from that moment there was something so divine about Mother Mary of the Incarnation that she seemed no longer of this earth. Fond hearts surrounded the dying saint, whose humble pillow seemed to be the very porch of paradise.

One of her old companions reminded her of her gifted son—Dom Claude Martin, who had become a learned Benedictine father—and asked a message for him. Maternal love seemed, for an instant, to recall the venerable lady to this world, and she answered with emotion, "Tell him that I bear him away with me in my heart. In heaven I will ask for his perfect santification."

Her French and Indian pupils knelt around her to receive her last blessing, and to look on that holy and majestic countenance, which seemed to be illumined by a ray of immortality. She died on the 30th of April, 1672, aged seventy-two years, thirty-three of which she had spent in Canada.

Of the pious Madame de la Peltrie, mentioned above as the foundress of this convent, it may be briefly stated that she was born of a wealthy and noble family at Alençon, France, in 1603; and, at the age of seventeen, in compliance with her father's wishes, she married Charles de la Peltrie, a

gentleman of rank and character. Five years later, her husband died, and she found herself a widow and childless.

A perusal of the first Jesuit "Relations" attracted her attention to Canada. There was no school for girls in the wilderness, and she nobly determined to spend her life and fortune in founding such an institution. But it was only after overcoming a host of obstacles that she found herself free to devote herself to the good work.

From Father Poncet, S. J., Madame de la Peltrie learned of the remarkable Ursuline nun—venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation—and subsequently on a visit to Tours, made her acquaintance. She decided to found an Ursuline convent at Quebec, the formation and sailing of their party being narrated above.

When Madame de la Peltrie visited an Indian village near Quebec, she pressed every little dusky girl she met to her bosom, "and kissed her with a mother's fondness, unmindful of much that might have created disgust." Canada was now to have its pioneer school for the instruction of girls—humble at first, but destined to grow in fame and usefulness.

"Madame de la Peltrie, who had never desired to be rich," says the historian of New France, "and who had so cheerfully become poor for Christ's sake, could not refrain from saying that she wished to have at her disposal enough to draw all the tribes of Canada to a knowledge of the true God; and she took a firm resolution, which she observed her whole life, to spare herself in nothing where the salvation of souls was to be effected. Her zeal led her even to till the soil with her own hands, to have wherewith to relieve the poor neophytes. In a few days she had stripped herself of all she had retained for her own use, so as to reduce herself to want of actual necessaries, in order to cloth the children brought to her almost naked; and her whole life was but a series of acts of the most heroic charity."

Within the walls of the Ursuline convent at Quebec both French and Indian girls received a solid, refined, and religious education. From time to time, when the little dusky pupils were permitted to have one of their pantomimic dances they invited Madame de la Peltrie to join in the sport, and the charming, kind-hearted lady, who knew how to be all to all, did so "with the best grace in the world."

She was present at the foundation of Montreal, and helped to decorate its first rustic altar. When Governor De Maisonneuve erected a large cross on Mont Royal, and Mass was said, Madame de la Peltrie received Holy

Communion "on the mountain-top, a spectacle to the virgin world outstretched below."

The joy of the pupils at the convent of Quebec was unbounded, when the foundress returned to leave them no more. To them she devoted her life. She shared the labors of the nuns, washing, dressing, and teaching the

MADAME DE LA PELTRIE WASHING INDIAN CHILDREN.

little Indian girls committed to their care; and the whole colony mourned her loss, when, at the age of sixty-eight, the angel of death called her to receive the reward of the faithful Christian, on the 18th of November, 1671.

This pious, high-born lady gave Canada its first female academy; and for thirty-two years, devoted her time, and gifts, and wealth to its progress and prosperity. It must be understood that she was not an Ursuline nun under vows; but simply a religious woman, who chose to live in a poor little

cottage at the convent she had founded. She often heard the war-whoops of the Iroquois thirsting for scalps. To the last she preserved her gay amiability and handsome countenance, spiritualized by a beautiful life. "No one ever thought she was growing old," writes an Ursuline.

As a fitting append to the biographies of these noble ladies, we now give a third, of one who for a time was known to both, and is no less deserving of our grateful veneration. Miss Jane Mance, whose name is justly famous in the early history of Canada, was born in 1606, at Nogent-le-Roi, which is some distance from Langres, in France. She belonged to a most honorable family.

In more than one place the lives of the saints display the fact that there are certain children on whom God has particular designs, and whose spiritual nature becomes singularly developed even in their most tender years. Such a child was Jane Mance. At six or seven years of age she formed the astonishing resolution of consecrating herself to God by a vow of perpetual chastity. "Often," writes one of her religious companions, "she herself related to me this incident of her childhood."

But the beautiful piety which she professed was entirely free from those faults but too common to devout persons. It was clothed in no stiff mannerism. It never stood in the way of other duties. It was never disagreeable. The great rectitude of the young girl's soul, the elevation and nobility of her sentiments, and, above all, the Divine wisdom by which she was guided, made her learn to do all for God without in any way offending the claims and courtesies of the world. Thus she grew up, and in time became an accomplished woman, of delicate constitution and dignified, graceful bearing.

Though leading the life of a religious in this world, Miss Mance felt no vocation for the cloister. On the death of her parents, therefore, she found herself entire mistress of her actions. She placed no bounds to her fervor. She felt gradually taking possession of her soul a great desire to serve Christ and His Holy Mother in some barbarous country. The perusal of the Jesuit "Relations" and the report of Madame de la Peltrie's labors in Canada fanned the flame in her breast, and she felt that she had now found her true vocation. It was to go to the wild banks of the historic St. Lawrence.

What Canada is she has no idea, or, at least, a very confused and indistinct one. Her friends think it is a notion caught from the perusal of some traveler's story. Her confessor is consulted. He has never heard of Montreal, and he treats his penitent as a visionary; but, as she persists in her notions, he writes to Paris for information.

The answers confirm the purpose of Miss Mance. She goes to Paris, is introduced to the Duchess de Bullion, a great friend of the Montreal scheme. The vocation is tried, ascertained and followed. "I will go," she said, "give me, madame, a letter to the directors of the company." The pious duchess gave her a note to Monsieur de la Dauversière, and a purse of 20,000 livres for expenses.

She pursued her way to New Rochelle, whence ships were to sail for Canada. On the day after her arrival in that city, as she entered the church of the Jesuit fathers, she met a gentleman coming out. It was Dauversière.

"Then," says the Abbé Faillon, "these two persons, who had never seen nor heard of each other, were enlightened supernaturally, whereby their most hidden thoughts were mutually made known." A long conversation passed between them; and the delights of this interview were never effaced from the mind of Miss Mance. "She used to speak of it like a seraph," writes Sister Mary Morin, "and far better than many a learned doctor could have done."

In all probability she was warned that the rude walls of Montreal must be cemented in blood; that there were tribes of hostile savages who would oppose, perhaps destroy the struggling colony; and, finally, that she would be all alone to care for the sick and wounded. But when these representations only increased the heroic lady's zeal, the good old man blessed God and bade her go in His holy name. And when he did that, he laid the foundation of the famous Hôtel Dieu in Montreal, where now dozens of devoted nuns are consecrated to the service of Christ in his poor!

The largest city on the St. Lawrence had a remarkable origin. The story of its early days has become a part of American history. We must glance at it here.

While Canada was yet nearly all a wilderness, God inspired a pious layman to establish a colony in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin on the Island of Montreal. This was Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière, a gentleman of Anjou, in France.

There lived at Paris, at this time, a young priest, the Abbé John James Olier, afterwards known as the illustrious founder of the seminary of St. Sulpice. The Almighty, it seems, inspired him with a similar design.

Dauversière pondered the revelation which he had received, became convinced that it was from God, and set out for Paris to find some means of accomplishing the assigned task. As he prayed for new light in the famous

church of Notre Dame, he was favored with a vision in which Christ assured him that he would not want for wisdom and strength to do his work. He was comforted.

From Paris this good gentleman went to the neighboring chateau of Meudon, which overlooks the valley of the Seine, not far from St. Cloud. He entered the gallery of the old castle, and saw a priest approaching him. It was the Abbé Olier. They had never seen or even heard of each other; yet, impelled by a kind of inspiration, they recognized one another at once, even to the depths of their hearts; and saluting each other by name, as we read of St. Anthony and St. Paul the Hermit, they embraced like two friends who had met after a long, long separation.

"Sir," exclaimed the Abbé Olier, "I know your design, and I go to commend it to God at the holy altar."

And he went at once to say Mass in the chapel. Dauversière received the Holy Communion at his hands; and then, after thanksgiving, they walked for three hours in the park, discussing their plans. They were of one mind in respect both to objects and means; and when they parted the Abbé Olier gave Dauversière a hundred louis, saying: "This is to begin the work of God."

The pious undertaking at once began to shape itself. A society was formed. It was in 1636 that the company of Montreal was founded "for the conversion of the savages and the maintenance of the Catholic religion in Canada." Five priests, a cardinal, a duchess, two dukes, twelve other nobles, and a simple Sister of Charity, formed the association; and, for four years, they labored faithfully to bring their scheme into successful operation. Their plan was this—to build upon the Island of Montreal a town which should be at once a home for the missions, a defense against the Indians, a center of commerce for the neighboring people, which should be consecrated to the Most Holy Virgin and be called Ville-Marie.

"So, when all was ready, on the morrow of the Feast of our Lady's Purification, the associates assembled in the cathedral church of Notre Dame. The Abbé Olier offered up the Holy Sacrifice at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, whereat all the laics communicated, while those of the company who were priests said Mass at other altars with the same intention, fervently imploring the Queen of Angels to bless their enterprise, and to take the Island of Montreal under her holy and most especial protection."

The collection, after this ceremony, was 200,000 francs.

"Now," writes the non-Catholic Parkman, "to look for a moment at their plan. Their eulogists say, and with perfect truth, that, from a worldly point of view, it was mere folly. The partners mutually bound themselves to seek no return for the money expended. Their profit was to be reaped in the skies; and, indeed, there was none to be reaped on earth. The feeble settlement at Quebec was at this time in danger of utter ruin, for the Iroquois, enraged at the attacks made on them by Champlain, had begun a fearful course of retaliation, and the very existence of the colony trembled in the balance.

"But if Quebec was exposed to their ferocious inroads Montreal was incomparably more so. A settlement here would be a perilous outpost—a hand thrust into the jaws of the tiger. It would provoke attack, and lie almost in the path of the war-parties. The associates could gain nothing by the fur-trade, for they were not allowed to share in it.

"On the other hand, danger apart, the place was an excellent one for a mission: for here met two great rivers—the St. Lawrence, with its countless tributaries, flowed in from the west, while the Ottawa descended from the north, and Montreal, embraced by their uniting waters, was the key to a vast inland navigation. Thither the Indians would naturally resort; and thence the missionaries could make their way into the heart of a boundless heathendom. None of the ordinary motives of colonization had part in this design. It owed its conception and its birth to religious zeal alone."

Dauversière and his companions purchased the Island of Montreal, and matured their glorious undertaking. First, they would send out forty men to take possession of the island, intrench themselves and raise crops. Then they would build a house for the missionaries, and two convents for the nuns. In the meantime, the Abbé Olier was toiling near Paris to found the seminary of priests, and Dauversière, at La Flèche, bent himself to the work of forming a community of hospital nuns. How the school nuns were provided we shall learn in the life of Mother Margaret Bourgeois.

The associates needed a soldier-governor to take charge of their forty men; and, no doubt directed by Providence, they soon found a rare man. This was Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a devout and valiant gentleman, whose bright sword had flashed on many a hard-contested field, who, in an age of heresy, had kept the Faith intact, and whose life shone like a star in the midst of the unbridled license by which he was surrounded. He had made a vow of chastity. He loved his profession of arms, and wished to consecrate his sword to the Church.

One of the vessels that bore this gallant soldier and his forty men had the honor of carrying Miss Mance across the stormy Atlantic on her heroic mission of charity. The expedition landed at Quebec too late in the season of 1641 to ascend to Montreal. The long and dreary winter had to be passed at Quebec.

Early in May Maisonneuve and his followers, accompanied by Miss Mance, began to push their way up the St. Lawrence. They had gained an unexpected recruit during the winter in the person of Madame de la Peltrie, the pious foundress of the Ursuline convent at Quebec. This little band of chosen Catholics was to found the greatest city in Canada.

"On the 17th of May, 1643, Maisonneuve's little flotilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two row-boats—approached Montreal; and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was with them, to deliver the island, in behalf of the company of the hundred associates, to Maisonneuve, representative of the associates of Montreal. And here, too, was Father Vimont, superior of the missions, for the Jesuits had been prudently invited to accept the spiritual charge of the young colony.

"On the following day, they glided along the green and solitary shores, now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site of a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence, and known afterwards as Point Callière. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

"Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand; and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by the servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders.

"Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies, with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him—soldiers, sailors, artisans, and laborers—all alike soldiers at need. They knelt in reverent silence as

the Host was raised aloft, and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them:

"'You are a grain of mustard-seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.'

"The afternoon waned, the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fire-flies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal."

The intrepid Miss Mance now began her work—a work which is continued to this day. A house and chapel rose up swiftly, and on the 15th of August, 1642, it was opened to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption of the Most Holy Virgin. As the colony grew, the number of its sick augmented. Miss Mance was alone. The house was soon found too small, and the labor too great for any one person, however zealous.

But let us glance aside for a moment at the brave protectors of Ville-Marie. While all others there were contributing to the honor of their heavenly patroness, their safety was watched over by the veteran guard of De Maisonneuve. This good commander had enrolled from among his soldiers sixty-three volunteers, all specially vowed to defend the town of Our Lady. This number was suggested by the years of her blessed life on earth; and these hardy sons of Old France formed thus, in the forests of America, a sort of military confraternity.

They met daily for the recital of the Rosary. They wore the medal of their order as a military decoration; and they approaced the holy sacraments on all the feasts of the Queen of Heaven. But it was just on this account that they were the first to confront the cannon of the English, or to answer with their battle-cry of *Ave Purissima!* the war-whoop of the fierce Iroquois.

Miss Mance shared with joy the hardships, dangers, and untold privations which marked the beginning of the new town of Ville-Marie. During seventeen years she had no one to aid her, except four or five charitable women, whom she had brought from France, and who shared with her the ceaseless but holy duties of attending to the sick and the wounded in the little hospital.

There was something about this admirable lady which impressed all with whom she conversed. Once she visited the venerable Olier in France, and he is said to have remarked that she was "full of the light of God, by which she was surrounded as by a sun."

"Mademoiselle Mance," writes Parkman, "found no lack of hospital work, for blood and blows were rife at Montreal, where the woods were full of Iroquois, and not a moment was without its peril. Though years began to tell upon her, she toiled patiently at her dreary task, till, in the winter of 1657, she fell on the ice of the St. Lawrence, broke her right arm, and dislocated the wrist. Bouchard, the surgeon of Montreal, set the broken bones, but did not discover the dislocation. The arm in consequence became totally useless, and her health wasted away under incessant and violent pain.

"Maisonneuve, the civil and military chief of the settlement, advised her to go to France for assistance in the work to which she was no longer equal; and Margaret Bourgeois whose pupils, white and red, had greatly multiplied, resolved to go with her for a similar object. They set out in September, 1658, landed at Rochelle, and went thence to Paris. Here they repaired to the seminary of St. Sulpice; for the priests of this community were joined with them in the work at Montreal, of which they were afterwards to become the feudal proprietors. . .

"Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice, had lately died, and the two pilgrims would fain pay their homage to his heart, which the priests of his community kept as a precious relic enclosed in a leaden box. The box was brought, when the thought inspired Mademoiselle Mance to try its miraculous efficacy and invoke the intercession of the departed founder. She did so, touching her disabled arm gently with the leaden casket. Instantly a grateful warmth pervaded the shriveled limb, and from that hour its use was restored."

Her next care was to visit Madame de Bullion, a devout lady of great wealth, who was usually designated at Montreal as "the unknown benefactress," because she did not trumpet her good acts, and her charities were the main stay of the feeble colony. This lady received Miss Mance with enthusiasm, and gave her the munificent sum of 22,000 francs.

Our heroine next repaired to the town of La Flèche to visit her friend Dauversière. Miss Mance, as we have already learned, was the pioneer who went to Montreal to prepare the way for the hospital nuns, that for the last eighteen years Dauversière had labored to form at La Flèche. The time at length was come.

Three of the hospital nuns of St. Joseph, Sisters Judith Moreau de Brésoles, Catherine Macé, and Mary Maillet, were chosen, and after encountering many difficulties, embarked with Miss Mance at Rochelle. Margaret Bourgeois was also on board.

During the long and stormy voyage, these heroines of charity had abundant opportunity to exercise their zeal in the service of the sick. The filthy and infected ship was buffeted by storms for two months, and the woe-begone passengers were wasted by a contagious fever. Nearly all were attacked. Miss Mance was reduced to extremity. Eight or ten died and were dropped overboard, after a prayer from the two priests. At length land hove in sight; the piny odors of the forest regaled their languid senses as they sailed up the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence, and anchored under the rock of Quebec.

Miss Mance and her religious companions soon set out for Montreal. The journey cost them fifteen days more of danger and hardship. But they were warmly received; and at once bent themselves to the grand work of their lives.

The poverty of the nuns, at first, was almost incredible. "When their clothes were worn out," says Parkman, "they were unable to replace them, and were forced to patch them with such material as came to hand. Maisonneuve, the governor, and the pious Madame d'Allebout, being once on a visit to the hospital, amused themselves with trying to guess of what stuff the habits of the nuns had originally been made, and were unable to agree on the point in question.

"Their chamber, which they occupied for many years, being hastily built of ill-seasoned planks, let in the piercing cold of the Canadian winter through countless cracks and chinks; and the driving snow sifted through in such quantities that they were sometimes obliged, the morning after a storm, to remove it with shovels. Their food would freeze on the table before them, and their coarse brown bread had to be thawed on the hearth before they could cut it. These women had been nurtured in ease, if not in luxury." This picture is drawn by a non-Catholic pen.

Nor were poverty, cold, and hardship, the only enemies with which Miss Mance and her pioneer nuns had to battle. There were other perils. The terrible Iroquois were always prowling near, and even those gentle ladies were not beyond the reach of the tomahawk.

During summer, a month rarely passed without a fight, sometimes

within sight of their windows. A burst of yells from the ambushed marksmen, followed by a clatter of musketry, would announce the opening of the fray, and promise the nuns addition to their list of patients. On these occasions they bore themselves according to their several natures. Sister Morin, who had joined their number three years after their arrival, relates that Sister Brésoles and she used to run to the belfry and ring the tocsin to call the inhabitants together.

"From our high station," writes Sister Morin, "we could sometimes see the combat, which terrified us extremely, so that we came down again as soon as we could, trembling with fright, and thinking that our last hour was come. When the tocsin sounded, my Sister Maillet would become faint with excess of fear; and my Sister Macé, as long as the alarm continued, would remain speechless, in a state pitiable to see. They would both get into a corner of the rood-loft before the Blessed Sacrament, so as to be prepared for death; or else go into their cells.

"As soon as I heard that the Iroquois were gone, I went to tell them, which comforted them and seemed to restore them to life. My Sister Brésoles was stronger and more courageous; her terror, which she could not help, did not prevent her from attending the sick and receiving the dead and wounded who were brought in."

And now, what more have we to say of our heroine, Miss Mance? She labored to the end at the work so dear to her heart. She established the Hotel Dieu of Montreal on a firm basis. Each year added new luster to her bright and beautiful life; and, finally, the Angel of Death called her away in June, 1673. She died in the odor of sanctity. There is no more to tell. Hospital sisters have no stories. Their whole lives are exquisite praises to the gracious God, and are written only in His Book of Life on high.

Chapter XIII.

SAD HISTORY OF ACADIA.

ARGALL, THE FREEBOOTER.—SURPRISE OF A SLEEPING COLONY.—REVIEW OF THE PAST.—SENT TO RAVAGE AND DESTROY.—FATHER BIARD'S SINGULAR FORTUNE.—BEAUTIFUL PORT ROYAL.—FIFTY YEARS AFTER.—THE MICMACS AND ABNAKIS.—LEGEND OF GOD'S PIPE.—RECOLLECTS COME ON THE SCENE.—CAPTURE OF PORT ROYAL BY THE ENGLISH.—DESOLATION ONCE MORE.—A SOLITARY JESUIT.—THE FRENCH RECLAIM THE COLONY.—OLIVER CROMWELL'S EXPEDITION.—A BORDERLAND OF CONTENTION.—MASSACHUSETTS TAKES A HAND.—AN ARMY FROM ENGLAND.—RAPINE AND TREACHERY.—A LAND WITH TWO FLAGS.—MATERIALISM OF THE AGE.—EXPEDITION FROM BOSTON TOWN.—FINAL MASTERY OF THE ENGLISH.—THE UNHAPPY COLONISTS.—SCORCHED BY TWO FIRES.—SORROWS AND CONSOLATIONS.—THE MISSIONARY'S VAIN APPEALS.—THE DOOM OF BANISHMENT.—A LOYAL BUT SCATTERED RACE.

AT the risk of some slight repetition, we must introduce at this point the pathetic history of the missions in Acadia—also known as La Cadia and Acadie—this name applying as well to the present British provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia as to that part of the state of Maine of which we have heretofore treated.

On a clear night in the middle of November, A. D. 1613, three English ships, under the command of the bold freebooter, Captain Samuel Argall, of Virginia, weathered Brier Island in the bay of Fundy, and, sailing through the narrow channel now called Digby Gut, came to anchor in the basin of Port Royal. The moon was nearly at full, and the shores of the basin could be distinctly seen on all sides, at a distance of more than two leagues. At the head of the bay, in the open meadow or sea-marsh fronting the River L'Equille—so named by Champlain on his first voyage to Acadia, nine years before—the forts and dwellings erected by De Monts and Poutrincourt, in 1605, could be plainly seen standing out black and shadowy in the moonlight, and apparently tenantless and deserted.

No signs of alarm were visible in the settlement. The silence of night reigned over the great marsh meadows on either side of the river—broken only by the faint rumble of distant waterfalls, and the mournful hooting of the great horned owl on the edge of the woods. Biencourt, the French governor, and his companions in the little colony, slept soundly under the shadow of the fort, unconscious of the strange sail lying in the bay; or were stretched out before the brushfires in the woods, dreaming, perhaps, of the arrival of the long-expected store-ship from Dieppe.

On board Argall's squadron was a motley company, such as the circumstances only of that adventurous age could have made shipmates together; freebooter, Jesuit, puritan, cadets of impoverished cavalier families, seeking to mend their fortunes in the New World; Abnakis fur-traders, licensed by the London company of adventurers, and French prisoners from St. Sauveur; their hopes and feelings with regard to the object of the expedition as diverse as their race and creed.

To understand the situation, it will be necessary to go back, for a moment, to the events that had occurred in the spring of that year. On the 12th of March, 1613, M. de Saussaye, who had been appointed governor of Acadia, sailed from Honfleur in Normandy to found a new settlement in the territory. Two Jesuit fathers, Gilbert du Thet and Father Quentin, accompanied the expedition. Two years before, Father Pierre Biard, a Jesuit, professor of theology at the University of Lyons, and Father Enemond Masse, of the same order, had sailed from Dieppe for the newly-founded colony at Port Royal, there to establish the first Jesuit mission in New France.

They carried with them the prayers of the whole court. The young king, Louis XIII. gave them five hundred crowns; the Marchioness de Verneuil presented them with vestments and the sacred vessels for saying Mass; Madame de Sourdis furnished them with linen; and Madame de Guercheville, with whatever else they required for the voyage. No news had been received from them for many a day; and it was believed that they were dead. Fathers Quentin and Du Thet were to replace them if they had perished; otherwise to return to France. De Saussaye arrived at Port Royal in May and found Biard and Masse alive, and working courageously; instructing the Indians and cheering their companions in the little colony with the hope of succor from France. They had suffered greatly, however, during the winter, living on acorns and roots and the fish they caught in the river; but their faith was unshaken, and the good disposition shown by the

BY PERMISSION OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

FATHER COONEY, C. S. C., IN SERVICE AS ARMY CHAPLAIN.

Indians gave the Jesuit fathers sincere hopes of their conversion when they had mastered their language.

De Saussaye took Father Biard and Father Masse on board, and, sailing along the coast of Maine, chose a site for the new settlement near the mouth

BAPTISM OF INDIANS AT PORT ROYAL.

of the river Penobscot. All the people of the colony, being about thirty in number, and the crew of the ship, set to work at putting up buildings and clearing ground.

Argall was on the coast with an armed vessel, convoying a fleet of Virginian fishing-craft; and hearing from the Indians of the landing of the French at St. Sauveur—as they had named the new colony—sailed for the Penobscot and attacked De Saussaye by surprise. His victory was complete; he captured the French ship, pillaged the settlement, and, having sent De Saussaye and Father Masse with fifteen others adrift in an open shallop, carried off the remainder, including Fathers Biard and Quentin, prisoners to Virginia. Father Masse and his companions crossed the Bay of Fundy in their open boat, and, coasting along the eastern shore, were picked up off Sesumbre (Sambro) by a French fishing-vessel from St. Malo; and half of their number having been put on board another ship from the same port,

they were all carried back to France, landing at St. Malo, where they were received with great joy by the magistrates and people.

When Argall returned to Jamestown with his prisoners, bringing the news of the establishment of the French settlements in Acadia, the colony was thrown into a ferment at the supposed encroachment upon English territory. It was a time of profound peace between the French and English crowns; but Sir Thomas Dale, the governor of Virginia, gave Argall a commission to return north, and destroy all the French settlements he might find on the coast as far as Cape Breton, that is, as far as forty-six degrees and a half, north, the limits of the English patents.

The French crown maintained a rival claim to the territory. In 1603, Henry IV of France had appointed De Monts his lieutenant-general "in all the countries, coasts, and confines of La Cadia (Acadia), to begin from the fortieth degree to the forty-sixth; and in the same distance to make known and establish his name and authority." Acting under this charter, De Monts had founded the settlements of St. Croix and Port Royal in 1604-5. But it was an age that did not seek to inquire too closely into the rights of prior discovery or occupation where the claims of rival companies clashed together in the New World. By the end of October, Argall had burned down the deserted fortifications of St. Sauveur, and destroyed the remains of De Monts' settlement at St. Croix. He captured an Abnaki chief on the coast, and, compelling the Indian to pilot his ships to Port Royal, was now lying in the bay, waiting for the first streak of dawn over the hills, to complete the destruction of the last French settlement in Acadia. His sailors were flushed with the hope of a rich booty in the spoil of a colony on which, according to Charlevoix, a sum of one hundred thousand crowns had been already expended. The work promised a finer harvest of prize-money than pillaging St. Malo fishermen on the Grand Banks; and the fact of the victims being not only French, but Jesuits, gave a keener zest to the enterprise.

The two Jesuit fathers, Biard and Quentin, were on board of one of the smaller vessels of the squadron, commanded by Lieut. Turnel. They had narrowly escaped being hanged at Jamestown by Sir Thomas Dale, as alleged pirates and trespassers on English territory; but, finally, Argall, had been directed to carry them north, and send them back to France by any French fishing-vessel he happened to fall in with on the coast.

Father Biard's fortune had been a singular one. On the day of Pentecost, two years before, he had landed at Port Royal, full of hope and energy,

believing, as he touched the shores of the New World for the first time, that Providence had chosen him—an unworthy servant of the Lord—to plant the first seeds of the Faith that should afterward spread over the whole of the continent. He was now a prisoner in the hands of his bitterest enemies; the French settlements had been destroyed; his brethren were scattered or dead; and, after sufferings and disasters that would have broken the spirit of any man not upheld by a generous and living faith—famine, illness, toilsome journeys, the sickness and hope deferred, the jealous tyranny of the French traders and the sword of English pirates—he found himself at last an unwilling witness from the deck of an armed enemy of the expected ruin of his mission.

The prospect was a gloomy one; the conversion of the Indians more distant than ever!

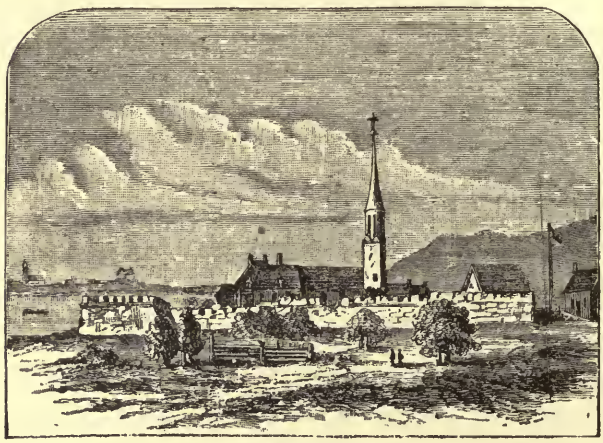
Morning broke at last, and the Jesuits were awakened by the hoarse cry of the mate of Turnel's ship calling the watch to heave anchor, and move the ship up stream to attack the fort. The anchor was lifted over the bows, and the drowsy crew shook out the damp sails to the light puffs of air that rippled the surface of the basin. An unexpected delay took place; the great tide of the Bay of Fundy was sweeping out of the river like a mill-course; and it was not until ten or eleven o'clock that the ships were slowly warped up within close range of the fort.

Such an air of stillness hung about the settlement that Argall feared an ambuscade; but as his men rushed into the fort—with swords drawn and arquebuses leveled—a joyful surprise awaited them. Not a French settler was to be seen; the fort and dwellings were deserted; shoes and other goods lying about, indicating recent occupancy. Biencourt and his companions were in the woods trading with the Indians; and the colony fell an unresisting prey to the English. Argall pillaged the settlement of every movable article, even to the locks on the doors, killed and carried off the live-stock, and then set fire to the buildings—"a thing truly pitiable," says Father Biard; "for in a few hours one saw reduced to ashes the labors of many years and many persons of merit."

The English then destroyed every mark of French sovereignty they could find, using even the hammer and chisel on a large and massive stone, on which were engraved the names of Poutrincourt and other captains, with the *fleur-de-lis*. The ruin of the first Jesuit mission in the New World, north of Florida, was complete.

The scene was an impressive one, and fruitful of reflection to any eyes but those inflamed by sectarian bigotry and the lust of rapine.

From the basin of Port Royal, where the English ships rode at anchor, to St. Augustine in Florida, the continent stretched out, west and south, a vast and solitary wilderness, unbroken by any European settlement except the infant colony at Jamestown, planted five years before; the wash of the western ocean beat in sullen surges on the naked beach around Plymouth Rock, as yet untrodden by the feet of the fathers of New England. In the northwest, Champlain, soldier, navigator, missionary, the greatest hero, perhaps, in that age of wonderful adventure and heroic men, was bearing the cross and civilization up the St. Lawrence and along the shores of the great lakes; while to the north the fir forests, ever growing more gloomy, stunted, and monotonous, extended to the confines of Hudson's Bay, unrelieved by any trace of civilized life except the little chapel at the French trading-post of Tadoussac.



JAMESTOWN, VA.

The basin of Port Royal was distinguished by a picturesque and diversified beauty—ill suited to the scene of piracy that was being enacted on its shores—and which had attracted the admiration of all the early adventurers to these coasts. Lescarbot, describing his arrival there on the 27th of July, seven years before, says:

"Finally, being in the port, it was a thing marvelous to see the fair distance and the largeness of it, and I wondered how so fair a place did remain desert, being all filled with woods, seeing that so many pine away in the world which might make good of this land, if only they had a chief governor to lead them thither. At the very beginning we were desirous to see the country up the river, where we found meadows almost continually above twelve leagues of ground, among which do run brooks without number, which come from the hills and mountains adjoining. Yea, even in the passage to come forth from the said fort for to go to sea, there is a brook that falleth from the high rocks down, and in falling disperseth itself into a small rain, which is very delightful in summer."

"It was our harvest time," says Father Biard, in words penetrated with a regret the tone of which seems to reach us even at this distant day — "our season of fruit. We had composed our catechism in the savage tongue, and commenced to be able to speak to our catechumens, and behold! at this moment comes the enemy of all good to put the torch to our labors and carry us out of the field. May the victorious Jesus, of his powerful hand and invincible wisdom, set his plans at naught! Amen."

So the Jesuit missionary closes each chapter of his curious narrative. The words of a recent Protestant writer, describing the same scene, are some what different: "In a semi-piratical descent," says Parkman, "an obscure stroke of lawless violence began the strife of England and France, of Protestantism and Rome, which for a century and a half shook the struggling communities of the New World, and closed at last in the memorable triumph on the plains of Abraham."

The strife has not closed; the prayer of the persecuted missionary has been heard. In the busy cities of the Atlantic seaboard, along the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and among the great lakes and unexplored rivers of Manitoba and the northwest, the successors of Father Biard are laboring in their glorious mission to-day; filled with the same ardent zeal that stirred the hearts of the pioneers of his order, toiling through the depths of the wilderness on the stormy days of the first quarter of the seventeenth century. And in the ancient town of Port Royal the little Catholic church of a new mission —where the people of another race no less zealous in the Faith mingle in prayer with the descendants of the followers of Biencourt and Latour—may still be seen by the tourist, pointing its rustic wooden steeple to the sky, over the shores of that beautiful basin on which the Jesuit Biard looked with regretful eyes for the last time on the 29th day of November, 1613.

For a period of fifty years after the date of Argall's expedition, the materials for any notes on the missions of Acadia are scanty and fragmentary. Biencourt and a scattered remnant of the first French colonists still clung to the ruins of Port Royal, living, however, for the greater part of the year with the Indians, fishing and fur-trading. St. Malo, Dieppe, Honfleur, and Rochelle sent out yearly, in the spring, their fleets of fishermen to reap the rich harvest of these seas; but the jealousy of the New England colonies was always on the alert against any encroachment upon their claims to the territory; no durable settlement appears to have been made for nearly twenty years; and there was no priest resident on these coasts. Parceled out by the

sovereigns of Spain, England, and France into huge monopolies, the limits of whose patents were only bounded by the arbitrary division of degrees of latitude north and south, North America, at that day, with an extent of territory large enough to settle uncounted millions at peace with each other, was the disputed prize, with varying fortune, of a handful of merchants and adventurers, who planted a few sparse colonies on the thin edge of the Atlantic seaboard. The Jesuits had transferred their missions to the country of the Hurons on the Great Lakes; and the words of Fathers Biard and Masse were become only a tradition among the Micmacs and Abnakis of Acadia. "Niscaminoü hignemouy ninem marcodam"—"Our Sun, or our God, gives us something to eat," was the only prayer that ever rose from the lips of these wandering savages, scattered in shifting tribes at the mouths of the rivers that emptied into the Bay of Fundy, or living in isolated families under the shadow of the granite hills on the eastern shore of the peninsula, where the rolling surf of the wintry ocean dashed forever in furious white breakers on the iron-bound coast.

The superstitions of these Indians were of a character singular and grotesque. They believed in certain spirits, whom they called Cudoüagni, and with whom they often conversed in a familiar tone, telling them the kind of weather they wanted. If the spirit was angry with them, he threw dust in their eyes. Sagard, the Franciscan historian, writing of the Sourignois in 1636, relates this tradition, told by one of their sagamores to the Sieur Lescot:

"Once upon a time," said the chief, "there was a man who had a great deal of tobacco; and God spoke to the man, and asked him where was his pipe. The man took it and gave it to God, who smoked a great deal; and after he had smoked enough, he broke it into a great many pieces. The man asked him, 'Why have you broken my pipe? Don't you see that I have no other?' And God took one that he had, and gave it to him, saying, 'Here is one that I will give you; take it to your great sagamore, and let him take care of it; and if he takes good care of it, neither he nor all his people shall ever want for anything whatever.' The man took the pipe and gave it to his great sagamore, and while he kept it the Indians never wanted for anything in the world. One day, however, the sagamore happened to break the pipe, and since that time they had famine often among them. That was the reason, he said, that they didn't think a great deal of God, because he made all their abundance depend on a little clay pipe, and when he might often help them, he let them suffer more than all the other tribes."

The Recollects, a reformed branch of that great Franciscan order whose missionaries had already penetrated into every quarter of the world, east and west, where European adventure had gained even the most precarious foothold, were destined, under Providence, to be the first apostles and missionaries of those Indians.

It was an age of great religious enthusiasm; the attention of the great missionary orders of Europe was strongly directed to the wide field of labor opened to their zeal by the settlement of North America; and although the violence of English aggression had compelled the Jesuits to abandon for a time the missions of Acadia, other laborers were soon found to enter the field.

In 1619, certain associations of French merchants, formed to carry on the shore fishery and fur-trade in Acadia, applied to the Recollect friars for priests to attend to the religious wants of the men whom they employed in those coasts; holding out, as a more brilliant inducement, the conversion of the Indians of the country. The proposal was gladly accepted. The conversion of the savages from the darkness of heathenism was the most glorious work of that age; and the means that the Recollects themselves were too poor to supply were placed in their hands. It seemed almost a direct interposition of Providence to grant them the earnest of their prayers!

Three of the fathers, belonging to the province of Aquitaine, embarked with joyful hearts for a mission so fruitful of difficulties and peril, but which promised so rich harvest for their labors. They fixed their chief residence on the river St. John, where the company had established a trading-post; making frequent journeys from that mission to supply the spiritual wants of the struggling colony at Port Royal, as well as of the Indians on the Bay of Fundy and the southern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They are also said to have commenced some Indian missions on the Isthmus of Bay Verte.

These Recollects were also driven out of the country at the second capture of Port Royal and the other French settlements, by Kirk, in 1628, sharing the fate of the Jesuits at Argall's hands in 1613, while the same thing occurred once again in 1624.

But the zeal of the missionaries was unconquerable; the brethren of a third order left their peaceful monastery in France to take up their residence on those inhospitable shores. In 1644 the Capuchins had established a hospice at Penobscot, under the powerful protection of the Sieur D'Aulnay, lieutenant-general of the territory. There they labored in peace for several years, performing the functions of curés for the settlement. D'Aulnay afterwards transferred his chief residence to Port Royal, and built there a new hospice for the Capuchin fathers, who followed the fortunes of their flock.

Nor was the indefatigable ardor of the Jesuits easily repulsed. Father Enemond Masse had twice returned to New France—his Rachel, as he called the country for which he had suffered so much—but his missions now lay in

the country of the Algonquins and Montaignais. Otner brethren of the order had, however, established themselves at St. Anne's, in Cape Breton, and at Miscou, on the gulf, about 1640; and from these missions the fathers extended their labors along the northern coast of New Brunswick and the eastern shore of the peninsula of Nova Scotia. A solitary Jesuit, Gabriel Druillettes, set out on the 29th of August, 1647, from the residence of Sillery, near Quebec, to found the mission of the Assumption among the Abnakis of Maine. "I shall say nothing," writes Father Lalemant, the superior of the Jesuits in New France, in his yearly "Relation" addressed to the provincial of his order at Paris, describing Father Druillettes' mission in 1647—

"I shall say nothing of the difficulties he had to undergo in a journey of nine or ten months, where one meets rivers paved with rocks, where the boats that carry you are made only of bark; where the dangers to one's life succeed each other more quickly than the days and nights; where the frosts of winter change the whole face of the country into a sheet of snow and ice; where one has to carry on his shoulders his dwelling, his provisions, and his supplies; where you have no other company than that of savages, as far removed from our ways of living as the earth is removed from the skies; where the strength of body with which these savages are abundantly supplied far excels all the beauties of the spirit; where one finds neither bread nor wine, nor any kind of food that one is used to in Europe; where one would say that all the roads led to the abyss, so frightful are they; and yet they lead to Paradise those who love the crosses with which they are strewn: it was in his sufferings that the father found repose, meeting more often mountains like those of Tabor and Olivet than that of Calvary."

Father Druillettes descended the river Kennebec to the sea; and his Indian guide, after reaching the Bay of Fundy, conducted the father to Penobscot, where he was hospitably entertained at the little hospice of the Capuchins who were still resident there. Father Ignatius de Paris, their superior, gave the Jesuit father a warm welcome; and Father Druillettes, having rested and recruited himself, again ascended the river into the interior of the country, where he commenced his first mission among the Abnakis, which God afterwards blessed with a wonderful increase.

Such was the position of the missions in Acadia toward the end of the first half of the seventeenth century: The Capuchins were at Port Royal; a few scattered missionaries, Jesuits and Recollects along the eastern shore of the peninsula, the Recollects on the St. John river, and Father Druillettes commencing his missions in Maine.

The treaty of St. Germain-au-Laye had restored Acadia to the French crown in 1632; but New England had always secretly resented that agreement and never relinquished its intention of regaining possession of the territory. The lax interpretation of international obligations that distinguished

the protectorate of Cromwell, gave the English colonists the opportunity they desired. In 1653 Cromwell fitted out an expedition designed to attack the Dutch colony of Manhadoes (New York). The English ships did not, however, arrive at Boston until June, 1654. On the ninth of the month, the general court passed resolutions for enlisting five hundred men, to be commanded by Major Robert Sedgwick of Charlestown, "a man of popular manners and military talents," who had once been a member of the artillery company of London; this force was to aid the English squadron in the expedition against the Dutch. Ten days later, the news reached Boston that a treaty of peace had been signed between the Protector and the Dutch Republic. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected! The English and French governments were at peace; but the general court counted upon the acquiescence of Cromwell—not without some previous informal assurances to that effect—and it was determined to employ the force that had been raised by the colony, and the English ships then lying in the harbor of Boston, in the reduction of the French settlements of Acadia.

On the morning of the 15th of August, 1654, the Capuchin fathers, looking from the windows of their hospice up the river, saw the English squadron sailing up the basin of Port Royal for the third time in forty years. All was hurry and confusion in the settlement. The fort was well garrisoned and provisioned, and with a capable commander might have made a stout resistance; but Le Borgne, who had obtained possession of Port Royal under a suit against the estate of the late Sieur D'Aulnay, was a man without military knowledge or experience; and, after a faint show of resistance, he capitulated next day to the English on favorable terms. The other settlements submitted without resistance. Thus for the third time Acadia was lost to Catholicity and New France, and handed over to the sway of Puritanism and New England.

Liberty of conscience had been guaranteed in the capitulation; but the provincial act of 1647 against the Jesuit order, who were to be banished if found in the country, and on return from banishment to suffer death, was revived and extended to priests of other orders; the Capuchins were compelled to abandon their hospice and return to France; the missions were broken up; and for the next twelve years the English held undisputed possession of Acadia. Sir Thomas Temple, the English governor, was, however, a man of humane and generous temper and tolerant disposition; and the French Acadians who remained in the country were allowed to follow, quietly, the

worship of their fathers. The only priest of whom any mention is made as resident in the country at this time was Father Laurent Molin, who performed the functions of curé at Port Royal.

Plans for English colonization of the territory now occupied the attention of the home government. Sir Thomas Temple urged the advantage of settlement, pointing out in his letters to the Lords of the Council the great value of the fisheries, mines, and timber of the country.

"Nova Scotia," he says, "is the first colony which England has possessed in all America of which the limits have been fixed, being bounded on the north by the great rivers of Canada, and on the west by New England. It contains the two great provinces of Alexandria and Caledonia, established and confirmed by divers acts of the parliament of Scotland, and annexed to that crown, the records whereof are kept in the Castle of Edinburgh to this day."

But the plans for English settlement were frustrated by the treaty of Breda, 1667, which again restored Acadia to the French crown, notwithstanding the remonstrances of New England. On the 6th day of July, 1670, the Chevalier Grand Fontaine delivered to Sir Thomas Temple, at Boston, the order of Charles II, directing him to deliver up possession of Acadia and at the same time exhibited to him his commission from the French king empowering Grand Fontaine to receive the cession of the territory. The formal surrender of the forts and settlements was made before the end of the year, and the country was opened once more to the labors of the missionaries.

We have seen the Jesuits, Recollects, and Capuchins successively entering upon the missions of Acadia; the field was large, their difficulties extreme; the violence of English aggression always imminent, and ceaselessly overturning the foundations laid with much labor and zeal. A new organization of the forces of the Church was now about to send its missionaries into the field. The Seminary of Foreign Missions of Quebec, founded in 1663 by the illustrious Mgr. Laval, the first bishop consecrated for New France, was already training up a body of native ecclesiastics, who joined to the ardent zeal of the first missionaries a knowledge of the country more intimate and profound. In 1687 the priests of the seminary entered upon the missions of Acadia with an energy redoubled by the knowledge of the difficulties that had beset the labors of their predecessors. After the restoration of the territory to France by the treaty of Breda, it was included within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec; and in the instructions given by Louis XIV to De Menual, appointed governor in 1687, the king declares the conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith to be his chief object, and refers him for assist-

ance in procuring missionaries for the country to Mgr. St. Valier, who had succeeded Mgr. Laval. The diocese of Quebec could hardly, at that time, supply priests sufficient for the wants of its own missions; but the necessity was great, the harvest of souls promised to be abundant; and Mgr. St. Valier, casting his eyes around for laborers worthy of the field, found willing volunteers in the priests of the Seminary of Foreign Missions. M. Petit was appointed grand vicar and curé at Port Royal; M. Trouvé took charge of the missions up the river and at Minas; and Father Thury commenced his heroic labors among the Abnakis and Canibats, which were destined with the aid of the Jesuits to achieve a brilliant success in the entire conversion of these tribes. The two Jesuit fathers, James and Vincent Bigot, brothers belonging to one of the noble families of France, and Father Gassot, of the same order, joined with ardor in the work of converting and restoring the faith among the Indians; and the Recollect Father Simon governed a devoted mission at Medoktek, near the mouth of the river St. John. The teachings of the missionaries, and the examples of unselfish devotion that their lives continually presented, inspired the Indians with a lasting attachment to France and French interests and institutions, which made them the most effective allies of that power in the disastrous warfare that never ceased on the borders. The Indian policy of New England, on the contrary—if, indeed, it could be called a policy the only object of which was to plunder and destroy—cost the English colonists a deplorable loss of blood and treasure, that a more humane and generous treatment of these savages might easily have averted. With the single exception of the missionary Eliot, no effort was ever sought to be made by the English to Christianize the Indians within their borders; the traders plundered them, and the war parties shot them down like wild beasts whenever they surprised an Indian village; and it can hardly excite surprise that the Indian reprisals proved as merciless and relentless as the melancholy history of those times proves them to have been.

Acadia was the border-ground on which New England and New France contended for the possession of North America. Sometimes the wave of English conquest swept up the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the walls of the citadel of Quebec; then the returning tide would carry the French soldiers and their Indian allies bearing fire and sword through the settlements of Maine, New Hampshire, and Northern New York—almost within sound of the alarm bells of Boston. The contest appears to us now to have been a very unequal one, and in the light of later events we are able to see that the

final preponderance of New England was inevitable; but to the English colonist of the seventeenth century, harassed by the constant dread of vigilant, ceaseless, and relentless Indian warfare upon the scattered settlements; encircled by a chain of fortified posts from Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi; and threatened by powerful French fleets upon the coast, the struggle appeared to be one for the security of his very foothold upon the continent. The conquest of Acadia had always been regarded by the commonwealth of Massachusetts as essential to the continuance of a durable peace; but the importance of the possession of the territory seems to have been better recognized by the French than the English government of that day; and the various treaties between the two powers always included a clause providing for its restoration to the French crown.

For twenty years after the treaty of Breda the French settlements in Acadia had enjoyed comparative peace. The missions were prosperous, although the want of priests was severely felt in the outlying districts. One of the periodical invasions of the English had taken place in 1680; Port Royal had been again captured; but the occupation had been only of short duration, and the Acadians were once more left in peace to dike in the great marsh meadows from the sea, and sing their Norman and Breton songs under the willows along the banks of the Dauphin and Gaspereaux.

But a storm-cloud was now gathering in the English colonies that threatened to sweep the French power from the continent. On the 1st of May, 1690, New York witnessed the spectacle, hitherto unknown in American annals, of a national congress. The idea had been inspired by the commonwealth of Massachusetts ; the general court having sent letters to all the other colonies as far as Maryland, urging the necessity of united action against the French. The congress of New York decided upon the conquest of Canada by means of an army that should march upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, while Boston was to send a fleet to attack the settlements in Acadia, and then lay siege to Quebec. The first expedition was directed against Port Royal. On the 20th of May, Sir William Phipps, with a squadron of one frigate of 40 guns, two sloops-of-war of 16 and 8 guns, and four smaller vessels, anchored within half a league of the fort. His land force consisted of 700 men. The French governor, De Menneval, was totally unprepared for resistance; he had under him only an insignificant garrison of eighty-six men; the fortifications were not completed, and the battery of eighteen guns not even mounted. The English commander sent a trumpeter to demand

the unconditional surrender of the fort. De Menneval retained the trumpeter; and sent Father Petit, who acted as his almoner, to obtain reasonable terms of capitulation. After some difficulty, Sir William Phipps agreed: 1. That the governor and soldiers should go out with arms and baggage, and be transported to Quebec; 2. That the inhabitants should remain in peaceable possession of their property, and that the honor of the females should be protected; 3. That they should have the free exercise of their religion, and that the church should not be injured. With these terms Father Petit returned to the fort, and the capitulation was agreed upon.

The English forces landed, and as soon as Phipps had received the surrender of the fort, he disarmed the French garrison, and the settlement was given up to indiscriminate pillage and the license of his troops. The church was plundered of the sacred vessels; the priest's house burned down; the houses of the inhabitants sacked; and De Menneval and Father Petit and Father Trouvé taken prisoners and carried on board the English ships. Such was the faith observed by the English commander at the surrender of Port Royal! Sir William Phipps, having left a small garrison in the fort, carried back with him to Boston the French governor, the priests, and his plunder; and was received with great rejoicings in the colony.

The misfortunes of the inhabitants of Port Royal were not yet complete. Scarcely had the New England squadron left the coast than two English pirate-ships, with ninety men on board, which had pillaged the island of Mariegalante, in the West Indies, in the spring of that year, appeared off the river. The pirates landed; burned down the church and twenty-eight houses, killed the cattle, hanged two of the inhabitants, and burned a woman and her children in her own house. The successors of Argall were even more merciless than himself.

The government of Massachusetts, after Phipps' capture of Port Royal, considered Acadia as a dependency of that province by right of conquest; and in the charter of William and Mary to Massachusetts, brought out to Boston in 1692 by Sir William Phipps, "the territory called Accada or Nova Scotia" is united to and incorporated in the province of "the Massachusetts Bay in New England."

But despite the wishes of the colonists, and the costly expenditure of blood and treasure which the several expeditions had occasioned New England, the territory was again restored to France by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697. For ten years after the sack of Port Royal in 1690, an incessant

border warfare was kept up between New England and New France; but the settlements on the peninsula (Nova Scotia) were left comparatively undisturbed, and the natural fertility of the alluvial lands, the extensive fisheries, and the value of the timber trade, combined to maintain them in moderate prosperity. Resident curés were stationed at the principal settlements, and the activity of the Indian missionaries in Maine was incessant, instructing their neophytes and checking the inroads of the English. In 1695, the celebrated Father Râle had established his mission at Norridgewock, where he labored with indefatigable energy, until his death finally satisfied the hatred of his enemies. Fathers Thury, Des Chambault, Simon, and Baudoin devoted themselves with marvelous energy to the task of strengthening the faith among these Indian tribes; and the unquestioning devotion that rewarded their labors compensated them for all the sufferings of their arduous lives. From a memoir dated 5th of February, 1691, it appears that, at that date, there were nine missionaries in the country, five secular priests, and four friars penitent, who received a yearly stipend from the French king, the priests 300 livres a year, and the friars 200 livres. Father Thury established a mission on the eastern shore of the peninsula, but afterward returned to his mission at Panawaniské, on the Penobscot, where he died in 1699. He was succeeded by Fathers Gaulin and Rageot, of the Seminary of Foreign Missions. These fathers transferred their missions to the Jesuits in 1703.

A glance at the missions of Acadia during the last half of the century which was now drawing to a close will show three great orders of religious confraternities striving in emulous rivalry within the territory "for the conquest of souls and the salvation of the Indians." The blood of Father Gilbert du Thet had not been spilled on barren ground. His words still echoed in the hearts of his brethren in New France; the Recollects occupied the whole territory within the old limits of De la Tour's lieutenant-generalship, their missions extending from Cape Sable to the river St. John, with resident curés at the Acadian settlements near the head of the Bay of Fundy; the priests of the Seminary of Foreign Missions of Quebec, vying with their brethren of the older religious houses of Europe in the fervor of their charity, were on the Penobscot and along the coast of Maine to the St. John's River; and a little later, as we have seen, had established Fathers Petit and Trouvé at Port Royal; while the black-coated army of the Jesuits, those invincible soldiers of the cross, were regaining the ground lost in 1613, and had entrenched themselves at St. Anne's in Cape Breton, at Miscou on the gulf, and at

Norridgewock in Maine, their missions forming a triangle on the confines of the territory, objective points from which they penetrated into the heart of the country.

Few memorials remain to testify to the heroic ardor and generous charity which impelled these undaunted missionaries to devote themselves, without question and without complaint, to the salvation of souls otherwise cast adrift without spiritual consolation, on the bleak shores of the Bay of Fundy and Gulf of St. Lawrence, in the first struggling efforts for the settlement of this continent. Even their names hardly survive; but it is still the glory of the Church to cherish the distant memory of these heroic men, who where the pioneers in the wilderness, making straight the ways of the Lord.

The world grows more grasping and selfish, more exacting in its demands for material development, less curious in things of the spirit, with the increasing rationalism of the age. There is no want of generous sentiment among the men and women of to-day; but its manifestation is stifled and deadened by the narrowness and hardness of modern life. The tendency of modern civilization is leveling and repressive; the struggle of daily life is more monotonous and confined within narrower limits; the age has lost in individualism, but its egotism is even more intense. The greed for money, luxury, and comfort grows with the increased facilities for securing these necessary conditions of modern life, and blunts the more generous emotions of the soul. Self-abnegation is unknown. It is a prosaic age—an age of eminent shopkeepers—that sneers at miracles, apostles, and missionaries; these belong to the past; the sciolism of the nineteenth century consigns those marvels of faith to the rude ages of which they form a part, they have no place in the active business of modern life. The world runs more evenly, but we fail in some way to reach the highest level of an earlier age. How far we have gained or lost, who shall pretend to judge? But it re-assures us at least to know that the Catholic Church still keeps alive within her sanctuary the memory and example of men who followed with clearer vision the immortal desires of the soul, and leavened with their holy charity the sordid selfishness of the world.

With the end of the century, French rule in Acadia drew rapidly to a close. The English attacks upon settlements grew more incessant and determined. In 1796, Colonel Benjamin Church, the famous partisan commander in King Philip's War, ravaged the settlements at the head of the Bay of Fundy, burning down the church at Beaubassin and driving the inhabitants into the woods. Eight years later, Church again left Boston, on what he

terms his fifth and last expedition east, and destroyed and wasted all the settlements that fell into his power, cutting the dikes so as to overflow the meadows, and in that way ruining the patient labors of nearly a century. The stormy government of the Gascon, De Brouillant, came to a close in October, 1705; he died at sea, on his return from France to Port Royal, near the entrance of Chibouctou Bay (Halifax), on board the king's ship Profond; his body was buried in the sea, but his heart was taken out, and interred near the cross on the cape at Port Royal.

M. de Subercase, the last French governor of the territory, arrived at Port Royal in 1706. The missions were desolate, the churches burned by the English, and the sacred vessels carried off as plunder to Boston. Under the government of Subercase, a last effort was made to retain the territory under the authority of the French crown. The fortifications of Port Royal were strengthened; a larger garrison was sent out from France, and the French ships-of-war and the privateers harassed the trade of New England. The New England militia twice laid siege to Port Royal in 1707, but were repulsed on each occasion with considerable loss. Father Patrice was appointed superior of the mission in this year, and a priest was stationed at Chibouctou, where the fishery was extensively carried on.

The publication of the Treaty of Utrecht, at Paris, on the 22d of May, 1713, was the first virtual acknowledgement of the failure of French colonization in North America. The treaty was decisive in its results. Hitherto French diplomacy had been able to win back, at the end of each successive war, the advantages gained in North America by the military prowess of the New England colonists and the naval supremacy of England; but Louis XIV was growing old, the military genius of Marlborough had destroyed the flower of the French armies, and the Court of Versailles was willing to purchase peace at home from the English, even at the price of sacrificing the dream of French empire in the New World. The tenth article of the treaty gave up all Hudson's Bay to the English; the twelfth, "likewise that all Nova Scotia or Acadie comprehended within its antient boundaries, also the city of Port Royal, now called Annapolis Royal, and all other things in these parts which depend on the said lands and islands, are yielded and made over to the Queen of Great Britain, and to her crown forever;" and the thirteenth article declared that Newfoundland should belong wholly to Great Britain.

Thus, at the close of a century from Argall's expedition, the title to the sovereignty of Acadia was finally determined, in a manner more regular and

formal, although the consequences to the French colonists were far more distressing and irreparable in the end than any devastation caused by the English freebooter when he ravaged the coasts in 1613. By the treaty France loosened her hold upon the northern half of the continent, and abandoned her title to the whole line of the Atlantic seaboard, except Cape Breton and the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and although the fortifications of Louisburg stayed for a time the tide of English conquest, and even enabled the French governors at Quebec to prosecute with temporary success their designs on the Ohio and Mississippi, yet her real loss was never regained in the New World, and the final triumph of New England, although delayed, was eventually assured.

By the cession of the territory, the Acadians found themselves in this unhappy position—they were called upon to serve two masters, both exacting, each inexorable in the demand for a single and unqualified allegiance. The French crown, it is true, had formally relinquished its right of sovereignty over the inhabitants of Acadia, but its secret aspirations were well known, and the inseparable ties of race, of their ancient allegiance, of religion, manners, and language, were too closely and firmly knit to yield to any formal renunciation made without their consent; while on the other hand, the strong arm of military power, the unconcealed threats of removal from the rich diked meadows that they had cultivated for a century, their tenacious love of country, and the uncertainty of the future, impelled them to submit with tacit acquiescence, at least, to the authority of the English governors at Annapolis.

By the terms of the capitulation of Port Royal, confirmed and enlarged by the letter of Queen Anne, of June 22, 1713, the Acadians were permitted either to sell their lands and remove out of the province, or to remain unmolested on condition of acknowledging themselves English subjects. The French authorities, who were then engaged in settling and fortifying Cape Breton, were desirous of strengthening and consolidating the new colony, and strong representations were made to induce the Acadians to remove with their effects to the island; the frowning ramparts which the French engineers were beginning to raise above the harbor of Louisburg seeming to promise a last and impregnable defense against English encroachment. In July, 1713, Governor de Costabelle sent a messenger with letters to Father Gaulin, F.M., whose missionary labors were confined to the Indians, and to Father Felix, Recollect, curé of Mines, urging them to use their influence to induce the

Acadians and Indians to remove from the province and join the colony at Louisburg. One cannot fail to observe in this, as well as in every other movement in the history both of English and French-American colonization of that day, the carelessness of both governments respecting colonial interests, so far as they affected only the colonists themselves, the ignorance and indifference always shown by the home authorities with regard to the natural ties formed by birth and labor in a new country, and the entire subjection of all other considerations to the furtherance of imperial views alone.

The few scattered missionaries, however, who still remained in the province, and who, in the absence of the regular civil authority to which they still felt themselves bound, were recognized by the Acadians as their natural leaders and most sincere friends, did not look very favorably upon a project which demanded such heavy and distressing sacrifices from their people, and preferred rather to rely upon the hope (then probable enough) of the eventual restoration of the country to the French crown, and upon the promises of toleration and civil liberty held out by the English governors. Father Felix Palm, in a letter addressed to Monsieur de Costabelle, states the objections made by the Acadians to the scheme proposed by the French government:

"Aux Mines, September 23, 1713.

"A summary of what the inhabitants have answered me:

"It would be to expose us manifestly (they say) to die of hunger, burthened as we are with large families, to quit the dwelling-places and clearances from which we derive our usual subsistence, without any other resource, to take rough, new lands, from which the standing wood must be removed without any advances or assistance. One-fourth of our population consists of aged persons, unfit for the labor of breaking up new lands, and who, with great exertion, are able only to cultivate the cleared ground which supplies subsistence for them and their families. Finally, we shall answer for ourselves and for the absent that we will never take the oath of allegiance to the queen of Great Britain, to the prejudice of what we owe to our king, to our country, and to our religion; and that if any attempt were made against the one or the other of these two articles of our fidelity—that is to say, to our king and to our law, that in that case we are ready to quit all rather than to violate in the least thing one of those articles. Besides, we do not yet know in what manner the English will use us. If they burthen us in respect of our religion, or eat up our settlements to divide the lands with people of their nations, we will abandon them absolutely. We know, further, from the exact visits we have made, that there are no lands in the whole island of Cape Breton which would be suitable for the maintenance of our families, since there are not meadows sufficient to nourish our cattle, from which we draw our principal subsistence. The Indians say that to shut them up in the island of Cape Breton would be to damage their liberty, and that it would be a thing inconsistent with their natural freedom and the means of providing for their subsistence. That with regard to their attachment to the king and to the French, that it is inviolable; and if the queen of England had the meadows of Acadie by the cession made by his majesty of them, they, the Indians, had the woods, out of which no one could ever dislodge them; and that so they wished

each to remain at their posts, promising, nevertheless, to be always faithful to the French. In the colonies of Port Royal, Mines, Piggiguit, Coppeguit, and Beaubassin, six thousand (6,000) souls would have to be removed."

The French plan for the removal of the Acadians to Cape Breton fell to the ground after a time, and was succeeded by a policy of reprisals more disastrous and harassing to the Acadians than to the English garrison at Annapolis; while at the same time the English lords of trade and the colonial governors were slowly maturing a scheme for the forcible and wholesale removal of the French inhabitants from the province.

The history of the expatriation of a peaceful and industrious people, the narration of the successive events during forty years leading up to the final catastrophe, the movement to and fro of the temporizing policy of the conquerors until they felt their power secure within their hands, the alternate hopefulness and anxiety of the conquered, the expectation of aid from their kinsmen abroad, sometimes drawing near, always eventually dashed to the ground; the desolation of the settlements by friend and foe, the burning of their churches, the driving out of their pastors, to whom they were devotedly attached as their most reliable and unselfish friends, and their final dispersion over the continent and among the islands of the West Indies—make a sombre-colored picture which attracts the imagination of the observer, and fixes his attention even at this distant day. The beautiful pictures of contented industry, of rural peace and simplicity, drawn by Longfellow and the Abbé Raynal, find little counterpart in the reality of the stern and rigorous rule of the English military governors at Annapolis, Fort Edward, and Fort Lawrence, or in the harassing persecution and suspicious tyranny to which the Acadians were ceaselessly subjected until the fall of the last French stronghold on the peninsula, by the capture of

BANISHMENT OF THE ACADIANS.

Fort Beausejour, left the English government free to carry out its long contemplated plan of wholesale deportation. One feature is more clearly marked than any other in the history of the Acadians—that is, the single-hearted devotion with which the missionaries devoted themselves to the amelioration of the political conditions of their people, as well as to the administration of the divine consolations of religion, which helped to sustain them under their burdens. That their faithfulness to their duty brought down upon their heads the anger and suspicion of the English governors, need not be said.

The policy of conciliation, indeed, was a policy not much practised nor very much esteemed in those days, nor were the inherent rights of distinct populations very clearly recognized; the English held the country by the strong hand, and both priests and people felt its weight without distinction. Scarcely three months had elapsed after the capitulation of Annapolis, when Father Justinien, the curé of the settlement, was imprisoned under the frivolous pretext of having left the banlieue, and gone up the river without the order of the governor, Colonel Vetch; and in February, 1711, he was sent to Boston, where he remained a prisoner for nearly two years. The condition, in the meantime, of the inhabitants of the Annapolis River was wretched, and their minds were harassed with doubts as to the future; in the same year they sent M. de Clignancourt to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the governor of Quebec, with a letter, in which they say:

"M. de Clignancourt will give you, sir, a faithful report of all that has passed since the departure of the English fleet. He will make you acquainted with the bottom of our hearts, and will tell you better than we can do by a letter the harsh manner in which Mr. Weische" (Vetch) "treats us, keeping us like negroes, and wishing to persuade us that we are under great obligations to him for not treating us much worse, being able, he says, to do so with justice, and without our having room to complain. We pray you, sir, to have regard to our misery, and to honor us with your letter for our consolation, expecting that you may furnish the necessary assistance for our retiring from this unhappy country."

Father Justinien was permitted to return in 1714-15, and continued to exercise the functions of curé at Annapolis until 1720. On the 28th of April of that year Governor Philipps issued proclamations to the people of Annapolis, Mines, and Chignecto, commanding them to take the oath of allegiance without qualification, or to withdraw from the country within four months, without carrying away any of their effects except two sheep for each family; the rest of their property to be confiscated to the crown. At the same date, letters were addressed to Father Justinien at Annapolis, Father Felix at

Mines, and Father Vincent, at Chignecto, ordering them to summon their people together and make known the governor's proclamation. The terms prescribed by the proclamation were in violation of the promises made in the letter of Queen Anne, which guaranteed to the Acadians the right "to retain and enjoy their said lands and tenements without molestation (on condition of being willing to continue our subjects), as fully and freely as other our subjects do or may possess their lands or estates, or to sell the same, if they shall rather choose to remove elsewhere."

Finding this alternative before them, the inhabitants sent a letter by Father Justinien to M. St. Ovide, governor at Louisburg, appealing to him for advice and assistance. Some correspondence took place between St. Ovide and Philipps, and the English governor, finding the forces at his command insufficient to carry out his proclamation, allowed the matter to rest for a time; "sending home the deputies," as he says, "with smooth words and promises of enlargement of time."

The departure of Father Justinien was, however, looked upon unfavorably by the governor, and he was forbidden to return to the province. Philipps afterward granted the petition of the inhabitants of Annapolis to send to Cape Breton for a priest in place of Father Justinien. Father Charlemagne was appointed curé and continued to officiate until 1724, when he in turn fell under the suspicion of the governor and council, and was sent out of the province.

In February of the same year, Father Isidore, a Franciscan friar, came to Annapolis. He had been selected by Father Claude Sanquiest, superior of the Recollects, at Louisburg, to be resident priest at Piggiguit (Windsor). Maj. Cosby, who commanded at Canso, wrote to Lieutenant-Governor Doucett, at Annapolis, that his excellency the governor had authorized Sanquiest to appoint a curé for Piggiguit. Father Isidore received the approbation of the council, and entered on his mission at Piggiguite. An event soon occurred, however, in which the missionaries were charged with complicity—the suspicious temper of the governor and council being prone to lay all their difficulties at the door of the "Romish priests"—and which resulted in the banishment of Father Felix and Father Charlemagne from the province, and the transfer of Father Isidore to the curé of Mines.

The Indians continued this year to make war on the frontier New England settlements, and in the middle of the summer a war party of Micmacs and Malecites attacked the fort at Annapolis, killed two and wounded four of a

party of the garrison, who made a sally and carried off several prisoners. Father Charlemagne and Father Isidore were brought before the council, and examined with regard to their previous knowledge of the designs of the Indians. The council resolved that Father Charlemagne should be kept in custody until an opportunity offered of sending him out of the province, and he was forbidden to return on his peril. The evidence against Father Charlemagne was of the most slender character, and no jury could be found now to convict him of complicity in the attack; the council being obliged, in fact, to base its judgment on the supposition that he could have given the garrison notice of the proposed attack, and that he failed to do so. When it is known that he had no means of communicating with the garrison, except by the river, and that both banks were guarded by hostile Indians, determined to intercept any communication, it is not difficult to see that the verdict of the council was formed rather from their desire to find some one whom they could punish for the late attack (as the Indians had escaped them), and upon the natural odium which they entertained against Romish priests, than upon the evidence in the case. The answers of Father Charlemagne himself were frank and straightforward, and offer a curious commentary upon the statement made in the report of the council that "he often prevaricated, and never answering directly to any question."

The governor laid before the board a letter from Pére Felix, who refused to appear before the council, as he was about to leave the province. It was resolved "that an order be sent to Mines, to be there published at the mass-house, to discharge the said Father Felix from ever, at his utmost peril, entering this province without the consent and approbation of the government." Father Isidore was acquitted of any complicity in the attack upon the garrison; and, after having received the thanks of the governor in council, was appointed to the curé of Mines in place of Father Felix. The English then shot and scalped an Indian hostage who had been detained two years in the fort. He was put to death on the spot where Sergeant McNeal, one of the garrison, had been killed. The council also passed a standing order "that there should be no more Mass said up the river; that the Mass-house there should be demolished, and that one should be built at Annapolis, to which they might all resort, as an eternal monument of their said treachery."

It might perhaps be supposed that this furious bigotry wreaked upon innocent heads ended there—the Indians who attacked the fort belonged mostly to a tribe called the Malecites, living on the St. John River, on the other side

of the Bay of Fundy, who were strangers to the missionaries at Port Royal and Mines, and over whom they had no control; and it was not pretended nor asserted that a single Acadian had taken part in the raid—but it did not. Eight years afterwards, when another governor, Colonel Armstrong, had succeeded Philipps, the people up the river petitioned to have their church removed to the middle of the settlement, or else that the priest might spend half his time up the river. This was refused on the ground that the church had been removed to Annapolis on account of "*a massacre contrived by the priests*, Charlemain and Felix of Mines, and several of the people, to be perpetrated by the Indians;" and they were told by Armstrong: "There are none of you but know how barbarously some of his majesty's subjects were murdered and wounded by these infatuated, unthinking people." The council were of opinion that their church should not be removed, but that it should "remain where it now is as a lasting monument and memorial of their treacherous villainy to his Brittanick majesty and his subjects."

In October of the same year the lieutenant-governor informed the council that he had received a letter from Father Felix, informing him of his (Felix's) return to the province, and that he had taken up his residence at Chignecto on the assurance of a letter from the governor of Cape Breton in his favor. Father Felix was accompanied by two other Recollects, missionaries, who also addressed letters to the lieutenant-governor, asking permission to officiate. The council, however, was inexorable, and ordered Father Felix and his companions not to remain in the province at their peril; but as its authority did not extend practically beyond cannon-shot of the fort at Annapolis, there was no means of enforcing the order, and Father Felix continued to officiate for several years. In January, 1725, Father Ignace, a Flemish priest, who had been sent by Father Jocunde, the superior of the Recollects in Cape Breton, with a recommendation to the people of Mines, arrived at Annapolis with the deputies from that settlement, and requested the permission of the government to officiate. The governor and council having demanded and received from him assurances that he would confine himself solely to his religious labors, and that he would take no part in the political affairs of the province, appointed him to Chignecto, "in the hope," as they said, "of rooting out Felix." At a meeting of council on the 22d of January, Father Pierre, who had gone to Cobequid without leave, was ordered to be "banished the country," and the council threatened the people of that settlement with severe penalties for referring a question of building a

church to the bishop of Quebec. Father Charlemagne, who had been imprisoned since July previous, was sent to Cape Breton in the spring of this year (1725.)

In 1726 the venerable Indian missionary, Father Gaulin, finding himself greatly harassed by the hostility of the provincial government, surrendered himself prisoner at Annapolis, and petitioned the governor and council for leave to remain as a missionary in the province. He was treated with great harshness and insolence by the governor and council; but, as it was deemed prudent at the time to conciliate the French inhabitants and the Indians, the decision of the council was that, "notwithstanding he was such a vile fellow, it would still be better at this juncture to continue him, than either to keep him in prison or banish him from the province." Father Gaulin was accordingly called before the council, and after being reprimanded for his "intolerable insolence," "that old fellow Gaulin"—as the governor, Armstrong, calls the venerable priest who had been laboring for twenty years in the wilderness among the Indians without other recompense than the consciousness of duty faithfully performed—was set at liberty and allowed to enter again upon his mission without further molestation.

The governor, Armstrong, was a man of violent and suspicious temper who was always embroiled in disputes with his subordinate officers, but the brunt of his displeasure invariably fell upon the missionaries. In 1729 Father Breslay, curé of Annapolis, was banished from the province, and it was not until 1732 that Armstrong granted the petition of the inhabitants, and wrote to M. St. Ovide at Louisburg to send him two priests, one for Annapolis and the other for Mines. He had previously ordered Father Godalie, curé of Mines, and grand vicar, to leave the province. Father Godalie was accused of having "basely contradicted himself"—"of presuming to build churches without the privity or authority of his majesty's government"—"of perverting one of his majesty's subjects to the popish religion," "and for styling himself the bishop of Quebec's vicar." For these offenses the council ordered him to depart out of the province, directed the inhabitants not to pay him any more tithes.

In 1736, Father St. Poucy and Father De Chevereaux, another of the missionaries from Louisburg, were ordered to be sent out of the province, for refusing to obey the governor's order to go to Poubomcoup (Pubnico) to recover some property from the Indians—the missionaries declaring that they had no business with things temporal, and refusing to have anything to do

with the affair. Father De Chevereaux stopped at Cape Sable, where he commenced a mission among the Indians; and Father St. Poucy, after having sent to Louisburg, returned again to Annapolis. The government immediately ordered him to depart on the first opportunity, but the inhabitants petitioning strongly in his favor, he was allowed to resume his functions as curé. He continued to officiate until 1740, when he applied for a passport, signifying his intention to leave the province by way of Mines. He returned to the province from Louisburg in the autumn of the same year, and wrote to Governor Mascarene, who had succeeded Armstrong, announcing his intention of establishing himself as missionary at Chignecto. The government refused, however, to sanction his return to the province, and Father Laboret was appointed curé of Chignecto. Father De St. Poucy was succeeded at Annapolis by Father Nicholas Vauquelin, who continued to perform the functions of curé until June, 1742. The first mention made of Father De Loutre, of the Society of Foreign Missions, who afterwards played so conspicuous a part in opposing the measures taken by the English government to drive the Indians and Acadians out of the province, is found in a letter addressed to him from Governor Mascarene, in January, 1741. Mascarene was a man of ability and moderation of temper, and there is every reason to believe that, if his successors in the government of the province, Cornwallis and Lawrence, had followed the policy of conciliation which he initiated, the discontent and anxiety of the Acadians and the hostility of the Indians, would have been soon replaced by a loyal and contented submission to the English government, and the disgraceful outrages upon justice and humanity involved in the expulsion of the Acadians, which make one of the worst chapters in the harsh history of English colonial government, would have been avoided.

With the complete occupation of Halifax by the British, in 1741, the history of the relations between the colonial government and the Acadians underwent a sudden and radical change. Within six years priests and people had disappeared from the province, and were dispersed in helpless and scattered groups over English colonies. The larger military force at the disposal of the English governors at Halifax, enabled them to carry out, without further delay, the long-contemplated plan for the forcible removal of the whole body of the Acadian population. The history of their expulsion has been often written, and has been made familiar by poets and essayists to all readers. It is a chapter in the history of the English colonial government of the eighteenth century which will not easily lose its interest so long as the

associations of country and the sacred intimacy of family ties find a place in men's hearts. The missions were broken. Fathers Des Enclaves, Dandin, Chauvreaux, and Miniac were put on board the English fleet and carried off prisoners with the people among whom they had labored long and faithfully. Father De Loutre sailed for France after the capture of Fort Beausejour, but was taken prisoner on the voyage by an English cruiser, and sent to Elizabeth Castle, in Jersey, were he remained for eight years.

The poor exiles of this period fared badly, as was intended. Some were landed in Massachusetts, friendless and starving; many died; over one thousand became a public charge. Others were taken further south and were

ACADIANS LEAVING THEIR SHORES.

reduced to such misery that they were sold as slaves. Others took refuge in Cape Breton and in St. John's (now Prince Edward) Island. After peace was proclaimed and the footing of the English colony firmly established, the embargo was taken off Acadian settlers. Some of these poor people, who were longing for their "dear Acadie," and who were near enough to carry out their wishes, returned, but returned to find their homes occupied by the invader. Their clearings and houses thus being lost to them, they settled along the shores, and, as time wore on, became quite a thriving population,

gaining their living from the treasures of the sea, and establishing fisheries now a source of vast wealth to the Dominion.

In 1759, an act was passed by the provincial assembly banishing "popish priests," under penalty of imprisonment, etc.; any person found harboring and concealing one to pay a fine of £50 for the first offense; to be set in the pillory, and find securities for good behavior. In this manner ended the French missions in Acadia; but a soil crowded with the associations of so many laborers in the Lord's vineyard, was not long destined to remain barren. An Irish Catholic Church, full of vigorous life, strong in that vitality of the faith inherent in the race, has sprung up on the ruins of the French missions. The age has grown more tolerant, the old barriers against liberty of conscience have been broken down, and the Catholic Church in the British provinces has no longer to contend against the difficulties and perils that beset the early missionaries. Looking back now at their shadowy figures, standing in the background of American colonization in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, and unclouded by the dark prejudices of race and religion which then enveloped them, we are able, in this age, to pay a more just and grateful tribute of admiration to the brave and faithful services they rendered to the Acadians.

Chapter XIV.

HURONS OF THE LAKES.

Father Le Caron Receives Help.—Lives of Self-Denial.—Three Soldiers of the Cross.—The Famous Wyandots.—Parting With a Beloved Missionary.—Father Brebent Longs for His Children.—A Tedious River Journey.—Arrival in the Huron Nation.—"Echon has Come Again!"—Teaching by the Clock.—Painting the Mission Cross.—A Plague Strikes the Land.—The Missionary's First Triumph.—Medicine Men in Trouble.—The Fathers Tried for Sorcery.—Heads in Danger.—Clouds of Death and Martyrdom.—Trials on the St. Lawrence.—Father Daniel and his Children.—The Iroquois War Party.—A Martyr and His Blazing Church.—The Stricken Huron Nation.—Massacre at St. Ignatius.—Torture of the Fathers.—Scoffing the Martyrs.—Two Glorious Deaths.—Last of a Great Nation.

IN the account given of Champlain, the founder and first governor of Quebec, we left Father Le Caron, the Franciscan Recollect, laboring among the Huron Indians of that region. In 1623, while temporarily sojourning at Quebec, this missionary was rejoiced by the arrival from France of Father Viel and Brother Sagard of the same order. The good missionary at once invited them to a place in his canoe, and the three Franciscans paddled off to the distant missions of the Hurons. The old cabin was renovated, and the priests began to labor among the savages as well as they could. Two adults were baptized.

But it was a hard life and a stony field. The missionaries subsisted chiefly on Indian corn, peas, and squashes. A little stream that ran near the door furnished their only drink. On the long winter evenings they read by the light of the fire—having no candles. They retired to rest on beds of bark, and slept soundly after the daily round of ceaseless toil.

In the summer of 1624 Father Le Caron returned to Quebec on business of importance. The aid of the Jesuits was requested in the work of the missions, and in the year following three fathers were sent to Canada. Fathers John de Brébeuf, Charles Lallemant, and Evremond Massé, themselves all eager for the task, were the priests selected by their superiors for the trying mission. These apostolic men sailed from Dieppe, April 26, 1625, and reached Quebec after a prosperous voyage. The reception they at first met was enough to have appalled any hearts less resolute and inspired from above than were the hearts of Father Brébeuf and his companions. The Recollects, a branch of the Franciscan order, who, through Father Le Caron, had invited them over, had received at their convent on the river St. Charles no tidings of their arrival; Champlain, ever friendly to the missionaries of the faith, was absent; Caen, the Calvinist, then at the head of the fur-trading monopoly of New France, refused them shelter in the fort; and the private traders at Quebec closed their doors against them. To perish in the wilderness, or to return to France from the inhospitable shores of the New World, was the only alternative before them. At this juncture the good Recollects, hearing of their arrival and destitution, hastened from their convent in their boat, and received the outcast sons of Loyola with every demonstration of joy and hospitality, and carried them to the convent. The sons of St. Francis and St. Ignatius united at once in administering to the spiritual necessities of the French at Quebec, and the latter, by their heroic labors and sacrifices, soon overcame the prejudice of their enemies.

From his transient home at Quebec, Father Brébeuf watched for an opportunity of advancing to the field of his mission among the Indians. The first opportunity that presented itself was the proposed descent of Father Viel to Three Rivers, in order to make a retreat and attend to some necessary business of the mission. Father Brébeuf, accompanied by the Recollect, Father Dallion, lost no time in repairing to the trading post to meet the father, return with him and the expected annual flotilla of trading canoes from the Huron country, and commence his coveted work among the Wyandots. But he arrived only to hear that Father Viel had gained the crown of martyrdom, together with a little Christian boy, whom their Indian conductor, as his canoe shot across the last dangerous rapids in the river Des Prairies, behind Montreal, seized and threw into the foaming torrent together, by which they were swept immediately into the seething gulf below, never to rise again. Neither the death of Father Viel, nor his own ignorance of

the Huron language, appalled the brave heart of Father Brébeuf, who, when the flotilla came down, begged to be taken back as a passenger to the Huron country; but the refusal of the Indians to receive him compelled him to return to Quebec. On the 20th of July, 1625, he went among the Montagnais, with whom he wintered, and for five months suffered all the rigors of the climate in a mere bark-cabin, in which he had to endure both smoke and filth, the inevitable penalties of accepting savage hospitality. Besides this his encampment was shifted with the ever-varying chase, and it was only his zeal that enabled him, amid incessant changes and distractions, to learn much of the Indian language for the acquisition of the various dialects of which, as well as for his aptitude in accommodating himself to Indian life and manners, he was singularly gifted. On the 27th of March following, he returned to Quebec, and resumed, in union with the Recollects, the care of the French settlers. The Jesuits and Recollects, moving together in perfect unison, went alternately from Quebec to the Recollect convent and Jesuit residence, on a small river called St. Charles, not far from the city.

The colony of the Jesuit fathers was soon increased by the arrival of Fathers Noirot and De la Nouë, with twenty laborers, and they were thus enabled to build a residence for themselves—the mother house and headquarters of these valiant soldiers of the cross in their long and eventful struggle with paganism and superstition among the Indians. Father Brébeuf and his companions now devoted their labors to the French at Quebec, then numbering only forty-three, hearing confessions, preaching, and studying the Indian languages. They also bestowed considerable attention on the cultivation of the soil. But these labors were but preparatory for others more arduous, but more attractive to them.

In 1626 the Huron mission was again attempted by Father Brébeuf He, together with Father Dallion and the Jesuit, Father Nouë, was sent to Three Rivers, to attempt a passage to the Huron country. When the Indian flotilla arrived at Three Rivers, the Hurons were ready to receive Father Dallion on board, but being unaccustomed to the Jesuit habit, and objecting, or pretending to object, to the portly frame of Father Brébeuf, they refused a passage to him and his companion, Father Nouë. At last some presents secured a place in the flotilla for the two Jesuits. The missionaries, after a painful voyage, arrived at St. Gabriel, or La Rochelle ,in the Huron country, and took up the mission which Le Caron and Viel had so nobly pioneered.

The Hurons, whose proper name was Wendat, or Wyandot, were a

powerful tribe, numbering at least thirty thousand souls, living in eighteen villages scattered over a small strip of land on a peninsula in the southern extremity of the Georgian Bay. Other tribes, kindred to them, stretched through New York and into the continent as far south as the Carolinas. Their towns were well built and strongly defended, and they were good tillers of the soil, active traders, and brave warriors. They were, however, behind their neighbors in their domestic life and in their styles of dress, which for both sexes were exceedingly scant. Their objects of worship were one supreme deity, called the Master of Life, to whom they offered human sacrifices, and an infinite number of inferior deities, or rather fiends, inhabiting rivers, cataracts, or other natural objects, riding on the storms, or living in some animal or plant, and whom they propitiated with tobacco. Father Brébeuf had acquired sufficient knowledge of their language to make himself understood by the natives, and he was greatly assisted by the instructions and manuscripts of Fathers Le Caron and Viel. Father Nouë, being unable to acquire the language by reason of his great age and defective memory, returned to Quebec in 1627, and was followed the next year by Father Dallion, who had made a brave but unsuccessful effort to plant the cross among the Attiarandaronk, or Neutrals. The undaunted Brébeuf was thus in 1629 left alone among the Hurons. He soon won their confidence and respect, and was adopted into the tribe by the name of Echon. Though few conversions rewarded his labors among them during his three years' residence, still he was amply compensated by his success in gaining their hearts, acquiring their language, and thoroughly understanding their character and manners. So completely had he gained the good-will of the Hurons that, when he was about to return in 1629 to Quebec, whither his superior had recalled him, in consequence of the distress prevailing in the colony, the Indians crowded around him to prevent him from entering the canoes, and addressed him in this touching language: "What! Echon, dost thou leave us? Thou hast been here now three years to learn our language, to teach us to know thy God, to adore and serve him, having come but for that end, as thou hast shown; and now, when thou knowest our language more perfectly than any other Frenchman, thou leavest us. If we do not know the God thou adorest, we shall call him to witness that it is not our fault, but thine, to leave us so."

Deeply as he felt this appeal, the Jesuit could know no other voice when his superior spoke; and having given every encouragement to those who were well disposed toward the faith, and explained why he should go when

his superior required it, he embarked on the flotilla of twelve canoes, and reached Quebec on the 17th of July, 1629. Three days after his arrival at Quebec, that port was captured by the English under the traitor Kirk, who bore the deepest hatred toward the Jesuits, whose residence he would have fired upon could he have brought his vessel near enough for his cannon to bear upon it. He pillaged it, however, compelling the fathers to abandon it and fly for safety to Tadoussac. But Father Brébeuf and his companions were, together with Champlain, detained as prisoners. Amongst the followers of Kirk was one Michel, a bitter and relentless Huguenot, who was by his temperament and infirmities prone to violence, and who vented his rage especially against the Jesuits. He and the no less bigoted Kirk found in Father Brébeuf an intrepid defender of his order and of his companions against their foul calumnies, while at the same time his noble character showed how well it was trained to the practice of Christian humility and charity.

On the occasion here particularly alluded to, Kirk was conversing with the fathers, who were then his prisoners, and, with a malignant expression, said:

"Gentlemen, your business in Canada was to enjoy what belonged to M. de Caen, whom you dispossessed."

"Pardon me, sir," answered Father Brébeuf, "we came purely for the glory of God, and exposed ourselves to every kind of danger to convert the Indians."

Here Michel broke in: "Ay, ay, convert the Indians! You mean, convert the *beaver!*"

Father Brébeuf, conscious of his own and his companion's innocence, and deeming the occasion one which required at his hands a full and unqualified denial, solemnly and deliberately answered:

"That is false!"

The infuriated Michel, raising his fist at his prisoner in a threatening manner, exclaimed:

"But for the respect I owe the general, I would strike you for giving me the lie."

Father Brébeuf, who possessed a powerful frame and commanding figure, stood unmoved and unruffled. But he did not rely upon these qualities of the man, though he knew no fear, but illustrated by his example on this as on every other occasion the virtues of a Christian and a minister of peace. With a humility and charity that showed how well the strong and naturally impulsive man had subdued his passions, he endeavored to appease the anger of his

assailant by an apology, which, while it was justly calculated to remove all cause of offense, was accompanied with a solemn vindication of himself and companions from the unjust imputation just cast upon them. He said:

"You must excuse me. I did not mean to give you the lie. I should be very sorry to do so. The words I used are those we use in the schools when a doubtful question is advanced, and they mean no offense. Therefore, I ask you to pardon me."

"Bon Dieu," said Champlain, "you swear well for a reformer!"

"I knew it," replied Michel; "I should be content if I had struck that Jesuit who gave me the lie before my general."

The unfortunate Michel continued in this way unceasingly to rave over the pretended insult, which no apoligies could obliterate. He died shortly afterward in one of his paroxysms of fury, and was interred under the rocks of Tadoussac. It was not permitted to him to execute his threatened vengeance on the Jesuit, whom he was the first to insult, and whom he never forgave, though himself forgiven.

Father Brébeuf, together with the truly great and Catholic Champlain, the governor of Quebec, and with the other missionaries, were carried prisoners to England, whence after some time they were allowed to proceed to France.

Here, we are told, the missionary lived among his brethren with the simplicity of a little child. The thorny way of the Indian missions had but advanced him on the royal road of the Cross. In 1631 he wrote: "I feel that I have no talent for anything, recognizing in myself only an inclination to obey others. I believe that I am only fit to be a porter, to clean out the rooms of my brethren, and to serve in the kitchen. I mean to conduct myself in the society as if I were a beggar, admitted into it by sufferance, and I will receive everything that is granted me as a particular favor." The person who wrote this was, without any doubt, one of the most gifted men of his age!

On the 22d of May, 1633, to the great joy of Quebec, Champlain returned to resume his sway in Canada, and Father Brébeuf accompanied him, together with Father's Massé, Daniel, and Davost, all of the Society of Jesus. Though Father Brébeuf was not inactive about Quebec, still his heart longed for the Huron homes and council-fires, and still more for Huron souls. Shortly afterward, he had the consolation of beholding the faithful Louis Amantacha, a Christian Huron, arriving at Quebec, followed by the

usual Indian flotilla of canoes. A council was held; sixty chiefs sat in a circle round the council-fire, and the noble Champlain, the intrepid Brébeuf, and the zealous Lallemant, stood in their midst. A treaty of friendship was concluded between the French and the Hurons, and, in confiding the missionaries to his new allies, Champlain thus addressed the latter: "These we consider as fathers; these are dearer to us than life. Think not that they have left France under pressure of want; no, they were there in high esteem; they come not to gather up your furs, but to open to you the doors of eternal life. If you love the French, as you say you love them, then love and honor these, our fathers."

On the eve of departure, however, a misunderstanding among the Indians prevented the missionaries from proceeding on their journey, and another year passed away before the fleet of canoes came down the St. Lawrence.

In the summer of 1634 the dusky traders landed their light crafts at Three Rivers, and this time Father Brébeuf and his two companions set out with them on their return trip.

They reckoned the distance at nine hundred miles; but distance was the least repellant feature of this most arduous journey. Barefooted, lest their shoes should injure the frail vessel, each priest crouched in his canoe, and toiled with unpracticed hand to propel it. Before him, week after week, he saw the same lank, unkempt hair, the same tawny shoulders, and long, naked arms ceaselessly plying the paddle. The canoes were soon separated, and for more than a month the priests rarely or never met. Brébeuf spoke a little Huron, and could converse with his escort, but Daniel and Davost were doomed to a silence unbroken save by the occasional unintelligible complaints and menaces of the Indians, of whom many were sick with an epidemic, and all were terrified, desponding, and sullen.

Their only food was a pittance of Indian corn crushed between two stones and mixed with water. The toil was extreme. Brébeuf counted thirty-five portages where their canoes were lifted from the water, and carried on the shoulders of the voyagers around the rapids or cataracts. More than fifty times besides they were forced to wade in the raging current, pushing up their empty barks or dragging them with ropes. The Apostle of the Hurons tried to do his part, but the boulders and sharp rocks wounded his naked feet and compelled him to desist. He and his companions bore their share of the baggage across the portages, sometimes a distance of several miles. Four trips at least were required to convey the whole. The way

was through the dense forest, encumbered with rocks and logs, tangled with roots and underbrush, damp with perpetual shade, and redolent of decayed leaves and mouldering wood. The Indians themselves were often spent with fatigue. Father Brébeuf, with his iron frame and unconquerable resolution, doubted if his strength would sustain him to his journey's end.

He complains that he had no moment to read his breviary, except by the moonlight or the fire, when stretched out to sleep on a bare rock by some savage cataract of the Ottawa, or in a damp nook of the adjacent forest. Descending French River, and following the lonely shore of the great Georgian Bay, the canoe which carried Brébeuf at length neared its destination, thirty days after leaving Three Rivers. Before him, stretched in wild slumber, lay the forest shore of the Huron Nation. Did his spirit sink as he approached his dreary home, oppressed with a dark foreboding of what the future should bring forth?

Brébeuf and his Huron companions having landed, the Indians, throwing the missionary's baggage on the ground, left him to his own resources, and, without heeding his remonstrances, set forth for their respective villages, some twenty miles distant. Thus abandoned, the priest knelt, not to implore succor in his perplexity, but to offer thanks to the Providence which had shielded him thus far. Then rising, he pondered as to what course he should take. He knew the spot well. It was on the borders of the small inlet called Thunder Bay. In the neighboring Huron town of Toanché he had lived three years, preaching and baptizing. He hid his baggage in the woods, including the vessels for the Holy Mass, more precious than all the rest, and began to search for his new abode. Evening was near, when, after following, bewildered and anxious, a gloomy forest path, he issued upon a wild clearing, and saw before him the bark roofs of Ihonatiria.

A crowd ran out to meet him. "Echon has come again! Echon has come again!" they cried, recognizing in the distance the stately figure robed in black that advanced from the border of the forest. They led him to the town, and the whole population swarmed about him. After a short rest, he set out with a number of young Indians in quest of his baggage, returning with it at one o'clock in the morning.

Welcomed by one of the richest and most hospitable Hurons of Ihonatiria, Father Brébeuf made his abode with him. As days passed he anxiously awaited the arrival of his two fellow-priests and their French companions. One by one they made their appearance. But they could scarcely be recog-

nized. Half-dead with hunger and fatigue, they resembled living skeletons more than men.

A house for the black-robes after the Huron model was soon erected. As hundreds of Indians joined in the work, the bark mansion rose in a few days—a complete edifice. It was divided into three parts—store-house, dwelling-house, and chapel. This house and its furniture soon became the wonder of the whole Huron country. Visitors were in abundance. It was the clock, above all, that puzzled and pleased them.

The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded one of the Frenchmen would cry "Stop!" and to the admiration of the company the obedient clock was silent.

The mill was another wonder, and they were never tired of turning it. Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying glass, wherein a flea was transformed into a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens, which showed them the same object eleven times repeated.

"All this," writes Father Brébeuf, "serves to gain their affection, and make them more docile in respect to the admirable and incomprehensible mysteries of our Faith; for the opinion they have of our genius and capacity makes them believe whatever we tell them."

"What does the captain say?" was the frequent question, for by this title of honor they designated the clock. "When he strikes twelve times, he says, 'Hang on the kettle,' and when he strikes four times, he says, 'Get up and go home.'" Both interpretations were well remembered. At noon visitors were never wanting to share the fathers' sagamite, but at the stroke of four all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace.

Father Brébeuf, as superior of the mission, and his two colleagues now began their labors. To warriors and women, children and chiefs, the Gospel was now announced. The work of conversion was long and most difficult. In fact, during the first few years no adults were baptized save those at the point of death. The experienced Brébeuf knew Indian nature well, and he greatly feared backsliding. Hence his caution. In his eyes one good Christian was better than a multitude of bad ones. Besides, all the Indian vices—and the Huron nation was corrupt to the core—had to be eradicated before Catholicity could be planted. The herculean toil of battling against depravity, and of seeing that neither young nor old died without aid, such was the unceasing task of the Jesuits.

In the summer of 1635 there was a severe drought, which defied Indian magic, and ruined the reputation of many a medicine man. One of the most renowned of these jugglers, seeing his reputation tottering under his repeated failures, bethought himself of accusing the Jesuits, and gave out that the red color of the cross which stood before their house scared the bird of thunder, and caused him to fly another way. On this a clamor arose. The popular ire turned against the priests, and the obnoxious cross was condemned to be hewn down. Aghast at the threatened sacrilege, they attempted to reason away the storm, assuring the crowd that the lightning was not a bird, but certain hot and fiery exhalations, which being imprisoned, darted this way and that, trying to escape. As this philosophy failed to convince their hearers, the missionaries changed their line of defense.

"You say," observed the fathers, "that the red color of the cross frightens the bird of thunder. Then paint the cross white, and see if the thunder will come." This was done, but the clouds still kept aloof.

"Your spirits cannot help you," said Father Brébeuf, "and your sorcerers have deceived you with lies. Now ask the aid of Him who made the world, and perhaps He will listen to your prayers." And he added that if the Indians would renounce their sins, and obey the true God, they would make a procession daily to implore His favor towards them. There was no want of promises. The processions were begun, as were also nine Masses to St. Joseph, and as heavy rains occurred soon after, the Indians conceived a high idea of the efficacy of the French "medicine."

If in 1636 more Jesuits came to the assistance of the dauntless Brébeuf, his difficulties on that account did not diminish. For several years the pestilence had scourged the Hurons, but now it arrived in its most terrible form — the small-pox. Mourning overshadowed the land. Brébeuf and his brave band became, if possible, more than heroes. Amid the wails of the living and the groans of the dying, they passed around, like good angels, from cabin to cabin, aiding and comforting as they went along. Often the only return for their charity were jeers and curses.

"When we see them," writes Parkman, "in the gloomy February of 1637, and the gloomier months that followed, toiling on foot from one infected town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forest, drenched with incessant rains, till they descried at length through the storm the clustering dwellings of some barbarous hamlet, when we see them entering one after another these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and

all for one sole end, the baptism of the sick and dying, . . . we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it was pursued."

In those wild scenes of misery, no pen can picture the heroic toils, the calmness, the grandeur of soul exhibited by Father Brébeuf. How the human frame could endure it is something which fills the mind with astonishment. Nor had he to battle against disease and Indian wickedness only. The powers of darkness assailed the great priest in every way possible. Demons in troops appeared before him, sometimes in the guise of men, sometimes as bears, wolves, or wild-cats. He called on God and the apparitions vanished. Death, like a skeleton, sometimes menaced him, and once, as he faced it with an unquailing eye, it fell powerless at his feet. He saw the vision of a vast and gorgeous palace, and a miraculous voice assured him that such was to be the reward of those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God. Angels appeared to him, and more than once St. Joseph and the Most Blessed Virgin were visibly present before his sight.

In 1637 Father Brébeuf had the extreme consolation of solemnly baptizing a Huron chief, the first adult in health yet admitted to the Christian fold. It was done with great ceremony, and in the presence of hundreds of wondering Indians. But the devil became alarmed at this triumph of the Faith. More than ever the savages began to suspect the Jesuits. It was secretly whispered abroad that they had bewitched the nation, in short, were the principal cause of the pest which threatened to destroy it.

A dwarfish medicine-man, who boasted that he was a veritable fiend incarnate, originated this rumor. The slander, says Parkman, spread fast and far. Their friends looked at them askance, their enemies clamored for their lives. Some said that the priests concealed in their houses a corpse which infected the country—a prevalent notion derived from some half-instructed neophyte concerning the body of Christ in the Eucharist. Others ascribed the evils to a serpent, others to a spotted frog, others to a demon which the priests were supposed to carry in the barrel of a gun. Others again gave out that they had pricked an infant to death with awls in the forest, in order to kill the Huron children by magic. "Perhaps," observes Father Le Mercier, "the devil was enraged because we had placed a great many of these little innocents in Heaven."

The picture of the Last Judgment became an object of terror. It was regarded as a charm. The dragons and serpents were supposed to be the demons of the pest, and the sinners whom they were so busily devouring to

represent its victims. On the top of a spruce tree near their house at Ihonatiria, the priests had fastened a small streamer to show the direction of the wind. This, too, was taken for a charm, throwing off disease and death to all quarters. The clock, once an object of harmless wonder, now excited the wildest alarm, and the Jesuits were forced to stop it, as it was supposed to sound the signal of death. At sunset, one would have seen knots of Indians, their faces dark with dejection and terror, listening to the measured sounds which issued from within the neighboring house of the mission, where, with bolted doors, the priests were singing Litanies, mistaken for incantations by the awe-struck savages.

On the evening of the 4th of August, 1637, the chiefs held a solemn council to discuss the whole question of the pest and the Jesuits. Father Brébeuf and his associates were requested to be present, and gladly they accepted the invitation. A stranger scene it would be dfficult to imagine. Chiefs, grizzly with age and bearing the scars of many a fierce contest, spent their eloquence, the whole gist of which was—the Huron nation was dying away, and the priests were the cause. When the last of the dusky orators sat down, the noble Brébeuf arose and thoroughly exposed the utter absurdity of the charges against himself and his fellow priests. But it was all to no purpose. There was a clamor for the "charmed cloth!" In vain did the Jesuit protest that they had nothing of the kind. The loud and savage demands but increased.

"If you will not believe me," said Brébeuf, "go to our house, search everywhere, and if you are not sure which is the charm, take all our clothing and all our cloth and throw them into the lake."

"Sorcerers always talk in that way," was the reply.

"Then what will you have me say?" demanded Brébeuf.

"Tell us the cause of the pest," was still asked.

The good father's explanations and the loud interruptions of the Indians delayed the debate until long after midnight. As one of the old chiefs passed out, he said to the "Xavier of North America": "If some young brave should split your head, we should have nothing to say."

The fathers were now in peril of their lives. The few converts they had lately made came to them in secret and warned them that their death was determined upon. The house was set on fire, in public every face was averted from them, and a new council was called to pronounee the decree of death. They appeared before it, we are told, with a front of such unflinch-

ing assurance, that their judges, Indian-like, postponed the sentence. Yet it seemed impossible that they should much longer escape. Brébeuf, therefore, wrote a letter of farewell to his superior, Father Le Jeune, at Quebec, and confided it to some converts whom he could trust, to be carried by them to its destination.

"We are, perhaps," he writes, "about to give our blood and our lives in the cause of our Master, Jesus Christ. It seems that His goodness will accept the sacrifice, as regards me, in expiation of my great and nnmberless sins, and that He will thus crown the past services and ardent desires of all our fathers here. . . . Blessed be His name forever, that He has chosen us among so many better than we to aid Him to bear His cross in this land! In all things His holy will be done." The spirit of the fearless Christian hero shines out in these admirable sentences.

After a fervent novena to St. Joseph, the clouds of death that hung over their devoted heads began to slowly move away. "Truly," wrote Father Le Mercier, "it is an unspeakable happiness for us in the midst of this barbarism to hear the roaring of the demons, and to see earth and hell raging against a handful of men who will not even defend themselves."

The faith now advanced. Several famous chiefs became catechumens, and the greatest sachems listened to the words of the missionaries; yet still, in a nation of 16,000, not one hundred were Christians, and but a hundred baptisms rewarded their labors. The following year was more consoling. Although the war with the Iroquois had assumed a dangerous form, the missions were pushed with renewed vigor, except that among the Neutrals, for Brébeuf had gone to Quebec. The Christians and catechumens now became so numerous, that in many villages they formed a considerable party, and by refusing all participation in feasts or ceremonies savoring of idolatry, drew on themselves petty persecution and bitter hatred. Hearing the name of Mary repeated frequently, the pagans called the Christians, Marians, a name which they joyfully received. In many families the Catholic Indian was constantly persecuted, and the annals of the mission give most edifying accounts of the perseverance even of children.

The Algonquin mission also took a new impulse. After a feast of the dead, which had gathered deputies from every Algic clan around the upper lakes, Raymbaut and Jogues, as we shall see in a coming chapter, crossed Lake Huron, and announced the gospel to the assembled Chippewas at the rapids of St. Mary, planting the cross within the limits of Michigan, as it has

been justly said, years before Eliot had preached to the Algonquins within ten miles of Boston.

Reverses were now beginning to overshadow the future of the Huron mission. Father Jogues, sent down to Quebec in the summer for supplies, fell into the hands of the Mohawks as he returned. The flotilla containing the bravest Christians was taken, and all met sufferings or death on their way to the Mohawk. Raymbaut soon after died. The Iroquois were ravaging the Huron country; but Father Brébeuf, undaunted by all, wrote "Never have we had more courage for spiritual or temporal." Every war or trading party now had its Christians, who, by their fidelity in prayer, showed the sincerity of their belief. Many who had turned a deaf ear to the poor missionary in Huronia, yielded at last, when they saw the honor paid to religion at Quebec, and felt the greatness of the sacrifices made by those apostolic men.

These, on their return, became apostles, and many went to obstinate towns to announce the faith, and warn them of the vengeance of Heaven. The Christian element was now working steadily on. Councils were held to determine the best means of extending the faith; and though the evils of war seemed to fall especially on the Christians, none wavered.

By 1644 the face of the country was so changed that the missionaries resolved, on the return of Brébeuf, with Fathers Garreau and Chabanel, again to alter the mission plan, and became permanent residents at the various stations called Conception, St. Joseph's, and St. Michael's, returning to St. Mary's only for their annual retreat, or to attend consultations. In the following year there were two other little churches, St. Ignatius and St. John the Baptist.

The year 1645 brought a peace, which, for the first time in many years, left the St. Lawrence free; and Father Bressani, who had been captured the preceding year, now reached the Huron country with the necessaries of which the missionaries had long been deprived. Relieved of the long and cruel war, Huronia seemed to acquire new vigor, and the Jesuits began to feel hopes of extending their spiritual conquests; but the peace so lately concluded was soon broken by the Mohawks, who massacred their missionary, Isaac Jogues. War was rekindled. The Iroquois burst on the Huron country, and all was soon dismay and ruin. This hour of misfortune was the acceptable time of salvation. As famine, disaster and destruction closed around them, the Hurons gathered beneath the cross, their only hope. Every alarm produced sincere conversions, stimulated the slow or tepid, and sent convic-

tion into the hearts of unbelievers. In no town was there a chapel large enough for the congregation. In summer and winter, proof to the severity of the weather, the kneeling crowd without joined, each in his own heart, in the sacrifice offered within.

In July, 1648, early in the morning, when the braves were absent on war or hunting parties, when none but old men, women, and children tenanted the once strong town of Teananstayae, named by the missionaries St. Joseph's, when Father Anthony Daniel, beloved of all, fresh from his retreat at St. Mary's, and full of desire for the glory of heaven, was urging his flock to prepare for it in joy, a cry arose, "To arms! to arms!" which, echoing through the crowded chapel, filled all with terror. Mass had just ended, and Father Daniel hastens to the palisade, where the few defenders rallied. There he rouses their drooping courage, for a formidable Iroquois force was upon them. Heaven opens to the faithful Christian who dies fighting for his home; but to the unbeliever, vain his struggle: temporal pain will be succeeded by endless torment. Few and quick his words. Confessing here, baptizing there, he hurries along the line. Then speeds him to the cabins. Crowds gather round to implore the baptism they had long refused. Unable to give time to each, he baptizes by aspersion, and again hurries into cabin after cabin to shrive the sick and aged. At last he is at the chapel again. 'Tis full to the door. All had gathered round the altar for protection and defense, losing the precious moments. "Fly, brethren, fly!" exclaimed the devoted missionary. "Be steadfast till your latest breath in the Faith. Here will I die; here must I stay while I see one soul to gain to heaven; and, dying to serve you, my life is nothing." Pronouncing a general absolution, he urged their flight from the rear of the chapel; and advancing to the main door issued forth and closed it behind him. The Iroquois were already at hand; but at the sight of that man thus fearlessly advancing, they recoiled, as though some deity had burst upon them. But the next moment a shower of arrows riddled his body. Gashed, and rent, and torn, his apostolic spirit never left him. Daniel stands undismayed, till pierced by a musket-ball, he uttered aloud the name of Jesus, and fell dead, as he had often wished, by that shrine he had reared in the wilderness. His church, soon in flames, became his funeral pyre, and flung in there, his body was entirely consumed.

Thus, in the midst of his labors, perished Anthony Daniel, priest of the Society of Jesus, unwearied in labor, unbroken in toil, patient beyond belief, gentle amid every opposition, charitable with the charity of Christ, support-

ing and embracing all. Around him fell hundreds of his Christians; and thus sank in blood the mission of St. Joseph, at the town of Teanaustayae.

The news of this disaster spread terror through the land. Town after town was abandoned. The Hurons fled to the islands of the lake, or the cabins of the Tionontates; and the missionaries endeavored in vain to excite them to a systematic plan of defense. During the winter the Iroquois roamed through the country undisturbed, and there seemed no hope of ultimate victory over them. The Huron nation, after having had its day of glory and renown, was destined to melt away before the conquering Iroquois, when sickness had enfeebled its towns. Though it was proud and stubborn at first, Providence awaited the moment of its conversion before the final blow was struck. "The Faith had now made the conquest of almost the whole country," says Bressani, an eye-witness of the scenes we relate; "it was everywhere publicly professed; and not merely the commom people, but even the chiefs were alike its children and its protectors. The superstitious rites that at first were more frequent than the day, began to lose credit to such a degree, that a heathen at Ossossane, man of rank though he was, could find none to perform them in his illness. The persecutions raised against us had now ceased; the curses heaped on the Faith were changed into blessings. We might say that they were now ripe for heaven; that naught was wanting but the reaping-hook of death to lay the harvest up in the safe garner-house of Paradise. This was our sole consolation amid the general desolation of the country."

"Misfortune and affliction had begun with the Faith; they grew with its growth; and when religion seemed at last the peaceful mistress of the land, 'the waters of tribulation entered in' so furiously, that the stricken church may well exclaim, 'A tempest has overwhelmed me.'"

Such was the strange picture of this devoted land. Its cup was not yet full. On the 16th of March, 1649, at daybreak, an army of a thousand Iroquois burst on the town of St. Ignatius, and all were soon involved in massacre. Three only found means to escape, and, half-naked, reached the neighboring town of St. Louis. Sending off the women and children, the braves prepared to defend the place. Two missionaries were actually in the village—the veteran Father Brébeuf and Father Gabriel Lallemant. These the Christians urged to flee, as it was not their calling to wield sword or musket; but Father Brébeuf told them that in such a crisis there was something more necessary than fire and steel; it was to have recourse to God and

to the sacraments, which they alone could administer. Lallemant, no less resolute, implored of Brébeuf permission to remain with him, and obtained it. Like Daniel, they, too, hurried from cabin to cabin to prepare the sick and infirm for death, and then at the palisades roused the courage of the small band who awaited the approach of the enemy. The Iroquois came madly on, but a well-directed Huron fire drove them back with loss. Yet their force was too overwhelming. In spite of losses they pressed up to the palisade, and soon affecting a breach, drove back the few Huron braves, and, as they advanced, fired the town. The two missionaries, who remained to soothe the wounded and dying, were soon in the hands of the Iroquois, who, collecting their captives, began their torture by tearing out their nails, then led them in haste to St. Ignatius, where the other prisoners and booty had been left. The missionaries and their companions were dragged along with every ignominy, and entered the town only by the fearful gauntlet—blows raining on them from the double row of furious savages who came out to meet them. A scaffold had been raised, according to custom, of poles lashed together and covered with bark. Here they were exposed. Brébeuf, seeing Christian captives near him, excited their courage by reminding them of the glory of heaven now opening before them. There were among the Iroquois some Hurons now naturalized, and of old enemies of the missionaries. At these words of Brébeuf they began the torture. Each was soon bound to a stake. The hands of Brébeuf were cut off; while Lallemant's flesh quivered with the awls and pointed irons thrust into every part of his body. This did not suffice; a fire kindled near soon reddened their hatchets, and these they forced under the armpits and between the thighs of the sufferers; while to Brébeuf they gave a collar of those burning weapons; and there the missionaries stood with those

TORTURE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

glowing irons seething and consuming to their very vitals. Amid the din rose the voice of the old Huron missionary, consoling his converts, denouncing God's judgments on the unbeliever, till his executioners crushed his mouth with a stone, cut off his nose and lips, and thrust a brand into his mouth, so that his throat and tongue, burned and swollen, refused their office.

They had left Lallemant, and now stopped to devise some new plan of torture. Enemies of the Faith, they had seen Brébeuf in the very breach baptizing his neophytes; often, too, in their villages had the apostate Hurons seen him pour the vivifying waters on the head of the dying. An infernal thought seizes them. They resolve to baptize him. While the rest danced like fiends around him, slicing off his flesh to devour before his eyes, or cauterizing the wounds with stones or hatchets, these placed a cauldron on the fire.

"Echon," cried the mockers, calling him by his Huron name, "Echon, thou hast told us that the more we suffer here, the greater will be our crown in heaven; thank us, then, for we are laying up for thee, a priceless one in heaven."

When the water was heated, they tore off his scalp, and thrice, in derision of baptism, poured the water over his head, amid the loud shout of the unbelievers. The eye of the martyr was now dim, and the torturers unable, from first to last, to wring from his lips one sigh of pain, were eager to close the scene. Hacking off his feet, they clove open his chest, took out his noble heart and devoured it.

Thus, about four o'clock in the afternoon, after three hours of frightful torture, expired Father John de Brébeuf, the real founder of the mission, a man such as the Catholic Church alone could produce—as a missionary unequaled for his zeal, ability, untiring exertion, and steady perseverance; as a servant of God, one whose virtues would be pronounced heroic, patient in toil, hardship, suffering, and privation; a man of prayer, of deep and tender piety, of inflamed love for God, in whom and for whom he did and suffered all; as a martyr, one of the most glorious in our annals for the variety and atrocity of his torments.

Father Lallemant had cast himself at the feet of Brébeuf to kiss his glorious wounds; but he had been torn away, and after being wrapped in pieces of bark, left for a time. When his superior had expired, they applied fire to this covering; as the flame curled around him, Father Lallemant, whose delicate frame, unused to toil, could not resist the pain, raised his hands on

high and invoked the aid of Heaven. Gratified by this expression of pain, his tormentors resolved to prolong his agony; and through the long night added torture to torture to see the writhing frame, the quivering flesh of the young priest. He, too, underwent the cruel mockery of baptism.

"We baptize thee," said the wretches, "that thou mayest be blessed in heaven, for without a good baptism one cannot be saved."

He, too, saw his flesh devoured before his eyes, or slashed off in wanton cruelty, for it displeased their taste; every inch of his body, from head to foot, was charred and burned; his very eyes were put out by the hot coals forced into them. At last when the sun had risen on the 17th of March, 1649, they closed his long martyrdom by tomahawking him, and left his body a black mangled mass.

The Iroquois had attempted to attack St. Mary's, where a small village had now gathered; but after receiving a check from a Huron party gave up the design, and at last, fearful of surprise, retired with precipitation.

This was the death-blow of the Huron nation; fifteen towns were now abandoned, and the people fled in every direction. The tribe at St. Michael's, with the survivors of that called by the missionaries St. John the Baptist, made overtures to the conquering Iroquois, and emigrated in a body to the Seneca country, where we shall afterwards find them. Others fled to the Eries and Conestogues; others sought a refuge on the islands and shores of Lake Huron.

In this disorder the missions were all broken up. The fathers, assembling at St. Mary's, resolved to follow the fugitives who remained in the country and share their fate. The small body thus left in the Huron country clung to the missionaries as their only hope; the infidels promising conversion, the Christians fidelity till death. Some of the missionaries struck a hundred miles into the forests to console those who had fled amid their trials; others joined Garnier on his Petun or Tionontate mission, now the most important of all; the rest, with the superior and the French in the country, endeavored to assemble as many as possible, and form a settlement on an island to which they gave the name of St. Joseph.

Before removing to it, however, they, with streaming eyes, set fire to their house and chapel of St. Mary's to prevent its profanation, and beheld the flames in one hour consume the work of nineteen years. The new settlement was unfortunate; unable to raise crops for the multitude gathered there, cooped up by war-parties of the enemy, the devoted Hurons soon fell victims to famine and disease.

Father Garnier and his companions labored zealously among the Tionontates, but calumny and persecution arose, and in one place their death was resolved upon; confident, nevertheless, in the protection of Heaven, they fearlessly continued their labors during the summer. Late in the fall the superior at St. Joseph's Island heard that a large Iroquois force was in the field, intended to operate either against the new settlement or the Tionontates. Not to expose too many, he recalled Father Chabanel from Etharita, and suggested to Father Garnier, the other missionary there, the propriety of retiring for a time. Father Chabanel left on the 5th of December, and on the same day the braves of Etharita, tired of waiting for the enemy, set out to meet them, but unfortunately took a wrong direction; the Iroquois army passed them unseen, and late in the afternoon burst on the defenseless town. Fearful of being surprised in their work by the returning Petuns, they cut down all without mercy and fired the place. Garnier was everywhere exhorting, consoling, shriving, baptizing; wherever a wounded Indian lay, he rushed to gather his dying words; wherever a sick person or child met his eye, he hastened to confer baptism. While thus, regardless of danger, he listened only to the call of duty, he fell mortally wounded by two musket-balls; and the Iroquois, stripping him of his habit, hurried on. Stunned by the pain, he lay a moment there, then clasping his hands in prayer, prepared to die; but as he writhed in the agony of death he beheld a wounded Tionontate some paces from him. That sight revived him; forgetful of his own state, he remembered only that he was a priest, and rallying all his strength by two efforts, rises to his feet and endeavors to walk, but after a few staggering steps falls heavily to the ground. Still, mindful only of duty, he dragged himself to the wounded man, and, while giving him the last absolution, fell over him a corpse: another Iroquois had driven a tomahawk into his skull.

Fathers Garreau and Grelon hastened from the other town and buried, amid the ruins of their church, the body of the holy missionary, the beloved of the natives, who, won by his mild and gentle manners, entire devotion to them and their good, his forgetfulness of all that was not connected with their salvation, no less than his perfect knowledge of their language and manners, had long considered him less a Frenchman than an Indian, or a being of another world sent to assume the form.

His companion, Father Chabanel, did not escape. He had not traveled far when the cries from St. John's alarmed his party in the woods; they dis-

persed, and Chabanel, while endeavoring to make his way alone to St. Mary's, was killed by an apostate Huron on the banks of a river, and flung into the stream, thus ending a missionary career in which he had persevered against the utmost repugnance, and the total want of all consolation.

After this disaster, the Tionontates abandoned their other town and fled with the Hurons, with whom they were now confounded.

As the misery on St. Joseph's Isle increased, the chiefs resolved to emigrate to the lower St. Lawrence, and settle under the walls of Quebec. To this the missionaries at last consented, loth as they were to leave a land so endeared to them by the labor of years, bedewed by the sweat and blood of their martyred brethren. The pilgrims set out in June, 1650, and by the following month reached the capital of the French colony.

The Huron nation was thus entirely dispersed, and the mission broken up. Since the first visit of Le Caron in 1615, a period of thirty-five years, twenty-nine missionaries had labored in the peninsula on Lake Huron. Seven of these had perished by the hand of violence; eleven still remained. These, like their neophytes, scattered; Bressani went to Italy, Le Mercier and Poncet to the West Indies, and Grelon to China; but distance did not wean their hearts from their long-cherished affection to the mission of their early years. Words could not describe the thrill of joy which filled the heart of Grelon, when, years after, traveling through the plains of Tartary, he met a Huron woman whom he had known on the shores of her native lake, and who, sold from tribe to tribe, had reached the interior of Asia. There on the steppes she knelt, and in that tongue, which neither had heard for years, the poor Wyandot confessed once more to her aged pastor.

Under the United States the scattered Wyandots were long afterwards deported to Indian Territory, and are now the smallest but wealthiest of all the exiles. Doubtless the remembrance of their days of faith is still fresh in their minds, and we may yet see a Catholic missionary among them, a successor of Le Caron and Brébeuf.

Chapter XV.

THE INDIAN FIVE NATIONS.

Romans of the Wilderness.—Hurons Caught in Ambuscade.—Surrender to the Cruel Mohawks.—Plight of Father Brebeuf's Successors.—Father Jogues Put to the Torture.—A March With the Tormentors.—Baptism From a Cornstalk.—A Treacherous Escort.—Seeking Father Goupil's Remains.—The Solitary Captive.—Many Hairbreadth Escapes.—Asylum Among the Hollanders.—Reception on Manhattan Island.—One Lone Irishman.—Return Across the Ocean.—Charity of the Breton Peasantry.—Ragged at the Convent Gate.—Joy in a Pious Community.—Veneration in High Places.—The Pope's Special Kindness.—Pleading to Return.—Once More in the Mohawk Valley.—The Hospitable Dutchman.—Journeying Through Old Scenes.—Treachery of the Mohawks.—The Blow That Made a Martyr.—Wonders of Grace and Holiness.

IN the history of the Huron mission we have frequently alluded to the Iroquois, a confederacy of five nations living in the state of New York, the irreconcilable enemies of the Hurons, Algonquins, and French in Canada. In origin, manners, and language they resemble the Wyandots, and the French gave both these tribes at first the name Hiroquais, from a word used in their speeches and their usual cry. The Wyandots, however, soon acquired the nickname of Hurons, and the term Iroquois was applied exclusively to the Five Nations. As the great Champlain joined their enemies before Quebec was fortified, a war ensued which occupies the whole early history of Canada—a war which destroyed the noblest missions of the north—a war which seemed to close forever the way of the gospel to the cabins of the Iroquois. Such was not, however, the design of the Almighty, who makes human passions and human errors contribute, unseen and unobserved, to the glory of his Church.

The apostolic men who founded the Canada mission longed to attempt

the conversion of these Romans of the west. A Recollect father, William Poulain, was a prisoner in their hands, in 1621, at the rapids of St. Louis, and consoled himself for his sufferings by instructing in the faith some Iroquois prisoners, in hopes of one day visiting their cabins. When the Jesuits came to the aid of the Recollects, it was resolved that some of the Huron missionaries should cross the Niagara and found a mission among the Senecas; but the death of Father Viel and subsequent misfortunes in the colony prevented the realization of the scheme. At the conclusion of peace, which Champlain effected in 1627, Brother Gervase Mohier was about to set out for the Mohawk with the Canada envoys; but delaying in order to receive his superior's approval of his mission, escaped the cruel death which overtook the messengers of peace.

From that time, for many a long year, an Iroquois mission was but a dream; and, when founded at last, men could scarce credit its reality.

The war against the Indians of Canada, waged by the Iroquois, had not fallen on the French; but at a restoration of some French captives unharmed in 1640, a collision took place which infuriated the Mohawks, and led to a change of conduct. Henceforward, they proclaimed, French and Huron should be treated alike, and war-bands beset all the water communications of the north, ready to pounce on either. The Huron missionaries were thus reduced to a state of great want; and, in 1642, Fathers Jogues and Raymbaut, who had just planted the cross in Michigan, set out for Quebec, conscious of the danger, but ready to meet it. The party of Indians with whom they went reached Quebec in safety; Father Jogues executed his various commissions, and prepared to return with the Hurons. After commending themselves to God the party set out, but two days after discovered a trail on the shore. Uncertain whether it was that of a hostile party or not, the Huron chief, Ahasistari, too confident in his numbers, ordered the convoy on into the very midst of an ambuscade. A volley from the nearest shore riddled their canoes and disclosed the danger. The Hurons fled to the shore. The missionary, after stooping to baptize a catechumen in his canoe, followed the fugitives, but stood alone on the bank, while in the distance he heard the noise of the pursuers and pursued. He might have fled; but could he, a minister of Christ, abandon the wounded and dying? Looking around, he saw some captives in charge of a few Mohawks, and, joining them, surrendered himself. Ahasistari, with Couture, a Frenchman, drew off a part in safety; but not finding the missionary, returned to share his

fate, as the chief had sworn to do; such was the devotion devotedness could inspire.

When the pursuit was over, the Mohawk warriors gradually returned and gathered around their prisoners. Besides Father Jogues and the brave Couture, there was René Goupil, a novice of the mission, a man who had given himself to the service of the fathers without any hope of earthly reward. Ahasistari and nineteen other Hurons completed the group. Father Jogues was a native of the city of Orleans, where he was born in 1607. At the early age of seventeen he entered the Society of Jesus; and having laid a solid foundation of virtue, and gone through a brilliant course of study, he was ordained priest in 1636. Lallemant, his preceptor, had often repeated to Jogues the prophetic words, "Brother, you will die in Canada;" and on becoming acquainted, at the college of Rouen, with the illustrious Brébeuf, who had just returned from the wilds of the New World, the young Jesuit's desire of laboring in a foreign mission received a fresh impulse. He was soon sent to Canada, and we have seen him in the previous chapter toiling for five years among the Hurons and their dusky neighbors. Father Jogues penetrated westward and preached the true Faith at Sault St. Marie. He was the first to plant the cross on the soil of Michigan. Let us now return to him as a Mohawk captive. Torture soon began. Couture had slain a chief; he was now stripped, beaten, and mangled; and Father Jogues, who consoled him, was violently attacked, beaten till he fell senseless, for they rushed on him like wolves, and, not content with blows, tore out his nails and gnawed the fingers to the very bone.

Fearful now of pursuit, the victors started for their village, hurrying their captives through the wilderness, all covered with wounds, suffering from hunger, heat, and the cruelty which never ceased to add to their torments by opening their wounds, thrusting awls into their flesh, plucking the beard or hair. While sailing through Lake Champlain they descried another party which landed on an island, raised a scaffold, and formed a double line, through which the line of captives closed by Jogues was forced to run, while blows were showered upon them. The missionary sank under the clubs and iron rods. "God alone," he exclaims, "for whose love and glory it is sweet and glorious to suffer, can tell what cruelties they perpetrated on me then." Dragged to the scaffold, he was again assailed, bruised, and burned; his closing wounds now gaped afresh, most of his remaining nails were torn out, and his hands so dislocated that they never recovered their natural shape. Amid

all these trials the good missionary was silent, grieving less for himself than for his comrades in misfortune, and for the Huron church, whose oldest members were now on their way to death.

Another party, which met them on Lake Champlain, treated them with similar cruelty; but leaving Lake George they pursued their march on foot, and on the 14th of August came to the river beyond which lay the first Mohawk village. The shout of the warriors emerging from the woods was answered, and the village poured out to receive the captives. Again the gauntlet was to be run, and through "this narrow path to paradise," amid the descending clubs and rods of iron they sped on to the scaffold, where new cruelties awaited them. The missionary's left thumb was hacked off by an Algonquin slave; René's right with a clam-shell. None of the party escaped.

At night they were removed from the scaffold and placed in one of the houses, each stretched on his back, with his limbs extended and his ankles and wrists bound fast to stakes driven into the earthen floor. The children now profited by the example of their parents, and amused themselves by placing live coals and red-hot ashes on the naked bodies of the prisoners, who, bound fast and covered with wounds and bruises, which made every movement a torture, were sometimes unable to shake them off.

The captives were led about to other villages, but in all they met the same barbarous treatment. In one of these the scaffold was already occupied by Huron prisoners, several of whom were catechumens. On reaching them Father Jogues made instant inquiries as to their religion. He heard the confessions of the Christians and prepared the others for the Sacrament of Baptism. But he was a prisoner himself, and alas! could not procure a drop of water. At that moment, however, a warrior passed by, and threw him a stalk of Indian corn. The morning dew still glistened on the bright green leaves. The Jesuit used the pearly drops so as to baptize two, and shortly after, while crossing a stream, he conferred the Sacrament on another. Heaven was opened. The Mohawk mission had commenced. A council of chiefs was held, and it was decreed that all should die; but on further consideration the French were reserved as prisoners, and but three of the Hurons were sentenced to death. Among these was the noble Christian chief, Ahasistari.

Father Jogues lost no opportunity to baptize dying infants, while Goupil taught children to make the sign of the cross. On one occasion he made the sign on the forehead of a child, grandson of an Indian in whose lodge they

lived. The superstition of the old savage was aroused; some Dutchmen had told him that the sign of the cross came from the devil and would cause mischief; he thought that Goupil was bewitching the child; and, resolving to rid himself of so dangerous a guest, applied for aid to two young braves.

Jogues and Goupil, clad in their squalid garb of tattered skins, were soon after walking together in the forest that adjoined the town, consoling themselves with prayer, and mutually exhorting each other to suffer patiently for the sake of Christ and His Holy Mother, when, as they were returning, reciting their rosaries, they met the two young Indians, and read in their sullen visages an augury of ill.

The Indians joined them, and accompanied them to the entrance of the town, where one of the two, suddenly drawing a hatchet from beneath his blanket, struck it into the head of Goupil, who fell, murmuring the name of Christ. Jogues dropped on his knees, and bowing his head in prayer, awaited the blow, when the murderer ordered him to get up and go home. He obeyed, but not until he had given absolution to his still breathing friend, and presently saw the lifeless body dragged through the town amid hootings and rejoicings.

Jogues passed a night of anguish and desolation, and in the morning set forth in search of Goupil's remains. "Where are you going so fast?" demanded the old Indian, his master. "Do you not see those fierce young braves, who are watching to kill you?" The heroic priest persisted, and the old man asked another Indian to go with him as a protector.

The corpse had been flung into a neighboring ravine, at the bottom of which ran a torrent; and here, with the Indian's help, Jogues found it, stripped naked and gnawed by dogs. He dragged it into the water, and covered it with stones, to save it from further mutilation, resolving to return alone on the following day and secretly bury it. But with the night there came a storm; and when, in the gray of the morning, Jogues descended to the brink of the stream, he found it a rolling, turbid flood, and the body was nowhere to be seen.

Had the Indians or the torrent borne it away? Jogues waded into the cold current; it was the 1st of October; he sounded it with his feet and with his stick; he searched the rocks, the thicket, the forest, but all in vain. Then, crouched by the pitiless stream, he mingled his tears with its waters, and, in a voice broken with groans, chanted the service of the dead.

The Indians, it proved, and not the flood, had robbed him of the remains

of his friend. Early in the spring, when the snows were melting in the woods, he was told by Mohawk children that the body was lying where it had been flung, in a lonely spot lower down the stream. He went to seek it; found the scattered bones stripped by the foxes and the birds; and, tenderly gathering them up, hid them in a hollow tree, hoping that a day might come when he could give them a Christian burial in consecrated ground.

After the murder of Goupil, Father Jogues' life hung by a hair. He lived in hourly expectation of the tomahawk, and would have welcomed it as a boon. By signs and words he was warned that his hour was near; but, as he never shunned his fate, it fled from him, and each day, with renewed astonishment, he found himself still among the living.

Now solitary amid the Mohawks, the man of God devoted his leisure moments to the spiritual comfort of the Huron captives, who were scattered through the towns. The Mohawk dialect differed so much from the Huron, that he was unable to address himself on religious topics to the natives; and, as he daily expected death, he deemed it useless to attempt a comparison of the two dialects. Led as a slave to the hunting-grounds, he drew on himself ill treatment and threats of death by his firmness in refusing to touch food which had been offered to the demon of the forest. He also excited the ill-will of the fierce savages by his constant prayer before a rude cross carved on a tree.

But he bore his load of griefs manfully; and found solace in his sorrows by reflecting that he alone, in that vast region, adored the Creator of earth and heaven. Roaming through the stately forests of the Mohawk valley, he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of trees, engraved crosses, and entered into possession of these countries in the name of God—often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant. What a theme for the pen, what a subject for the pencil—this living martyr, half-clad in shaggy furs, kneeling on the snow among the icicled rocks, and beneath the gloomy pines, bowing in adoration before the glorious emblem of the Faith, in which was his only hope and his only consolation!

As the time passed, however, Father Jogues become more familiar with the Mohawk language. He could converse a little. The chiefs began to respect him, and as he showed no disposition to escape, he was allowed a large liberty. Nor was he slow in availing himself of this privilege. He visited other towns, and when he passed, God passed with him. He ministered to Christian prisoners, often preparing them for eternity amid the very flames.

He baptized infants in danger of death; and when grace touched the pagan heart, he was consoled by a conversion. Thus not without fruit was the captivity of the martyr-missionary.

He accompanied his Indian masters on several trading excursions to the Dutch settlement of Rensselaerswyck. It was while here in August, 1643, that Jogues wrote the famous letter to his provincial, in which he recounts, in elegant Latin, the scenes and sufferings that had marked the days of his captivity.

But scarcely was the ink dry on his letter, when the Jesuit learned that the Indians were plotting his destruction. Some of the principal Dutch inhabitants pressed him to escape, and kindly offered him every aid in their power. The priest, however, hesitated, and spent a night in prayer before coming to any decision. He concluded that it was the will of God to embrace the opportunity given him.

But the heroic missionary passed through many an adventure and "hair-breadth escape" before regaining his liberty. On one occasion, while crossing a fence, he was severely bitten in the leg by a fierce dog. He was stowed away for several days in the bottom of a boat in the river, and as the weather was excessively warm, he got nearly suffocated. Furious at his escape, the savages ransacked the settlement. The officers of the boat were terrified, and Jogues, for greater safety, was placed in the garret of an old house in Fort Orange. He was visited in his hiding-place by the minister, Megapolensis, who, to his honor be it said, treated him with extreme kindness.

As the clamors of the Indians for their captive redoubled, and each interview grew more boisterous than the last, the Dutch friends of the Jesuit determined once for all to take a bold stand.

"The Frenchman for whom you search," exclaimed a brave Hollander, "is under my protection, and I shall not give him up." He then reasoned with the noisy savages, and finished by saying: "Here is money for the ransom of your prisoner," handing them the sum of three hundred livres.

This manly, generous action gave Father Jogues his freedom. He boarded a small vessel, and was soon carried down the lordly stream; and thus for the first time a Catholic priest passed along—

> "Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
> Winds through the hills afar."

We part from the Iroquois mission for a space to follow the fortunes of its indomitable founder. On arriving at New Amsterdam, Father Jogues

was received with much honor by Governor Kieft, with whom he remained for some time. This was in the fall of 1643. Manhattan Island was then a rude place, containing about five hundred inhabitants, a motley crowd of many nationalities. The governor informed Father Jogues that eighteen languages were spoken in their midst. The good Jesuit found just two Catholics—a young Irishman and a Portuguese woman. The good, warm-hearted son of Erin had the honor and happiness of making his confession, and receiving absolution from the martyr-missionary of the fierce Mohawks, the first priest who ever set foot on Manhattan Island. This was the first time the Sacrament of Penance was administered in the great commercial metropolis of America, which is now the see of an Archbishop, and contains over eighty Catholic churches.

The hospitable Dutch governor gave Father Jogues a new suit of clothes —something he was painfully in need of—and procured him a passage in the first ship bound for the shores of beautiful France. A storm drove the vessel on the English coast, and the martyr Jesuit fell into the hands of some thievish wreckers—a class of men little removed in barbarism from the Mohawks that ranged the forests of New York. He was stripped of everything in his possession. Even his clothes were not spared. After many hardships, however, he found his way across the English Channel, in a collier's bark and was landed on the shores of Brittany, in his native country, on Christmas Day, 1643.

In a rude sailor's coat, dragging himself along with pain, aided by a staff, the venerable priest was no longer recognized. Hospitality was cordially extended to him in a peasant's cot; here he was invited to share the simple morning meal, but the missionary's only thought was to celebrate duly the festival by receiving the Blessed Eucharist. He had the nearest church pointed out, and there had the supreme happiness of approaching the holy altar. For nearly a year and a half he had been deprived of his Bread of Life.

The good Bretons lent him a hat and a little cloak to appear more decently in church. They thought him to be one of those unfortunate children of Catholic Erin, whom persecution frequently drove to the shores of France; but, when on his return from Mass, his charitable hosts saw the frightful condition of his hands, Father Jogues was compelled to satisfy their pious curiosity by modestly relating his history. The peasants of Leon fell at his feet, overcome with pity and admiration. He himself relates how the young girls, moved by the story of his misfortunes, gave him their little alms. "They

came," he says, "with so much generosity and modesty to offer me two or three pence, which was probably all their treasure, that I was moved to tears."

By the assistance of these good peasants, Father Jogues was enabled to reach the city of Rennes, which contained a college of the society. It was early morning, and when the porter came to the door to answer the call, he beheld a poor and almost deformed beggar. The stranger humbly asked if he could see the Rector. The porter hastily answered that he was about to say Mass, and could not be seen at that hour. "But," persisted the stranger, "tell him that a poor man from Canada would gladly speak with him." When the porter whispered the message, the Father Rector was putting on his vestments. At the name of "Canada," which was then the great missionary field of the French Jesuits, the superior disrobed and proceeded to the parlor. The poor and ragged traveler handed him a certificate of character from Governor Kieft. Without even glancing at it, the Rector hastily inquired:

"Are you from Canada?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Father Jogues?"

"Very well."

"The Iroquois have taken him," continued the Rector; "is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," answered Jogues; "he is alive and at liberty, and I am he." And as he uttered these words he fell upon his knees, asking the benediction of his superior.

That was a day of almost boundless joy in the College of Rennes. Nor was there less rejoicing among his fellow-religious over all France. He was supposed to be dead, and his sudden reappearance among them was something extraordinary.

He reposed for a few days at the College at Rennes, and then pushed on towards Paris, to place himself again at the disposal of his superior, humbly and modestly intimating a desire, however, to be sent back to his mission in America. His fame had long preceded him, and, when he arrived at the capital, the faithful pressed forward in crowds to venerate him and kiss his wounds. The pious queen-mother coveted the same happiness, and he, whom we saw so recently the captive and slave of brutal savages, is now honored at the court of the first capital in Christendom. But the humility of Father Jogues took alarm at the honors paid to him. Throwing himself at

his superior's feet, he entreated that he might be sent back to the wilderness from which he had just escaped. The superior consented; but an obstacle here presented itself.

So great were the injuries inflicted upon his hands by the Mohawks that he was canonically disqualified from offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Application for the proper dispensation was made to the Sovereign Pontiff, upon a statement of the facts. Innocent XI was moved by the recital, and, with an inspired energy, exclaimed: "*Indignum esse Christi martyrem, Christi non bibere sanguinem.*" — "It were unjust that a martyr of Christ should not drink the blood of Christ!" Pronounced by the Vicar of Christ on earth to be a martyr, though living, he now goes to seek a double martyrdom in death. In the spring he started for Rochelle, and Father Ducreux, the historian of Canada, sought the honor of accompanying him thither.

He embarked from Rochelle for Canada, where he arrived on the 16th of May, 1644. He found the Iroquois war still raging with unabated fury, and the colony of New France reduced to the verge of ruin. When his brethren in Canada heard and saw how cruelly Father Jogues had been treated in the Mohawk, and that his timely flight alone had saved his life, they felt the saddest apprehensions about the fate of Father Bressani, who had also fallen into the hands of the Iroquois. Finding it impossible to return to Lake Huron, Father Jogues joined Father Buteux in the duties of the holy ministry at the new town of Montreal, to which its founders gave the name of the City of Mary, in consecrating it to the Mother of God. It was during their sojourn together that the superior endeavored to draw from Father Jogues, by entreaty, and even by command, the circumstances of his sufferings in captivity; but his humility and modesty were so great that it was with the greatest difficulty that anything concerning himself could be drawn from him. In this spirit he avoided all the honors that were pressed upon him. After his return to Canada, he was so desirous of being unknown and unhonored that he ceased signing his name, and even his letters which he addressed to his superior after his return to Canada are without signatures.

Some Mohawk prisoners, kindly treated by the governor of Canada and released, returned to their country, and disposed the Mohawks to make peace. A solemn deputation of their chiefs came to Three Rivers, and were received on the 12th of July, 1645, with great ceremony and pomp. Father Jogues was present, though unseen by the deputies; so was Father Bressani,

who, having passed the ordeal of a most cruel captivity among the Mohawks, had been ransomed by the Dutch of New York, sent to France, and had now, like Father Jogues, returned to New France to suffer again. When all was silent, the orator of the deputies arose, and opened the session with the usual march and chants. He explained, as he proceeded to deliver the presents, the meaning of each. Belt after belt of wampum was thrown at the governor's feet, until at last he held forth one in his hand, beautifully decorated with the shellwork of the Mohawk Valley. "This," he exclaimed, "is for the two black gowns. We wished to bring them both back; but we have not been able to accomplish our design. One escaped from our hands in spite of us, and the other absolutely desired to be given up to the Dutch. We yielded to his desire. We regret not their being free, but our ignorance of their fate. Perhaps even now that I name them they are victims of cruel enemies or swallowed up in the waves. The Mohawk never intended to put them to death."

The French had little faith in the sincerity of the Mohawk, yet they wanted peace. The past was forgiven, the missionaries buried the remembrance of their wrongs with the hatchet of the Mohawk, and peace was concluded. The deputies returned to their castles to get the sachems to ratify the peace, and Father Jogues to Montreal to prepare himself for the terrible ordeal which he foresaw a Mohawk mission would open to him. His preparation consisted in prayer, meditations, and other spiritual exercises. The peace was ratified; the Indians asked for missionaries; the French resolved to open a mission among them, and Father Jogues was selected for the perilous enterprise. When he received the letter of his superior informing him of his selection, Father Jogues joyfully accepted the appointment, and prepared at once to depart. His letter in reply to the superior contains these heroic words: "Yes, father, I will all that God wills, and I will it at the peril of a thousand lives. Oh! how I should regret the loss of so glorious an occasion, when it depends but upon me that some souls may be saved. I hope that His goodness, which did not forsake me in the hour of need, will aid me yet. He and I are able yet to overcome all the difficulties which can oppose our project."

On arriving at Three Rivers, he ascertained that he and the Sieur Bourdon were to go to the Mohawk castle, in the first instance, merely as ambassadors, to make sure of the peace. They departed on this dangerous embassy on the 16th of May, 1646, and during their absence public prayers,

offered for their return, testified the fears felt for their safety. As they were about to start, an Algonquin thus addressed Father Jogues: "There is nothing more repulsive at first than this doctrine, that seems to annihilate all that man holds dearest, and as your long gown preaches it as much as your lips, you would do better to go at first in a short one." Thereupon the prudent ambassador parted for the time with the habit of his order, and substituted a more diplomatic costume.

They were accompanied by four Mohawks and two Algonquins. After ascending the Sorel, and gliding through the beautiful islands of Lake Champlain, they arrived at the portage leading to the Lake Andiatarocté on the 29th of May, which was the eve of Corpus Christi. Here Father Jogues paused, and named the lake Saint Sacrament; but by a less Christian taste that beautiful name, given in honor of the King of kings, has since yielded to one given in honor of one of the kings of earth. They suffered greatly for food on the way, but obtained a supply of provisions at Ossarane, a fishing station on the Hudson, supposed to be Saratoga. Then, gliding down the Hudson, they came to Fort Orange, where Father Jogues again, in the most earnest and sincere terms, expressed his deep gratitude to his liberators, the Dutch, whose outlay in his behalf he had already reimbursed to them from Europe. Not satisfied with expressing his thanks, Father Jogues endeavored to bestow upon his friend, Dominie Megapolensis, the greatest of possible returns—the true faith. He wrote from this place a letter to the minister, in which he used every argument that his well-stored mind or the unbounded charity of his heart could suggest to reclaim him to the bosom of that ancient church which his fathers had so unfortunately left.

After a short repose at Albany, they proceeded to the Mohawk, and arrived at the nearest town on the 7th of June. A generally assembly of the chiefs was called to ratify the peace, and crowds came from all sides; some through curiosity to see, and others with a desire to honor the untiring and self-sacrificing Ondessonk. Father Jogues made a speech appropriate to the occasion and the purposes of his visits, which the assembled chiefs heard with great enthusiasm; presents were exchanged, and peace was finally and absolutely ratified. The Wolf family, in particular, being that in which Father Jogues had been adopted, exclaimed: "The French shall always find among us friendly hearts and an open cabin, and thou, Ondessonk, shalt always have a mat to lie on and a fire to keep thee warm." Father Jogues endeavored to impress favorably the representatives of other tribes who were there by

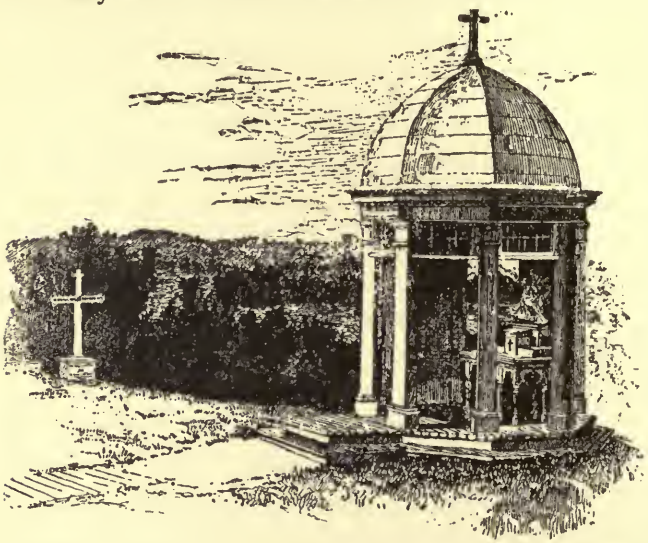
presents and friendly words. Then remembering his sacred character as a minister of God, he visited and consoled the Huron captives, especially the sick and dying; he heard the confessions of some, and baptized several expiring infants. Before departing Father Jogues desired to leave behind his box containing articles most necessary for the mission, which he was soon to return and commence among them; the Mohawks, however, dreading some evil from the box, objected at first, but the father opened it and showed them all it contained, and finally, as he supposed, overcame their superstitious fears, and the box was left behind among them.

The ambassadors and their suite set out on their return, on the 16th of June, bearing their baggage on their backs. They also constructed their own canoes at Lake Superior, and, having crossed the lake in safety, arrived at Three Rivers, after a passage of thirteen days, on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, to the infinite joy and relief of all their friends.

On the 28th day of September, Father Jogues was on his way to the Mohawk, accompanied by Lalande, a young Frenchman from Dieppe, an Iroquois of Huron birth, and some other Hurons. As they advanced, tidings of war on the part of the Mohawks became more frequent, and the Indian escorts began to desert. They passed Lake Champlain in safety, and had advanced within two days' journey of the Mohawk, when a war-party, marching on Fort Richelieu, came upon them. The savages rushed upon them, stripped Father Jogues and Lalande of their effects, bound them as prisoners, and turning back led them to the village of Caughnawaga, the scene of Father Jogues' first captivity and sufferings. Here they were received with a shower of blows, amid loud cries for their heads, that they might be set up on the palisades.

Towards evening, on the 18th of October, some of the savages of the Bear family came and invited Father Jogues to sup in their cabin. Scarcely had the shadow of the black-gown darkened the entrance of their lodge, when a concealed arm struck a well-aimed blow with the murderous tomahawk, and the Christian martyr fell lifeless to the ground. The generous Kiotsaeton, who had just arrived as a deputy of a council called to decide on his case, rushed to save him, but the blade had done its work, and now spent its remaining force by inflicting a deep wound in the arm of that noble chief. The head of Father Jogues was severed from his body and raised upon the palisade. The next day the faithful Lalande and a no less faithful Huron, shared the same fate.

Father Jogues was in his fortieth year when he received the fatal stroke. When the tidings of his death arrived, every tongue in Canada and in France was zealous in the recital of his many virtues and in praise of his glorious death. His zeal for the Faith, his courage in danger, his humility, his love of prayer and suffering, his devotion to the cross, were conspicuous among the many exalted virtues that adorned his life and death. While his brethren lamented the loss the missions had sustained, they envied him the crown he had won. "We could not," says Father Ragueneau, "bring ourselves to offer for Father Jogues the prayers for the dead. We offered up the adorable sacrifice, indeed, but it was in thanksgiving for the favors which he had received from God. The laity and the religious houses here partook our sentiments as to this happy death, and more are found to invoke his memory than there are to pray for his repose."



MEMORIAL CHURCH AT AURIESVILLE, N. Y., WHERE FATHER JOGUES WAS MARTYRED.

"Founder of the Mohawk mission," says Shea, "his sufferings, rather than his labors, give him a place in its annals. His letters are his noblest monument; in them we behold his deep and tender piety, his devotion to our Lord, especially in the Sacrament of His love, his love of the cross, his perfect confidence in the all-directing hand of the Almighty, his implicit obedience, angelic purity and attachment to his holy mother, the Church. After his death miracles were attributed to him and duly attested; and the missionaries, who, at a later date, saw a fervent church arise at the place of his glorious death, and those who saw it produce that holy virgin, Catherine Tegahkwita, ascribed these wonders of grace only to his blood."

Chapter XVI.

THE SAVAGE IROQUOIS.

MOHAWKS ON THE WAR PATH.—THE WIDOW'S HARVEST.—FATHER PONCET RUNS THE GAUNTLET.—MISSION BY FATHER LE MOYNE.—ARRIVAL AT ONONDAGA.—AMBASSADOR COMBINED WITH MISSIONARY.—RETURN TO QUEBEC.—THE CHIEF JOHN BAPTIST.—HOLY MASS IN THE WOODS.—WELCOME TO FATHER CHAUMONOT.—A MISSION HAPPILY BEGUN.—FIRST CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN NEW YORK.—A WILD SATURNALIA.—PRIESTS CHARGED WITH TREACHERY.—NEW EXPEDITION FROM QUEBEC.—COUNCIL AT ONONDAGA.—FATHER MENARD'S TRIALS.—THE TIRELESS CHAUMONOT.—ANOTHER MASSACRE OF HURONS.—TREACHERY OF THE IROQUOIS.—BOAT BUILDING AT MIDNIGHT.—ESCAPE OF PRIESTS AND COLONISTS.—ST. MARY'S OF GANENTAA DESERTED.—THE KIND GANACONTIÈ.—STRANGE INDIAN EMBASSY.—FATHER LA MOYNE FACES THE DANGER.—SCENES OF RIOT.—DEATH OF THE GREAT MISSIONARY.—LATER FORTUNES OF THE IROQUOIS.—A SAINTLY INDIAN MAIDEN.

ON the death of Father Jogues the war broke out anew, and the Mohawk and his kindred clans, almost without opposition, devastated on every side. Upper Canada was a desert, and along the Ottawa and St Lawrence the dwindled, fearful bands of Algonquins showed their losses in the struggle. The French had not been spared, their missionaries had fallen with their tawny converts, and, in 1653, reverse after reverse dimmed the glory of France and heightened the boldness of the all-conquering Iroquois. Quebec was beleaguered; men durst not go forth to reap the yellow harvest, and want began to stare all in the face. A poor widow mourned over the prospect. Touched by her desolate situation, Father Joseph Anthony Poncet, one of the most eminent Jesuits of the time, with a few whom his devotedness drew around him, went forth to gather in her harvest. The ambushed Iroquois fell upon them; Poncet and one companion were taken, and, though hotly pursued by his

flock, were hurried off to the Mohawk. Treading the path opened by Jogues and Bressani, he twice ran the gauntlet, was tortured and mangled, and led through all their villages.

The Mohawks, however, were weary of war, and, to obtain peace, restored Father Poncet; yet he did not return before visiting the Dutch at Fort Orange and hearing the confessions of some Catholics there.

The Onondagas had already asked for peace, and had even invited missionaries to settle in their land, and teach them as the Hurons had been taught. Motives of policy, indeed, led the western cantons to this step, for they were now engaged in a deadly war with the Eries, the last western tribe of their stock which had favored the Hurons.

In the conference which took place, Father Simon Le Moyne, an old Huron missionary, who on the death of Father Jogues had laid aside his name of Wane to take that of Ondessonk, borne by the murdered Jesuit, was the interpreter between the French and Iroquois. The latter were won by his manner, and both Mohawk and Onondaga envoys were earnest in their entreaties to be allowed to bear him to their lodges. The Onondagas were gratified; but the Mohawks had the promise of a speedy visit.

Thus strangely had the prospect altered. The whole country seemed open to the gospel. Still undeterred by failure, the Jesuits were eager to rush to the conversion of the tribes which had slaughtered their Huron neophytes, and massacred, with fiendish hate, their holiest missionaries. Again an Iroquois mission was projected. In July, 1653, Le Moyne set out from Quebec, and, toiling beyond Montreal, first passed through the rapid river to the lake beyond, opening like a sea across the Thousand Isles. Gliding through these islands, whence startled moose in crowds plunged into the stream, and coasting along the southern shore, he at last reached the mouth of the Oswego. Here, at a fishing village, his mission began; captive Hurons required his services, and at every step familiar faces gladdened to behold the black-gown, who had so often, in their native towns, announced the word of God. Long since an adopted Indian, Le Moyne entered the town of Onondaga, in accordance with the custom of the red-man, beginning, a mile before he reached it, a harangue, in which he enumerated their sachems and their chiefs, and recounted the glories of each.

Received with all pomp, he prepared for the solemn reception, where he delivered the presents of the French governor, exhorted them to peace, and, above all, to receive the faith of which he was the envoy. His presents were

accepted, and the sachems of Onondaga, by their belts of wampum, invited the French to build a house on Lake Ontario. His duties as ambassador ended, his duties as missionary began. Naught now remained but to console the captive Hurons, and confer on them the happiness they had so long coveted of being washed in the waters of penance. On all sides, too, he found children to baptize, and even adults, instructed by the piety of the Hurons, of whom no less than a thousand were here captive. Among others, he baptized, on the eve of his departure, a chief setting out against the Eries. In vain the prudent missionary sought to defer his baptism to his next visit.

"Ah! brother;" exclaimed the chief, "if I have the faith, can I not be a Christian to-day? Art thou master of death to prevent its striking me without thy order? Will the shafts of the foe be blunted for me? Must I, at every step in battle, dread hell rather than death? Unless thou baptize me I shall be without courage, and I shall not dare to meet the blows. Baptize me, for I will obey thee, and give thee my word to live and die a Christian."

Such an entreaty Le Moyne could not resist, and finding the chieftain already possessed of the truths necessary for salvation, he instructed him more fully and baptized him by the name of John Baptist, and the next day each set out on his different career.

Stopping in the half-dried basin of Onondaga Lake to taste the salt springs, although the Indians told him that a devil lurked in it, Father Le Moyne proceeded to Quebec, which he reached on the 11th of September to the joy of the pent-up settlers, who now, at least, believed the peace to be real and sincere. Passing from one extreme to the other, they reveled in gladness, and the colonization of Onondaga became a matter of daily discussion.

Men were eager to be the pioneers of the new settlement, and anxiously awaited the next embassy from Onondaga. At last, in the following summer, John Baptist arrived scathless from the Erie war, bearing his numerous presents, to ask again for a French colony and aid tn the Erie war, and offer the black-gowns the most delightful site in their canton at Onondaga, promising to alleviate the hardships of the way.

No doubt now remained. The missionaries instantly prepared. Father René Menard and Father Claude Dablon had been chosen by the superior to be the first to sit beneath the tree of peace thus planted, and "which towered so high above all the trees of the forest that nations might see it from afar;" but Menard was supplanted by the enthusiastic Chaumonot, who, ablest

linguist of his body, had acted as interpreter; and attracted the attention of the governor and the envoys.

On the 19th of September the chiefs embarked with the missionaries, who set out amid much anxiety, for men's minds were not without their misgivings Scarce out of sight of Quebec, the fathers began their mission by instructing the wife of John Baptist, who could not brook delay. Six other Onondagas and two Senecas joined their entreaties to hers, and so their morning and evening prayers were chanted on the majestic river by the voices of nineteen Christians, in fact or hope, the first fruits of the Iroquois. Not to be deprived of public worship, they landed on Sundays, raised a rustic bower, and beneath it the missionary of the wilderness, with wine pressed from the wild grape of our woods, offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

By the 29th of September—the anniversary of Goupil's death—the missionaries landed at the mouth of the Oswego. Here Father Chaumonot was at once surrounded by the Hurons among whom he had so long labored. A cry of joy burst from every lip as they shouted the name of their beloved Echon. They fell upon his neck, they clasped his knees, they begged him to visit their huts. While awaiting their public reception, the missionaries assembled the Christians, organized morning and evening prayer, spending the night in the confessional, to satisfy those who thronged around them with all the eagerness which a Catholic feels after being long deprived of the greatest gift accorded to the church. A dejected group stood near—pagans who, in their day of prosperity, had spurned the black-gown and his teachings, but now, bowed by the heavy hand of misfortune, came to solicit instruction.

After a short delay, the missionaries proceeded to Onondaga. Three miles from the town they were met and addressed by Gonaterezon, one of the principal orators; another invited them to a banquet, and, in a long harangue, exulted that the sun was then to shine in its fullness on the land. All these Chaumonot answered in Huron, with such ease and elegance that they were rapturous in their applause. Then, with much pomp, they were led through the eager crowd to the lodge prepared for them. During the night sachems came to present belts of wampum, and Father Chaumonot replied to them on behalf of the governor-general and the superior of the mission.

On Sunday another secret meeting was held to treat of further points, after which some lingered to ask about France, her government and laws. Chaumonot seized the opportunity, and, telling what she once had been, led

them to the history of the Redemption. Begged to continue, he so beautifully narrated the creation and chief events in sacred history, that three of his hearers ranged themselves beside him as catechumens.

After receiving deputies from Oneida, the missionaries were conducted on the 11th of November by a vast concourse to the site proposed for the mission-house. For beauty and convenience, no position could surpass this beautiful spot. Lake Ganentaa, the Onondaga of our day, stretches before it, offering an outlet to the lake above, while the rivers that swell its waters come from the villages of the allied tribes. A stream of pure water and another of salt, gushed from a neighboring knoll; the rising ground of the mission was encircled like the lake by woods, which in that season seemed to rival the vegetation of the tropics, and abounded in game, while the waters teemed with fish. Here, amid the joyous crowd, Chaumonot began the mission by baptizing a poor Erie captive, whom a band were leading to the stake.

The 15th of November was appointed for the solemn reception of the envoys. After spending the eve in prayer and supplication, the Christian orator entered the council of the sachems of Onondaga. Calling their attention to the importance of the council, greater than Onondaga had ever yet witnessed, since now they were to discuss, not peace or war, not things of earth or time, but of eternity, he unfolded his symbolic presents, and explained them in the Indian style. The main object of his address was to set forth the Christian doctrine, and refute the slanders and calumnies raised against it by pagan Wyandots. With such force and beauty did he speak, that Dablon, his companion, enraptured, seemed to hear the gospel preached to that whole benighted land; and that day of glory was in his eyes a triumph for the Faith worth all the toil and suffering its publication had hitherto cost.

On the following day, when the presents were returned, a new scene of interest occurred. The air resounded with the chants of the chiefs. "Happy land!" they cried, "happy land, in which the French are to dwell!" and amid the continual response, "Glad tidings! glad tidings!" raised on every side, the missionaries advanced to the council lodge. There all was silent, till the leader of the chorus broke forth—"I sing from the heart; we speak to thee, brother, from the heart; our friendly words are from the heart. Hail, brother! happy be thy coming, glad thy voice!" At each pause all joined in the chorus, echoing the response—"Farewell war! farewell the hatchet! Till now we have been mad; now we shall be brothers!"

An orator then arose and delivered the presents of the canton, explaining

the purport of each, and offering the whole tribe as candidates for enrollment in the church.

"Brother," he exclaimed, addressing the missionary—"brother, let no labor deter thee; go, even if it weary thee, go on to instruct us; visit our cabins; forsake us not, if you find us slow in understanding the prayer; plant it deeply in our minds and hearts." With these words he clasped the missionary in his arms to show the sincerity of the tribe.

This council established Christianity at Onondaga, the capital of the nation. Henceforth the missionaries might freely preach it by the great council-fire of the allied cantons; and even then Cayuga and Oneida, by their deputies, invited the envoys of Christ to their cantons.

This happy result was due in no small degree to the fervor of Le Moyne's first convert. Inspired by his zeal, the braves, in a recent battle, when surrounded by the Eries, had invoked the God of the Christians. and vowed to embrace the Faith if victory were granted. The tide of battle changed, and the thousand braves of Onondaga drove an Erie force which quadrupled theirs from a strong post and won the day. Of these triumphant warriors many were now ready to fulfill their vow, though some yielded to a false and fatal shame.

Chaumonot's first address had drawn several women to desire the faith; braves sought instruction, and a chapel was now needed. On the 18th of November, Fathers Chaumonot and Dablon raised the first Catholic chapel in the present State of New York. As soon as the ground was pointed out, the chapel rose beneath the busy hands of the fervent warriors, Rude and plain was this first shrine. "For marbles and precious stones," said Dablon, "we had but bark; but the path to heaven is as open through a roof of bark as through fretted ceilings of silver and gold."

The chapel, with its towering cross, was a constant call to baptism, and hither mothers eagerly brought their new-born babes. Every cabin was open to the missionaries. Here none of the prejudices of Hurons appeared; and as in several cases persons in danger of death rose in health after baptism, it was looked upon as a blessing. The classes for instruction were soon organized. The children of the Hurons, already trained by their parents in the faith, were more thoroughly taught, and the missionaries scarce found time for their own devotions. Their chapel was soon too small, and on Sundays and holidays they assembled in the cabins of the most eminent men, who eagerly sought the honor. And there the choir of Indian

girls, taught by Dablon, chanted to his instrumental music the praises of God. Conversions went steadily on among the adults, and especially among the female portion, whose attachment to the faith was unbounded, after the elder missionary had, in a solemn assembly, proclaimed the dignity of woman, and the high prerogative of the sacrament of matrimony.

The only danger to which the missionaries were exposed was at the time of a Saturnalia, which took place every March, and in which, in obedience to their dreams, the Indians committed every extravagance. One of the missionaries had well-nigh fallen a victim to the superstition, as one brave dreamed that he had killed a Frenchman, and actually rushed to their cabin to make it a reality; but the fathers had prudently withdrawn, and the maniac was appeased by a European dress, on which he wreaked his fury; a strange substitution, yet often to be met with in the annals of the time, and apparently connected with the idea of sacrifice.

This period of prosperity was too beautiful to last. The enemy soon raised up calumnies. Suspicions about baptism began to gain ground: and though Chaumonot, as the representative of France, had adopted the Cayugas and Oneidas in a great council, yet the sachems constantly deferred sending messengers to Quebec; and on a rumor of the arrest of some Onondagas at that city, the two missionaries were summoned to a council and accused of treachery. After a vain endeavor to allay their suspicions, the fearless Chaumonot offered that one of the two should go to Quebec to bring a faithful report of all, leaving the other a hostage in their hands. Dablon, less skilled in Indian manners, was accordingly chosen to go, and on the 30th of March, after a four-weeks' voyage, stood in the council-hall of Quebec, urging an immediate colony for Onondaga.

While Chaumonot and Dablon were thus evangelizing Onondaga, and opening the way to Oneida and Cayuga, the Mohawk was not neglected. That tribe did not conceal its indignation at the intercourse between the French and the western cantons. They were at last appeased by a promise that Father Le Moyne should visit them. He accordingly set out from Montreal on the 16th of August, 1655, with two Frenchmen and twelve Mohawks, and, after a month's travel, reached the first village, where he was received with every mark of esteem. In his address to the sachems, while delivering the presents, he announced the faith, invoking the vengeance of Heaven on his head, if his words were false.

As it was not proposed to found a regular mission yet, he at once began

his labors among the Huron captives, confessing them and baptizing their children. He then made a hurried visit to Fort Orange and New Amsterdam, and at the latter found objects for his ministry in the crew of two French vessels then in port.

Returning to the Mohawk, he narrowly escaped death; and finding the sachems uneasy at his presence, set out in November for Montreal, and reached it after great danger.

When Dablon, half-hostage, half-envoy, reached Quebec, all his enthusiasm and intrepidity could not give firmness to the fluctuating counsels of the colony. A settlement at Onondaga had been promised; a settlement or a war seemed inevitable; yet the recent treachery of the Mohawk, the cruelty of the western cantons to the Hurons and their missionaries, the conviction of the survivors of that nation that the present invitation was part of a deep-laid scheme—all deterred the French from undertaking to colonize the valley of the Oswego. Yet Canada was too weak to bear a new war, and a few individuals must be exposed for the common safety. The missionaries were not men who held life dear, and they eagerly offered to go. Preparations were accordingly made; a number of French colonists were equipped, under the command of Captain Dupuis. The superior of the mission, Father Francis le Mercier, laid down his office, without awaiting the close of his term, in order to lead the new band of missionaries in person, and with Fathers René Menard, Claude Dablon, and Brothers Ambrose Broar and Joseph Boursier, prepared to establish Christianity amid the lakes of Western New York.

They left Quebec on the 17th of May, 1656. Hurons, Onondagas, and Senecas completed the party; for the Senecas also had sent for missionaries. Though attacked by the jealous Mohawks, the fleet of canoes moved joyfully up the St. Lawrence with their royal banner floating in the breeze—the banner of the King of kings, bearing his august name sparkling in the glad sunshine. On the shore stood a motley group of savage and civilized friends, whose anxious looks showed their sense of the danger of the party, and whose prayers rose to Heaven for its safety.

The early part of the voyage was pleasant. Game was abundant; the stately moose supplied their larder. But they at last ran out of provisions, and many fell sick. They accordingly pushed on, night and day, and on the 7th of July the main body reached the mouth of the Oswego. After an ineffectual attempt to ascend its rapid current, they were cheered by the

approacn of a canoe loaded with corn and fish. A few days later their canoes, amid the thunders of artillery echoing over the waters and through the woods which encircled the lake, reached the spot selected for their abode.

After the preliminary reception, and a few days of repose, the missionaries blessed the ground, and Dupuis and his men began the fort and house on the eminence. Father Le Mercier meanwhile proceeded to Onondaga, about five leagues distant, and was received with all possible honor. From every quarter deputies came to wait upon him and ask that his mat should be the council-hall. The treacherous Mohawk came with slanders, but was promptly refuted; and, as affairs stood, he durst not show hostility, for the western cantons were ready for war, to avenge the death of a Seneca chief, murdered by the Mohawks.

All were interested to prevent a rupture. Deputies from all the cantons came in to sit around the council-fire of Onondaga; and hither, too, came Chaumonot, bearing rich presents for the tribe, as words from the French, Hurons, and Algonquins. Invoking the guidance of Heaven by chanting the "Veni Creator," he unfolded and explained the presents with all the art of an Indian orator. "As Onondaga," he said, "was the principal canton, and her sachem, the greatest man in the whole country, he, the father, came to him, as the mouth of the Governor Geneva, to raise the ruined cabin, resuscitate the dead, maintain what was still standing, and defend the country against the disturbers of the peace."

Encouraged by the applause bestowed on his eloquence and skill in the Onondaga, which he now spoke, Chaumonot raised his last present, that of the faith: "Not for traffic do we appear in your country: our aim is much higher. Keep your beaver, if you like, for the Dutch: what comes to our hands shall be employed for your service. We seek not perishable things. For the faith alone have we left our land; for the faith have we traversed the ocean; for the faith have we left the great ships of the French to enter your tiny canoes; for the faith I hold in my hand this present, and open my lips to summon you to keep your word given at Quebec. You have solemnly promised to hearken to the words of the great God: they are in my mouth—hear them!" Then, running over the principal doctrines, he called upon them to say whether they were not just, and summoned them by their hope of bliss or fear of chastisement to embrace the faith.

Thrilling was the effect of this address. Wonder and fear, mingled with joy and hope, swayed the minds of his auditory, and the missionary that

day seemed more than human. He was indeed borne up by a heavenly strength; for he had risen from a sick-bed to deliver his address, and a few days after was surrounded by his companions, who, in dejection, awaited his last moment. He was, however, spared. Full of confidence in St. Peter, he invoked the aid of the prince of the apostles, and soon rose from his couch in health, being destined, in fact, to outlive all those around him.

This council ended, all was activity. By August a chapel was erected in Onondaga; and while some advanced the fort and residence at Ganentaa, the missionaries attended the chapel, or visited the cabins to instruct and learn. As in the Huron country sickness now broke out among the Europeans, and twenty of the party were at once prostrated by fever; but by the kindly aid of the natives all recovered.

In October, Achiendasé was solemnly adopted by the head sachem, in the presence of deputies from the other cantons; and though a dispute seemed rising between the Mohawks and Onondagas, who both claimed the Hurons of Isle Orleans, the mission was to all appearance firmly established.

The work of conversions now began; the Faith was more gladly received by the Onondagas than it had been by the Hurons. The easy manners of the people rendered intercourse less difficult; and at public and private gatherings the fathers, availing themselves of the custom of relating old traditions, recounted the events of sacred history. Obstacles, however, were not wanting; even direct charges of the most absurd nature were brought against the missionaries—a popular one being that the French baptized Indians only to torment them more at ease in heaven; and on one occasion Father Dablon was in no slight danger, being suspected of having carried off a box full of souls.

Prisoners and slaves brought from no less than seventeen different nations, were the first to enter the fold; but natives, and even chiefs and captains, soon followed, moved especially by the influence of the Christian Hurons, who, being now helots in Onondaga, showed the power of religion in their virtues and patience. Among the natives, John Baptist Achiongeras, the first convert, full of faith, endeavored to convert his sister, who haughtily refused to listen to him. Despairing of success, he began a novena to St. Mary Magdalen; and on the second day his sister's heart was changed.

When the faith had thus acquired a footing at Onondaga, the band of apostolic men spread themselves among the cantons. In the latter part of August, 1656, Fathers Chaumonot and Menard set out to answer the invita-

tions of the Cayugas and Senecas. The former, leaving Menard at Cayuga, proceeded to the populous villages of the Senecas.

Menard, who was welcomed by the chief, erected a chapel, but was coldly received by the tribe, and so little regarded that he never appeared without being attacked by the children. To the day of his death, many years after, amid the forests of Upper Michigan, he bore the scars with which these tormentors covered his face. Yet the simple guilelessness of Father René soon won their hearts; and when once he had converted a chief, his chapel was filled with admiring and listening crowds. On its wall of mats beside the altar, hung pictures of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and to explain these the missionary told the history of our Redemption. Now, too, the children changed and became his helpers in the mission, leading him to the cabins of the sick and giving him the names of all, which some studiously concealed.

The women, already moved by the virtues of the Huron females, were the first converts; they brought their babes to receive baptism; they followed his instructions; and in almost every cabin could be found an Indian mother teaching her wayward child to lisp a prayer to Jesus and Mary.

Menard, meanwhile, was now rapidly acquiring the Cayuga dialect under the instructions of an excellent family, in whose cabin he was often a guest. His mission was advancing; his chapel was crowded with catechumens; but he baptized few adults, and seldom but in case of danger. The first admitted to the sacrament was an old man on his death-bed; the second, once a prominent chief, now a cripple, eaten up by a cancer, whose conversion seemed due to the martyred Brébeuf and Lallemant. At their capture he had been struck by their appearance, and bought them with wampum, yet was unable to save them; for his belts were returned, and the missionaries put to death. His conversion gave great influence to religion, for his authority always stood very high in the canton; and, indeed, all protection was needed by Menard, who was on several occasions threatened with death.

After a stay of two months he was recalled to Onondaga, but his converts were inconsolable, and he was soon restored to their entreaties, and renewed his mission with greater success than ever.

Father Chaumonot, on reaching Gandagare, the chief village of the Senecas, was received with pomp. In his address he urged them to embrace the faith, staking his own life and that of all his associates as a guarantee of its truth. He was followed from the council by a chief, who begged to be

instructed without delay—a striking proof of the magic power which Chaumonot's eloquence possessed, for an Indian must be deeply moved to show his feeling. Conversions followed; but the most important was that of the great chief of the tribe, the invalid Annontenritaoui. Visited, instructed, and baptized by Chaumonot, his faith was rewarded by the sudden cure of a cancer that had baffled all art.

Besides Gandagare, there was another village which had a deep interest for the old missionary of Huronia. This was a village made up of the survivors of the old missions of St. Michael's and St. John's in the Huron country, when, as we have seen, those towns submitted to the Senecas in the fatal war. Here all thronged around the old companion of Brébeuf and Daniel. Not one pagan now held back from baptism; not one Christian from confession; not one was unconverted by misfortune. To be thus able to minister to these poor exiles, was in itself a reward for the toils of the missionary; but his joy was dashed by the loss of the faithful lay-brother, Le Moyne, who had followed him in all his trials, but now sank in death, on the beautiful shores of Lake Tlohero, rejoicing that it was given him to die on the land of the Iroquois, in the work of the gospel.

After laying the foundations of a mission in this canton, the unwearied Father Chaumonot returned to Onondaga, but was immediately sent, with Father Menard, to Oneida, to open friendly relations with that most difficult of the tribes. They reached it, and after urging the importance of peace, announcing the law of Christ, and ministering to the Huron captives, they returned to St. Mary's.

Onondaga was, therefore, the central, or, in fact, the only regular mission; but it was now established on a firm basis. The offices of the Church were celebrated, the sacraments administered, and Christian virtues practiced, as regularly and carefully as in the most Catholic parts of Europe. In a short time two hundred were baptized, among them five chieftains, the corner-stones of that church; one of whom, in a public assembly, advocated the faith as the only hope of saving their country by restoring morality, and, above all, fidelity in marriage, and in their relations with each other—the want of which had been more destructive than armies.

The women especially listened to the words of truth, and the accounts of the missionaries dwell with interest on the noble death of Magdalen Tiotonharason, who had gone to Quebec to learn the prayer, and who remained steadfast to her last sigh, amid the seductions and persuations of her

unbelieving relatives. The bold stand of the missionaries against polygamy had won to their cause all the women, who felt, indeed, the crimes to which their actual state often gave rise.

The church was composed of three nations, Onondagas, Hurons, and Neutrals, all bound together by the common tie of faith, which made master and slave kneel down side by side. No obstacle was raised by the medicine-men, no sachem opposed the missionaries, and all gloried in the name of Christian.

When tidings of this success reached Quebec, the superiors chose new missionaries to proceed to so promising a field. A party of Hurons were already at Montreal, about to emigrate to Onondaga. Fathers Paul Ragueneau and Joseph Imbert Duperon soon joined them, with a lay-brother and some French colonists, and in July, 1657, they set out for the mouth of the Oswego. Soon after their departure a deep-laid plot was discovered. The missionaries and other Frenchmen were treated coldly, and at last abandoned. By chance they found an old canoe, and kept up with the flotilla; but, on the 3d of August, their worst fears were realized by a massacre of the Hurons, instigated by an Onondaga chief, who, provoked at the resistance made to him by a virtuous Huron girl, killed her, and urged the slaughter of all.

Ragueneau reproached the Onondagas with their treachery; but they boldly asserted that, in slaughtering the Hurons, they merely complied with the orders of the governor and the missionaries. The fathers and their companions now prepared to die, for they heard that it was resolved to put them to death. It was indeed so, but considerations of policy caused the chiefs to suspend the blow, and the fathers reached the mission of St. Mary's in safety. There they found that all was changed; hostility was openly shown by those who had warmly welcomed them, and nothing remained but to endeavor to escape. With much difficulty they sent to Quebec a full account of their position.

Such was the state of the Onondaga mission. That of the Mohawk had made less progress. That tribe, still hostile, had attacked the Ottawas near Montreal and killed Father Garreau, then burst on the Hurons of Isle Orleans and swept many away captive. Yet, in the summer of 1656, the fearless Father Le Moyne again visited their strong castles, and after reproaching them for their cruelty and want of faith, devoted himself to the care of the Hurons of the Bear family, who had, after the fatal day on Isle Orleans, emigrated to the Mohawk. Like a good father he consoled the

afflicted, instructed the ignorant, heard the confessions of all who came, baptized the children, made all pray, and exorted them to persevere in the faith and avoid sin. The Mohawks touched by the piety of the Hurons, especially of one whom they put to death, now came to listen to the instructions of the missionary, and he never let them go without some words on heaven and hell, the power of an all-seeing and all-knowing God, who rewarded the good and punished the wicked.

Having thus completed his duties as envoy, and fulfilled his promise to the Hurons on their emigration, Le Moyne returned to Quebec, which he reached on the 5th of November, 1656. Soon after the departure of Ragueneau and his companions for Onondaga in the following summer, he, too, set out once more for the Mohawk. He left the colony on the 26th of August; but, on arriving at the Mohawk castles, found himself held rather as a prisoner or hostage than as a friend, for there, too, an evident hostility to the French prevailed

Thus, and apparently without a cause, the missionaries, after having had access to every canton, after having announced in all the gospel of truth, found themselves destined to death and driven from the field.

The councils of the Iroquois were secret, but their plans were known in the cantons, and some of the braves were too impatient to await the development of their sachems' plot. Prowling around the French settlements they committed several murders. Daillebout, the governor, quick and far-seeing, resolved to have hostages in his hands, and suddenly arrested all the Iroquois within the limits of the colony; and, on the 7th of November, dispatched two Mohawks with letters for Le Moyne and the Onondaga missionaries. The former were delivered, the latter destroyed; but runners soon conveyed to Onondaga the news of the measures of Daillebout.

Disconcerted by this unexpected step, the sachems of Onondaga and Mohawk deferred the blow. Le Moyne, in December, sent three messengers with a letter to the governor, announcing the hostilities of the Iroquois tribes against the upper and lower Algonquins. Daillebout firmly demanded the immediate return of Le Moyne, and the surrender of some murderers. Both were promised, but the missionary remained, an object of suspicion and dislike, unable either to continue his labors or to return, and beguiling his half-captivity by an occasional visit to the Dutch.

At Onondaga it was different; the sachems still hoped to be able to cut off the colony in their midst without forfeiting the lives of their hostages at

Quebec. Foreseeing a bloody catastrophe, the superior had recalled all the fathers, and Dupuis all his colonists within the fort and house at St. Mary's, to resist, escape, or fall together.

Thus the winter wore slowly away, and day by day their longing eyes looked in vain for a ray of hope; spring came, and, in a new council on the Mohawk, the final resolution of the sachems was taken. But before they could carry out their bloody designs, while the piles were actually preparing for their execution, the missionaries resolved to attempt a secret flight, impossible as it seemed to escape unobserved through a country of defiles, where a dozen braves could destroy them all.

Silently and rapidly, in the residence of St. Mary's, skillful hands were constructing two swift, light boats, each large enough to carry fourteen or fifteen individuals and a weight of a thousand pounds. They also concealed in the house their canoes, four of Algonquin, five of Iroquois make. The great difficulty now remained; this was to embark unseen, for the slightest suspicion of their intent would draw the whole force of the canton upon them. At last a favorable moment arrived. A young Frenchman was adopted into the tribe, and, in accordance with their customs, gave a banquet. Availing himself of one of their usages, he proclaimed it to be one where everything must be eaten and nothing left, immense as might be the mass of eatables placed before the guest. To this feast every neighbor was invited; the plenteous board groaned beneath the weight of viands, and as none could refuse his portion, the overloaded guests, excited by the dances and games which the French kept up in quick succession, or lulled by the music, were insensible to all but the festivities before them. Amid the uproar and noise the boats were silently borne to the water's edge, and as silently loaded. Gradually as night closed in, the weary guests began to drop away, the music and dance being still kept up by the French. When these ceased, all the Onondagas departed, and were soon after buried in sleep. Silence reigned.

The whole French colony hurried to their flotilla and pushed off, about midnight, on the 20th of March, 1658. The water of the lake froze around them as they advanced, and fear almost froze their blood; yet on they went, all night long, and all the next day; hand succeeded hand at the oar and the paddle, till, on the second evening, without having met a single living soul, they saw Ontario spread its sea-like expanse before them. Their greatest danger was now past, and the distance between them and their treacherous hosts gave them time to breathe.

When the Onondagas had slept off their revel they strolled from their huts, and, as they rambled toward St. Mary's of Ganentaa, were surprised at the silence that reigned around it. Supposing the inmates at prayer, or in council, they awaited the result calmly, for an Indian never betrays curiosity. Of their presence there they had no doubt: the cocks were crowing, the dog answered the knock at the door. Yet, as the afternoon waned, their patience was exhausted, and, scaling the side of the house, they entered. No sound echoed through the building but that of their own cautious steps; in fright and trouble hey stole through and opened the main door. The sagest chiefs enter; from garret to cellar, every spot is examined; not a Frenchman can be found. Fear and terror seize them; gazing at each other in silence they fled from the house. No trace betrayed the flight of the French. "They have become invisible," cried the Onondagas, "and flown or walked upon the waters, for canoes they had not."

JESUITS' WELL AT GANENTAA.

They, meanwhile, amid a thousand dangers, in an unknown route, through lake, and river, and rapid, and fall, reached Montreal, after seeing one of their canoes and three of their party engulfed in the St. Lawrence. In the colony they were received as men from beyond the grave.

Thus ended, after a brief existence, the mission of St. Mary's of Ganentaa, in the Onondaga country, with its dependent missions among the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas. It had been founded and conducted with great toil, and at great expense; it was now crushed, but its effect was not lost; many had been brought to the faith, and more convinced of the truth and beauty of Christianity, who for motives of policy still held back.

Among the Mohawks, Le Moyne was in no less danger than his brethren had been at Onondaga. On the 25th of March he wrote from the Dutch settlement a letter which he supposed was to give the last tidings of his labors, but soon after the sachems, remembering their promise, appointed envoys to convey him to Montreal, and an embassy brought him safely to his countrymen in the latter part of May, 1658.

Not a missionary now remained in the territory of the Iroquois, and the war which immediately broke out precluded for a time any hope of return.

But dark as the cause of Christianity seemed in the cantons, it was not without its hopes of a new and brighter day. At Onondaga many had been won to the side of Christianity, and on these the future depended; but, unfortunately, none seemed possessed of sufficient influence to effect a change in the councils of the tribe. Neither Achiongeras, nor any of the rest, could hope to restore the mission, having in all probability lost grade by their adherence to a foreign creed. At this moment God raised up one destined to be for years a protector, and, at last, an humble follower of the Christian religion. Garacontié, "the sun that advances," was a nephew of the Tododaho, great sachem of the league. Himself neither sachem nor chief, undistinguished on the war-path, he had, by his eloquence, ability, and political wisdom, acquired a power such as we have seen in our own days exercised by the orator Red Jacket.

During the brief existence of St. Mary's of Ganentaa, Garacontié had examined with care the customs of the colonists and the doctrines of the missionaries, and had come to the conclusion that civilization and Christianity were necessary for the preservation of his nation. No sign had, however, betrayed this favorable opinion to the missionaries: he never sat among their disciples, and seemed as indifferent a hearer as any around him. His part, however, was taken. After the flight of the French, he was openly the protector of the Christians, and the earnest advocate of peace. In spite of his endeavors war was renewed against the French with unwonted ferocity. The villages of Canada were in flames, the whole frontier was inundated in blood,

Quebec was blockaded, the best men in the colony were cut down in sight of the forts by the wily foe. Others were led away to furnish sport by their tortures to the clans in their village homes, or to linger away in captivity. Garacontié rescued as many as he could in all the cantons by presents and by arguments. These, to the number of twenty-four, he assembled at Onondaga, and at morning and night, by a bell, called them and the Hurons to prayer. On Sundays he gave feasts, now in one cabin, now in another, in order to enable the Christians to spend the day in prayer.

Meanwhile, in council and in private, he labored to incline his tribe to peace, and at last succeeded. The Onondagas resolved to send an embassy to Quebec, and restore some of the captives as a preliminary of peace.

In July, 1660, the beleagured townsmen of Montreal beheld an Iroquois canoe shoot out above the town, with a white flag fluttering in the breeze. Men crowded in anxiety to the wall, but the canoe came silently on, and on reaching the bank in front of the town-gate the warriors stepped ashore as calmly as if they were friendly guests, and, followed by four Frenchmen, advanced into the town. An audience was soon given. There the spokesman, the Cayuga Saonchiogwa, the warm friend of Garacontié, and sharer of his thoughts, broke in public the bonds of the four prisoners and promised the freedom of the rest, assuring the French of the friendly disposition of the tribe. Beginning his address, he explained the various presents; at the fifth he said: "This is to draw the Frenchman to us, that he may return to his mat, which we still preserve at Ganentaa, where the house is yet standing that he had when he dwelt among us. His fire has not been extinguished since his departure; and his fields, which we have tilled, wait but his hand to gather in the harvest; he will make peace flourish again in our midst by his stay, as he had banished all the evils of war. And to cement this alliance and unite us so closely together that the demon, jealous of our happiness, may no longer be able to traverse our good designs, we beg that the holy women (nuns) may come to see us, both those who take care of the sick, and those that instruct the young. We will build them fine cabins, and the fairest mats in the country are destined for them. Let them not fear the currents or rapids—we have vanquished them all, and rendered the river so smooth that they could, themselves, without pain or fear, ply the light paddle."

Here he paused, and his tone of compliment gave way to one of stern resolve. Raising his last belt, he exclaimed: "A black-gown must come with me, otherwise no peace; and on his coming depend the lives of the

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REV. FATHER CORBY GIVES ABSOLUTION UNDER FIRE.

twenty Frenchmen at Onondaga;" and with these words he placed in the governor's hands a leaf of the book on the margin of which the captives had written their names.

The counsels of the French were divided. It seemed blind temerity to yield to this demand; but, influenced by the accounts of the returned captives, who declared that the women were unanimous in favor of Christianity, that Garacontié was entirely on their side, and had now remained only to prevent any counter-movement in his absence, the council left the final determination to the Viscount d'Argenson, who asked that Father Le Moyne should meet the wishes of the Indians. That intrepid missionary for the fifth time girt himself to visit the homes of the Iroquois. It was, he declared, the happiest day of his life. Now, at last, he seemed to go, never to return, for his steps would be in a land still reeking with the blood of the French, where the fires were scarce extinguished around which the Onondagas had danced in savage triumph over their expiring prisoner.

He accordingly set out from Montreal on the 21st of July, 1660, a hostage in their hands; and though attacked by the Oneidas, and with difficulty rescued from their tomahawks and scalping-knives, reached in safety the mouth of the Oswego, where, notwithstanding the negotiations, they found a war-party on its way to attack Montreal.

Advancing now to Onondaga, they were met, six miles from the town, by Garacontié, who thus came, as chieftain never came before, to greet the envoy of the peace of which he had been the projector. Le Moyne entered the castle of the mountain tribe amid the joyful shouts of the people, who offered him fruit, and then ran on to stop and look back at the long-expected Ondessonk, whose fearless manner won them all. With admirable tact, Garacontié led the missionary first to the lodges of the sachems and chiefs most adverse to peace, and then conducted him to his own, already fitted up as a chapel. 'Twas rude, indeed, but as the pious missionary adds, "Our Lord, who deigns to veil himself under the forms of bread and wine, will not disdain to dwell beneath a roof of bark; and the woods of our forests are not less precious in his eyes than the cedars of Lebanon, since where He is, there is paradise."

On the 12th of August, Le Moyne was solemnly received at the mission-house by the sachems of Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca, and on their ratifying the acts of the embassy, delivered his presents, concluded peace, and urged them to embrace Christianity, of which he gave a summary. To this

they replied in another session; and then the speaker announced that seven prisoners from Onondaga, and two from Cayuga, should be immediately sent with Garacontié, and that the rest should return in the spring with Ondessonk. Remonstrance failing, Le Moyne was compelled to submit to this arrangement, and calmly prepared for his winter mission with the remaining captives. Garacontié set out, and though the Onondaga party met by Le Moyne had, in August, ravaged the Island of Montreal, and slain, among others, the estimable Sulpitian, James Le Maitre, and the Mohawks, in October, killed another of the same congregation—Father William Vignal, the oldest secular priest in the colony—the Onondaga orator was well received, restored his captives, and obtained the liberation of several of his countrymen.

Meanwhile Father Le Moyne was busily employed in Western New York. In his poor chapel, adorned with a cross carried off from Isle Orleans, and redeemed by Garacontié, French, Huron, and Iroquois assembled around the same altar, each chanting in his own tongue the words of life and truth. Ever on the march, village after village received his missionary visits, and everywhere his presence was gladly welcomed. He was not, however, free from danger. Dreams ruled the land, and their fulfillment, often ridiculous, was sometimes criminal and dangerous to others. One brave, dreaming that he wore Ondessonk's cassock, burst into the hut and bid him strip. On another occasion all the sachems were required to check another who burst in to destroy the crucifix on his altar. Father Le Moyne was there; but he bore the name of Jogues, who had loved the cross and laid down his life for it by the banks of the Mohawk, and he would not see it dishonored. Springing between the altar and the madman, he bared his head for the blow, and would have fallen had not the murderer been caught back as his tomahawk glistened in the air.

In this instance he escaped. However, the scenes of drunken riot hourly before his eyes (for Dutch traders flooded the cantons with intoxicating liquors), made him accept with pleasure an invitation to visit Cayuga, then ravaged by an epidemic. Together with a young surgeon, he ministered to the sick, and saved many. A month was too short for him to confess and console the Huron women, baptize their children, and instruct them all. Glorious women! their faith was undimmed, although they had so long had no chapel but their master's hut; no priest but their conscience.

Tearing himself at last from these fervent Christians, he returned to Onondaga, and found Garacontié arrived, more friendly than ever to the

French cause. The chieftain soon baffled the advocates of war, who had, in his absence, even plotted Le Moyne's death, and he now prepared a party to conduct the missionary and remaining captives to the St. Lawrence. The mission of Le Moyne was now drawing to a close. He had preached to captives of ten different nations; he had, during the prevalence of the small-pox, baptized two hundred infants, most of whom soon died, and had won several adults to the faith, besides ministering to the old Christians. Among the adults he was often met with old calumnies. Some, however, hearkened to the truth.

An Illinois captive, dying of a horrible ulcer, visited by the father, asked him—"What must I do to go to the heaven of which you speak?" "Believe." "Well, I believe." "Pray." "Well, I will pray; but I know not how. Come and teach me, for I cannot go to thee." He was regularly instructed. Faith soon changed him. No murmur or complaint left his lips. At last, fully instructed, he solicited and received the sacrament of Baptism.

During his stay at Onondaga, Christians, especially women, came frequently from other cantons under various pretexts, and thus profited by his ministry. Some even, by their piety and virtue, won their mistresses, and brought them to the missionary to receive instruction.

Father Le Moyne had not set out from Quebec with the intention of beginning a mission, and his scanty supply of wine, he foresaw, would soon be exhausted. To be able to say Mass daily, he despatched an Indian to Albany, and readily obtained of the friendly Hollanders a bottle of wine for the use of the altar.

At last the preparations for his departure were completed, and all were ready to depart. But one was destined to become a martyr of conjugal chastity. Refusing to take an Indian wife at the command of his master, he was savagely butchered by the cruel Onondaga. The rest, to the number of eighteen, now set out with Le Moyne and an escort. On the last day of August they reached Sault St. Louis, and were soon after welcomed by a volley from the walls of Montreal.

This ended the Iroquois missions of Father Simon le Moyne. Though named once more to his old post he never again visited the tribes of central New York. The voice of Ondessonk never again called them to the truth. Companion of Brébeuf, Jogues, Garnier, and Daniel on the Huron mission as early as 1638, he had ever and justly been dear to the Indian and the white man for his firmness, intrepidity, and zeal. Successor of Jogues, whose

name he bore, he founded the Iroquois missions planned by the former, visited almost every village in the cantons, and was known and respected in all. Now, worn out by his long missionary labors, he sank under the weight of years and toil; and, after an illness of nine days, expired by a most holy death at the Cape de la Madeleine, November 24, 1665, having just completed his sixty-first year. His death was mourned as a public loss by the French colony, and the Iroquois sent presents to wipe away the tears shed for his death.

Nor may we further follow the fortunes of the mission to the Iroquois tribes, which was plenteous enough in vicissitude, and in heroic Christian sacrifice, to fill several volumes such as this. Father Le Moyne was succeeded in the field by Fathers Fremin Bruyas, Pierron de Lamberville, and others, all devoted Jesuits, who in turn labored among the several tribes of which the nation was composed. Through peace and war some of the mission establishments survived down to the American Revolution and when this broke out, the Catholic Iroquois refused to take up arms against the colonists. The missionaries took no part in the war, yet experienced harsh treatment from the Americans during their invasion of Canada.

Since the close of the American War, few incidents mark the history of these quiet missions. That of the Presentation, after being demoralized by a British garrison stationed there, was settled by the English government, first at Johnstown, then at Indian Point, Lisbon, on American ground. Here they had a little village of twenty-four families, which was finally dispersed in 1806 and 1807, and the people retired to Onondaga and St. Regis. Those of the Caughnawaga, Canasadaga, and St. Regis still subsist, and have of late years greatly improved, having shared in the general religious progress of Canada, whose church, so suddenly severed from France, and harassed by England, maintained for some years a doubtful struggle.

St. Regis, for some time after its founder's death, was deprived of a resident missionary, and depended on visits from neighboring priests; but in December, 1785, when peace once more left all in quiet on the St. Lawrence, the Rev. Roderic McDonnell, a zealous Scotch priest, took up his residence among the Indians of Aquasasne, and in 1791 erected the present massive stone church. He continued his labors, undaunted by ill-health, down to the period of his death, in 1806.

But we cannot close this chronicle of the Iroquois missions without placing before the reader an account of a native maiden of one branch of that

people, whose virtues might alone justify all the sacrifice of the martyred Jesuits.

The sublime influence of Catholicity on the life of the Indian is nowhere better illustrated than in the saintly Catherine Tegakwitha. She is the Indian virgin par excellence. While the great chiefs and lordly sachems of her once powerful and warlike race are forgotten, the name of this simple and pure-souled girl is held in honor and veneration. Catherine was born at Caughnawaga, the chief town of the Mohawks, situated on the Mohawk river, in 1656, about ten years after the martyrdom of Father Jogues at the same place. Her father was a heathen Mohawk chief; her mother, a Christian Algonquin. They had two children—a boy and a girl. The Iroquois missions had not yet been opened by the Jesuits, and no opportunity had arisen to have the children baptized, when the ravages of the small-pox carried away Catherine's father, mother, and little brother, leaving her an orphan at the age of four years. She was taken into the family of her uncle, one of the leading chiefs of the tribe.

The small-pox having weakened her eyes, she was unable to bear the glare of light, and hence was obliged to remain whole days shut up in the wigwam. By degrees she began to love seclusion, and thus her modesty and purity were partly shielded from rude contact with a corrupt and savage society. As she grew older, she became very active and serviceable to her aunts. She ground the corn, went in search of water, and carried the wood; for such, among the Indians, were the common employments of young girls. The rest of her time she spent in the manufacture of various little articles, for which she possessed an extraordinary skill. Her industry guarded her innocence. Among the Indian women, idleness was the source of an infinite number of vices. They had an extreme passion for gossiping visits and showing themselves in public places, where they could display all the trinkets and finery—a sort of vanity not by any means confined to civilized nations.

In 1667, Father Fremin and two other Jesuits visited the Mohawk castles for the purpose of establishing the mission among that tribe. They arrived at a time when the people were plunged into all sorts of social riot and intemperance. No one but Catherine, then eleven years of age, was in a fit state to receive them. She lodged the missionaries, and with singular modesty and sweetness attended to all their wants. The dignified and courteous manner of the Jesuits, and their regular habits of prayer—all deeply impressed this simple child of the forest. She never forgot this first sight of the noble

black-gowns. She even intended to ask for baptism, but her modest reserve prevented her, and in a few days the priests directed their steps to other villages in the valley of the Mohawk.

When the young maiden became of marriageable age many trials beset her pathway. Her relations' wishes were not hers. These sensual and ignorant savages understood not the lofty motives which inclined her to a single life. She admired, loved purity long before she understood the excellence of that virtue. Hence she was persecuted as an obstinate girl—treated as a slave. But arming herself with a sweet patience—constant as it was admirable—this simple child, amid the forests of New York, baffled the rude efforts of her bitterest foes.

THE LILY OF THE MOHAWKS.

Father James de Lamberville, S. J., came to erect a mission at Caughnawaga, in 1675. With a secret joy Catherine attended the daily prayers and instructions. Her long-cherished desire of becoming a Christian was increased. Still she feared the hostility of her pagan uncle, in whose power she entirely was. Even her timid modesty sealed her lips. But an occasion to open her heart soon presented itself. Some days after Lamberville's arrival, while most of the village were in the field or woods, he began to visit the cabins to instruct the sick and such as remained. A wound in Catherine's foot had kept her at home. Joy lighted up her girlish countenance as the good priest entered. At once she confided to him her desires, the long-treasured wish of her heart to be a Christian, the opposition of her friends, their intention to compel her to marry, to which

she was strongly disinclined. Delighted as the missionary was to have discovered such simplicity, candor, and courage, he was far from hastening her baptism. The winter was spent in instructing her, and in examining the character she had till then borne. Even her enemies paid their tribute of respect to her really beautiful character. With a holy joy she received baptism on Easter Sunday, 1676, and was named Catherine, which signifies pure. She was then in her twentieth year.

"Faithful to her conscience," says Dr. Shea, "when unaided by the Gospel light, Catherine, as may easily be supposed, now gave her soul entirely to God. Her devotions, her austerities, her good works, were at once determined upon and perseveringly practiced in spite of the obstacles raised by her kindred. Sundays and holidays beheld her the sport of their hatred and cruelty; refusing to work in the fields, she was compelled to fast, for they deprived her of food. She was pointed at by the children and called in derision '*the Christian*.' A furious brave once dashed into the cabin to tomahawk her, but awed by her calm and dignified mien as she knelt to receive the blow, he slunk back as from a superior being." Worse than all—more painful than all—black calumny raised its "viper-head" against her. She bore the dreadful trial with sublime meekness, and her sweet innocence finally lived it down. But she sought peace, and that inestimable blessing was not to be found in the society of the corrupt pagans of her native town. Her Christian countrymen, it will be remembered, had formed a village on the banks of the lordly St. Lawrence, near the rapid above Montreal. For this she sighed, as for the promised land. Finally, after many adventures and dangers—one of which was a miraculous escape from the tomahawk of her furious pagan uncle—she reached the new Caughnawaga, in Canada.

Here, as she grew in age, she advanced in grace and virtue. Having seen the nuns of Ville Marie, and learned their mode of life, she desired as far as possible to imitate them, and consecrate herself to God; not by a simple promise, such as she had already made, but by a vow of perpetual virginity.

"Who will teach me," she would exclaim, "what is most agreeable to God, that I may do it?" Her confessor tried her a long time before he would consent to let her pronounce the desired vow, which she finally made on the Feast of the Annunciation with great fervor, after receiving holy communion. From this to her precious death her path was far from being one of roses. But her beautiful life was drawing to a close. She took

sick in the fall of 1679, and her weakness increased as the winter passed away. When Holy Week arrived, she sank rapidly, and several days before informed her confessor of the moment, day and hour at which her death would occur. On Holy Wednesday, 1680, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after receiving the last sacraments with seraphic devotion, she breathed her last. Just before departing she sweetly murmured the names of Jesus and Mary. Thus died Catherine Tehgahkwita, the Lily of the Mohawks, the guardian-angel of the swift and mighty rapid, near which are her tomb and the great cross which towers above it. Soon this became a point for pilgrims, "where the prelate and the viceroy came alike to kneel and pay homage to exalted virtue, as they invoked on themselves and their charge the blessings of Heaven." Many well-authenticated cures have been wrought by her intercession; among others that of Father Colombiére, canon of the Cathedral of Quebec in 1696, and Du Luth, commander of Fort Frontenac (Kingston), who, by a novena to her in 1696, was cured of the gout which tormented him for over twenty-three years.

On the 23d of July, 1843, a majestic cross twenty-five feet high was erected over Catherine's tomb. There were assembled the Indians of Caughnawaga, headed by their missionary and chiefs. Hundreds of French, Irish, English, and Americans gathered around to witness the imposing ceremony. The cross was blessed by the Vicar-General of Montreal, and "then slowly raised amid the chants of the church, the thunder of the cannon, and the mingled shouts of the men of many climes and races."

How did she walk this sun-dimmed earth so purely,
Her white robes gathered from its tarnish free?
How did she guide her fragile bark securely
O'er the wild waves of life's tempestuous sea?
Ah! 'twas her ceaseless care to "*watch and pray*"—
To call on Him whom winds and waves obey!

Chapter XVII.

IN THE LAND OF THE DAKOTAS.

Mission of Fathers Garreau and Druillettes.—Martyrdom on the Threshold.—Aged Father Renard.—A Journey and a Famine.—On the Shore of Lake Superior.—The Indian Woman's Gift.—Father Menard's Rude Cross.—A Trip to the Sioux Country.—Death in the Wilderness.—New Ottawa Mission.—Father Claude Allouez.—Preaching to Twenty Tribes.—Father James Marquette.—Sketch of a Noble Career.—The Long Canoe Journey.—Mission of Sault St. Marie.—First Mention of the Mississippi.—Assault by the Sioux.—Joined by Jolliet.—Departure From Mackinaw.—By the Lakes to the Great River.—Meeting Strange Tribes.—The Journey of the Cross.—Sojourn at Chicago.—Among the Kaskaskias.—The Dying Missionary.—On Michigan's Lonely Shore.—Last Hours of a Saint.—Estimates of Character and Virtues.—Protestant Appreciation.

THE peninsula lying between Lake Superior on the north, and Lake Michigan on the east, extending back to the Mississippi, was in early times the last outpost of the Algonquin race in the west, inhabited by several tribes of that family, who thus formed a barrier to the Dakotas or Sioux—a tribe of tartar origin, who had advanced eastward to the banks of the Mississippi. One Dakota tribe had, however, pushed farther on, and settled on the shores of Green Bay, amid the Algonquins, who styled them Winnebagoes or salt-water men.

The chief tribes of this section were, on the north, the Ottawas or Traders, the Chippeways or Ojibways, the Menomonees or Wild-rice tribe, the Sacs, the Foxes, the Mascoutens or Fire-nation, the Kikapoos, and, toward the south, the Miamis and Illinois.

Trading as they did with the Hurons, these tribes were soon known to the French, and their country was visited at an early day by Nicolet, one of

the hardiest pioneers of civilization in the annals of New France. Ten years spent in Algonquin cabins on the banks of Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa, fitted him to traverse in safety the vast regions where that language prevailed. Several years prior to his death, which took place in 1642, while engaged in a work of charity, Nicolet set out from the Huron country, and, after a voyage of three hundred leagues, visited the "Sea-tribe," undoubtedly the Winnebagoes or Green Bay, with whom, in the name of France, he concluded a treaty in an assembly of four or five thousand men.

There was none to follow him to that wild West till 1641, when a great "feast of the dead," given by the Algonquins in Huronia, gathered there all the kindred tribes to take part in the funereal games, the dances, chants, and mournful processions of those decennial rites. Among the rest came the Chippewas from the Rapids, which close to the vessels of man the entrance of the vast upper lake. The deputies, like the rest, were visited by the Jesuit missionaries, and so won were the good Chippeways by the gentle, self-devoting ways of those heralds of the cross, that they earnestly invited them to their cabins at the falls, portraying with all the lively imagination of the child of the forests the riches and plenty that reigned in their sylvan abodes. Ever eager to extend their spiritual conquests, to enlarge the bounds of freedom in this western world (for there alone is liberty where dwells the spirit of the Lord), the missionaries joyously accepted the invitation of the Chippeways.

By command of their superior, two missionaries, Father Charles Raymbaut, thoroughly versed in the Algonquin customs and language, with Father Isaac Jogues, no less complete a Huron, were detached to visit them. On the 17th of June, they launched their canoes at the mission-house of St. Mary's, and for seventeen days advanced over the crystal waters of the inland sea, amid the beautiful islands which stretch across the lake, clustering around the lake-gemmed Manitouline, so hallowed to the Indian's mind. When they reached the falls, they found two thousand Indians assembled there, and amid their joyful greetings, the missionaries gazed with delight on the vast fields which lay before them. They heard of tribe after tribe which lay around, and ever and anon of the terrible Nadowessi who dwelt on the great river of the West. Earnestly did the Chippeways press the two fathers to stay in their midst. "We will embrace you," said they, "as brothers; we shall derive profit from your words;" but it could not be so. The paucity of missionaries in the Huron country did not yet permit the establishment of that distant mission. Raymbaut and Jogues could but plant the cross to mark

the limit of their spiritual progress; yet they turned it to the south, for thither now their hopes began to tend. After a short stay they returned to St. Mary's, and hopes were entertained of soon establishing a mission on Lake Superior; but Raymbaut shortly after fell a victim to the climate, while Jogues began in his own person a long career of martyrdom, preluding the ruin of the Huron mission, the death of its apostles, and the destruction of the tribe.

By 1650, Upper Canada was a desert, and the missionaries, thinned in numbers, turned to nearer fields, and even tried to bend the haughty Iroquois, and bow his neck to the cross.

The West, however, was not forgotten. In 1656, a flotilla of Ottawas appeared on the St. Lawrence, led by two adventurous traders who had two years previously struck into the far West. These Indians asked a French alliance and missionaries, both of which were readily granted. Two Jesuit fathers were selected to accompany them, with a considerable number of Frenchmen, intended to form a commercial establishment in the West. Disgusted with the brutality and heedlessness of the Ottawas, the Frenchmen, on reaching Three Rivers, resolved to abandon the undertaking; but the two missionaries, Fathers Leonard Garreau and Gabriel Druillettes, undismayed by the danger, still kept on their way. As the French had foreseen, the flotilla was attacked by an Iroquois war-party, posted in ambush. At the first volley, the generous Garreau was mortally wounded, and abandoned by the Ottawas, fell into the hands of the enemy, who, tearing off his clothing, left him weltering in his blood in a fort which they had thrown up on the end of the island of Montreal. Yet after several days, fearing the vengeance of the French, they carried him to Montreal, where he soon after expired. Druillettes meanwhile had been left by the Ottawas in another fort, which they threw up, but finally abandoned, refusing to take the missionary with them. Thus failed the second projected mission in the West, baffled like the first by the cruelty of the Iroquois.

In 1660, another flotilla descended; the result of the enterprise of French voyagers, who now led to the trading-posts of France sixty canoes loaded with peltry, and manned by three hundred western Algonquins. These, too, asked an alliance and black-gowns to teach them to pray. At this epoch the missions had received a new impulse from the zeal and devotedness of the first bishop of Quebec, who found a kindred spirit in the veteran Father Jerome Lallemant, then superior of the Jesuits in Canada, a man full of

energy and zeal. Gladly would he have gone himself to the upper lakes, to which, as superior of the Huron mission, he had sent Jogues and Raymbaut nearly twenty years before. His duties, however, detained him at Quebec. There was still, however, another survivor of the old Huron missions, long years before the comrade and fellow-laborer of Jogues, Bressani, Brébeuf, Garnier, Garreau, and others, who had already won a martyr's crown amid their apostolic toil. His head was whitened with years, his face scarred with wounds received in the streets of Cayuga, for he had been one of the first to bear the Faith into central New York. Thoroughly inured to Indian life with many a dialect of Huron and Algonquin at his command, René Menard sought to die as his earlier friends and comrades had long since done. The West seemed a promised land to be reached only through the Red Sea of his own blood, and with joy he received the order to begin his march into the wilderness. We have still extant a letter written by him in August, 1660, on leaving Three Rivers, replete with a spirit of sacrifice, which can scarce find a parallel. He went destitute and alone, broken with age and toil, but with a life which he saw could last only a few months; yet he had no thought of recoiling; it was the work of Providence; and in utter want of all the necessaries of life, he exclaims: "He who feeds the young raven and clothes the lily of the field, will take care of his servants; and should we at last die of misery, how great our happiness would be!"

There is something grand and sublime in the heroism of these early missionaries, which rises as we contemplate it; and few will win our admiration more than Menard, a man devoid of enthusiasm, whose letters are as calm and unimpassioned as those of a commercial house, yet one who, in his vocation and in the appointment of his superiors, saw the will of God, and did it manfully.

Soon after leaving Three Rivers he met Bishop Laval. "Every consideration, father," said the pious prelate, "would seem to require you to remain here; but God, stronger than all, will have you there," and he pointed to the distant West. Encouraged and borne up still more by this, full of a desire of suffering, he finally started from Montreal, the frontier post. In spite of their promises of good treatment, the Ottawas compelled the aged priest to paddle from morning to night, to help them at the many portages—in a word, to take on him all their drudgery. The moments he could steal to say his office displeased them; they flung his breviary into the water; and at last, insensible to pity, left him on the shore without food or protection. During the whole voyage, Menard had, like the rest, suffered greatly from

famine. Berries were their chief food; and happy he who found some edible moss, and happier he who had in his clothing a piece of moose-skin. He had borne all patiently; but now, barefoot and wounded by the sharp stones, he stands at last on the shore of Lake Superior, abandoned to starvation. After a few days, during which he lived on pounded bones and such other objects as he could find, his faithless conductors relenting, returned, and conveyed him to the rendezvous of the tribe, a bay which he reached on St. Theresa's day, and named after her. "Here," says he, "I had the consolation of saying Mass, which repaid me with usury for all my past hardships. Here I began a mission, composed of a flying church of Christian Indians from the neighborhood of the settlements, and of such as God's mercy has gathered in here."

This first mission in the West was situated, as the date of his letter tells us, one hundred leagues west of Sault St. Mary's; in all probability at Keeweenaw. Without waiting to repose, he began his ministry among the few Christians there, and sought out the afflicted and miserable. "One of my first visits," says he, "was in a wretched hut dug out under a large rotten tree, which shielded it on one side, and supported by some fir-branches, which sheltered it against the wind. I entered on the other side almost flat on my face, but creeping in I found a treasure, a poor woman, abandoned by her husband and by her daughter, who had left her two dying children, one about two, and the other about three years old. I spoke of the Faith to this poor afflicted creature, who listened to me with pleasure."

"Brother," said she, "I know well that our folks reject thy words; but, for my part, I like them well; what thou sayest is full of consolation."

With these words she drew from under the tree a piece of dry fish, which, so to say, she took from her very mouth to repay my visit. I thanked her, however, valuing more the happy occasion which God gave me of securing the salvation of these two children, by conferring on them holy baptism. I returned some time after to this good creature, and found her full of resolution to serve God; and, in fact, from that time, she began to come to morning and evening prayers so constantly that she did not fail once, however busied or engaged in gaining her scanty livelihood. Soon after thus beginning his distant and laborious mission, Le Brochet, a chief, who had especially ill-treated him on the way, drove him out of his cabin; and Menard had no refuge but "a kind of little hermitage, a cabin built of fir-branches, piled on one another, not so much," says he, "to shield me from the rigor of

the season as to correct my imagination and persuade me that I was sheltered."

Such was the winter residence of an aged and enfeebled man. Consolations were not wanting. A pure and noble young man, who, amid the vice and debauchery of his nation, had always been regarded rather as a spirit than a being of flesh and blood, came to be instructed. Heroically he embraced, heroically he professed the faith of the cross. His widowed sister and her children, and some few others, were soon added to Menard's flock, but the missionary's progress was slow. He had, however, no idea of abandoning his post.

"I would have to do myself great violence," says he, "to come down from the cross, which God has prepared for me, in this extremity of the world in my old days. I know not the nature of the nails which fasten me to this adorable wood; but the mere thought that any one should come to take me down makes me shudder, and I often start up from my slumbers, imagining that there is no Ottawa land for me, and that my sins send me back to the spot from which the mercy of my God had by so signal a favor once drawn me."

His letter of July, 1661, announces his desire, or rather his resolution, to attempt a journey of two or three hundred leagues over a land intersected by lakes and marshes, in order to announce the gospel to four populous nations, doubtless the Dakotas, of whom he had heard.

The project, however, he never realized; another field opened before him. It had nothing grand or sublime in its novelty or the power of the nation, it was beset with difficulty and danger, but it was one which an old Huron missionary could not think of refusing. A party of the unfortunate Wyandots had, as we have seen, fled to the upper lake, and at this moment, lay on or near the Noquet Islands, in the mouth of Green Bay. Long destitute of a pastor, the Christians were fast relapsing into pagan habits; but, still clinging to the faith, they sent to implore Menard to visit them. The missionary first sent some of his French companions to explore the way. They descended a rapid river, and after countless rapids, portages, and precipices, reached the village, which was inhabited by a few wretched Hurons, mere living skeletons. Convinced of the impossibility of Menard's reaching it, or remaining if he did, they returned, encountering still greater difficulty in ascending the river. On arriving at the mission in June, 1661, they implored the aged missionary not to attempt a journey so evidently beyond his strength. All the French joined their entreaties to those who spoke from

experience, but in vain. Speaking of his Sioux mission he had said, "I hope to die on the way." No fear of death then could deter him from answering a call of duty. His faithful companion, the lay-brother, John Guérin, spoke in the spirit of the cross, and reminding him of St. Francis Xavier expiring at the very threshold of the Celestial Empire, induced him to attempt the voyage, even if he, too, should perish ere he reached the scene of labor. "God calls me thither; I must go, if it cost me my life; I cannot suffer souls to perish under the pretext of saving the bodily life of a wretched old man like myself. What! are we to serve God only when there is nothing to suffer and no risk of life?"

He set out with some Hurons whom accident had brought to the mission; but, on reaching a lake, they left him. After waiting here a month for their return, he and Guérin proceeded; but, on the 10th of August, the poor father, following his companion at the last portage on the river, mistook one wood for another, and was lost or seized by some band of Indians. Guérin having accomplished the portage, sought him, but in vain; hurrying on to the Huron village, he, by signs, at last procured assistance; but no trace of the missionary could be found. Long after his bag was found in the hands of an Indian, who refused to tell where he he had got it, and some of his chapel-service was subseqently seen in a lodge. He was probably murdered on the first rapid of the Menomonee, closing a long life of assiduous toil in the missions of America by a death glorious in the sight of heaven, although there was none to chronicle his sufferings and his constancy in death. He died about the 10th of August, 1661, being 57 years of age. His constitution was weak and delicate, but his courage boundless. His fervent piety made him in all adversities and hardships consider only the glory of God, and realize the truth that "when most bereft of human consolation, God takes possession of the heart and convinces it how far His holy grace surpasses all consolation to be found in creatures."

With the death of Menard closed the first Ottawa mission. At that moment there was not a missionary station nearer than Montreal, and indeed his post was almost as near to the Spanish missions of Santa Fé or Alachua as it was to Montreal; yet, regardless of all, he had fearlessly penetrated to that distant spot.

The Jesuits had faced death and difficulty in every shape; mission after mission had been ruined, and the ablest men of the order ruthlessly butchered. "But," says the Protestant Bancroft, "it may be asked if these massacres

quenched enthusiasm. I answer that the Jesuits never receded one foot; but, as in a brave army, new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, there was never wanting heroism and enterprise in behalf of the cross under French dominion."

At the present moment they were true to their spirit; no idea of abandoning the Ottawa mission seems to have entered their minds. The superiors needed only a man fitted for the vast field. One soon arrived. Claudius Allouez had long sought the Canada mission, not buoyed up by any false enthusiasm, founded on an ignorance of the real state of the Indians, but conscious of the difficulty, and ready to meet it. Him the superior of the mission now selected, and he soon prepared to face all the dangers of a long and perilous route, to meet hunger, nakedness, cold, and cruelty, to win the West to Catholicity. In 1664 he was at Montreal, too late, however to embark, as the Ottawa flotilla was already gone. More successful in the following year, he embarked, and, with happier auspices, reached the southern shore of Lake Superior and began his labors, which, for the next thirty years, were devoted with unabated zeal to the moral and mental elevation of the Indians of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois. He may indeed be styled in justice the apostle of the West.

After great toil and suffering, aggravated by the brutality of his conductors, he arrived on the 1st of September, 1665, at Sault St. Mary's, and for a month coasted along the southern shore. After stopping at St. Theresa's Bay, where two Christian women reminded him of Menard's labors, he advanced to the beautiful bay of Chegoimegon, which he reached on the 1st of October. Ten or twelve petty Algonquin tribes soon assembled there to hang on the war-kettle, and prepare for a general invasion of the land of the Sioux. The young braves were rousing each other to phrensy by dance, and song, and boast. The envoy of Christ was the envoy of peace. His influence was not exerted in vain. The sachems pronounced against the war. Tranquillity being thus insured, Allouez adorned his chapel of the Holy Ghost at the spot henceforth called Lapointe du Saint Esprit, and began to gather his Indian church. His chapel was soon an object of wonder, and wandering hunters of many a tribe came to wonder and to listen. Their numbers and attention roused the hopes of the earnest and laborious missionary. In a short time the Chippeways, Pottawotamies, Sacs and Foxes, Kikapoos, Miamis, and Illinois became known to him, and to all he announced

the truths of Christianity. In his excursions he met the Sioux, and wrote home telling of the great river "Mesipi."

At Chegoimegon his labors were crowned with but partial success. Many were no strangers to Christianity, but had long resisted its saving doctrines. Like Menard, he had to struggle with superstition and vice, consoled only, amid hardship and ill-treatment, by the fervor of a few faithful souls. His mission comprised two towns—one inhabited by the Ottawa clans, the Kiskakons and Sinagos, the other by the Tionontates. The latter mostly converted in their own land, he endeavored to recall; the former, embittered against the faith, he endeavored to gain, and not in vain. In the first winter he baptized eighty infants and three adults in danger of death, and had the consolation of gaining one whom he deemed worthy of the sacrament in health.

Superstition reigned around him. The lake was a god, the rapids, rocks, and metals, all were gods; and a chimera of their own imagination, Missipsi, was the object of universal adoration. He visited also the Saulteurs at Sault St. Mary's, and after spending a month among them, proceeded to Lake Alimpegon, where the Nipissings, better taught by adversity than their old Tionontate neighbors, afforded the missionary greater consolation. They had had no priest for twenty years, and many were still pagans, but the old Christians were full of fervor. But the great field in his eyes was, however, the new tribes yet uncorrupted by intercourse with the whites.

After two years of labor, Allouez, having thus founded the missions of the Ottawas and Ojibwas, and revived those of the Hurons and Nipissings, returned to Quebec to lay before his superior a full account of the West, and then, two days later, without waiting for repose, having received supplies and a companion in the person of Father Louis Nicholas, he set out again for Chegoimegon. Though forced to leave their French companions at Montreal, and otherwise harassed, they reached their mission in safety, and entered on their apostolic duties, in poverty and hunger, amid the insolence and mockery of the unbeliever. They announced the faith to twenty-five different tribes, and out of these men of many tongues gathered eighty souls by baptism into the Church of Christ.

But a powerful assistance was now coming. In April, 1668, Father James Marquette, S. J., left Quebec with Brother Le Boesme, to begin his labors in the west. As this famous Catholic missionary enters on the field some special account of his career will be found acceptable.

Among the names that have become immortalized in the history of our country there are few more certainly destined for perpetual fame than those connected with the discovery and exploration of that mighty river which courses so boldly and majestically through this vast continent. Thus it is probable that there never will be a time when even children at school will not be familiar with such names as De Soto, Marquette, and La Salle.

James Marquette was born in the city of Laon, near a small branch of the Oise, in the department of Aisne, France, in the year 1637. His family was the most ancient of that ancient city, and had, during many generations, filled high offices and rendered valuable services to their country, both in civil and military life. We have accounts of eminent services rendered to his sovereign by one of his ancestors as early as 1360. The usefulness and public spirit of the family, we may well suppose, did not expire with the distinguished subject of this memoir; for we find that, in the French army that aided our fathers in the achievement of American independence, there were no less than three Marquettes who laid down their lives in the cause of liberty. His maternal name was no less distinguished in the annals of the Church. On the side of his mother, Rose de la Salle, he was connected with the good and venerable John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, so distinguished for their successful services in the cause of popular religious education. It was this pious mother that instilled into her illustrious son that tender and fervid devotion to the Blessed Virgin which so ravished his soul and adorned his whole life. In 1654, when but seventeen years old, he entered the Society of Jesus, in which the time of his novitiate, the terms of teaching and of his own theological studies, consumed twelve years. He had chosen for his model St. Francis Xavier, and in studying his patron's life, and meditating on his virtues, the young priest conceived a holy longing to enter the field of missionary toil. He was enrolled in the province of Champagne; but, as this had no foreign missions, he caused himself to be transferred to the province of France. His cherished object was soon attained. In 1666 he was sent out to Canada, and arrived at Quebec on the 20th of September of that year.

Father Marquette was at first destined for the Montagnais mission, whose central station was at Tadousal, and on the 10th of October he started for Three Rivers, in order to study the Montagnais language, a key to many neighboring Indian tongues, under that celebrated philologist, as well as renowned missionary, Father Gabriel Druillettes. His intervals of leisure

were here employed in the offices of the holy ministry. Father Marquette was thus occupied till April, 1668, when his destination was changed, and he received orders to prepare for the Ottawa mission on Lake Superior. He accordingly returned to Quebec, and thence set out on the 21st of April, with Brother Le Boesme and two other companions.

The first stopping-place on the vast journey was Montreal, one hundred and eighty miles up the river. This part of the voyage was made in a birch-bark canoe, with three boatmen to aid the priest in paddling it against the stream. The frail craft proceeded at the rate of about thirty miles a day; and when night came on Father Marquette and his companions stretched their weary limbs on the banks of the lordly river. Sometimes they halted at an Indian village; at other times they encamped in the forest, with naught save the blue sky to shield them, the night wind lulling the lone travelers to sleep, as it sighed through the leafless branches, which the slowly-returning sun of spring had scarcely yet caused to bud.

FATHER MARQUETTE ASCENDING THE ST. LAWRENCE

The Montreal of that day was very different from the beautiful and stately city which now stands at the head of ship navigation on the St. Lawrence. It was merely a little fort, with a few cabins and wigwams. After a short stay at this point, waiting for a suitable guide to traverse the hundreds of miles of pathless wilderness yet to come, a party of Indians from Lake Superior came down the river in their canoes. Father Marquette embarked with them on their return trip.

The red navigators and their apostolic companion paddled up the turbid Ottawa, a distance of nearly four hundred miles. Thence, by a chain of narrow streams and small lakes, they entered Lake Nipissing. Then, paddling down the rapid course of the French River, through cheerless solitudes eighty miles in extent, the little fleet finally entered the well-known Georgian Bay. Nor was this the end. Crossing this vast sheet of water, they beheld, opening before them, the seemingly boundless expanse of Lake Huron. They skirted along the wild northern shores of this inland sea until they reached Sault Ste. Marie, which marks the outlet of Lake Superior into Lake Huron.

Here Father Marquette founded the famous mission of Saulte Sainte Marie; and, planting his cabin at the foot of the rapids, on the American side, he began his heroic and apostolic career in the great West. He toiled, instructed, and built a church; but a missionary was urgently needed for Lapointe, and to "that ungrateful field," Marquette with joy bent his steps. Here, truly, it was up-hill work. The Ottawas and Hurons, among whom he was now stationed, were fearfully corrupt. As he himself testifies, in a letter to his superior, dated 1669, they were "far from the kingdom of God, being above all other nations addicted to lewdness, sacrifices, and juggleries."

In the letter just quoted, Father Marquette for the first time mentions the Mississippi. He says: "When the Illinois come to Lapointe they pass a large river, almost a league wide. It runs north and south, and so far that the Illinois, who do not know what canoes are, have never yet heard of its mouth. This great river can hardly empty in Virginia, and we rather believe that its mouth is in California. If the Indians who promise to make me a canoe do not fail to keep their word, we shall go into this river as soon as we can with a Frenchman and this young man, given me, who knows some of the languages; we shall visit the nations which inhabit it, in order to open the way to so many of our fathers who have long awaited this happiness. This discovery will also give us a complete knowledge of the southern and western sea."

The clouds of war, however, were gloomily overshadowing Lapointe. Provoked by the Hurons and Ottawas, the fierce Sioux swooped down on their villages and obliged them to fly. Father Marquette followed his fleeing Hurons to Mackinaw, founded the mission of St. Ignatius there, and built a chapel in 1671. This rude log church was the first sylvan shrine raised by Catholicity at Mackinaw.

The star of hope which lit up his fancied pathway to the "Father of

Waters," now grew dim, and at last faded almost out of view. Still he hoped against hope, labored among his Indians, and fervently prayed to the Most Blessed Virgin to obtain for him the privilege of discovering the great river, and of spreading the light of the Gospel among the dusky inhabitants of its banks.

The war which was raging in the country rendered it impossible for the missionaries of themselves to undertake the opening of the long-desired mission of the Illinois, and they had accordingly applied for assistance to the French government to further this great enterprise. Father Marquette, as we have seen from his letters, remained ever ready at a moment's notice from his superiors to advance into this dangerous field. He was not deterred by a consciousness of his own declining health, already enfeebled by labors and exposures, nor by the hostile character of the nations through whose country he would have to pass, nor by the danger of a cruel death at the hands of the fierce Dakota. This last only made the prospect more enticing to one whose highest ambition was to win the glorious crown of martyrdom in opening the way for his brother Jesuits to follow in the battle of the Faith. The same flotilla that carried his letter to Father Dablon to Quebec in the summer of 1672, on its return conveyed to him the joyous news that the petition of the missionaries had found favor with the government; that the Sieur Jolliet was designated to undertake the exploration of the Mississippi; and that Father Marquette was chosen the missionary of the expedition.

It was the Blessed Virgin whom Father Marquette says, "I had always invoked since my coming to the Ottawa country, in order to obtain of God the favor of being able to visit the nations on the Mississippi River." It was on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the same Blessed Virgin Mary that he received the glorious tidings that the realization of his hopes and prayers was at hand. He bestowed upon the great river the name of the Immaculate Conception, which, however, as well as its earlier Spanish name of river of the Holy Ghost, has since yielded to its original Indian appellation.

The exploring party, consisting of the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette, with Jolliet for his associate, five Frenchmen for his companions, and two Algonquins as guides, lifting their canoes on their backs and walking across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin, set out upon their glorious expedition.

In the spring they embarked at Mackinaw in two frail bark canoes; each with his paddle in hand, and full of hope, they soon plied them merrily over

the crystal waters of the lake. All was new to Marquette, and he describes as he went along the Menonomies, Green Bay, and Maskoutens, which he reached on the 7th of June, 1673. He had now attained the limit of former discoveries; the New World was before them; they looked back a last adieu to the waters which, great as the distance was, connected them with Quebec and their countrymen; they knelt on the shore to offer, by a new devotion, their lives, their honor, and their undertakings to their beloved Mother, the Virgin Mary Immaculate; then, launching on the broad Wisconsin, sailed slowly down its current, amid its vine-clad isles and its countless sand-bars. No sound broke the stillness, no human form appeared, and, at last, after sailing seven days, on the 17th of June, they happily glided into the great river. Joy that could find no utterance in words filled the grateful heart of Marquette.

The broad river of the Conception, as he named it, now lay before them,

MARQUETTE AND JOLLIET ON THE GREAT RIVER.

stretching away hundreds of miles to an unknown sea. Soon all was new; mountain and forest had glided away; the islands, with their groves of cotton-wood, became more frequent, and moose and deer browsed on the plains; strange animals were seen traversing the river, and monstrous fish appeared in its waters. But they proceeded on their way amid this solitude, frightful

by its utter absence of man. Descending still further, they came to the land of the bison, or pisikiou, which, with the turkey, became sole tenants of the wilderness; all other game had disappeared. At last, on the 25th of June, they descried footprints on the shore. They now took heart again, and Joliet and the missionary, leaving their five men in the canoes, followed a little beaten path to discover who the tribe might be. They traveled on in silence almost to the cabin doors, when they halted, and with a loud halloa proclaimed their coming.

Three villages lay before them; the first, roused by the cry, poured forth its motley group, which halted at the sight of the new-comers and the well-known dress of the missionary. Old men came slowly on, step by measured step, bearing aloft the all-mysterious calumet. All was silence; they stood at last before the two Europeans, and Marquette asked, "Who are you?" "We are Illinois," was the answer, which dispelled all anxiety from the explorers, and sent a thrill to the heart of Marquette; the Illinois missionary was at last amid the children of that tribe which he had so long, so tenderly yearned to see.

After friendly greetings at this town of Pewaria, and the neighboring one of Moing-wena, they returned to their canoes, escorted by the wondering tribe, who gave their hardy visitants a calumet, the safeguard of the west. With renewed courage and lighter hearts, they sailed in, and, passing a high rock with strange and monstrous forms depicted on its rugged surface, heard in the distance the roaring of a mighty cataract, and soon beheld Pekitanoui, or the Muddy River, as the Algonquins call the Missouri, rushing like some untamed monster into the calm and clear Mississippi, and hurrying in with its muddy waters the trees which it had rooted up in its impetuous course. Already had the missionaries heard of the river running to the western sea to be reached by the branches of the Mississippi, and Marquette, now better informed, fondly hoped to reach it one day by the Missouri. But now their course lay south, and, passing a dangerous eddy, the demon of the western Indians, they reached the Waboukigou, or Ohio, the river of the Shawnees, and, still holding on their way, came to the warm land of the cane, and the country which the mosquitoes might call their own. While enveloped in their sails as a shelter from them, they came upon a tribe who invited them to the shore. They were wild wanderers, for they had guns bought of Catholic Europeans at the east.

Thus, after all had been friendly, and encouraged by this second meet-

ing, they plied their oars anew, and, amid groves of cottonwood on either side, descended to the 33d degree, when, for the first time, a hostile reception was promised by the excited Metchigameas. Too few to resist, their only hope on earth was the mysterious calumet, and in heaven the protection of Mary, to whom they sent up fervent prayers. At last the storm subsided, and they were received in peace; their language formed an obstacle, but an interpreter was found, and after explaining the object of their coming, and announcing the great truths of Christianity, they embarked for Akamsea, a village thirty miles below on the eastern shore.

Here they were well received and learned that the mouth of the river was but ten days' sail from this village; but they heard, too, of nations there trading with the Europeans, and of wars between the tribes, and the two explorers spent a night in consultation. The Mississippi, they now saw, emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, between Florida and Tampico, two Spanish points. They might, by proceeding, fall into their hands. Thus far only Marquette traced the map, and he put down the names of other tribes of which they heard. Of these, in the Atotchasi, Matora, and Papihaka, we recognize Arkansas tribes; and the Ankoroas, Samikwas, Pawnees, and Omahas, Kansas and Apiches, are well-known in after days.

They accordingly set out from Akensea on the 17th of July, to return. Passing the Missouri again, they entered the Illinois, and meeting the friendly Kaskaskias at its upper portage, were led by them in a kind of triumph to Lake Michigan; for Marquette had promised to return and instruct them in the Faith. Sailing along the lake, they crossed the outer peninsula of Green Bay, and reached the mission of St. Francis Xavier, just four months after their departure from it.

Thus had the missionaries achieved their long projected work. The triumph of the age was thus completed in the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi, which threw open to France the richest, most fertile and accessible territory of the New World. Marquette, whose health had been severely tried in this voyage, remained at St. Francis to recruit his strength before resuming his wonted missionary labors, for he sought no laurels, he aspired to no tinsel praise.

The distance passed over by Father Marquette on this great expedition, in his little bark canoe, was two thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven miles. The feelings with which he regarded an enterprise having so grave a bearing on the future history and development of mankind, may be appreci-

ated from the following closing passage of the ninth section of his Voyages and Discoveries:

"Had all this voyage cost but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid. And this I have reason to think; for, when I was returning, I passed by the Indians at Peoria. I was three days announcing the Faith in all their cabins, after which, as we were embarking, they brought me to the water's edge a dying child, which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable Providence, for the salvation of that innocent soul."

Father Marquette prepared a narrative of his voyage down the Mississippi (from which the foregoing quotation is taken) and a map of that river; and on his return transmitted copies to his superior, by the Ottawa flotilla of that year. While pursuing the homeward journey he promised the Kaskaskia Indians, who then occupied towns in the upper valley of the Illinois, that he would return to teach them the faith which he announced. His health, broken by exposure and mission labor on the St. Lawrence and the upper lakes, was very frail, but he had no idea of rest. Devoted in an especial manner to the great privilege of Mary—her Immaculate Conception—he named the great artery of our continent The River of the Immaculate Conception, and in his heart bestowed the same name on the mission which he hoped to found among the Kaskaskias.

To enter upon that work, so dear to his piety, he needed permission from his distant superior. When the permission came he took leave of the Mackinac mission which he had founded, and pushed off his bark canoe into Lake Michigan. The autumn was well advanced—for it was the 25th of October, 1674—and the reddening forests swayed in the chill lake winds as he glided along the western shore. Before he reached the southern extremity winter was upon him with its cold and snows, and the disease which had been checked, but not conquered, again claimed the frail frame. It could not quench his courage, for he kept on in his open canoe on the wintry lake till the 4th of December, when he reached Chicago. There he had hoped to ascend the river and by a portage reach the Illinois. It was too late. The ice had closed the stream, and a winter march was beyond his strength. His two men, simple, faithful companions, erected a log hut, home and chapel, the first dwelling and first church of Chicago. Praying to Our Lady to enable him to reach his destination, offering the Holy Sacrifice whenever his illness permitted, receiving delegations from his flock, the Kaskaskias, the

winter waned away in the pious foundation of the white settlement at Chicago. With the opening of spring Marquette set out, and his last letter notes his progress till the 6th of April, 1675. Two days after he was among the Kaskaskias, and, rearing his altar on the prairie which lies between the present town of Utica and the Illinois River, he offered up the Mass on Maundy Thursday, and began the instruction of the willing Indians who gathered around him. A few days only were allotted to him, when, after Easter, he was again stricken down. If he would die in the arms of his brethren at Mackinac, he saw that he must depart at once; for he felt that the days of his sojourning were rapidly closing. Escorted by the Kaskaskias, who were deeply impressed by the zeal that could so battle with death, the missionary reached Lake Michigan, on the eastern side. Although that shore was as yet unknown, his faithful men launched his canoe. "His strength, however, failed so much," says Father Dablon, whose words we shall now quote, "that his men despaired of being able to convey him alive to their journey's end; for, in fact, he became so weak and so exhausted that he could no longer help himself, nor even stir, and had to be handled and carried like a child. He nevertheless maintained in this state an admirable resignation, joy, and gentleness, consoling his beloved companions, and encouraging them to suffer courageously all the hardships of this voyage, assuring them that our Lord would not forsake them when he was gone. It was during this navigation that he began to prepare more particularly for death, passing his time in colloquies with our Lord, with his holy Mother, with his angel guardian, or with all heaven.

"He was often heard pronouncing these words: 'I believe that my Redeemer liveth,' or 'Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of God, remember me.' Besides a spiritual reading made for him every day, he toward the close asked them to read him his meditation on the preparation of death, which he carried about him; he recited his breviary every day; and although he was so low that both sight and strength had greatly failed, he did not omit it till the last day of his life, when his companions excited his scruples. A week before his death he had the precaution to bless some holy water to serve him during the rest of his illness, in his agony, and at his burial, and he instructed his companions how to use it.

"On the eve of his death, which was a Friday, he told them, all radiant with joy, that it would take place on the morrow. During the whole day he conversed with them about the manner of his burial, the way in which he

should be laid out, the place to be selected for his interment; how they should arrange his hands, feet, and face, and how they should raise a cross over his grave. He even went so far as to enjoin them, only three hours before he expired, to take his chapel bell, as soon as he was dead, and ring it while they carried him to the grave. Of all this he spoke so calmly and collectedly that you would have thought he spoke of the death and burial of another, and not his own.

"Thus did he speak to them as he sailed along the lake, till, perceiving the mouth of a river, with an eminence on the bank which he thought suited for his burial, he told them that it was the place of his last repose. They wished, however, to pass on, as the weather permitted it and the day was not far advanced; but God raised a contrary wind, which obliged them to return and enter the river which the father had designated.

"They then carried him ashore, kindled a little fire, and raised a wretched bark cabin for his use, laying him in it with as little discomfort as they could; but they were so depressed by sadness that, as they afterwards said, they did not know what they were doing.

"The father being thus stretched on the shore like St. Francis Xavier, as he had always so ardently desired, and left alone amid those forests—for his companions were engaged in unloading—he had leisure to repeat all the acts in which he had employed himself during the preceding days.

"When his dear companions afterwards came up, all dejected, he consoled them, and gave them hopes that God would take care of them after his death in those new and unknown countries; he gave them his last instructions,thanked them for all the charity they had shown him during the voyage, begged their pardon for the trouble he had given them, directed them also to ask pardon in his name of all our fathers and brothers in the Ottawa country, and then disposed them to receive the sacrament of Penance, which he administered to them for the last time. He also gave them a paper on which he had written all his faults since his last confession, to be given to his superior, to oblige him to pray to God more earnestly for him. In fine, he promised not to forget them in heaven, and as he was very kind-haarted, and knew them to be worn out with the toil of the preceding days, he bade them go and take a little rest, assuring them that his hour was not yet so near, but that he would wake them when it was time—as, in fact, he did two or three hours after, calling them when about to enter into his agony.

"When they came near he embracad them again for the last time, while they melted in tears at his feet. He then asked for the holy water and his

reliquary, and, taking off his crucifix, which he always wore hanging from his neck, he placed it in the hands of one of his companions, asking him to hold it constantly opposite him, raised before his eyes. Feeling that he had but a little while to live, he made a last effort, clasped his hands, and, with his eyes fixed sweetly on his crucifix, he pronounced aloud his profession of

DEATH OF FATHER MARQUETTE.

faith, and thanked the divine Majesty for the immense favor he bestowed upon him in allowing him to die in the Society of Jesus, to die in it as a missionary of Jesus Christ, and above all to die in it, as he had always asked, in a wretched cabin, amid the forests, destitute of all human aid.

"On this he became silent, conversing inwardly with God; yet from time to time words escaped him: '*Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus*,' or '*Mater Dei, memento mei*,' which were the last words he uttered before entering into his agony, which was very calm and gentle.

"He had prayed his companions to remind him, when they saw him about to expire, to pronounce frequently the names of Jesus and Mary, if he did not do so himself; they did not neglect this; and when they thought him about to pass away one cried aloud, 'Jesus! Mary!' which he several times repeated distinctly, and then, as if at those sacred names something had appeared to him, he suddenly raised his eyes above his crucifix, fixing them apparently upon some object, which he seemed to regard with pleasure; and

thus, with a countenance all radiant with smiles, he expired without a struggle, and so gently that it might be called a quiet sleep.

"Thus he died, the great apostle,
Far away in regions west;
By the lake of the Algonquins
Peacefully his ashes rest;
But his spirit still regards us
From his home among the blest."

Such was the edifying and holy death, in his thirty-eighth year, of the illustrious explorer of the Mississippi, on Saturday, the 18th of May, 1675. "He was of a cheerful, joyous disposition," says Dr. Shea, "playful even in his manner, and universally beloved. His letters show him to us as a man of education, close observation, sound sense, strict integrity, a freedom from exaggeration, and yet a vein of humor which here and there breaks out in spite of all his self-command."

The devoted companions of the illustrious missionary, happy, in the midst of their bereavement, in the privilege of witnessing one of the most heroic and saintly deaths recorded in the history of our race, carried out every injunction of their departed father, and added every act that love and veneration could suggest, and that their impoverished condition in the wilderness could afford. They laid out his remains as he had directed, rang the little altar bell as they carried him with profound respect to the mound of earth selected by himself, interred him there, and raised a large cross to mark the sacred spot.

The surviving companions of the deceased now prepared to embark. One of them had been ill for some time, suffering with such depression of spirits and feebleness of body that he could neither eat nor sleep. Just before embarking he knelt at the grave of his saintly friend, and begged him to intercede for him in heaven as he had promised, and, taking some earth from the breast of the departed and placing it upon his own breast, it is related that he felt his sadness and bodily infirmity immediately depart, and he resumed his voyage in health and gladness. Many are the pious traditions of miraculous results attributed to the sanctity of Father Marquette; many of them are still handed down among the western missionaries, and some of them have found a place in the pages of serious history.

The remains of the saintly Jesuit were, two years afterwards, disinterred by his own flock, the Kiskakons, while returning from their hunting-grounds, placed in a neat box of bark and reverently carried to their mission. The flotilla of canoes, as it passed along in funeral solemnity, was joined by a party of the Iroquois, and, as they approached Mackinaw, many other canoes, including

those of the two missionaries of the place, united in the imposing convoy, and the deep, reverential chant, *De Profundis*, arose heavenward from the bosom of the lake until the body reached the shore. It was carried in procession with cross, burning tapers, and fragrant incense to the church, where every possible preparation had been made for so interesting and affecting a ceremony; and, after the Requiem service, the precious relics were deposited in a vault prepared for them in the middle of the church, "where he reposes," says the pious chronicler, "as the guardian angel of our Ottawa missions." "Ever after," says Bancroft, "the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the west will build his monument."

We close this account of the great explorer-missionary with some extracts from another Protestant source. They are from a recent address by Mr. Franklin McVeagh, a resident of Chicago, and a scholarly and eloquent gentleman, who says:

Let us not misconceive the spirit and lives of the French missionaries in North America because of our familiarity with present missionary ideas and conditions. We can hardly say too much in praise of contemporary missionaries; but conditions have changed. Marquette and his compeers traveled on snow-shoes when they did not go barefoot; they lived on moss when they could not feast upon pounded maize; they lived in bark huts when fortunate enough to sleep indoors, and they died of labor and exposure when they were not murdered by the Indians. Their missions therefore existed without great revenues, and the most they asked of their friends at home was prayers for the souls they had come to save.

Nor let us fail to conceive the phenomenal nobleness of these Frenchmen because they were heroes and martyrs in the name of a church that may not be ours and which expresses itself in ways that we may not prefer. Whosesoever church it is, and whosesoever it is not, it is at least a great church and beyond compare; and it has in its history splendid epochs, when it commanded greater self-sacrifice and higher endeavor than Christianity has otherwise known since its first lofty days. One such epoch, raised distinctly above the level of the centuries, was the epoch of the French Jesuits in North America. They were the select of a society which had a first claim upon the most fervent souls. The records of humanity will be sought in vain for the story of purer lives, of more steadfast apostleship, or of sterner martyrdoms. Jogues, Bressani, Daniel, Brébeuf, Lallemant, Garnier, Marquette, living and dying illustrated the loftiest virtue in the world. No praise is too extravagant, no language is too sa red to apply to them. They were a "glorious company of apostles;" they were a "noble army of martyrs." . . .

When Marquette came to America France had long been in possession of Canada on the St. Lawrence and the Lower lakes; and the time was at hand to push onward through the wilderness to the Upper lakes. In this new advance Marquette was destined for a distinguished part. He was in a short time sent into this frontier field—the frontier of a frontier. There he spent five of his famous seven years. He learned six Indian languages, he journeyed widely, he established missions and founded towns, he taught and preached. In brief, he led the life of a Jesuit missionary in the wilds of early America. Can we mistake the life he led? Five years—five years in the wilds of our northern lakes two hundred years ago—five thousand miles from home, one

thousand miles of wilderness from even a semblance of France. Five years that seem to us so short, that must have been so long. Five years in the savage north, without one day of home or France—without one hope of home or France. Five years in which this cultured mind had not one touch with culture, in which this loving heart had not one touch of love. In which he carried his life in his hand and had not one comfort of civilization or one moment's protection of law. Five years in which perished every dream of home and love. Snow, and ice, and savages for five winters. He had nothing to live for but duty, and nothing to hope for but death. And when his magnificent duty was done, nothing came but death. Is it a wonder that these years, though they only confirmed his purpose, to devote every breath, every shred of his life to his mission, brought him broken health and a constitution beyond repair? This young man did absolutely what he could, and five ardent years consumed his strength. A fatal malady took hold upon him, and though in the next two years he grew better and worse, at the end he died.

Did he spend his invalid life in repose? It is a shame to ask it. These two ears are the years especially that made him famous. During his life on the lakes, in the advance of the French movement in America, he conceived and faithfully cherished the design of discovering the Mississippi. This purpose possessed his mind, and I have sometimes fancied him standing upon some outlook on the shore of Lake Superior, in the full expression of his noble spirit, looking into the west and feeding his lonely soul with visions of his great adventure. Not, however, with the purpose of discovery only was his mind inflamed. He knew the political, and commercial, and scientific importance of the discovery, and he valued it for the sake of France. But he longed also to carry the Gospel to the far-away tribes on the banks of that unknown river, and to establish a mission among them. It is this double purpose, and this double devotion that distinguished Marquette from other great discoverers and from other great priests.

After describing in graphic language the memorable exploration of the Mississippi Valley, Mr. McVeagh proceeds:

It was no holiday excursion to him. He knew the hazard. He said he "gladly exposed his life," and Marquette never boasted. And he did expose his life for days and nights continually until months rolled away. Contemplate the little band of seven exploring twenty-seven hundred miles through a region of savages where the face of a civilized man had never been seen before. Danger on every side of them. No refuge anywhere outside of their steady courage. Among a people trained to treachery and with whom pity has no prompter when policy is silent. A race among whom the murder of a stranger was not a crime; among whom hospitality does not include the idea of protection; whose only lenity proceeds from fear or indifference. Such savages Marquette found before him, behind him, and about him when he went to find the great river and to carry salvation to lost nations on its borders.

Marquette's health was now completely shattered. He did not repine. He was content. He had done his duty. He had served God and his country. He had, he believed, saved souls, and had done a great service to the future. To his simple soul that was enough and more than enough. Nor did he go or seek to go to Quebec, where praise and reputation awaited him. He did not attempt to place his great service before the government. He stayed at Mackinac. Nor did he ever go to Quebec or France. He had no time to protect his fame. His remaining days were too short and precious to be given to personal glory. He purposed to die in the wilderness doing his duty. Would not a familiar knowledge of such a man be of untold value to the men and the youth of this city?

Nursing his health for the completion of his long cherished design, he persuaded himself, after a year of further labor at Mackinac, that he was equal to the one task

which especially remained. This was to establish to the honor of the Virgin and the salvation of souls a mission on the banks of the Illinois. This, his cherished design, he hoped to complete, knowing it was to be the last service of his life—the crowning sacrifice of those two last years that have brought him lasting fame.

He journeyed hundreds of miles in the face of winter into the lonely and savage wilderness. In November or December, with his two attendants, he reached the Chicago River. Here his health again gave way, and so weak and ill had he become that, though so near the tribes he came to save, he could go no further. For four months he lived upon the desolate banks of our river in mid-winter. His faithful attendants built a hut in which he lived. Thus Marquette became again identified with Chicago—this time as the first civilized resident upon its site, and this constitutes the greatest honor of which this city can boast.

Lying or weakly sitting in his lonely hut on the banks of our river, the whole desolate region covered with snow and ice, with savage desolation and wilderness all about him, himself chilled with the cruel winter winds of our prairie and lake, his health long since gone, and his strength now gone, too, and death standing daily at his lonely side, the great, gentle spirit of Marquette never revealed itself more superbly. No matter his misfortunes, he permitted no thought but of his duty; no matter his helplessness, he contemplated no refuge but the banks of the Illinois. He spent days and nights in religious devotions, and at last spent nine days in fasting and sacrifice that the Blessed Virgin might still permit him to carry at least one word of the Gospel to the Indians of the Illinois. And he believed the Virgin granted his prayer.

Such a life upon the site of this city—the first civilized life in its history—should have baptized it into the best faith of humanity.

About the end of March—the year was 1675—he felt himself revive at last, and, having faith that strength would be vouchsafed until he reached his goal, he journeyed to Kaskaskia—an Indian town he named himself, and which was near where Ottawa, or rather Utica, now is. Knowing his time was short he preached and taught as best he could, and lost no time. He knew he should not preach again. When he had taught and preached his last and knew his end was near, with his faithful men he took the way to Mackinac. They reached our lake and started in their rude canoes around its bend and up its eastern shore. They journeyed on, a speck of civilization in that wide expanse of savage lake and land, and as they paddled their canoes one afternoon in that lonely springtime the good Marquette, who calmly felt he now must die, asked his men to take him to the shore just where a little river, since fondly named for him, ran down into the lake. They took him to the shore and built a birch-bark hut in which he might lie down and rest. He told them, though, that he should die, and asked that they would make his grave when he was dead near where he lay. He thanked them for their constant kindness, regretted to them that he had been such trouble, then said good-night and bade them go and sleep, saying that he would call them when he came to die. In the middle hours of that same night a quiet, feeble voice awaked the sleepers. He said his hour had come at last. He then thanked God that He permitted him to die a missionary in the wilderness; then asked his men to hold for him a crucifix, on which he gazed until he died. Even Mackinac—even that much of home and love—he did not reach. And so lived and died Father Marquette. Was he not both a hero and martyr?

And now I am done. Bancroft has said: "The West will build his monument." I trust it may. Noble, gentle, loving, brave Marquette! Honors paid to him would have the peculiar grace of honors unsought and uncontemplated. He did not seek to fill a great place among his contemporaries, and he died without one thought of posterity or fame.

Chapter XVIII.

CAREER OF DE LA SALLE.

Worthy Scion of an Old Family. — Off to Seek Fortune. — A Short Route to China.—Founding a Settlement.—Commanding a Fort.—Ennobled by His King.—New Honors and Commands.—A Chapel for Father Hennepin.—The Lord of Castle Frontenac.—Discovery of Niagara Falls.—Preparing for a Great Journey.—Council of Indian Chiefs.—Voyage of the Griffin.—Mass at Mackinaw.—Down Through Illinois.—Fort Broken-Heart.—Hunger in the Woods.—Loss of the Griffin.—Indomitable Leadership. — Deserters and Disasters. — A Terrible Forest Journey.—Troubles From the Iroquois.—Council of Miami Chiefs.—"On to the Mississippi!"—Reaching the Mexican Gulf.—Taking Possession for France.—Return of the Explorer.—Lost in the South.—A Desperate Journey. — Discontent and Revolt. — Murder of the Explorer.—A Great Character.

SCARCELY had the last words of the glorious Marquette—"Mother of God, remember me"—died away on the winds of Michigan, when a bold and devoted spirit, fired by the fame of previous explorations, was meditating on the shores of Lake Ontario the prosecution of the grand work begun by the illustrious missionary. A Jesuit father had led the way. A Catholic nobleman now advanced to complete the work.

Robert Cavelier de la Salle was born in the city of Rouen, France, in 1643. He belonged to an old and wealthy family. It is said that in early youth he entered the Society of Jesus, in which he remained for several years studying and teaching. Providence, however, destined him for a somewhat different sphere of labor and usefulness, but one having a close relationship with the vast work of the church among mankind.

La Salle had a great fondness for the exact sciences, especially mathematics, in which he was remarkably proficient; and he left the seminary of

the Jesuit fathers carrying with him the highest testimonials of his superiors, for purity of character, excellent acquirements, and an energy seldom matched. On account, however, of having been connected with the religious state, he was by a new and unjust provision of the French law, deprived of nearly all his fortune.

He had an elder brother in Canada, the Abbé John Cavelier, a priest of St. Sulpice. Apparently it was this that shaped his destinies. His family made him an allowance of four hundred livres a year, the capital of which was paid over to him; and with this pittance in his pocket, he sailed for Canada to seek his fortune in the spring of 1666.

La Salle obtained from the Sulpitians the grant of a large tract of land, about nine miles from Montreal. Here he began a village which he called La Chine, and which to this day retains the suggestive name. He also explored a little, and began the study of the Indian languages. It is said that in two or three years he became quite familiar with the Huron, Algonquin, and five or six other native dialects.

At that time the whole of the great Northwest of the United States was an entirely unknown land. No one had the slightest idea as to whether the continent of North America was 2,000 or 10,000 miles in breadth. It was the general impression, however, that the waves of the Pacific were dashing against the rocks a few miles west of the chain of Great Lakes which washed the southern shores of Canada. La Salle was meditating an expedition up the St. Lawrence, through those sparkling seas of fresh water to Lake Superior, from the western end of which he confidently expected to find easy communication with the Pacific Ocean. There he would again spread his adventurous sail, having discovered a new route to China and the East Indies.

There was grandeur in this conception. It would entirely change the route of the world's commerce. It would make the French possessions in the New World valuable beyond conception. This all important thoroughfare between Europe and Asia, across America, would be under the control of the French crown, and France would be the leader of commerce. So thought the patriotic and enterprising genius of La Salle.

In the winter of 1670, La Salle organized an expedition which included some Sulpitian priests, and proceeded towards the southwest. La Chine was the starting-point. The accounts of this voyage are rather vague. It is certain, however, that he discovered the Ohio, down which he sailed as far as the present site of Louisville. Here his men refused to go further, left him, and the youthful explorer returned alone to Canada.

We next find him commander of the newly established Fort Frontenac —now Kingston. He held this position when the tidings of Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi first reached his ears. It was a welcome idea. It suggested new trains of thought. The quick, penetrating intellect of La Salle at once identified "the great river of Marquette with the great river of De Soto." It was, in truth, a fresh impulse to his vast schemes of exploration.

Three thoughts, rapidly developing in his mind, were mastering La Salle, and engendering an invincible purpose: (1.) He would achieve that which Champlain had vainly attempted, and of which our own generation has but seen the accomplishment—the opening of a passage to India and China across the American Continent. (2.) He would occupy the Great West, develop its commercial resources, and anticipate the Spanish and English in the possession of it. (3.) He would establish a fortified post at the mouth of the Mississippi, thus securing an outlet for the trade of the interior, checking the progress of the Spaniards, and forming a base whence in time of war their northern provinces could be invaded and conquered. Such were the great projects conceived and nursed in the fertile brain of this heroic but penniless young Frenchman!

In the autumn of 1674, La Salle went to France with strong letters of recommendation from the Count de Frontenac, governor of Canada. Writing to the minister Colbert, Frontenac says: "I cannot help, Monseigneur, recommending to you the Sieur de la Salle, who is about to go to France, and who is a man of intelligence and ability—more capable than any one else I know here to accomplish every kind of enterprise and discovery which may be intrusted to him. He has the most perfect knowledge of the state of the country, as you will see, if you are disposed to give him a few moments of an audience."

He was well received at court, and made two petitions to the king—one for a patent of nobility, in consideration of his services as an explorer; the other for a grant in seigniory of Fort Frontenac. On his part, La Salle offered to pay back the 10,000 francs which the fort had cost the government; to maintain it at his own charge, with a garrison equal to that of Montreal, besides fifteen or twenty laborers; to form a French colony around it; to build a Catholic church whenever the number of inhabitants should reach one hundred; and, meanwhile, to support one or more Franciscan fathers; and, finally, to form a settlement of domesticated Indians in the neighborhood.

His offers were accepted. He was raised to the rank of an untitled noble, received a grant of the fort and lands adjacent to the extent of four leagues in front and a half a league in depth, besides the neighboring islands; and he was invested with the government of the fort and settlement. subject, however, to the orders of the governor-general.

When La Salle gained possession of Fort Frontenac, writes Parkman, he secured a base for all his future enterprises. That he meant to make it a permanent one, is clear from the pains he took to strengthen its defenses. Within two years from the date of his grant he had replaced the hasty palisade fort of Count Frontenac by a regular work of hewn stone, of which, however, only two bastions, with their connecting curtains, were completed, the inclosure on the water-side being formed of pickets.

Within there was a barrack, a well, a mill, and a bakery; while a wooden block-house guarded the gateway. Near the shore, south of the fort, was a cluster of small houses of French habitans; and farther, in the same direction, was the Indian village. Two officers and a surgeon, with a half a score or more of soldiers, made up the garrison; and three or four times that number of masons, laborers, and canoemen, were at one time maintained at the fort. Besides these, there were two Franciscan fathers, Luke Buisset and Louis Hennepin. La Salle built a house for them near the fort, and they turned a part of it into a chapel.

Partly for trading on the lake, partly with a view to ulterior designs, he caused four small-decked vessels to be built, but, for ordinary uses, canoes best served his purpose, and his followers became so skillful in managing them, that they were reputed the best canoemen in America. Feudal lord of the forest around him, commander of a garrison raised and paid by himself, founder of the mission, patron of the Church, La Salle reigned the autocrat of his lonely little empire.

But he had no thought of resting here. He had gained what he sought, a fulcrum for bolder and broader action. His plans were ripened and his time was come. He was no longer a needy adventurer, disinherited of all but his fertile brain and his intrepid heart. He had won place, influence, credit, and potent friends. Now, at length, he might hope to find the long-sought path to China and Japan, and secure for France those boundless regions of the west, in whose watery highways he saw his road to wealth, renown, and power.

Towards the close of the year 1677, La Salle returned to France to

report the progress of his undertakings, and to raise fresh supplies. At the court his reception was most cordial. The king gave him new honors and more extended privileges. His wealthy relatives advanced large sums of money. He bought supplies and engaged men. Among these was one worth all the rest—Henry de Tonti, an Italian officer, who was strongly recommended to La Salle by the Prince de Condé. He was a man whose energy and address made him equal to anything.

La Salle sailed from La Rochelle, and in the fall of 1678 landed at Quebec. Here a number of Canadian boatmen joined his party. He sent them forward to Fort Frontenac, which was now really his castle, with the surrounding wilderness as his estate. The boats were heavily laden with all articles necessary for trading with the Indians, and with everything essential to the building and rigging of vessels.

The commander himself soon followed. He proceeded in a birch-bark canoe, with only one or two companions. It was a long and perilous voyage. The hardy pioneers patiently stemmed the swift currents of the St. Lawrence, struggled against its rapids, glided silently along its lonely forest-fringed shores, and several times came very near being wrecked.

At the close of each day, it was always necessary to run the canoes ashore and encamp. But with men fond of adventure these were pleasures rather than pains. In half an hour their keen axes constructed a sheltering camp. The brilliant fire dispelled all gloom. The fragrant twigs of the pine or hemlock furnished a soft couch. Here they cooked supper, sang songs, told stories; and, perhaps, enjoyed as much pleasure as is usually found in the parlors of the great and the wealthy.

Indian villages, in those days, were quite profusely scattered along the banks of this majestic river. The scene was often quite exciting as the canoe of the voyagers approached one of these clusters of picturesque wigwams in the evening twilight. The Indians were fond of songs and dances, and the blaze of the crackling bonfire. The whole expanse of river, cliff, and forest would be lighted up. The gay shouts of the barbaric revelry echoed through the grand solitudes; and the dusky warrior, squaw, and papoose flitted about in all the varied enjoyment of savage life and leisure.

Fort Frontenac was reached in safety. On the 18th of November, La Salle sent a small vessel of ten tons, with a deck, to go to the farther extremity of Lake Ontario, a distance of about two hundred miles, and to ascend the Niagara River until the famous falls were reached. This little craft

contained about thirty workmen, with provisions and implements for erecting a fort, and building a vessel beyond the falls, at the eastern end of Lake Erie.

About ten years previously—in 1669—La Salle, while on an exploring tour with a party of missionaries, had discovered Niagara Falls. Galinée, in his journal of this expedition writes: "We found a river one-eighth of a league broad and extremely rapid, forming the outlet from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The depth is extraordinary. We found close to the shore fifteen or sixteen fathoms of water. This outlet is forty miles long. It has, from ten to twelve miles above its entrance into Lake Ontario, one of the finest cataracts in the world. All the Indians say that the river falls from a rock higher than the tallest pines. We heard the roar at the distance of ten or twelve miles. The fall gives such a momentum to the water that its current prevented our ascending, except with great difficulty. The current above the falls is so rapid that it often sucks in deer and stags, elk and roebuck, in their efforts to cross the river, and overwhelms them in its frightful abyss."

This is the earliest known description of Niagara Falls, and it is but right to add that it is from the pen of a Catholic missionary.

La Salle joined his companions at the head of the Niagara River on the borders of Lake Erie. It was then the 29th of January, 1679. The river above the falls was one sheet of ice, and resembled a plain paved with finely-polished marble. The Indians received the Frenchmen with much friendliness.

All the goods were to be transported through a trail of the forest, covered with deep snow, around the falls, a distance of about twenty miles. It was to be done on the shoulders of men. The savages kindly aided in these herculean labors, and were amply repaid for days of toil by the present of a knife, a hatchet, or a few trinkets, as dear and valuable to them as are pearls and diamonds to a vain duchess. La Salle constructed a fortified depot at this place to serve as a base for future operations. Here he could store such additional supplies as he might order from Fort Frontenac.

On the 20th of January, 1679, La Salle, accompanied by his long train of heavily laden men, in single file, reached his large log-cabin and ship-yard in the midst of a dense forest on the shores of Lake Erie. They carried upon their backs provisions, merchandise, ammunition, and materials for rigging the vessel. The dock-yard—it could hardly be called a fort—was about six miles above Niagara Falls, on the western side of the river, at the outlet of a little stream now called Cayuga Creek.

Everything was soon prepared for the building of the vessel. La Salle laid the keel with his own hands, and drove the first bolt. He had no thought, however of encroaching upon the lands of the Indians. His was to be no warlike conquest. The object of his expedition was solely to make discoveries in the name of France. His grand ambition was to see the banner of France proudly float over the great lakes and the rich and boundless West.

With a sagacity quite characteristic, he summoned a council of the chiefs of all the neighboring tribes.

"I come to you," he said, "as a friend and brother. I wish to buy your furs. I will pay for them in guns and powder, knives, hatchets, kettles, beads, and such other articles as you want. You can do me good and I can do you good. We can be brothers. I am building a vessel, that I may visit other tribes, buy their furs, and carry our goods to them. Let us shake hands and smoke the pipe of friendship. The Great Spirit will be pleased to see us, His children, help each other and love each other. I wish to establish a trading-post here, where I can collect my furs, and where you can come to sell them. And here you will find mechanics who will mend your guns, knives, and kettles when they get out of order."

These were honest and convincing words. All smoked the pipe of peace and grasped hands in token of fraternity. The Frenchman, far from being an enemy, was a benefactor. His life was to be carefully protected. Should he, from unkind treatment, refuse to come to their country, they could buy no more guns, or knives, or kettles; and henceforth every wigwam welcomed the entrance of a Frenchman.

During the construction of the new vessel La Salle was absent attending to other matters of importance, and the work progressed under the superintendence of his lieutenant, Tonti. In the spring she was ready for launching. Father Hennepin gave her his blessing; the cannons were fired, and amid the wild shouts of Indians, and the solemn chant of the *Te Deum*, she glided safely into the Niagara River. La Salle named her the Griffin, in honor of the Count de Frontenac's armorial bearings.

On the 7th of August, 1679, the voyagers, thirty-four in all, embarked, and with swelling canvas the Griffin ploughed the virgin waves of Lake Erie, where sail was never seen before. For three days they held their course over these unknown waters, and on the fourth turned northward into the Strait of Detroit. Here, on the right hand and on the left, lay verdant

prairies, dotted with groves, and bordered with lofty forests. They saw walnut, chestnut, and wild-plum trees, and oak festooned with grape vines; herds of deer, and flocks of swans and wild turkeys. The bulwarks of the Griffin were plentifully hung with game which the men killed on shore, and among the rest with a number of bears, much commended by Father Hennepin for their want of ferocity and the excellence of their flesh. "Those," he says, "who will one day have the happiness to possess this fertile and pleasant strait, will be very much obliged to those who have shown them the way." They crossed Lake St. Clair, and still sailed northward against the current, till now, sparkling in the sun, Lake Huron spread before them like a sea.

After bravely weathering a violent hurricane of several days' duration, the Griffin reached Mackinaw. On La Salle's arrival at this old mission center, the Indians were about to run away in fright. The cause of it all was the vessel and her white, flapping sails; but when they heard the roar of the cannon, their terror and astonishment were indescribable.

The party now landed in state, and marched under arms, to the bark chapel of the Ottawa village, where Mass was celebrated. La Salle knelt before the altar, dressed in a mantle of scarlet, bordered with gold. Around him on every side were kneeling sailors, artisans, hardy bush-rangers, and painted savages. It was a devout but motley congregation.

The Griffin proceeded on her voyage, and on the 2d of September cast anchor in Green Bay. This was the destination of the travelers, so far as they could proceed by water and make use of their vessel. La Salle had come to this trading-post to collect the furs, which had been brought here from the interior, and having laden the Griffin with them, in order to satisfy his clamoring creditors, he dispatched her for Niagara, with the "richest cargo that had yet been borne on the waters of Lake Erie."

La Salle and his men now directed their course towards the south. On reaching Lake Peoria, on the Illinois River, he began the construction of a fort to which he gave the sad name of Crévecœur, or the "Broken-hearted." This was the first civilized occupation of the region which now forms the State of Illinois. The spot may still be seen a little below Peoria. Crévecœur tells of disaster and suffering, but does no justice to the iron-hearted constancy of the sufferer. Up to this time he had clung to the hope that his vessel, the Griffin, might still be safe. Her safety was vital to his enterprise. She had on board articles of the last necessity to him, including the rigging and

anchors of another vessel, which he was to build at Fort Crèvecœur, in order to descend the Mississippi, and sail thence to the West Indies. Here his last hope had vanished. She was doubtless lost; and in her loss he and all his plans seemed ruined alike.

La Salle's supplies were now exhausted. He depended on the return of his vessel for more. One path, beset with hardships and terrors, still lay open to him. He might return on foot to Fort Frontenac, through over twelve hundred miles of a wilderness, and bring thence the needful succors. Leaving Tonti to command in his absence, he set out, accompanied by four Frenchmen and a Mohegan Indian.

It was early in March, 1680. The journey was really terrifying. Sixty-five days of toil and misery passed before they reached Niagara Falls. All but La Salle were overcome with disease and exhaustion. The following is a glimpse of some of the ordeals through which they passed. It is from the pen of La Salle, himself:

"At noon on the 25th," he writes, "we resumed our walk through the woods, which were so matted with thorns and brambles that in two and a half days our clothes were torn to tatters, and our faces so scratched that we hardly knew each other. On the 28th the woods were more open and we began to fare better, meeting a good quantity of game, such as deer, bears, and turkeys, which we had not found before, so that we had often traveled from morning till night without breakfast."

The indomitable travelers were now crossing the southern part of Michigan. Indians were following them, and, to throw the savages off the track, they set fire to the dry grass of the meadows through which they passed, to wipe out any marks of their trail.

"We did this," continued La Salle, "every night. It answered very well so long as we found open fields; but on the 30th we got into great marshes flooded by the thaws, and were forced to wade through them in mud and water, so that our tracks were seen by a band of Maskoutins who were out after Iroquois. They followed us through the marshes during the three days we were crossing them, but we made no fire at night, merely taking off our soaked clothes, and wrapping ourselves in our blankets on some dry knoll where we slept.

"But as there was an uncommonly sharp frost on the night of the 2d of April, and as our clothes, which were completely saturated, were stiff as sticks in the morning, we could not put them on without making a fire to

thaw them. This betrayed us to the Indians, who were encamped across the marsh. They ran towards us with loud cries, but were stopped half-way by a water course which they could not get over, as the ice was not strong enough.

"We went towards them within gunshot, and, whether our fire-arms frightened them, or whether shey thought there were more of us than there really were, or whether, in fact, they meant us no harm, they called out in the Illinois language that they had taken us for Iroquois, but now saw that we were brothers, whereupon they went off as they came, and we kept on our way till the 4th, when two of my men fell sick and could not travel."

This is but one of a hundred examples that might be cited—examples which show the daring energy and heroic nature of La Salle. But his mettle was tried to the utmost. In about seventy days he reached Fort Frontenac and the most distressing intelligence filled his ears from every side.

The loss of the Griffin was confirmed. The news of disaster after disaster fell upon him like an avalanche. His agents had plundered him, his creditors had seized his property, a band of laborers on the way to join him had been persuaded to desert, some of his canoes richly laden with furs had been lost in the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and a ship from France, freighted with goods to the value of 22,000 livres, had been totally wrecked.

Yet every difficulty had given way before the indomitable La Salle. He had succeeded in collecting men, canoes, and supplies, and was on the point of hastening back as he had come, for the relief of Tonti and the men left with him at Fort Crèvecœur, on the Illinois, when two Canadians, dispatched by that officer, brought him worse tidings than all the rest. Tonti wrote that nearly all his men had deserted, after destroying the fort, plundering the magazine and throwing into the river all the arms, goods, and stores that they could not carry off.

La Salle lost no time in lamentation. He soon learned that the deserters had passed Niagara and were on the way to Fort Frontenac, where he then was, intending to kill him wherever they might find him, as the surest way to escape punishment. He did not await their approach, but went to meet them with such men as he had, discovered them on Lake Ontario, and captured all but two, who made fight and were shot by his followers. This was one point gained.

Like a brave commander he next bent all his thoughts to succoring Tonti and the three or four faithful men who remained with him at the Illi-

nois. A deep anxiety possessed him. For some time past a rumor had spread that the Iroquois, encouraged, as he believed, by his enemies, were preparing a grand inroad into the valley of the Illinois, which threatened to involve in a common destruction the tribes of that quarter and the infant colony of La Salle. The danger was but too real.

He was but half-way to his destination when a host of Iroquois warriors fell upon Tonti and his Indian allies, and filled the valley of the Illinois with carnage and devastation. When, after a long and weary journey, the dauntless La Salle and his followers reached the great town of the Illinois, where he hoped to find his lieutenant, he beheld a most ghastly scene.

"On the 1st of December," he says, "we arrived near evening at the town, and found nothing but ashes and the relics of Iroquois fury. Everything was destroyed, and nothing remained but the stumps of burned lodge-poles, which showed what had been the extent of the village, and on most of which were stuck dead men's heads, half-eaten by the crows. The fields were strewn with carcasses gnawed by wolves. The scaffolds on which the dead had been placed in the cemetery were all torn down, and such of the bodies as had been buried were dug up and scattered over the ground. The wolves were tearing them before our eyes with strange howlings."

La Salle and his men sought till night for traces of Tonti and his few companions, but in vain they searched. Tonti was not to be found. They encamped on the spot. "I passed the night full of trouble," writes the great explorer. "I could not sleep, but tried in vain to make up my mind as to what I ought to do."

But he was no dreamer. Ever "up and doing, with a heart for any fate," he again set out in search for his lieutenant, and passed down the Illinois till he came to the Mississippi. From a rock on the banks of the great river he saw a tree leaning toward the water. He stripped it of its bark, in order to make it more conspicuous, hung upon it a board, on which he had drawn figures of himself and his men, seated in their canoe, and bearing a pipe of peace. To this he tied a letter for Tonti, informing him that he had returned up the river to the ruined village.

La Salle now pushed up the Illinois, and arrived at the junction of the Kankakee with that river early in January, 1681. Here he left his canoes, and with his four men began an overland journey to Fort Miami on the St. Joseph River, a post which he had established two years before.

Snow fell in profusion, till the earth was deeply buried. So light and

dry was it, that to walk on snow-shoes was impossible, and La Salle, after his custom, took the lead to break the path and cheer on his followers. Despite his tall stature, he often waded through drifts to the waist, while the men toiled on behind—the snow, shaken from the burdened twigs, showering on them as they passed. After excessive fatigue they reached their goal, and found shelter and safety within the walls of Fort Miami.

Here La Salle might have brooded on the redoubled ruin that had befallen him—the desponding friends, the exulting foes, the wasted energies, the crushing load of debt, the stormy past, the black and lowering future. But his mind was of a different temper. He had no thought but to grapple with adversity, and out of the fragments of his ruin to rear the fabric of a triumphant success.

He would not recoil, but he modified his plans to meet the new contingency. His white enemies had found, or rather perhaps had made, a savage ally in the Iroquois. Their incursion must be stopped or his enterprise would come to naught, and he thought he saw the means by which this new danger could be converted into a source of strength. The tribes of the west, threatened by the common enemy, might be taught to forget their mutual animosities and join in a defensive league with La Salle at its head. They might be colonized around his fort in the valley of the Illinois, where, in the shadow of the French flag, and with the aid of French allies, they could hold the Iroquois in check, and acquire, in some measure, the arts of settled life. The Franciscan fathers could teach them the Faith, and La Salle and his associates could supply them with goods in exchange for the vast harvest of furs which their hunters could gather in those boundless wilds. Meanwhile he would seek out the mouth of the Mississippi; and the furs gathered at his colony in the Illinois would then find a ready passage to the markets of the world. Thus might the ancient slaughter-field of warring savages be redeemed to civilization and Christianity; and a stable settlement might grow up in the heart of the western wilderness. The scheme was but a new feature, the result of new circumstances, added to the original plan of his great enterprise; and he addressed himself to its execution with his usual vigor, and with an address which never failed him in his dealings with Indians.

A great council of the Miamis was soon called. Chiefs grizzly with age, and others haughty with the strength of younger manhood came. La Salle eloquently harangued the dusky concourse. His words, backed up by

gifts, produced a deep impression. "We make you the master of our beaver and our lands," they exclaimed, "of our minds and our bodies." Could La Salle have wished for anything more?

But the enterprise so often defeated—the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi—was yet to be achieved. To this end he set out to return to Canada. It was in May. On touching at Mackinaw, to his great joy, he found Tonti and Father Membré. Each had a tale of disaster for the other, but La Salle was as calm and determined as if the sun of prosperity shone brightly on his adventurous pathway.

"Any one else," writes Father Membré, "would have thrown up his hands and abandoned the enterprise; but, far from this, with a firmness and constancy that never had its equal, I saw him more resolved than ever to continue his work and push forward his discovery.

La Salle and his men now turned the frail prows of their canoes for Fort Frontenac. It was more than a thousand miles away, but was soon reached. Here vigorous preparations were begun anew, and everything for a fresh expedition was, with as little delay as possible, in readiness.

Winter had scarcely relaxed his icy grasp on the great rivers of the west, when the indefatigable explorer, with a few Franciscan priests, twenty-three Frenchmen, and eighteen Indians—all inured to war—directed their course towards the Mississippi. Floating down the Illinois River, they reached the "Father of Waters" in February, 1682. Without delay, they began the descent of the mighty stream. As they pressed on, they frequently came in contact with the Indians, whom La Salle won by his eloquence and engaging manners. We are told that, after the Indian mode, he was "the greatest orator in North America."

The missionaries also announced the words of truth to the savages. "As the great explorer pursued his course down the Mississippi," writes Bancroft, "his sagacious eye discerned the magnificent resources of the country." At every point where they landed, La Salle planted a cross. He was most zealous for the Faith. Finally, after many adventures, too numerous to recount here, the mouth of the great river was reached, and they beheld—

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea,
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

On the 9th of April, La Salle took possession of the country in the name of Louis XIV. For this purpose he had a cross erected, while the whole party chanted the *Vexilla Regis*:

"The Banners of Heaven's King advance,
The mystery of the cross shines forth."

The ceremony was finished with the *Te Deum*, and the raising of a column with the following inscription: "Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns; the 9th of April, 1682." Then, "amid a volley from all our muskets," writes Father Membré, "a leaden plate, inscribed with the arms of France and the names of those who had just made the discovery, was deposited in the earth."

By his energy and enterprise, La Salle had now explored from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico. In honor of his sovereign he named all the territory along the majestic river, Louisiana—a name, at present, restricted to one state.

Turning, he ascended the Mississippi, and sailed for France, in order to secure the assistance of Louis XIV, and the co-operation of his countrymen in colonizing the great valley, and in developing its immense natural resources. Success seemed to smile on his plans. The government provided him with four ships, and a large number of persons was soon enlisted in his scheme. In July, 1684, he bade adieu for the last time to the shores of sunny France; and with his ships and two hundred and eighty persons, including three Franciscan fathers and three secular priests, well supplied with all the necessaries to plant a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, he directed his course across the Atlantic.

But the entrance of the "Father of Waters" was hard to find. La Salle missed it, went westward, and early in 1685 landed his colony at Matagorda Bay, in Texas, where he built Fort St. Louis. In the choice of his men, he soon found that he had made an unhappy mistake. They were largely composed of vagabonds picked up on the streets of Rochelle, and their conduct was in keeping with their character, as events unfortunately proved.

After several vain attempts to reach the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, La Salle resolved to strike out for it by land. Father Douay, O. S. F., his chaplain, has left us a minute account of their adventurous course over plains, forests, rocks, and rivers. But aster six months' fruitless wanderings they were obliged to return to Fort St. Louis. Here La Salle heard that his last vessel was wrecked. Any other man would have thrown up his hands in despair. But with the giant energy of an indomitable will, having lost his hopes of fame and fortune, he now resolved to travel on foot to his countrymen at the north, and return from Canada to renew his colony in Texas.

Accompanied by a few priests and twenty men, he set out on this immense journey early in 1687. For nearly two months and a half the travelers boldly forced their way, despite the hardships to be endured from a wintry climate, despite the countless obstacles offered by a savage country.

In this brief sketch it would be as needless as impossible to follow the detail of their daily march. It was such a one, though with unwonted hardships, as is familiar to the memory of many a prairie traveler of our own time. They suffered greatly for the want of shoes, and found for awhile no better substitute than a casing of raw buffalo-hide, which they were forced to keep always wet, as when dry it hardened about the foot like iron. At length they bought dressed deer-skins from the Indians, of which they made tolerable moccasins. The rivers, streams, and gulleys filled with water were without number; and, to cross them, they made a boat of bull-hide, like the "bull boat" still used on the Upper Missouri. This did good service, as, with the help of their horses, they could carry it with them. Two or three men could cross in it at once, and the horses swam after them like dogs.

Sometimes they traversed the sunny prairie, sometimes dived into the dark recesses of the forest, where the buffalo, descending daily from their pastures in long files to drink at the river, often made a broad and easy path for the travelers. When foul weather arrested them they built huts of bark and long meadow grass, and, safely sheltered, lounged away the day, while their horses, picketed near by, stood steaming in the rain. At night, they usually set a rude stockade about their camp, and here, by the grassy border of a brook, or at the edge of a grove where a spring bubbled up through the sands, they lay asleep around the embers of their fire, while the man on guard listened to the deep breathing of the slumbering horses, and the howling of the wolves that saluted the rising moon as it flooded the waste of prairie with pale, mystic radiance.

On the 15th of March the bold travelers arrived near a place where La Salle, on his preceding journey, had caused a quantity of Indian corn and beans to be buried. The commander sent seven men to hunt up this underground stock of provisions. They killed two buffaloes on reaching the place and one of their number returned to La Salle, requesting the use of the horses to bring the meat to the camp. He complied, sending his nephew, Morganet, with two companions and two horses.

On the arrival of Morganet at the spot where the dead buffaloes lay, a dispute arose between him and several of the party—men who hated La Salle

and nursed dark designs. Angry words passed around. Night came. The woods grew dark, and before morning dawned Morganet and two others, devoted followers of their commander, were murdered. It was a bloody deed. The flood-gate of assassination was now open, and those desperate men took evil counsel of vengeance for their own safety. One black crime led to another, still blacker.

La Salle soon became alarmed for the safety of Morganet, and, as if anticipating what had occurred, he asked in the encampment if some of the party had not shown signs of disaffection. He resolved at once to go in search of his nephew. We shall give the remainder of the tragic narrative in the language of an eye-witness.

"Asking me to accompany him," writes Father Douay, "he took two Indians and set out. All the way he conversed with me in relation to matters of piety, grace, and predestination, expatiating on all his obligations to God for having saved him from so many dangers during the last twenty years that he had traversed America. He seemed to me particularly penetrated with a sense of God's benefits to him.

"Suddenly I saw him plunged into a deep melancholy, for which he himself could not account. He was so troubled that I did not know him any longer. As this was far from his usual state, I roused him from his lethargy.

"Two leagues after, we found the bloody cravat of his lackey. He perceived two eagles flying over his head, and at the same time saw some of his people on the edge of the river, which he approached, asking them what had become of his nephew.

"They answered us in broken words, showing us where we should find him. We proceeded some steps along the bank to the fatal spot, where two of these murderers were hidden in the grass, one on each side, with guns cocked. One missed M. de La Salle; the other at the same moment shot him in the head. He died an hour after, on the 19th of March, 1687.

"I expected the same fate," continues Father Douay, "but this danger did not occupy my thoughts, penetrated with grief at so cruel a spectacle. I saw him fall a step from me with his face all full of blood. I watered it with my tears, exhorting him, with all my power, to die well. He had confessed and fulfilled his devotions just before we started. He had still time to recapitulate a part of his life, and I gave him absolution.

"During his last moments, he elicited all the acts of a good Christian, grasping my hand at every word I suggested, and especially at

that of pardoning his enemies. Meanwhile his murderers, as much alarmed as I, began to strike their breasts and detest their blindness. I could not leave the spot where he had expired without having buried him as well as I could, after which I raised a cross over his grave.

"Thus died our wise commander—constant in adversity, intrepid, generous, engaging, dexterous, skillful, capable of everything. He who for twenty years had softened the fierce temper of countless savage tribes was massacred by the hands of his own followers, whom he had loaded with caresses. He died in the prime of life, in the midst of his course and labors, without having seen their success."

"Robert Cavelier de la Salle, the first explorer who navigated Ontario, Erie, Michigan, and Huron," writes T. D. McGee, "deserves to be enumerated among the great captains. A native of Rouen, early employed in the colonies, he had been instigated by the reports of missionaries to seek, through the northern lakes, a passage to the Gulf of Mexico. Building a schooner on the Cayuga Creek, he ascended the lakes in 1679, chanting the *Te Deum*. Carrying his boats overland from the Miami to a branch of the Illinois River, he forced or found his way into the Upper Mississippi. For many years, with most heroic constancy, this soul of fire and frame of iron was devoted to the task of opening routes between the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and of Mexico, until he perished in his enterprise by the hands of two of his own unworthy followers, on an excursion into Texas, in 1687.

"The Catholic character of La Salle is marked in every act of his life. He undertook nothing without fortifying himself by religion; he completed nothing without giving the first fruits of the glory to God. He planted the Cross wherever he landed, even for an hour; he made the western desert vocal with songs, hymns of thanksgiving, and adoration. He is the worthy compeer of De Soto and Marquette; he stood, sword in hand, under the banner of the Cross, the tutelary genius of those great states which stretch away from Lake Ontario to the Rio Grande. Every league of that region he trod on foot, and every league of its water he navigated in frail canoes or crazy schooners. Above his tomb the northern pine should tower; around it the Michigan rose and the southern myrtle should mingle their hues and unite their perfumes."

Chapter XIX.

WITH THE FRIENDLY ILLINOIS.

The Indians of Illinois.—What Father Marquette Had Done For Them.—Hard Subjects For Conversion.—A Location Among the Peorias.—Michael Ako and His Suit.—An Enraged Chief.—A Victim More Than a Bride.—Influence of a Pious Native.—Ridiculing the Missionary.—Teaching by Pictures.—Illinois Finally Christianized.—The Chief Chicago.—A Glance at Louisiana.—Attack on Father Doutreleau.—Efforts Further South.—Among the Fierce Natchez.—Indians Who Adored the Sun.—Martyrs in the South.—Resolute Father Davion.—Capuchins at New Orleans.—Following the Indians Westward.—About the Remnants of the Tribes.—Their Latest Great Missionary.

IN early times the country lying north of the Ohio, from the head-waters of its northern branch to the Mississippi above its mouth, was inhabited by various distinct nations. Of these, the Eries, who lay south of the lake which still bears their name, the Wenro, and other tribes, of whose existence no trace remains, were of the Huron-Iroquois family. By the middle of the seventeenth century all these had been conquered, annihilated, and absorbed by the Iroquois, who thus changed into a desert the whole basin of Lake Erie and Lake Huron, as they depopulated the valleys of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence. The territory now occupied by the two states of Ohio and Indiana was a wilderness, which separated the Iroquois from the far-famed Algonquin archers of the west. Illinois was then occupied by two kindred nations, each composed of several clans, Algonquin in language, but approaching the Abnakis more than any others in manners. These were the Illinois and Miamis, the former made up of the Peoria, Cahokia, Tamaroa, Kaskaskias, Moingwenas, the latter of the Wea, Piankeshaw, Pepikokia, and Kilatak clans. Both have left their names in the states, rivers, towns, and heights of the west.

When first known they were very powerful nations, and though in collision with the whites only for a short period, have almost entirely disappeared. What we know of them is connected with the labors of Catholic missionaries to win them from idolatry and gain them to Christ. By stubborn and unyielding toil, those devoted men succeeded at last in beholding all embrace the faith, and then it would seem the reprieve granted by Providence to the tribes expired, and they disappear. In other lands the priest of God converts the expiring sinner, in America the expiring nation. Some tribes are entirely extinct; none can ever rally and regain their former strength, most are dying silently away.

When first known to the envoys of Christ, the Illinois lay on both sides of the Mississippi, pressed on the west by the Tartar Dakota, and on the east by the fierce Iroquois, so that some tribes descended to the south and southwest, where, not unlikely, traces of them may yet be found. The Miamis lay around the southern shore of Lake Michigan, stretching eastward to the shores of Lake Erie. Although distinct, and at times at variance, the Illinois and Miami easily intermingled, being of the same race and language.

The Illinois first met the missionary of Christ at Chegoimegon, where Father Allouez planted, in 1667, his first Ottawa mission. Here, too, his successor, the illustrious Marquette, received visits from straggling parties, projected a mission, and from one of the tribe learned the language of the Illinois. War defeated his design, and drove him to Mackinaw. At a later period, as we have seen, he visited the Kaskaskias at their village near the present city of Rockford, Illinois. He was received as an angel from heaven by the kind-hearted Illinois, who had, during the winter, shown their interest in their missionary by even sending him a deputation, and offering to carry him to their village. Eager to profit by the strength which had been miraculously restored by a novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception, he went from cabin to cabin instructing the inmates. Then, when all were sufficiently aware of the doctrines of the Cross to follow his discourse, he convoked a general meeting in a beautiful prairie.

There, before their wondering eyes, he raised his altar, and, as true a knight to Mary as chivalry ever produced, displayed on every side pictures of that Mother of all purity, who was to purify and elevate a land sunk in all horrid vice. At least two thousand men, with countless women and children, were grouped around, and with the breathless attention of the Indian, all listened to the pale and wasted missionary who spoke his heart to them on

the mystery of the cross. And still their wonder grew as they beheld him then offer up on his sylvan altar the holy sacrifice of the Mass, on the very day when, more than sixteen centuries before, the God he preached had instituted it in the upper room at Jerusalem. Thus, on Maundy Thursday, was possession taken of Illinois, in the name of Catholicity, of Jesus and Mary.

Marquette remained there instructing them till after Easter, which fell that year on the 14th of April. Then he felt that the strength given him began to fail, and he was warned to depart, if he would die in the arms of his brethren at Mackinaw. In a previous chapter we have learned that this journey was his last on earth. But the mission to the Illinois was not neglected. For a time it continued in charge of Father Allouez, and on his death the superior assigned to it the now celebrated Father Sebastian Rale, who set out from Quebec in August, 1691, but did not reach the great Illinois village till the next spring. On arriving at the first village, then composed of 300 cabins, all of four or five fires, and twice as many families, he was invited by the head chief to a solemn banquet, given in his honor. Yet, kindly as his welcome was, he found that the faith had yet made but little progress. "There would have been less difficulty in converting the Illinois," says he, "if the prayer had permitted polygamy among them. They acknowledged that the prayer was good, and were delighted to have their wives and children instructed; but when we broached the subject to the men, we found how difficult it was to overcome their inconstancy, and induce them to adhere to a single wife." "There are none," he adds, "even of the medicine-men, of course the worst enemies of religion, who do not send their children to be instructed and baptized."

The account given by this missionary was written thirty years after, and is necessarily vague. As in most rising missions, the best and most certain fruit was the baptism of the infants, many of whom died before attaining the age of reason; yet adult converts were not wanting. A considerable number had been won, and such was their fervor and attachment to the faith that they would have suffered any torture sooner than forsake it.

The services of religion were regularly maintained; and besides the daily Mass all assembled in the chapel for morning and evening prayer.

After two years' stay among the Illinois, Father Rale was recalled to the Abnakis, his original charge, and Father Gravier again resumed the mission. This was located near the French fort within which his first chapel was; but after wintering with the Miamis Father Gravier erected a new chapel outside

of the fort in a very convenient place for the Indians, and, opening it in April, planted before it a towering cross amid the shouts and musketry of the French.

The Peorias, among whom he labored, already numbered some fervent Christians. Even in the absence of their pastor the men assembled in the chapel for morning and evening prayer, and after they had left, an old chief went through the village to call the women and children to perform the same duty. The head chief, however, who was a medicine-man, with many of his associates, did all in their power to prevent the people from listening to the missionary, and eagerly endeavored to draw a discontented neophyte to their party, hoping to prove by him that Gravier poisoned the dying; for here, too, that old calumny was spread. Even the French at the post, whose dissolute life could not brook the censorship of a priest, aided these slanders. During the year, however, Ako, apparently the companion of Father Hennepin in his voyage on the Mississippi, married Mary, the daughter of the chief of the Kaskaskias; and this, although at first a source of great persecution to Father Gravier, became, in the end a great help to the mission.

When Ako sought her in marriage, far from being flattered with the prospect of a union with a Frenchman, she told her parents that she did not wish to marry; that she had already given all her heart to God, and could not share it with another. This she repeated when they all proceeded to the chapel, and there Father Gravier told her that she was free to marry or not as she chose. Deeming Gravier her adviser, Ako and the chief resolved to drive him to perform the ceremony or leave the place. The chief stripped his daughter and drove her from his cabin; then convening a council of the chiefs of the four nearest villages, he declaimed against the missionary, and easily induced them to issue an order forbidding the women and children to go to the chapel. Regardless of the order, fifty Peorias and some Kaskaskias came to prayers, and the intrepid missionary, as usual, traversed the villages to summon them at the accustomed hour. Finding this first step useless, the chiefs next blocked up the paths to prevent all from going; but as even then some, by a circuitous path, reached the chapel, a chief, tomahawk in hand, rushed into the cabin during prayers, and, in a menacing tone, ordered all to leave. Gravier ordered him, in turn, to retire; and, as the faithful Christians remained firm, the intruder was compelled to retire baffled.

Such an outrage in the house of God was, the missionary deemed, too grave to let pass; he applied to the commandant of the French fort, but was

himself overwhelmed with reproaches and accusations in the very presence of the Indians. Thus left exposed to every violence, the missionary could but mourn in secret over the blindness which had aroused such a storm. Meanwhile the poor Illinois maiden, finding that her father threatened to use all his efforts against religion if she persisted, repaired to Gravier. Earnest as was her desire to lead a life of virginity, she trembled to see herself and her tribe deprived of a pastor.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "I have a thought, and I know not whether it is good. I believe that if I consent to the marriage my father will listen to you, and induce all to do so. I desire to please God and would wish to remain as I am to be agreeable to Christ; but I have thought of consenting against my inclination for love of Him. Will this be right?" The missionary, moved at her piety, approved her thought; but bade her tell her parents distinctly that she did not yield to their menaces, but simply because she hoped that by marrying a Christian she could more easily gain them to Christ.

This she did, and consented to become the wife of Michael Ako, more a victim than a bride. On this her father submitted, and publicly disavowed all that he had said against the black-gown. After her marriage her life was of the greatest purity and virtue. By her example and exhortations she soon converted her husband, whose profligacy had been notorious. Reverses overtook him, and his only consolation in the general odium raised against him was the practice of his religion, and the society of his pious and devoted wife.

This elect soul was the great comfort of the missionary. Her love for Jesus, her devotion to Mary, her zeal for the conversion of her countrymen, were truly remarkable. When asked whether she loved the Mother of the Redeemer, she replied: "I do nothing but call her my mother, and beg her, by every expression of endearment, to adopt me as her daughter; for if she is not my mother, and will not regard me as a child, how can I conduct myself? I am but a child and know not how to pray: I beg her to teach me what to say to defend myself against the evil one, who attacks me incessantly, and will make me fall, if I have not recourse to her, and if she does not shield me in her arms as a good mother does a frightened child."

As may be supposed, her virtue gave her a wonderful influence in the tribe, and her father's position as chief redounding on herself gave Christianity a foothold it had never yet acquired. Her parents' conversion was now her great object: they were long deaf to all her entreaties—filled with bitter-

ness against Gravier for his supposed opposition to the marriage, and giving full credit to all that Ako had then said. Conscious at last this, the now repentant Frenchman disavowed all that he had said against the missionaries. On this the chief and his wife called upon Gravier to instruct them. Summoning the chiefs of the various villages to a public banquet, the Kaskaskia sachem openly renounced all their superstitions, and urged them no longer to thwart their own happiness by resisting the grace of Christianity which God offered them. His wife made a similar address to the women; and when Gravier had duly instructed them, he traversed the villages, calling all to the chapel to witness the ceremony of their baptism.

During the summer, sickness ravaged their villages, and many were again opposed to Gravier. Regarding him as "the bird of death," the source of the malady, they, in their incantations, mimicked and ridiculed his ceremonies; but he fearlessly remained, undeterred by their threats of personal violence. Strong in the support of the chief, who soon, amid the ingratitude of the French, showed the power of religion in checking his vengeance, the missionary struggled on with the medicine-men, even holding his meetings of Christians in their cabins to prevent their being used for superstition, and throwing down the heathenish poles to which dogs and other offerings were attached.

During the absence of the tribe on the winter hunts, Madame Ako regularly assembled the children who remained at her house for catechism, and herself, fully instructed, rendered great service to the mission. Gravier himself at other seasons catechized all, and especially adults, using copperplate engravings of the scenes of the Old and New Testaments as texts for oral discourses. Madame Ako soon learned the narrative connected with each cut, and borrowing them, gathered not only her class around her, but the oldest of the village, explaining more intelligibly than the missionary what scene in Holy Writ was there portrayed. So great was the impulse given by these means to Christianity, that in the catechetical instructions which he gave every evening for two hours, Gravier had three-fourths of the Kaskaskia village crowded into his cabin, old and young, chiefs and matrons, all ready to answer the questions of the catechism, and eager to receive a token of the missionary's approval; while their children, day and night, sang in the village streets the hymns which Gravier had composed, embodying the truths of Christianity.

Such is the brief gleam of the Illinois mission in 1693, during eight

months of which Father Gravier baptized 206 souls, many of them infants, who soon after died, and whom he was enabled to bathe in the sacramental waters only by stratagem. In time this good priest was recalled to Mackinaw, and the mission was continued in succession by Fathers Marest, Mermet, Boulanger, and others, most of the Illinois tribes becoming christianized by their labors.

Louisiana was now rising in importance, and on its organization as a colony, Illinois became subject to its government. The Jesuits, after failing at first, were at last established at the mouth of the Mississippi, and their superior at New Orleans had the superintendence of the Illinois mission. Missionaries for the Illinois country now came by way of the Mississippi. Thus, in 1725, we find Fathers De Beaubois and De Ville ascending the river, followed in 1727 by Fathers Dumas, Tartarin, and Doutreleau.

The Illinois Christians frequently descended to New Orleans, and Le Petit describes the edifying conduct of a party led by their excellent chieftain, Chicago. "They charmed us," says he, "by their piety and edifying life. Every evening they recited the beads in alternate choirs, and every morning heard my Mass, chanting at it, especially on Sundays and holidays, prayers and hymns suited to the day. They are well acquainted with the history of the Old and New Testaments. Their manner of hearing Mass and approaching the sacraments is excellent. The missionaries do not suffer them to grow up in ignorance of any of the mysteries of religion or of their duties, but ground them in what is fundamental and essential, which they inculcate in a manner equally sound and instructive."

Chicago had been in France and had learned the advantages of civilized life. Mamantouensa, another chief, was not inferior to him. Seeing the Ursulines with their pupils, he exclaimed to one: "I see you are not nuns without an object. You are like our fathers, the black-gowns, you labor for others. Ah! if we had three or four of you, our wives and daughters would have more sense and be better Christians." "Well," said the Mother Superior, "choose any that you like." "It is not for me to choose," replied the truly Christian chief; "it is for you, who know them; for the choice should fall on those who are most attached to God, and who love Him most."

While the Illinois mission, under the wise guidance of Le Boulanger, was rapidly gaining in numbers, an officer of the French marine in Louisiana writes: "Nothing is more edifying for religion than the conduct and

unwearied zeal with which the Jesuits labor for the conversion of these tribes. There are now Illinois, Apalache, even Choctaw Christians. Picture to yourself a Jesuit missionary as a hero. Four hundred leagues away in the depths of the forests, without comforts or supplies, often with no resource but the liberality of men who know not God, obliged to live like them, to pass whole years with no tidings of their country, with men human only in figure, without relief or society in the hour of sickness, constantly exposed to perish alone, or fall by the hand of violence. Yet this is the daily life of these fathers in Louisiana and Canada, where many have shed their blood for the Faith."

Louisiana was soon to see her missionaries tread the path of those of Canada. Before the descent of Chicago, which we have mentioned (for he and his pious followers were a war-party) Fathers Poisson and Souel had been killed by the Indians in the rising of the Natchez. An Illinois missionary, Father Doutreleau, was well-nigh involved in the massacre. He had set out on the first day of the year 1730, and deeming it impossible to reach Father Souel's chapel in time to say Mass, landed at the mouth of the Yazoo to offer up the holy sacrifice. A rustic altar was soon raised, and the missionary began to vest, while his boatmen loitered along the shore, firing at the wild-fowl. Some Indians came up, and to their hail responded, "Yazoos, friends of the French;" so, without delay, all knelt down, French and Indian alike, before the altar. Just as the priest was about to begin the glorious chant of the angels of Bethlehem, the Indians, who knelt behind, fired, killing one of the boatmen and wounding the missionary in the arm. His companions fled to their boat, but Doutreleau knelt to receive his death-blow. When, however, they had twice fired, and twice missed him, he sprang to his feet, and enveloping the sacred vessels in the altar-cloth, fled, vested as he was, to the shore. The boat had put off, but the missionary, though wounded again, reached it, and seizing the rudder, urged his comrades to ply their oars vigorously. The hope of escape was almost too slight to nerve an arm with vigor, for two were wounded, all unarmed, and almost destitute of provisions, for they had nothing but one bit of pork. Death from exhaustion or famine seemed their only prospect, could they even distance the enemy; but their trust was in God. For an hour the Yazoos pressed on in hot pursuit, pouring in volley after volley on the unarmed French, till at last the latter by adroitly showing an old rusty musket when the pursuers came too near, distanced them, and the Yazoos returned to boast of having killed them all.

After many other dangers on the river, Father Doutreleau and his companions at last reached the French camp at Tonicas.

More terrible was the trial of another Illinois missionary, Father Senat. As the Natchez war proceeded, the French resolved to attack the Chickasaws from Louisiana and Illinois. The latter expedition was led by Dartaguettes and Vincennes. Senat accompanied it as chaplain. Success attended the first efforts of the French and Illinois; but at a third fort, meeting a determined resistance, the Illinois gave way, and the Feench were surrounded. A few cut their way through; the rest fell into the hands of the Chickasaws. Bienville, who led the expedition from Louisiana, still pressed them on the south, and the prisoners were spared for a time. Among them was the "generous Senat, who might have fled; but regardless of danger, mindful only of duty, had remained on the field of battle to receive the last sigh of the wounded." While their fate was undecided they received no ill treatment; but when Bienville retired, the prisoners were brought out, tied by fours to stakes, and put to death with all the refinement of Indian cruelty. One alone was spared to record the story, but he has left no narrative of their last scene. We only know that to the last the devoted Jesuit exhorted his companions to suffer with patience and courage—to honor their religion and country.

The Illinois mission was now to decline, the mismanagement of Louisiana affected the whole valley of the Mississippi. The fort in Illinois, garrisoned by dissolute soldiers, where liquor was freely sold to the Indians, added to unsuccessful wars, thinned down the tribe, so that in 1750 there were but two Indian Missions, both conducted by Jesuit fathers.

The priests of the seminary of foreign missions had no longer any charge over the Illinois, but continued at Cahokia as pastors for the French. A third Illinois village completed the nation, now so reduced that it could not raise three hundred fighting-men.

We may here take occasion to look farther south, where the daring of Father Marquette had thrown open the gateway of a new empire. At that time the Jesuits were unable to evangelize this mighty region. In 1698, Fathers Montigony and Davion were sent down the great river by Bishop St. Valier, of Quebec. After wintering at Mackinaw they visited the Illinois, the last Jesuit field and entered the Mississippi. Descending to the Taenzas, Montigny was charmed with the dispositions of the tribe. The Taenzas were half civilized, and occupied eight towns or villages composed of houses

built of earth and straw, with many articles of furniture not found among the northern tribes. The people were subject to an absolute chief, who was treated with great honor. In dress, too, they were somewhat advanced, being clad in a cloth woven of the fibers of a tree. Selecting this as his own station, the vicar-general proceeded to the Tonicas on the Yazoo River, and raising a mission-house, established Davion as a laborer there.

At the Red River they heard of a French settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi, and resolved to visit it. After ten days' sail in their bark canoes, suffering greatly for want of water, they reached Biloxi on the 1st of July. As it was too poor to offer them hospitality without danger, they remained but ten days, and again set out for their posts with presents for the Great Sun of the Natchez, wine for Mass, flour, and some necessary tools. It is probable that Mr. de Montigny went at once to the villages of the Natchez, among whom he proposed founding a new mission, for which another priest had arrived; this was the Canadian, John Francis Buisson, commonly called de St. Côme, who was at his post before Iberville's coming in 1700.

This nation was by far the most civilized to be found in the valley of the Mississippi, as their country was the finest. Adorers of the sun, they had a temple in its honor, built, like their houses, of earth and straw, where a fire was kept constantly burning in honor of their god. The great chief bore the name of Sun, and he was the high priest of the nation, daily offering an oblation of incense from his calumet to his pretended sire. Succession was in the female line, and the mother of the Sun, or female chief, was treated with the greatest honor, although she took no part in the government.

Among these, then, St. Côme took up his residence. He soon gained the favor of the female chief, who was indeed so attached to the black-gown that she conferred his name on one of her sons. But his labors were not blessed with fruit; his instructions were seed which fell on the rock. No converts to the faith enabled him to begin a church of Natchez Christians; yet he struggled on for some years undeterred by his ill-success.

About the same time Davion visited the villages of the Chickasaws, but no mission could be attempted in a tribe already devoted to the English.

Thus almost coeval with the settlement of Louisiana, when the civil power had but a single petty fort, the church had begun missions among the Tonicas, Natchez, Arkansas, and Oumas, and probably among the Choctaws and Cenis, and was laboring to elevate them to civilization and truth by the light and practice of the gospel.

Zeal did not, however, command success. Like every other mission, that of Louisiana was baptized in blood, and illustrated by the deaths of its pioneers. In 1702 Nicholas Foucault, who had arrived the previous year, and was laboring among the Yazoos and Tonicas, set out with three Frenchmen for the fort, attended by two young Koroas as guides. Led by hopes of plunder, or instigated by hatred, these treacherous savages effected the murder of the whole party near the Tonica villages; thus giving the zealous Foucault the glory of first shedding his blood in the dangerous mission.

On learning his death, Davion, the missionary among the Tonicas, and Father De Limoges, from the Oumas, deemed it no longer prudent to remain in so exposed a situation, and descended to the French fort, which they reached on the 1st of October.

Thus closed the Jesuit mission. Not a missionary remained below the mouth of the Illinois, except St. Côme, to realize the schemes which the zealous Montigny had formed.

At last, however, in December, 1704, the Tonicas sent their deputies to Mobile to beg Davion to return and instruct them. Although they had hitherto shown little regard to his teaching, he finally yielded to their solicitations and returned, but resolved to adopt a different course from that which he had hitherto pursued. He spoke freely and boldly, denouncing their vices and idolatry, and urging them to embrace Christianity. Finding them deaf to his exhortations, he destroyed their temple and quenched their sacred fire. Incensed at this, they drove him from their village, but were so indifferent in reality that they took no steps to rebuild their sacred edifice, and soon after invited Davion to return.

St. Côme, meanwhile, was laboring among the friendly Natchez; but he, too, was destined to be cut off by plundering Indians. Descending the Mississippi in 1707, with three Frenchmen and a little slave, he was attacked and murdered while asleep by the Sitimachas, who to the number of eighty surprised the little party. Bergier, the Cahokia missionary, was on the river at the time, and announced the sad tidings at Biloxi. On hearing it, the governor called on his Indian allies to avenge St. Côme; and the Sitimachas were almost exterminated by the Natchez, Biloxis, and Bayagoulas.

Davion was now alone, but he, too, soon after finally left the Tonicas, who, though so attached to him as to offer him the rank of chief, showed no desire to adopt the dogmas and morals of the gospel. A change, however, came over them. He once more became their missionary, and such we find

him till 1716. By this time the chief and several others had been baptized. The former had even adopted European costume, and acquired some knowledge of French.

The visit of Father Charlevoix in 1721 revealed to France the spiritual destitution of both French and Indians on the Lower Mississippi, where not a priest was to be found, except at Yazoo and New Orleans. To supply its various posts the company naturally turned to the religious orders, and finally entered into an agreement with the Capuchins and Jesuits, by which the former were to supply priests for the French posts, and the latter for the Indian missions. The Capuchins accordingly entered New Orleans in 1722, and became the parish priests of that city and colony, their superior being vicar-general of Quebec. The Jesuits, who were allowed a house in New Orleans, entered in 1725. The first colony consisted of Father Vitré, superior, Fathers le Petit, de Beaubois, and de Ville; the two last-named being old Illinois missionaries, who in all probability returned to their former posts. The others established themselves outside the city, in a house purchased of M. de Bienville, the commandant.

As time went on, the Louisiana missions were revived in Missouri and the Indian territory, even down to the present in far-away Oregon and Washington. We shall get a glimpse of the remnants of these tribes in recounting the apostolic labors of Rev. Father P. J. de Smet.

Chapter XX.

A MODERN BLACK-GOWN.

YOUTH OF PETER JOHN DE SMET.—THE CALL OF GOD.—DISAPPOINTED FANCIES.—SENT TO SUGAR CREEK.—HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.—RAGS AND PENURY.—THE WRECK OF THE SUPPLY BOAT.—DRUNKEN SAVAGES.—AMONG THE FLATHEADS.—RULE OF THE GREAT BLACK-GOWN.—DANGERS OF THE MISSIONS.—STUDYING STRANGE TONGUES.—FIVE TIMES THE GIRTH OF THE GLOBE.—STORY OF THE MORMON EXPEDITION.—CHAPLAIN OF THE ARMY IN UTAH.—WITH THE WILD OGALLALLAS.—SCENES OF PERIL AND DEATH.—THE VALLEY OF THE PLATTE.—GRAVES OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS.—ON A CALIFORNIA STEAMER.—LIFE ON THE SLOPE.—IN FAR VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.—A CHECKERED AND TOILSOME CAREER.—ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONVERTS.—CHARACTERISTICS OF FATHER DE SMET.—HIS LAMENTED DEATH.

THE mission work among the Indians, which has been recounted at such length, was best exemplified in these latter days by the labors of Father Peter John De Smet, S. J., with the history of whose devoted life we may accordingly round out the subject. His name is, indeed, famous throughout the world. If it were possible to record all the incidents and adventures of his wonderful career, a volume would be produced, the interest of which could be surpassed by no work of fiction or romance.

He was born at Termonde, Belgium, on December 31st, 1801, of a pious and noble family. When of the proper age, he entered the episcopal seminary at Mechlin. While there, he and a few others felt called to devote themselves to the American missions. One day there appeared amongst them a venerable priest, a fellow-countryman, worn with the labors and exposure of a difficult mission in Kentucky. It was the saintly Charles Nerinckx. As the veteran missionary depicted the rich field for labor, the young men gathered around him, and six offered to accompany him to America to enter the Society of Jesus. Of these, Peter John De Smet was the youngest. But great

caution was necessary, as the government gave orders to stop them. They eluded the officers—De Smet very narrowly—and met at Amsterdam, whence they sailed in the summer of 1821.

The apostolic travelers reached Philadelphia after a forty days' voyage; but young De Smet was sadly disappointed. He expected to see wigwams —not houses like those in Europe. The Indians were already the object of his zeal. Rev. Mr. Nerinckx took his young candidates to the Jesuit novitiate at Whitemarsh, Maryland, where they at once assumed the habit. Before the close of the two years' probation, however, difficulties in the diocese made it necessary to break up the novitiate. The young Belgian novices were on the point of returning to Europe, when Bishop Dubourg heard of it, and gladly bore them all to Missouri, and there, at Florissant, De Smet took his vows. At this time he made himself conspicuous by his manly energy in chopping down trees and building log-houses, some of which monuments of his strength and zeal were still standing not many years ago. It is related that he could do more in a day than any one of his comrades.

In 1828 Father De Smet came to St. Louis, and aided in founding the St. Louis University, on Washington avenue, assisting with his own hands in quarrying the stones for the foundation. He afterwards became professor in this seat of learning, and won the love of the students by the unremitting kindness and patience with which he discharged the duties of his office. At this early date St. Louis was situated in the midst of an almost pathless wilderness, and had a population not exceeding 3,000 or 4,000 souls. The means of travel were truly primitive. The party, of which young De Smet was one, crossed the Alleghany Mountains with a train of two or three huge wagons, and on reaching Pittsburgh, bought a couple of flat-boats, in which they descended the Ohio as far as Shawneetown. There they sold their boats and took the usual overland route to St. Louis.

The bishops of the United States, assembled at the Council of Baltimore in 1833, confided the Indian missions of the Uuited States to the fathers of the Society of Jesus, and Father De Smet, to his great joy, was sent, in 1836, to found a mission among the Pottawatomies on Sugar Creek. He began his labors with two companions. A little chapel soon arose in the wilderness, and beside it stood the log huts of the missionaries. It was a field of toil, crosses, and privations. A school was opened, and it was soon crowded. Many were baptized, and even the sick were carried for miles to be enrolled in the flock of the great black-gown.

In a letter written in the summer of 1838 to the lady superioress of a religious institution at his native place, Father De Smet says: "I received your letter of March 13th. All your communications give me great pleasure and much consolation. I do not forget my native place. Continue, therefore, to send me very frequently the most minute details. . . . You, no doubt, expect a little recital from the depths of our wilderness. Well, I will exhibit you the light and the shade.

"First, I must tell you the great loss that we experienced towards the end of April. Our superior sent us, from St. Louis, goods to the amount of $500, in ornaments for the church—a tabernacle, a bell, and provisions and clothes for a year. For a long time I had been without shoes, and from Easter we were destitute of supplies. All the Pottawatomie nation were suffering from scarcity, having only acorns and a few wild roots for their whole stock of food.

"At last, about the 20th of April, they announced to us that the much-desired boat was approaching. Already we saw it from the highest of our hills. I procured, without delay, two carts to go in search of our baggage. I reached there in time to witness a very sad sight. The vessel had struck on a sawyer, was pierced, and rapidly sinking in the waves. No lives were lost. Of our effects, four articles were saved—a plow, a saw, a pair of boots, and some wine.

"Providence was still favorable to us. With the help of the plow we were enabled to plant a large field of corn. It was the season for furrowing. We are using the saw to build a better house and to enlarge our church, already too small. With my boots, I can walk in the woods and prairies without fear of being bitten by the serpents that throng there. And the wine permits us to offer to God every day the most holy sacrifice of the Mass—a privilege that had been denied us during a long time. We, therefore, returned with courage and resignation to the acorns and roots until the 30th of May. That day another boat arrived. By that same steamer I received news from you, as well as a letter from my family, and from the good Carmelite Superior.

"Our congregation already amounts to about three hundred. At Easter we had fifty candidates for first communion. I recommend to your prayers, in a very special manner, these poor Indians, that they may maintain their fervor. The dangers and scandals which surround them are very great. I remarked, in a preceding letter, that one of the principle obstacles to the con-

version of the savages is drinking. The last boat brought them a quantity of liquors.

"Already fourteen among them are cut to pieces in this barbarous manner, and are dead. A father seized his own child by the legs and crushed it, in the presence of its mother, by dashing it against the post of his lodge. Two others most cruelly murdered an Indian woman, a neighbor of ours, and the mother of four children.

"We live in the midst of the most disgusting scenes. The passion of the savages for strong drink is inconceivable. They give horses, blankets, all, in a word, to have a little of this brutalizing liquid. Their drunkenness only ceases when they have nothing more to drink. Some of our neophytes have not been able to resist this terrible torrent, and have allowed themselves to be drawn into it. I wrote an energetic letter to the government against these abominable traffickers. Join your prayers to our efforts to obtain from heaven the cessation of this frightful commerce, which is in every way the curse of the savages.

"I visit the Indians in their wigwams, either as missionary, if they are disposed to listen to me, or as a physician, to see their sick. When I find a little child in great danger, and I perceive that the parents have no desire to hear the word of God, I spread out my vials. I recommend my medicines strongly. I first bathe the child with a little camphor; then, taking some baptismal water, I baptize it, without their suspecting it—and thus I have opened the gate of heaven to a great number, notwithstanding the wiles of hell to hinder them from entering."

Two years after this a still wider field was opened. The Flatheads of the Rocky Mountains, gaining a knowledge of the faith from some Catholic Iroquois, who had wandered to the country, sent three successive embassies to the bishop of St. Louis to beg for a black-gown. The bishop referred them to the provincial of the Jesuits at the University; but so unexpected was the visit that the father provincial felt embarrassed.

Father De Smet, however, begged to be permitted to labor for the salvation of these poor creatures. When the expenses were mentioned as somewhat of an obstacle, the great-hearted missionary destroyed the objection by exclaiming: "I will get means from my home—my friends. Only let me go to the rescue of these poor Indians, and assuredly sufficient means will soon come from Europe!"

His wish was granted, and on the 30th of April, 1840, De Smet started

on his sublime mission, in company with the annual caravan of the American Fur Company. He reached his destination, and at the close of the first day 2,000 Indians assembled before his tent to recite their prayers in common. The Lord's prayer, the Creed, and the Commandments, were translated with the aid of an interpreter. Two weeks passed, and the Flatheads knew their prayers.

In August, Father De Smet set out for St. Louis to report the state of affairs. While journeying along the trackless route, himself and his companions were surrounded by a war-party of Blackfeet. "Who are you?" demanded the chief of the band, as he eyed De Smet's cassock and glittering crucifix. "He is a black-gown," said one of the travelers; "he is a man who speaks to the Great Spirit." And those savages, the terror of the wilderness, showed him every kindness. The great missionary pursued his way in peace, and a warm welcome greeted his arrival at St. Louis.

In the spring of 1841 Father De Smet, accompanied by a band of Jesuit fathers, again set out for his Rocky Mountain Flatheads. His arrival made every heart wild with joy. The tribe was now to select a permanent residence, and Bitter-root River was the site chosen. Here a Christian village was founded, the cross planted, and the mission of St. Mary's begun on Rosary Sunday. Never was there a more willing people.

Father De Smet had now fairly established that personal ascendancy over the dusky roamers of the west, which, as the Great Black-gown, he retained throughout his long life.

And yet, let no one imagine that his pathway was so smooth and successful that he met with no difficulties. It was all hard, up-hill work. There were superstitions to eradicate, medicine-men to encounter, barbarous languages to learn, thousands of miles to travel, unheard-of fatigues to undergo, dangers from wild beasts and from wandering savages scarcely less wild.

The task of learning even one rude dialect was in itself a work that required amazing patience and no common talent. On this point, Father Joset, S.J., an experienced missionary in the same field, wrote, in 1859: "The language is the greatest difficulty. One must learn it as best he can. There is no written language, there are no interpreters, there is very little analogy with other tongues. The prononciation is very harsh, the turn of thought is entirely different from ours. They have no abstract ideas, everything is concrete. And with these elements it is necessary to create a religious, and even spiritual, phraseology; for the savages know nothing that is not material.

"I have been here nearly fifteen years. I am not yet master of the language, and am far from flattering myself with the hope of becoming so. My catechist remarked to me the other day, 'You pronounce like a child learning to talk. When you speak of religion, we understand you well; but when you change the subject it is another thing.' That is all I want. I have, at last, succeeded in translating the catechism. I think it is nearly correct. You can hardly imagine what it cost me to do it. I have been constantly at work at it since my arrival here."

But the noble De Smet always rose superior to the perils and difficulties of his position. On again reaching the city of St. Louis, he, in council with his superiors, planned a system of missions, and devoted his life to the work of carrying it out. To effect this grand object he was in continual movement. One year he would set out for the Rocky Mountains, visit new tribes, prepare the way for a mission; and when the Jesuit fathers began permanent labors, he would pass to others, already established, where he would see many a familiar face, and receive many a warm greeting. Then he would plod his way back to St. Louis, over trackless wilds, rough rocks, rushing rivers, and often through tribes of hostile savages with brandished tomahawks, whom he would disarm by the majesty of his presence, and by words of peace and gentleness.

At St. Louis there would be little rest. Resources were needed for the missions. But, unfortunately, the Catholics of the United States have shown but slight interest in the Indian missions, and done little to cheer and support the devoted priests laboring on them. To Europe, and especially to his native Belgium, Father De Smet was obliged to look for the necessary means. He even visited Ireland, where his fame had preceded him, and took part in one of the Repeal meetings, riding in the same carriage with Daniel O'Connell and Bishop Hughes. Thus, by his own personal exertions, he raised thousands of dollars to carry on his great work. In 1853, his united journeys represented an extent of land and water surpassing *five times the circumference of the globe!*

Did space permit, how many pleasing incidents might be related! His beautiful letters are full of them. At one time it is a vivid description of a mosquito attack against the combined force of branches, handkerchiefs, and smoke of his party. On another, it is the roaring of bears and wild beasts at the sight of the camp fires at night. Then, it is a learned disquisition on the geological peculiarities of a country—on its flowers, birds, or min-

erals Or, still again, it is some Indian scenes of horror, novelty, or edification.

On one occasion he was giving instruction on the Ten Commandments in the camp of a Sioux tribe. "When I arrived," he writes, "at the Sixth and Seventh Commandments, a general whispering and embarrassed laugh took place among my barbarous auditory. I inquired the reason of this conduct, and explained to them that the law I came to announce was not mine, but God's, and that it was obligatory on all the children of men, . . . The great chief at once arose, and replied: 'Father, we hear thee. We know not the words of the Great Spirit, and we acknowledge our ignorance. We are great liars and thieves; we have killed; we have done evil that the GreatSpirit forbids us to do. But we did not know those beautiful words. In future, we will try to live better, if thou wilt but stay with us and teach us.'"

FATHER DE SMET, S. J., INSTRUCTING THE INDIANS.

The government of the United States, which in its Indian policy has never favored Catholic missions, recognized the great ability and influence of Father De Smet, and often called for his aid, conscious that, where Indian agents had only made matters worse, the illustrious black-gown could restore peace and inspire confidence. Thus he was called to put an end to the Sioux war, and in Oregon to bring the Yakamas and other tribes to cease hostilities. He was also chaplain in the expedition to Utah, and opened a new field of missions among the tribes in that section.

The following letter of Father de Smet, recounting the scenes and incidents of the expedition against the Mormons, is full of deep interest.

St. Louis, Nov. 1, 1859.

"Reverend and Dear Father:—In accordance with your request, I proceed with great pleasure to give you some details of my recent journey:

"On the 20th of May, 1858, I set out from St. Louis for the western portion of North America, and after an absence of about sixteen months, I returned to the point from whence I set out. During this interval, I had accompanied, as chaplain, an army sent out by the United States against the Mormons and the savages. I propose to give you some details of this double expedition.

"Not to fatigue you, I will endeavor to be brief. At best, however, my narrative will fill some pages, as my recent voyage has been very long. It exceeded fifteen thousand English miles, or five thousand leagues. I propose, then, to give you some details in regard to the different countries I have traversed, and the seas I have crossed, and of my visit to the savage tribes, my dear spiritual children of the Rocky Mountains, the Cœur-d' Alènes, Kalispels, Pends-d' Oreilles, Flatheads, and Koetenays; of my stay among the different tribes of the great plains of the Upper Missouri, and of the manner in which my time was spent in the army of the United States, in quality of chaplain and envoy extraordinary of that government. These details, I venture to hope, will not be without interest for you, and they will form the subject of my little sketch.

"Several years have passed, since the Mormons, that terrible sect of modern fanatics, flying from civilization, settled in the midst of an uninhabited wilderness. With hearts full of hate and bitterness, they never ceased, on every occasion which presented itself, to agitate the country, provoke the inhabitants, and commit acts of robbery and murder against many travelers and adventurers from the United States.

"In September, 1857, one hundred and twenty emigrants from Arkansas, men, women, and children, are said to have been horribly massacred by the Mormons, in a place called the Mountain Meadows. These fanatics never ceased to defy the government, and announced that the day had arrived to avenge the death of their prophet, Joseph, and his brother, and to retaliate the wrongs and acts of injustice and cruelty of which they pretended to have been the victims in the states of Missouri and Illinois, whence they had been forcibly expelled by the inhabitants.

"On two different occasions, the governor and subaltern officers sent by the president of the United States, had met with such strong opposition from

the Mormons in the attempt to accomplish their respective duties, that they were forced to quit the territory of Utah and to return to lay their complaints before the president. Congress resolved to send a third governor, accompanied, this time, by two thousand soldiers, who were to be followed by from two to four thousand others in the following spring of 1858. I accompanied the last-named expedition. On the 15th of May, 1858, the minister of war wrote to me as follows:

"'The president is desirous to engage you to attend the army for Utah, to officiate as chaplain. In his opinion your services would be important, in many respects, to the public interest, particularly in the present condition of our affairs in Utah. Having sought information as to the proper person to be thus employed, his attention has been directed to you, and he has instructed me to address you on the subject, in the hope that you may consider it not incompatible with your clerical duties or your personal feelings to yield to his request,' etc.

"The reverend father provincial, and all the other consultors, considering the circumstances, expressed themselves in favor of my accepting. I immediately set out for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, to join the army at that point. On the very day of my arrival, I took my place in the Seventh Regiment, composed of eight hundred men, under the command of the excellent Colonel Morrison, whose staff was composed of a numerous body of superior officers of the line and engineers. General Harney, the commander-in-chief, and one of the most distingiushed and most valiant generals of the United States, with great courtesy installed me himself in my post.

"The brave colonel, though a Protestant, thanked him very heartily. 'General,' said he, 'I thought myself highly honored when intrusted with the command of the engineers; to have attached to my command a representative of the ancient and venerable Church, I hold as an additional favor.'

"General Harney then shook hands with me, with great kindness bade me welcome to the army, and assured me that I should be left perfectly free in the exercise of my holy ministry among the soldiers. He kept his word most loyally, and in this he was seconded by all the officers. During the whole time that I was among them, I never met with the slightest obstacle in the discharge of my duties. The soldiers had always free access to my tent for confession and instruction. I had frequently the consolation of celebrating

the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass early in the morning, and on each occasion a large number of soldiers devoutly approached the holy table.

"A word or two in regard to the character of the countries through which we passed will, perhaps, be agreeable to you. I left Fort Leavenworth on the first of June, 1858, in the Seventh Regiment, commanded by the worthy Colonel Morrison. I had an opportunity of observing, with admiration, the extraordinary rapidity of the progress of civilization in Kansas. A space of 276 miles was already in great part occupied by white settlers. No farther back than 1851, at the time of my return from the great council, held on the border of the Platte or Nebraska River, the plains of Kansas were almost entirely without inhabitants, containing only a few scattered villages of Indians, living, for the most part, by the chase, by fishing, and on wild fruits and roots.

"But eight years have made an entire change. Many towns and villages have sprung up, as it were, by enchantment; forges and mills of every kind are already very numerous; extensive and beautiful farms have been established in all directions, with extraordinary rapidity and industry. The face of the country is entirely changed. In 1851, the antelope, the wild deer, and the wild goat bounded at liberty over these extensive plains, nor is it much longer ago that these fields were the pasture of enormous herds of buffaloes; to-day they are in the possession of numerous droves of horned cattle, sheep and hogs, horses and mules. The fertile soil rewards a hundred fold the labors of the husbandman. Wheat, corn, barley, oats, flax, hemp, all sorts of garden stuff, and all the fruits of the temperate zone, are produced there in abundance. Emigration tends thither, and commerce follows in its tracks, and acquires new importance every day.

"Leavenworth is the principal town of Kansas Territory. It contains already about ten thousand souls, though it has sprung into existence within the last six years. It is beautifully and advantageously situated on the Missouri River. It has a bishop, two Catholic churches, a convent with a boarding-school and a day-school. There are already fifteen churches, twenty-three stations, sixteen priests, five religious communities and four manual-labor schools for the Osage and Pottawatomie Indians, which are under the care of our fathers and religious ladies of different orders.

"The greater portion of the Territory is not thickly wooded. The surface of the country, as a general thing, is rolling and well adapted to agriculture; it is not unlike the billows of a vast ocean, suddenly arrested in its flow

and converted into solid land. The air is fresh and wholesome. As one rises with the elevations of the soil, the graceful undulation of the alternating vale and hill contrast admirably with the waving lines of walnut trees, oaks, and poplars which mark the course of each little river. The banks of each stream are generally more or less thickly wooded. We ascended the valley of the Little Blue for three days, making a distance of fifty-three miles.

"The names of the principal plants which attract the attention of the botanist in the plains of Kansas are the *anothera*, with its brilliant yellow flowers, *amorpha* and *artemisia*, the *commelina*, the blue and purple *lupin*, different forms and species of *cactus*, the *pradescantia*, the *mimosa*, and the white *mimulus*.

"The waters of the Little Blue are left at a distance of 275 miles from Fort Leavenworth. Continuing the route from that point you cross elevated prairies of a distance of twenty-six miles, and enter the great valley of the Nebraska or Platte River, at a distance of fifteen miles from Fort Kearney. This river, up to its two forks, is about two thousand yards wide; its waters are yellowish and muddy in the spring freshets, and resemble those of the Missouri and the Mississippi; it is not so deep as those streams; its current is very rapid.

"Fort Kearney is rather insignificant. It consists of three or four frame houses and several made of adobes, a kind of coarse brick baked in the sun. The government has a military post there for the tranquillity of the country, and to provide for the safety of travelers crossing the desert to go to California, Oregon, and the territories of Utah and Washington.

"A great number of Pawnee Indians were encamped at a little distance from the fort. I came near witnessing a battle between them and a war-party of Arapahoes, who, favored by the night, had succeeded in approaching the camp unseen, almost forty strong. The Pawnees had just let their horses loose at the break of day, when the enemy, with loud cries, rushed into the drove, and carried away many hundreds with them at full gallop. The alarm immediately spread throughout the camp. The Pawnees, indifferently armed and almost naked, rushed to the pursuit of the Arapahoes, caught up with them, and a combat more noisy than bloody took place. A young Pawnee chief, the most impetuous of his band, was killed, and three of his companions wounded. The Arapahoes lost one killed and many wounded.

"Desirous to stop the combat, I hastened to the scene with an aide-de-camp of the general, but all was over when we arrived; the Pawnees were

returning with their dead and wounded and all the stolen horses. On their return to camp nothing was heard but cries of sorrow, rage, and despair, with threats and vociferations against their enemies. It was a harrowing scene. The deceased warrior was decorated and painted with all the marks of distinction of a great brave, and loaded with his finest ornaments. They placed him in the grave amid the acclamations and lamentations of the whole tribe.

"The next day the Pawnee-Loups invited me to their camp. I found there two French Creoles, old acquaintances of the Rocky Mountains. They received me with the greatest kindness, and desired to act as my interpreters. I had a long conference on religion with these poor, unhappy savages. They listened with the most earnest attention. After the instruction they presented to me 208 little children, and very earnestly begged me to regenerate them in the holy waters of baptism. These savages have been the terror of travelers obliged to pass through their territory. For many years their character has been that of thieves, drunkards and ruffians, and they are brutalized by drink, which they readily obtain, owing to their proximity to the frontiers of civilization. This accursed traffic has always and everywhere been the ruin of the Indian tribes, and it leads to their rapid extinction.

"Two days' march above Fort Kearney, at a place called Cottonwood Springs, I found thirty lodges of Ogallallas, a Sioux or Dakota tribe. At their request I baptized all their children. In 1851, at the great council on the Platte, I had brought them the same blessing. They told me that a great number of their children had died since, carried off by epidemics which had raged among the nomadic tribes of the plains. They are much consoled at the thought of the happiness which children obtain by holy baptism. They know its high importance and appreciate it as the greatest favor which they can receive.

"General Harney had many friendly conferences with the Pawnees, the Ogallallas, and the Sheyennes, in which he strongly advised them to cease molesting the whites who might pass through their borders, adding that on this condition alone could they remain at peace with the United States.

"I have so often spoken of the buffalo in my letters that this time I might pass him by in silence. However, I will mention it for the purpose of saying that the race is not extinct in these parts, though it is becoming more rare to find buffaloes on the highways across the plains, which its instinct must have taught it to avoid. We met our first herds of this noble animal in the neighborhood of Fort Kearney. The sight created great excitement among those

soldiers who had not visited the plains before, and they burned to bring down one or two.

"Armed, as they were, with the famous Minie rifles, they might have made a good hunt had they not been on foot, while the buffaloes were at full gallop; it was, therefore, impossible to get near them. They fired, however, at a distance of two hundred or three hundred yards. A single buffalo was wounded in the leg. Its wound compelled it to lag behind and he became the target of all our men. A confused sound of cries and rifle-shots arose, as if the last hour had come for the last buffalo. Riddled with balls, his tongue lolling out, the blood streaming from his throat and nostrils, the poor brute fell at last. To cut him up and distribute the meat was the work of a moment. Never was buffalo more rapidly transformed into steak and soup—every one would have his piece.

"While these things were going on, Captain P——, mounted on a fine horse, approached a bull already terrified by the rifle-shots and the terrible noise of our soldiers, who were novices to the chase, and fired at him twice almost point-blank. The buffalo and the horse stopped at the same instant. In spite of all his efforts Captain P—— could not make his horse, unaccustomed to the hunt, advance a single step, and the furious buffalo plunged both horns in his flank and threw him down, dead.

"In this critical moment the courageous rider did not lose his presence of mind. He leaped from his horse over the buffalo's back, gave him two more bullets from his six-shooter and completely baffled him. The captain then fled to a gully, which was luckily both deep and near at hand. The buffalo, unable to follow him, abandoned his persecutor, who returned to camp with his horse's saddle on his back. A horse must be well trained to hunt the buffalo, and must be trained specially for buffalo-hunting; otherwise the danger is very great, and the consequence may be fatal.

"During the months of June and July, tempests and falls of rain and hail are very frequent, and almost of daily occurrence, toward evening, in the valley of the Platte, which is the country of storms and whirlwinds, par excellence. The gathering of these storms can be noticed at a great distance, as a sea. At first, light spots of clouds are observed on the horizon, which are followed by dark masses of cloud, which move along in succession, crowding one upon another, and spreading over the sky with extraordinary rapidity, they approach and cross each other; they burst and pour forth torrents of water which drench the valleys, or volleys of hail which crush

the herbs and flowers; the storm clouds then disappear as rapidly as they have come.

"'Every evil has its remedy,' says the proverb, and these hurricanes, storms, and heavy rains serve the purpose of cooling and purifying the atmosphere, which, at this season, would become insupportable but for this circumstance. The mercury often rises to one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade. The water does not rest long on the surface of the soil. It is absorbed almost as it falls, on account of the very porous character of the earth of the valley and its sandy bottom. Travelers, in camps a little removed from the river, always dig wells; the water is everywhere found at a depth of two or three feet. This water, though cold and clear, must be unwholesome, and frequently causes severe sickness.

"Graves abound in these regions, and the mortal remains of a vast number of emigrants repose there. With these emigrants have also sunk beneath the valley of the Platte that ardent thirst for gold, those desires and ambitious projects for wealth, greatness, and pleasures which devour them, and drove them towards the distant regions of California, Pike's Peak, and Frazer. Death met them far from their Penates, and they are buried in these desert strands. How uncertain are the affairs of this world! Man makes his plans; he builds his castles in the air; he counts upon a future which does not belong to him; he proposes, but God disposes, and cuts the thread of life in the midst of these vain hopes.

"The most remarkable thing that I met on this occasion on the highway of the prairies, ordinarily so lonely, were the long wagon trains engaged in transporting to Utah provisions and stores of war. If the journals of the day may be believed, these cost the government fifteen millions. Each train consisted of twenty-six wagons, each wagon drawn by six yoke of oxen and containing near five thousand pounds. The quarter-master-general made the calculation, and told me that the whole train would make a line of about fifty miles. We passed every day some wagons of this immense train, each wagon marked with a name as in the case of ships, and these names served to furnish amusement to the passer-by; the caprices of the captains in this respect having imposed upon the wagons such names as the Constitution, the President, the Great Republic, the King of Bavaria, Lola Montes, Louis Napoleon, Dan O'Connell, Old Kentuck, etc. These were daubed in great letters on each side of the carriage. On the plains, the wagoner assumes the style of captain, being placed in command of his wagon and twelve oxen. The

master-wagoner is admiral of this little land-fleet. He has control of 26 captains and 312 oxen. At a distance, the white awnings of the wagons have the effect of a fleet of vessels with all canvas spread.

"On leaving Leavenworth the drivers look well enough, being all in new clothes, but as they advance into the plains, their good clothes become travel-stained and torn, and at last are converted into rags. The captains have hardly proceeded two hundred miles before their trail is marked with rags, scattered and flying along the route. You may often remark also on the various camping-grounds, even as far as the Rocky Mountains and beyond, the wrecks of wagons and the skeletons of oxen, but especially the remains of the wardrobe of the traveler—legs of pantaloons and drawers, a shirt-bosom, the back or the arm of a flannel vest, stockings out at toe and heel, crownless hats, and shoes worn through soles or uppers, are strewed along the route.

"These deserted camps are also marked by packs of cards strewn around among broken jars and bottles; here you see a gridiron, a coffee-pot, or a tin bowl; there a cooking-stove and the fragments of a shaving-dish, all worn out and cast aside. The poor Indians regard these signs of encroaching civilization with an unquiet eye, as they pass them on their way. These rags and refuse are to them the harbingers of the approach of a dismal future for themselves; they announce to them that the plains and forests over which they roam in the chase, their beautiful lakes and rivers swarming with fish, and the repair of numerous aquatic birds, the hearth which witnessed their birth, and the soil which covers the ashes of their fathers—all, in fine, that is most dear to them—are about to pass into the hands of the rapacious white man. And they, poor mortals, accustomed to roam at large and over a vast space, free, like the birds of the air, will be enclosed in narrow reserves, far from their cherished hunting-grounds and fine fisheries, far from their fields of roots and fruits; or driven back into the mountains or to unknown shores. It is not surprising, then, that the savage seeks sometimes to revenge himself on the white man; it is rarely, however, that he is the aggressor; surely, not once out of ten provoking cases.

"The wagons are formed every evening into a corral. That is, the whole twenty-six are ranged in a circle and chained one to the other, so as to leave only one opening, to give passage to the beasts which passed the night in the center, and are guarded there by several sentinals under arms. Under the protection of a small number of determined men, the wagons and animals are secure from any attack of undisciplined Indians, in however great

numbers. When the travelers neglect this precaution and camp at random, not unfrequently a hostile band of Indians will provoke what is called a stampede or panic among the cattle, and carry them all off at once. The travelers go into camp early, and at break of day the beasts are let loose in the prairie, that they may have plenty of time to graze. Grass is very abundant in the valley of the Platte and on the neighboring acclivities.

"Between Fort Kearney and the crossing of the south fork of the Platte, we met over a hundred families of Mormons on their way to Kansas and Missouri, with the intention of settling there. They appeared delighted at being fortunate enough to leave, safe and sound, the famous promised land of Utah; thanks to the influence of the new governor and the presence of the United States troops. They told us that a great number of other families would follow them, so soon as they should be capable of doing so, and of procuring the necessary means for the journey.

"They confessed that they would have escaped long before, had they not been afraid of falling into the hands of the Danites, or Destroying Angels. These compose the body-guard of the prophet; they are said to be entirely and blindly at his disposal, to carry out all his plans, meet all his wishes, and execute all his measures, which often involve robbery and murder. Before the arrival of the United States soldiers, woe to any one who manifested a desire to leave Utah, or abandon the sect; woe to him who dared to raise a voice against the actions of the prophet—he rarely escaped the poniards of these destroying angels, or rather incarnate demons.

"The highway of the plains, during the beautiful season of 1858, appeared, as it were, invaded by an unusual and joyous animation. To complete the idea which I have just given, I will add that couriers and express messengers, coming and returning, constantly crossed each other on the road. The different companies of the army left a space of two or three days' journey between them.

"Each company was followed by ambulances for the use of the superior officers, a body of artillery and engineers, and a train of wagons, with six mules each, transporting provisions and baggage. Each company was followed also by an immense drove of six or seven hundred horned cattle to furnish their daily food. Uncle Sam, as the government of the United States is called, has a truly paternal heart; he provides abundantly for the wants of the defenders of the country, and will not suffer them to want their comforts.

"Everything was going on admirably and in good order. The commanding general and staff were already at the crossing of the south branch of the Platte, 480 miles from Fort Leavenworth, when he received the news that the Mormons had submitted or laid down their arms, and, at the same time, an order to distribute his troops to other points and return to the United States. This also changed my destination; the conclusion of peace put an end to my little diplomatic mission to the Indian tribes of Utah. I consulted with the general, and accompanied him on his return to Leavenworth.

"The south fork of the Platte, at the crossing, is 2,045 feet wide. In the month of July its depth is generally about three feet; after the junction of the two forks, the width is about 3,000 yards. The bottom, throughout the whole length, is sandy.

"I could say much, dear father, about the country between Leavenworth and the south pass of the Platte, its botanical and other properties and productions, but I have spoken of these on many occasions in my letters describing other journeys across this region. The little incidents mentioned in this letter are all connected with my last trip.

"Before leaving Fort Leavenworth for St. Louis I made a little excursion of seventy miles to visit our dear fathers and brothers of the Mission of St. Mary among the Pottawatomies. I at last reached St. Louis in the beginning of September, after a first absence of about three months, and after a journey, to and fro, of 1,976 miles. My stay in St. Louis was short. I will, in my next letter, give you details, which will inform you as to the particulars of the long expedition of which I speak in the first part of this letter.

"Receive, reverend and dear father, the expression of those sentiments of respect and affection which you know I entertain for you, and let me recommend myself very especially to your holy sacrifices and good prayers.

"Your reverence's servant in Christ,

"P. J. De Smet, S. J."

We now give another letter from the gifted pen of the great black-gown which is a continuation of the foregoing narrative:

"St. Louis, Nov. 10, 1859.

"Reverend and Dear Father:—In accordance with my promise, I resume the little story of my long voyage. On my return to St. Louis, I tendered to the Minister of War my resignation of the post of chaplain. It was not accepted, because a new war had just broken out against the government, among the tribes of the Rocky Mountains. I was notified by tele-

graph to proceed to New York, and to embark there with General Harney and his staff.

"On the 20th of September, 1858, we left the port of New York for Aspinwall; it was the season of the equinox, so that we experienced some rough weather on the voyage, and a heavy wind among the Bahamas. We coasted for some time along the eastern shore of Cuba, in sight of the promontories of St. Domingo and Jamaica. On the 29th I crossed the Isthmus of Panama on a good railroad, forty-seven miles long.

"The next day I had the happiness to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Cathedral of Panama. The bishop very earnestly entreated me to use my influence with the Very Rev. Father General at Rome to obtain for him a colony of Jesuits. His Lordship especially expressed his earnest desire to intrust his ecclesiastical seminary to the care of the Society of Jesus. New Granada, as well as many other regions of Spanish South America, offers, doubtless, a vast field to the zeal of a large number of our fathers.

"The distance from Panama to San Francisco is more than three thousand miles. The steamer brought to in the superb bay of Acapulco to receive the mails, and to coal and water. This is a little port of Mexico. On the evening of the 16th of October I arrived at San Francisco, happy to find myself in a house of the society, and in the company of many of my brethren in Jesus Christ, who loaded me with kindness and all the attention of the most cordial charity.

"The '*quam bonum et jocundum habitare fratres in unum*' is especially appreciated when one leaves a California steamer in which one has been imprisoned, sometimes with fourteen or fifteen hundred individuals, all laboring under the gold fever, and who think and speak of nothing but mines of gold and all the terrestrial delights which this gold is shortly to procure them. However, the 'shortly' is long enough to allow of the destruction or disappearance of many an illusion. 'All that glitters is not gold.'

"We left San Francisco on the 20th, and in a few days made more than one thousand miles to Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River. The news of the cessation of hostilities, and of the submission of the tribes, had been received at Vancouver. The task remained of removing the Indian prejudices, soothing their inquietude and alarm, and correcting, or rather refuting, the false rumors which are generally spread after a war, and which, otherwise, might be the cause of its renewal.

"Under the orders of the general commanding in chief, I left Fort Vancouver on the 29th of October to go among the tribes of the mountains, at a distance of about eight hundred miles. I visited the Catholic soldiers of Forts Dalle City and Walla-Walla on my way. At the last-named fort I had the consolation of meeting Rev. Father Congiato, on his return from his visit to the missions, and of receiving very cheering news from him as to the disposition of the Indians.

"At my request the excellent commandant of the fort had the very great kindness to set at liberty all the prisoners and hostages, both Cœur-d'Alènes and Spokans, and he intrusted to my charge to bring them on their way and return them to their respective nations. These good Indians, particularly the Cœur-d'Alènes, had given the greatest edification to the soldiers during their captivity. These men often approached them with admiration in witnessing the performance of their pious exercises, morning and evening, and in listening to their prayers and hymns. During the whole journey these good Indians testified the utmost gratitude to me, and their punctual performance of their religious duties was a source of great consolation and happiness to me.

"On the 21st of November I arrived at the mission of the Sacred Heart among the Cœur-d'Alènes. I was detained at the mission by the snow until the 18th of February, 1859. During this interval snow fell with more or less abundance for forty-three days and nights, on seven days it rained, we had twenty-one cloudy days, and sixteen days of clear and cold weather. I left the mission on the 18th of February with the Rev. Father Joset, who accompanied me until we met Father Hoecken, who had promised to meet us on Clarke's River.

"The ice, snow, rain, and winds impeded very much our course, in our frail canoes of bark, on the rivers and great lakes. We often ran considerable risk in crossing rapids and falls, of which Clarke's River is full. I counted thirty-four of these in seventy-five miles. We met with several camps of Indians in winter-quarters on every side. On the approach of the winter season they are obliged to scatter in the forests and along the lakes and rivers, where they live by the chase and fishing. They received us everywhere with the greatest kindness, and, notwithstanding their extreme poverty, willingly shared with us their small rations and meager provisions. They eagerly embraced the occasion to attend to their religious duties and other exercises of piety; attending at the instructions with great attention, and with much zeal and fervor at Mass, and at morning and evening prayers.

On the 11th of March, we arrived at the mission of St. Ignatius, among the Pends-d'Oreilles of the mountains.

"The Koetenays, a neighboring tribe to the Pends-d'Oreilles, having heard of my arrival, had traveled many days' journey through the snow to shake hands with me, to bid me welcome and manifest their filial affection. In 1845 I had made some stay with them. I was the first priest who had announced to them the glad tidings of salvation, and I had baptized all their little children and a large number of adults. They came on this occasion with a primitive simplicity, to assure me that they had remained faithful to the prayer; that is, to religion, and all the good advice that they had recived.

"All the fathers spoke to me of these good Koetenays in the highest terms. Fraternal union, evangelic simplicity, innocence, and peace still reign among them in full vigor. Their honesty is so great and so well-known, that the trader leaves his store-house entirely, the door remaining unlocked often during his absence for weeks. The Indians go in and out and help themselves to what they need, and settle with the trader on his return. He assured me himself that in doing business with them in this style he never lost the value of a pin.

"On the 18th of March I crossed deep snow a distance of seventy miles to St. Mary's valley, to revisit my first and ancient spiritual children of the mountains, the poor and abandoned Flatheads. They were greatly consoled on learning that Very Rev. Father General had the intention of causing the mission to be undertaken again. The principal chiefs assured me that since the departure of the fathers, they had continued to assemble morning and evening for prayers, to ring the angelus at the accustomed hour, and to rest on Sunday to glorify the holy day of our Lord. I will not enter into long details here as to the present disposition of this little tribe, for fear of being too long.

"Doubtless, in the absence of the missionaries, the enemy of souls has committed some ravages among them, but, by the grace of God, the evil is not irreparable. Their daily practices of piety, and the conferences I held with them during several days, have given me the consoling conviction that the Faith is still maintained among the Flatheads, and still brings forth fruits of salvation among them — their greatest chieftains, Michael, Adolphe, Ambrose, Moses, and others, are true and zealous Christians, and real piety in religion and true valor at war are united in them.

"In my several visits to stations in the Rocky Mountains, I was received

by the Indians with every demonstration of sincere and filial joy. I think I may say, that my presence among them has been of some advantage to them, both in a religious and secular point of view. I did my best to encourage them to persevere in piety and maintain the conditions of the treaty of peace with the government. In these visits I had the happiness to baptize over a hundred infants and a large number of adults.

"On the 16th of April, in accordance with the orders of the commander-in-chief of the army, I went to Fort Vancouver and left the mission of St. Ignatius. At my request, all the chiefs of the different mountain tribes accompanied me, to renew the treaty of peace with the general and with superintendent of Indian affairs. I give their names and the nations to which they belong: Alexander Temglagketzin, or the Man-without-a-horse, great chief of the Pends-d'Oreilles; Victor Alamiken, or the Happy-man (he deserves his name, for he is a saintly man), great chief of the Kalispels; Adolphus Kwilkweschape, or Red-feather, chief of the Flatheads; Francis Saya, or the Iroquois, another Flathead chief; Dennis Zenemtietze, or the Thunders-robe, chief of the Schuyelpi or Chaudières; Andrew and Bonaventure, chiefs and braves among the Cœur-d'Alènes, or Skizoumish; Kamiakin, great chief of the Yacomans, and Gerry, great chief of the Spokans. The last two are still pagans, though their children have been baptized.

"We suffered much and ran many dangers on the route on account of the high state of the rivers and the heavy snow. For three days we had to clear a way through thick forests, where thousands of trees, thrown down by storms, lay across one another, and were covered, four, six, and eight feet, with snow; several horses perished in this dangerous passage. My horse stumbled many a time and procured me many a fall; but aside from some serious bruises and scratches, a hat battered to pieces, a torn pair of trousers, and a "soutane" or black-gown in rags, I came out of it safe and sound. I measured white cedars in the wood which were as much as six or seven persons could clasp at the base, and of proportionate height. After a month's journey we arrived at Fort Vancouver.

"On the 18th of May the interview took place with the general, the superintendent, and the Indian chiefs. It produced most happy results on both sides. About three weeks' time was accorded to the chiefs to visit, at the cost of the government, the principal cities and towns of the State of Oregon and Washington Territory, with everything remarkable in the way

of industrial establishments, steam engines, forges, manufactories, and printing establishments—of all which the poor Indians can make nothing or very little. The visit which appeared the most to interest the chiefs was that which they made to the prison at Portland and its wretched inmates, whom they found chained within its cells. They were particularly interested in the causes, motives, and duration of their imprisonment; Chief Alexander kept it in his mind. Immediately on his return to his camp at St. Ignatius mission, he assembled his people and related to them all the wonders of the whites, and especially the history of the prison. 'We,' said he, 'have neither chains nor prisons; and for want of them, no doubt, a great number of us are wicked and have deaf ears. As chief I am determined to do my duty. I shall take a whip to punish the wicked; let all those who have been guilty of any misdemeanor present themselves, I am ready.' The known guilty parties were called upon by name, many presented themselves of their own accord and all received a proportionate correction!

"Before leaving the parts of civilization, all the chiefs received presents from the general and superintendent, and returned to their own country contented and happy, and well determined to keep at peace with the whites. As for me, I had accomplished among the Indians the task which the government had imposed upon me. I explained to the general my motives for desiring to return to St. Louis by way of the interior. He acceded to my desire with the greatest affability, and in the answer which he addressed to me on this matter, he bore most honorable testimony to my services.

"About the 15th of June I again left Vancouver with the chiefs to return to the mountains. I passed the 7th, 8th, and 9th of July at the Mission of the Sacred Heart among the Cœur-d'Alènes. Thence I continued my route for St. Ignatius with Father Congiato, and completed the trip in a week; not, however, without many privations, which deserve a short mention here.

"Imagine thick, untrodden forests, strewn with thousands of trees thrown down by age and storms, in every direction; where the path is scarcely visible and is obstructed by barricades, which the horses are constantly compelled to leap, and which always endanger the riders. Two fine rivers, or rather great torrents—the Cœur-d'Alène and St. Francis Borgia—traverse these forests in a most winding course; their beds are formed of enormous detached masses of rock, and large, slippery stones, rounded by the action of the water. The first of these torrents is crossed thirty-nine times, and the second thirty-

two times; by the only path, the water often comes to the horse's belly, and sometimes above the saddle. It is considered good luck to escape with only the legs wet.

"The two rivers are separated by a high mountain, or rather a chain of mountains, called the Bitter-root chain. The sides of these mountains, covered with thick cedar forests and an immense variety of firs and pines, present great difficulties to the traveler, on account of the great number of trees which lie broken and fallen across the path, and completely cover the soil. To these obstacles must be added immense fields of snow which have to be crossed, and which are at times from eight to twelve feet deep. After eight hours' painful march, we arrived at a beautiful plain, enameled with flowers, which formed the summit of Mount Calvary, where a cross was raised on my first passage, sixteen years ago.

"In this beautiful situation, after so long and rude a course, I desired to encamp; but Father Congiato, persuaded that in two hours more we should reach the foot of the mountain, induced us to continue the march. When we made the six miles which we supposed we had before us, and twelve miles more, darkness overtook us in the midst of difficulties. On the eastern side of the mountain we found other hills of snow to cross, other barricades of fallen trees to scramble over; sometimes we were on the edge of sheer precipices of rock, sometimes on a slope almost perpendicular. The least false step might precipitate us into the abyss. Without guide, without path, in the most profound darkness, separated one from the other, each calling for help without being able either to give or to obtain the least assistance, we fell again and again, we walked, feeling our way with our hands, or crawled on all-fours, slipping or sliding down as best we could.

"At last a gleam of hope arose; we heard the hoarse murmur of water in the distance. It was the sound of the waterfalls of the great stream which we were seeking. Each one then directed his course towards that point. We all had the good fortune to arrive at the stream at last, but one after another, between twelve and one o'clock in the night, after a march of sixteen hours, fatigued and exhausted, our dresses torn to rags, and covered with scratches and bruises, but without serious injuries. While eating our supper, each one amused his companions with the history of his mishaps. Good Father Congiato admitted that he had made a mistake in his calculation, and was the first to laugh heartily at his blunder. Our poor horses found nothing to eat all night in this miserable mountain gap.

"I cannot omit here testifying my indebtedness to all the fathers and brothers of the missions of the Sacred Heart and of St. Ignatius, for their truly fraternal charity towards me, and the efficacious aid which they rendered me towards fulfilling the special mission which had been entrusted to me.

"As Father Congiato keeps the Very Rev. Father General informed of the actual state of the missions of the mountains, it is unnecessary for me to enter into all its details. I recommend, especially, these poor children of the desert to his paternal attention and charity, and to our immediate superiors in this country.

"Divine Providence will not, I hope, abandon them. They have already a great number of intercessors in heaven, in the thousands of their children, dead shortly after baptism, in the number of good Christian adults among them, who, having led good lives, have quitted this world in the most pious dispositions; they can especially count upon the protection of Louise, of the tribe of Cœur-d' Alènes, and of Loyola, chief of the Kalispels, whose lives were an uninterrupted series of acts of heroic virtue, and who died almost in the odor of sanctity.

"On the 22d of July, I left the mission of St. Ignatius, accompanied by Father Congiato, with some guides and Indian hunters. The distance to Fort Benton is about two hundred miles. The country, for the first four days, is picturesque, and presents no obstacle to traveling. It is a succession of forests easily traversed, of beautiful prairies, impetuous torrents, pretty rivulets; here and there are lakes, from three to six miles in circumference, whose waters are clear as crystal, well stored with fish of various kinds; nothing can be more charming than the prospect. We called one of the largest of these lakes, St. Mary.

"On the 26th of July we crossed the mountain which separates the sources of the Clarke River from those of the Missouri, at the 48th degree of north latitude and the 115th of longitude. The crossing does not take more than a half an hour, and is very easy, even for wagons and carts. At the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains the plains are mountainous, and almost destitute of timber; we crossed several small streams before we reached the Sun River, and followed down its valley almost to its mouth. We visited the great falls of the Missouri on our way. The principal fall is ninety-three feet high.

"Father Hoecken and Brother Magri met us in this vicinity. On the 29th we arrived at Fort Benton, a post of the St. Louis Fur Company, where

we received the greatest attention from all its inmates; we feel particularly obliged to Mr. Dorson, the superintendent of the fort, for his continued kindness and charity to all our missionaries. May the Lord protect and reward him! The Blackfeet occupy an immense territory in this neighborhood; they reckon from ten to twelve thousand souls in the six tribes which compose this nation. They have been asking for black-gowns (priests) for many years, and their desire appears universal. In my visit to them in 1846, they begged me to send a father to instruct them.

"Father Hoecken is now in these parts, and I have just read with the greatest pleasure, in the 'Annals of the Propagation of the Faith,' that the work of the conversion of the Blackfeet has been commenced, with the entire approbation of the Very Rev. Father General.

"On our arrival in the neighborhood, we found a large number of Indians encamped around and near the fort. It was the period for the annual distribution of presents. They manifested their joy at the presence of a missionary in their country, and hoped that 'all would open to him their ears and heart.' The chief of a large camp, in one of our visits, related to us a remarkable circumstance, which I think worthy of mention.

"When Father Point was among the Blackfeet, he presented some crosses to many chiefs as marks of distinction, and explained to them their signification, exhorting them, when in danger, to invoke the Son of God, whose image they bore, and to place all their confidence in him. The chief who related these details was one of a band of thirty Indians who went to war against the Crows.

"The Crows having got upon their trail, gathered together in haste and in great multitudes to fight and destroy them. They soon came up with them in a position of the forest, where they had made a barricade of fallen trees and branches, and surrounded them, shouting ferociously the dreaded war-cry. The Blackfeet, considering the superior numbers of the enemy who thus surprised them, were firmly persuaded that they should perish at their hands. One of them bore on his breast the sign of salvation. He remembered the words of the black-gown (Father Point), and reminded his companions of them; all shouted, 'It is our only chance of safety.' They then invoked the Son of God, and rushed from the barricade.

"The bearer of the cross, holding it up in his hand, led the way, followed by all the rest. The Crows discharged a shower of arrows and bullets at them, but no one was seriously injured; they all happily escaped. On con-

cluding his statement, the chief added, with energy and feeling: 'Yes, the prayer (religion) of the Son of God is the only good and powerful one; we all desire to become worthy of it, and to adopt it.'

"My intention, when I left General Harney, was, with his consent, to go all the way to St. Louis on horseback, in the hope of meeting a large number of Indian tribes, especially the large and powerful tribe of Comanches. I was obliged to renounce this project, for my six horses were entirely worn out, and unfit for making so long a journey; they were all more or less saddle-galled, and, not being shod, their hoofs were worn in crossing the rocky bottoms of the rivers, and the rough, rocky, mountain roads.

"In this difficulty, I ordered a little skiff to be made at Fort Benton; worthy Mr. Dorson, superintendent of the fur company, had the very great kindness to procure me three oarsmen and a pilot. On the 5th of August I bade adieu to Fathers Congiato and Hoecken, and dear Brother Magri, and embarked on the Missouri, which is celebrated for dangers of navigation—snags and rapids being numerous in the upper river.

"We descended the stream about 2,400 miles in our cockle-shell, making fifty, sixty, and sometimes, when the wind favored us, eighty miles a day. We took the first steamboat we met at Omaha City. The steamer made about 700 miles in six days, and on the 23d of September, vigil of Our Lady of Mercy, we entered the port of St. Louis.

"During this long trip on the river we passed the nights in the open air or under a little tent, often on sandbanks, to avoid the troublesome mosquitoes, or on the skirts of a plain, or in an untrodden, thick forest. We often heard the howlings of the wolves; and the grunting of the grizzly bear, the king of animals in these parts, disturbed our sleep, but without alarming us. In the desert one perceives that God has implanted in the breast of the wild beasts the fear of man. In the desert, also, we are enabled, in a particular way, to admire and to thank that Divine Providence which watches with so much solicitude over his children.

"There is admirably verified the text of St. Matthew: 'Consider the birds of the air, they sow not, but your Heavenly Father feeds them; are ye not of much more value than they?' During the whole route, our wants were constantly supplied; yes, we lived in the midst of the greatest abundance. The rivers furnished us excellent fish, water-fowl, ducks, geese, and swans; the forests and plains gave us fruits and roots. We never wanted for game. We found everywhere either immense herds of buffaloes, or

deer, antelope, mountain sheep, or big-horns, pheasants, wild turkeys, and partridges.

"On the way, along the Missouri, I met thousands of Indians of different tribes—Crows, Assiniboins, Minataries, Mandans, Rickaries, Sioux, etc. I always stopped a day or two with them. I received the greatest marks of respect and affection from these hitherto untutored children of the plains and mountains, and they listened to my words with the utmost attention. For many years these poor tribes have desired to have missionaries, and to be instructed.

"My greatest, I may say, almost my only consolation, is to have been the instrument, in the hand of Divine Providence, of the eternal salvation of a great number of little children; of about nine hundred I baptized, many were sickly, and seemed only to wait for this happiness to fly to God to praise Him for all eternity.

"To God alone be all the glory; and to the Blessed Virgin Mary our most humble and most profound thanks for the protection and benefits received during this long journey. After having traveled, by land and river, over 8,314 miles, and 6,950 on sea, without any serious accident, I arrived safe and sound at St. Louis, among my dear brethren in Jesus Christ. I am, with the most sincere respect, "Your servant in Christ,

"P. J. De Smet, S.J."

The magic influence of the Catholic religion in transforming the Indian is as remarkable in our own time as it was in the days of Brébeuf and Marquette. Many of the tribes converted by Father De Smet and his apostolic companions became model Christians. We have room to recount but one instance—the Skalzi Indians.

Speaking of this tribe, the illustrious black-gown writes, in 1861: "I visited these good savages for the first time in the summer of 1845, on which occasion I had the happiness to regenerate all their little children in the holy waters of baptism, as well as a large number of adults. I saw these dear children again in 1859; and the visit filled me with inexpressible joy, because they had remained faithful, true to the Faith, and fervent and zealous Christians.

"They were the consolation of the missionaries, and shone conspicuous by their virtues among the tribes of the Rocky Mountains. They were especially distinguished by an admirable simplicity, a great charity, and a rare honesty in all their dealings with their neighbors, and an innocence of manner worthy of the primitive Christians."

Father De Smet follows this by a short account of the tribe and country. "The two tribes of the Koetenays and Flatbows," he says, "number over a thousand souls. They are principally divided into two camps, and are known in their country under the name of Skalzi. One of these camps, numbering about three hundred, inhabits sometimes the neighborhood of the great Flathead Lake, and sometimes the great Tobacco Plain, which is watered by the Koetenay River—the distance is about seventy miles.

"The Tobacco Plain is a remarkable spot, situated between the forty-ninth and fiftieth degrees of north latitude, and is the only great plain possessed by this camp. It is about fifty or sixty miles long, by fifteen or twenty miles in width. It resembles a large basin, surrounded by lofty mountains, which form a vast and beautiful amphitheatre, and presents a picturesque sight. The plain has all the appearance of the dry bed of a vast lake. Towards the south the valley is gravelly, undulating, and covered with little hillocks, and patches here and there are susceptible of cultivation; the northern portion, on the contrary, has a uniform surface and a considerable extent of excellent arable land.

"Though the land is very elevated, and far towards the north the temperature is remarkably mild, severe cold being a rare occurrence, and the snow is seldom deep; it falls frequently during the season, but disappears almost as it falls, absorbed, perhaps, by the rarefaction of the atmosphere at this elevation, or, perhaps, driven off by the southern breeze, which blows almost uninterruptedly in the valley, and drives the snow off as it falls. Horses and horned cattle find abundant pasture during the whole year.

"The large river, called indifferently the Koetenay, the McGilvray, and the Flatbow River, flows through the entire valley. It rises to the northwest of this region, and its course is towards the southeast for a considerable distance. The waters of this great river are increased by a large number of brooks and beautiful rivulets, which have their source, for the most part, in the lovely lakes or numerous basins of these beautiful mountains. Many of these streams present to the eye the most charming scenes in their course. The noise of their waters and the sweet murmur of their falls are heard at some distance, and the eye is charmed by their descent from height after height, and their succession of cascades, from which they escape to the plain, covered with foam, and, as it were, exhausted by the struggles of the way. These mountain torrents will some day be the sites of mills of every description.

"Coal exists in many portions of the country, lead is found in abundance, and I venture to say that more precious minerals repose in the bosom of the mountains, and will one day be brought to light there.

"The Indians have devoted themselves to agriculture for some years past. They cultivate little fields of maize, barley, oats, and potatoes, all of which ripen. It is rare that the frost injures the crops before the season of harvest. Their small fields cannot be extended, owing to the want of instruments of agriculture. They are compelled to turn the earth with instruments of the most primitive construction, such as Adam may have used in his day. The pointed stick, made of a very hard wood, is what they have used from ages immemorial to dig up the camash, the bitter-root, the wappatoo (*sagitta folia*), the caious, or biscuit-root, and other vegetables of the same description.

"These Indians are very industrious. They are rarely unemployed. Their time is fully occupied in making bows and arrows, lines or hooks, or in hunting and fishing, or seeking roots or wild fruits for their numerous families. They extend their hunt often to the great plains of the Blackfeet and the Crows, to the east of the Rocky Mountains, on the upper waters of the Missouri and the Saskatchawan. Deprived as they are of agricultural implements and fire-arms, they are always in want, and they may be said to keep a perpetual Lent.

"The missionaries furnished them with a few plows and spades. Last year I forwarded to them, by the steamer of the Missouri Fur Company at St. Louis, some necessary agricultural implements, such as plows, etc.; but the boat was burned with all her cargo, above the Yellowstone River.

"It is much to be regretted that no more can be done for these good Indians, for, of all the mountain tribes, they are at once the best disposed and the most necessitous. The beau-ideal of the Indian character, uncontaminated by contact with the whites, is found among them. What is most pleasing to the stranger, is to see their simplicity, united with sweetness and innocence, keep step with the most perfect dignity and modesty of deportment. The gross vices which dishonor the red man on the frontiers are utterly unknown among them. They are honest to scrupulosity.

"The Hudson's Bay Company, during the forty years that it has been trading in furs with them, has never been able to perceive that the smallest object had been stolen from them. The agent of the company takes his furs down to Colville every spring, and does not return before autumn. During

his absence the store is confided to the care of an Indian, who trades in the name of the company, and on the return of the agent, renders him a most exact account of his trust. I repeat here, what I stated in a preceding letter, that the store often remains without anyone to watch it, the door unlocked and unbolted, and the goods are never stolen. The Indians go in and out, help themselves to what they want, and always scrupulously leave in place of whatever article they take its exact value.

"The following anecdote will serve to give an idea of the delicacy of conscience of these good Indians.

"An old chief, poor and blind, came from a great distance, guided by his son, to consult the priest; his only object being to receive baptism, if he should be considered worthy of the privilege. He stated to the missionary, that, in spite of his ardent desire to be baptized, he had not dared to approach the priest for that purpose, owing to a small debt of two beaver skins (say ten dollars) which he had contracted.

"'My poverty,' said he, 'has always prevented me from fulfilling this obligation; and until I had done so, I dared not gratify the dearest wish of my heart. At last I had a thought. I begged my friends to be charitable to me. I am now in possession of a fine buffalo-robe; I wish to make myself worthy of baptism.' The missionary, accompanied by the old man, went to the clerk of the company to learn the particulars of the debt. The clerk examined the books, but said that no such debt existed.

"The chief still insisted on paying, but the clerk refused to take the robe. 'Have pity on me,' at last exclaimed the worthy old man; 'this debt has rendered me wretched long enough; for years it has weighed on my conscience. I wish to belong to the blameless and pure prayer (religion), and to make myself worthy of the name of a child of God. This buffalo-robe covers my debt,' and he spread it on the ground at the feet of the clerk. He received baptism and returned home contented and happy.

"A young Koetenay, who had been baptized in infancy, during my first visit in 1845, had emigrated, with his parents, to the Soushwaps, in the mountainous regions near Fraser River. His parents desired to marry him to a young woman who was as yet unbaptized; he had a sister in the same condition. It was resolved that the three should make the long journey of many weeks' travel to reach the mission, in order that both sacraments might be received.

"On their arrival, their ardent faith and praiseworthy earnestness were

the admiration of the whole village. The fervent missionary, Father Menetry, instructed these zealous neophytes and prepared them for holy baptism. The young man, who had not seen a priest since 1845, had prepared himself to approach the tribunal of penance for the first time, in order to make his first communion, and to receive the nuptial benediction with the proper dispositions.

"On the day appointed for the administration of all these sacraments, the young Koetenay presented himself, with an humble and modest air, at the confessional. He held in his hands some bundles of cedar chips, about the size of ordinary matches, and divided into small bunches of different sizes. After kneeling in the confessional and saying the Confiteor, he handed the little bundles to the priest. 'These, my father,' said he, 'are the result of my examination of conscience. This bundle is such a sin. Count the chips, and you will know how many times I have committed it. The second bundle is such a sin,' and so he continued his confession.

"His confession was accompanied with such sincere signs of grief that his confessor was affected to tears. It is impossible not to be struck with admiration for the simplicity of heart which led our young savage in his desire to perform this duty with the utmost exactitude, to this new method of making a confession; but still more admirable is the adorable grace of the Holy Ghost, who thus sheds His gifts upon these, His poor children of the desert, and, if I may dare to say so, adapts Himself to their capacity.

"In their zeal and fervor, the Koetenays have built a little church of round logs on the great Tobacco Prairie. They carried the logs, which averaged from twenty to twenty-five feet in length, in their arms, a distance of more than a quarter of a mile, and raised the walls of the new church, as it were, by main force. The exterior is covered with straw and sods.

"In this humble house of the Lord they meet morning and evening to offer to the Great Spirit their fervent prayers—the first-fruits of the day. How striking is the contrast between this little church of the desert and the magnificent temples of civilization, especially in Europe. The majesty of these churches, their fine pictures, the sculpture which adorns their walls, and their imposing proportions, inspire the beholder with admiration and awe; yet, on entering this little cabin consecrated to the Great Spirit, in the desert, erected by poor Indians—on contemplating the profound recollection, the sincere piety depicted on their features—on hearing them recite their prayers, which seem to rise from the bottom of their hearts, it is difficult to refrain

from tears, and the spectator exclaims: 'Indeed, this poor and humble church is the abode of the Lord, and the house of prayer; its whole beauty lies in the piety, zeal and fervor of those who enter there!'

"In this humble church are now performed all the religious ceremonies of baptism and marriage. The Indians defer them until the appointed season for the arrival of the missionaries; they then come in from all parts of the country. 'How beautiful are the feet of those who announce the gospel of peace.' The priest of this mission finds the truth of the words, '*Jugum meum suave*—my yoke is sweet.' No sooner has he arrived than all crowd round him, as beloved children, to greet, after a long absence, a father whom they tenderly venerate. Even the hands of infants are placed in those of the missionary by their mothers.

"A long conference then follows. The priest gives and receives all news of important events which have happened since the last meeting, and regulates with the chiefs the exercises to be followed during his present visit. He gives two instructions a day to adults, and catechises the children; he helps them to examine well their consciences, and to make a good confession; he prepares them to approach worthily the holy table, instructs the catechumens and admits them to baptism, together with the children born during his absence; he renews and blesses all new marriages; and, like a father, settles any difficulties which may have arisen. Some he encourages and strengthens in the faith, and removes the doubts and soothes the inquietudes of others. In a word, he encourages all these good neophytes to know the Lord, to serve Him faithfully, and love Him with all their hearts.

"If the days of the missionary are thus filled with labor and fatigue, he has his full recompense of merit and consolation. He counts them among the happiest days of his life. The Rev. Father Menetry, their missionary, during his visit in 1858, baptized fifty children and thirty adults, blessed forty marriages, and heard over five hundred confessions.

"The great chief of the Koetenays, named Michael, recalls in the midst of his tribe the life and virtues of the ancient patriarchs. His life is that of a good and tender father, surrounded by a numerous family of docile and affectionate children. His camp numbers four hundred souls. They are all baptized, and they walk in the footsteps of their worthy chief. It is truly a delightful spectacle to find, in the bosom of these isolated mountains of the Columbia River, a tribe of poor Indians living in the greatest purity of manners, and leading a life of evangelic simplicity. They are almost deprived of

the succors of religion, and receive the visit of a priest but once or twice in the course of a year."

"In 1871 Father De Smet sailed for Europe. While on the voyage he met with an unhappy accident that was serious in its consequences. On one occasion, a few days before reaching the shores of the Old World, as he was descending the stairway to the cabin, a huge wave struck the vessel, and the shock was such that the hardy and venerable missionary was thrown to the deck below, thus breaking one of his ribs.

Shortly after arriving in his native Belgium, an attack of kidney disease added to the injuries from which he was already suffering; and, at one time, his friends even despaired of his recovery. But he grew better. He was made a Knight of the Order of Leopold, an honor which few attain, and one which he held in common with Marshal MacMahon, now the ex-president of France.

Father De Smet returned to the United States, reaching St. Louis on April 25th, 1872. But years of exposure, together with recent injuries, had shattered his iron constitution, and he never regained his general good health. It was felt that the days of the great Jesuit were numbered, when the physicians decided that he was afflicted with Bright's disease of the kidney. After much suffering he calmly breathed his soul to God, surrounded by his brother Jesuits, in his seventy-second year, on the morning of the 23d of May, 1873. He died in his own room at the St. Louis University, where he had often been visited in his last illness by his countless friends of all religious creeds and ranks of society. His honored remains were borne to Florissant, and there, where he first began his religious career in Missouri, rests all that is earthly of the saintly and heroic Father Peter John de Smet. A plain, free-stone slab, four feet by eighteen inches, marks his last resting-place, having on it this brief inscription: "*Natns* 18 *Feb.*, 1801; *Ingressus* 19 *Nov.*, 1837; *obiit* 23 *Mai*, 1873."

Whether in health or sickness, this illustrious man was as simple as a child in his manners. To the last he was cheerful in his conversations, and was ever ready to answer questions relating to his travels, missions, and adventures among the Indians. His narratives were recounted in such clear, simple language, and were so graphic, graceful, and full of striking incidents, that even children, no less than older persons, were charmed with his conversation.

"I never knew any one," writes Rev. Walter H. Hill S. J., now of

Chicago, "who could relate an anecdote, or a little trait, in so pleasing a style as Father De Smet. There was a peculiar charm in his words, and even in his voice and countenance, when telling those little narratives, sometimes humorous, oftentimes edifying, and always interesting."

The great missionary loved the company of children. He would sometimes spend an hour or more telling them stories about his travels among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains; and often, when walking the streets of St. Louis, groups of little ones would crowd around him, begging him to appoint a time and place for them to hear him relating what he saw when journeying among the red men in the wilderness of the far west.

Such is but a glimpse of the manly figure, kind ways, and lofty, beautiful career of Father De Smet. Most of the Indian missions of this century would have been nearly impossible, were it not for his grand zeal, great prudence, and hardy energy. Boldly penetrating the unknown solitudes of the west, he conquered the almost insurmountable obstacles that beset him at every step. With undaunted heart, he faced hostile and savage tribes, whose language and very name were a mystery to the civilized earth. He came, he saw, he conquered; but not like the pagan Cæsar. He opened heaven to the vanquished. He converted, baptized, Christianized the wild clans of the west; and his holy and tireless apostolate was continued, year after year, almost to the very day of his departure from this world.

STATUE OF ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN IN CORARA MARBLE, GIFT OF THE CLERGY OF CHICAGO.

Catholic Education Day.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1893.

Most Rev. P. A. FEEHAN, D. D. Archbishop of Chicago, Presiding.

Rt. Rev. J. L. SPALDING, D. D., President Catholic Educational Exhibit, Director of Ceremonies.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

AMERICAN REPUBLIC MARCH—(Thiele), - - Brand's Cincinnati Band.
WORDS OF WELCOME, - - . - His Grace. Archbishop Feehan.
THE CATHOLIC VIEW OF EDUCATION,
Most Rev. John Hennessy, D. D., Archbishop of Dubuque.
ORGAN SOLO—Tema Con Variazioni (Moszowski), - - Harrison Wilde.
VOCATION OF THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATOR,
Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia.
WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES,
Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, New York State Supreme Court.
ORGAN SOLO—OVERTURE—"Guillaume Tell" (Rossini), - Harrison Wilde.
PATRIOTISM—A Sequence of Catholic Education,
Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, Boston, Mass.
HYMN, TE DEUM (Holy God We Praise Thy Name), Organ Accompaniment.
FINALE—American Airs (Catlin), - - - Brand's Cincinnati Band.

At the conclusion of the American Republic March by Brand's Cincinnati Band, ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN, delivered the address of welcome. He spoke as follows:

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN'S ADDRESS.

We are assembled to-day, ladies and gentlemen, in a very noble cause. We are come together as Catholics, and as good citizens also. We are assembled as Catholics, deeply and earnestly interested in that great cause—and I may say one of the greatest of causes,—that of the Catholic education of youth. And because we are interested in the matter of education in its great, grand, true sense, therefore are we also assembled as good citizens of the Republic; because we believe most thoroughly that the more perfect education of the young in every true sense, the more perfect will be the order of citizenship in this great country.

As we know that the stream coming from the mountain bears with it its own purity and freshness, so this great intellectual training and education of the young, coming from the first fountain and the purest of all knowledge—that fountain of Religion—we believe must give to the young its own freshness, its own holiness, its own beauty, its own completion and finish.

Within a few months there has arisen here this wonderful exhibition of man's enterprise and genius. Men come from every clime to see it, not only with pleasure, but with wonder. And when we look around and see these wonderful material things, indicating the material progress

of the world up to the time of our era, we are pleased, also, to understand and to know that there are signs and proofs of a higher development and of a nobler work than that merely material one, and that is, that during this great Exposition there are so many proofs given of the intellectual, the moral and the religious welfare, and, I may say, progress of man. It is a great advantage to enjoy these improvements of modern times, and yet we know that men might be highly cultivated and highly civilized even without these, as they have been in the past. We know that Plato and Aristotle and St. Thomas never saw a steamer—they knew nothing of the great wonders of electricity, and yet they were highly civilized and cultivated.

Amongst the wonderful things to be seen here that tend to the higher things of man—to the higher development and the higher cultivation and civilization, I may mention, with great and supreme pleasure, that great exhibition of our Catholic schools, of the methods and the systems employed throughout this broad land by the Catholic Church in the education of the young. There could be no higher or greater object lesson than this. We, who have witnessed—have diligently examined—the Catholic exhibition from every part of the country, have acknowledged its excellence. And whoever earnestly and impartially examines even a little of this proof of the methods of the training and education of Catholic youth; from little children to the highest finish of our schools and colleges—whoever does this earnestly, can never again say, and should not permit it to be said in our generation, that Catholic schools and Catholic education are inferior to any other to be found in the whole country.

Those wonderful works of this strange city; those great proofs of talent and genius, that have formed the delight and the pleasure of all who have visited this great Exposition—this will soon pass away: in a few brief months there will be none of them here. They will all pass from man's sight, it is probable, before the snows fall upon the ground here. But we know that everything that this great Exposition has brought forward and developed, and that it represents, will not pass away; that the higher things concerning the welfare and the benefit of man will not be covered up by the snows of winter, and that they will not disappear. There are many things connected with this wonderful Exposition that will live, not only for our time, but for the generations that are coming after. And amongst the things that will not perish, that will certainly live, not only for our time but for those that come after us, will be the lessons and the results of this grand exhibition of the teachings and the methods of Catholic schools. They will give a development to Catholic education. This exhibition will give encouragement to those who devote themselves to Catholic education. Catholic education will acquire from them new springs of wealth, a new force and new development, to increase and spread over the whole land; and we look forward to the time coming when this wonderful system of the education of our schools will be everywhere, and we know that the effects will be holy, beautiful, beneficent; it will make men wiser and better than they would be without it; that it will make them good citizens and strong and conservative men; that its influence will be for good and for the highest order—that it will be like the beneficent effects of those dews that God sends to make the earth fruitful.

It is in order to emphasize this great work of the Catholic exhibit, and to emphasize, also, this great system of Catholic teaching and training, that those so much interested thought well of having what they call Catholic Education Day, and then notified distinguished men and orators, some of them from distant parts of the country, to come to speak to you, to say a word of encouragement and advice to all the people—to all of us, and, in an especial manner, must I not say, to all

those who have made this a possibility, amongst us, and they who have made this a possibility amongst us are the members of these great teaching communities that are doing this wonderful work throughout the land everywhere of Catholic education.

In connection with our interests as regards this great Fair, it will not, I am sure, be considered out of place for me, as representative of the Catholic interests of this great city, to express our thanks to the managers of the Exposition—to the gentlemen connected with it with whom we have had occasion to come directly in contact. All who are interested in the great work of the exhibit of Catholic education have experienced, I believe—I am sure—at every time, the greatest kindness and the greatest courtesy from the gentlemen connected not only with educational matters, but with all the business of this wonderful Exposition. And, therefore, I take the liberty to-day, in the name of our people of our section, to say this word of thanks and gratitude to all these gentlemen.

You will have the pleasure of hearing eloquent voices, who will speak to you a good deal better than I can, though they cannot be more interested than I in the great cause of Catholic education.

Director General Davis by reason of his many engagements was unable to be present, and Dr. Selim H. Peabody, Chief of the Department of Liberal Arts, responding to the words of welcome, said:

DR. SELIM H. PEABODY'S ADDRESS.

No one will regret more than I that the distinguished gentleman who stands at the head of this Exposition as the Director-General cannot be present this morning, to accept the thanks which the Archbishop has so courtly presented to him and to his colleagues, and to express to you his gratification at this large audience on this auspicious day.

The Exposition, which celebrates the coming of Columbus over the water and the discovery of this continent, would not be complete in its recognition, in its preparation, in any of its results, if it should forget the auspices under which Columbus came to America. We remember that, in 1492, the last of the Moors passed away from Granada, and Spain became one kingdom. The last, the long, contest between the Cross and the Crescent culminated in the victory of the Cross in Spain and the monarchs, who then were united in one family, governing one kingdom, earned the title, which they have ever since worn, The Most Catholic Majesty of Spain.

Now, Queen Isabella, when she sent Columbus across the waves that he might discover a new continent, or a new way to an old one, remembered that this continent would be peopled with men and women having souls, and she cared for what she understood to be the welfare of these souls, by sending with Columbus the representatives of the Catholic Church, which she so loved. I might say, further, that no body of people counting themselves Christians has so fully responded to that great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," as this body represented before me today. And so we find the paths of the missionaries who went out without force of arms behind them, to open the way before them to other nations; we see them treading their course across these prairies and teaching Indians the way of life. So, while we learn of LaSalle, we remember also Father Hennepin and Pierre Marquette. So I say that this Exposition could not do otherwise than recognize the force, the underlying power, the great results which have been brought to America by the Catholic teachers, carrying with them the Cross and the symbols of the Catholic faith. It is not necessary for you to attempt to make any specific ecclesiastical

exhibit, other than such grand exhibits as you bring on a day like this, when you bring your own highest dignitaries—when you bring those who represent your orders of men and women, and when you bring representatives of your people—bring all those orders who reverence your symbols, who hold your faith—those are your exhibits.

But I should speak more directly of the Catholic Educational exhibit. It has been my fortune to look after that in some directions; to see that it had a position and a suitable one, and I have observed the great skill, the wisdom, the patience, the care, the consideration, which have been exhibited by all of those who have had charge of gathering this exhibit, of putting it in place, and of keeping it before this great American people. You have done admirably in all these respects. I think of the hundreds and thousands of fingers which have been employed all over this land in the preparatition of this exhibit. I think of the hundreds and thousands of fingers and of minds and teachers who have cared for the general educational exhibit. My friends, I believe we have the most wonderful, as we have the most extensive, educational exhibit which this world has ever seen. I expect that its influence upon all phases of education will be stimulating, will be encouraging, will be developing, and that your portion of it, as the other portions of it, will receive the rewards which naturally follow from the labors presented in such an exhibit. We rejoice in all its beauty and in all its completeness, in all the great excellence that it exhibits. It will not be necessary for me to enter into detail here. Most of you have seen it; others, who have not seen it, will take the opportunity to-day to look through it carefully and see what it presents.

I must then, Your Grace, thank you, in the name of the Director-General, for the kind expressions which you have stated for him and for his colleagues, and express my belief that all which you have said in regard to this educational exhibit will be found to come true in the fruitions which are to follow.

Archbishop Feehan, in introducing the Most Rev. John Hennessy, D. D., Archbishop of Dubuque, said:

I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, of introducing to you Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, who will now address you.

ARCHBISHOP HENNESSY'S ADDRESS.

The Catholic view of education can be obtained from the consideration of certain points of Catholic teaching bearing upon the subject, as well as from the practice of the Church in her schools for children.

To obtain a clear and correct idea of education, it is necessary to consider who is to be educated, his condition, his destiny, the means and aids provided to attain it, and the obstacles in the way, if any. God and man and their relations to one another must be considered, also the dignity of man, his fall, and that of the angels, and the effects of both on him, the mysteries of the Incarnation and Atonement, the institution of the Church and its purpose, her mission, her prerogatives and possessions, and the result of her labors. All these are so closely related to the question of education that without a thorough consideration of them the subject itself cannot be understood, nor its importance and difficulty duly appreciated.

God made all things for man and man for Himself. He made him in His own image and likeness. He created him in grace, the masterpiece of omnipotence. Everything else He made by a word in an apparently careless manner, man by the joint effort of the three divine persons after consultation over their work. In creation made up of spirit and matter, substances by their nature far removed one from the other, man is the bond between them and also the link in the chain of beings by which

GOD DRAWS ALL THINGS TO HIMSELF

and holds them together in the mystery of the Incarnation. In the Church he is a new creature. A member of the mystic body of Christ, the temple of the Holy Ghost, a sharer of the divine nature, an adopted son of God, a brother and co-heir of Jesus Christ. His nature in the persons of our Lord and His blessed Mother occupies the highest place in heaven next to God. The education of such a one should be, as indeed it is, exceedingly important. Man is not as he came from God's hands. He is fallen by his own fault. Oh, what a fall! Who will measure its depth and the ruin it effected. The terrible sentence of two-fold death, death of soul and death of body, pronounced by God on man, such a sentence as human ears never heard, and the mode of reparation adopted by Him, throw a lurid light on the terrible wreck. God might have forgiven the outrage, He might have accepted any reparation and reinstated man. He did not do so; He demanded full satisfaction and that of man, the offender. Hence the need of a man who could make an infinite atonement and thus satisfy the most rigorous exactions of Divine justice. After God's Son had descended to the depths of our degradation and by a sort of annihilation of self become one of us, a sigh, a tear, a prayer, a wish of His would have satisfied justice, yet was His life demanded to mark the anger of God and the enormity of the outrage. Thus did sin take the life of God incarnate, as it had attempted to do from the beginning, but attempted in vain till he put on a body. God annihilated himself, as it were, to come in contact with our humanity that He might seize it with both His hands to lift it, God dead in the effort to reinstate it, serves to show, if anything can show us, the depths of our degradation and misery in His eyes. Add to this the wicked work of the fallen angels. Their name is legion; they are of all the choirs of the hierarchy; they are intelligent,

CUNNING, DECEPTIVE, TIRELESS AND UBIQUITOUS.

They hate God with all the intense malignity of their depraved condition, and this hate, impotent against Him, is turned on man in all its fury, to thwart and defeat, as far as in them lies, the reparation in him of God's image and likeness. "The devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," says St. Peter, and St. Paul says our wrestling is not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers. Thus revelation teaches us the spirit and mission of the rebel angels, whilst the records of history and daily experience attest aloud their ruinous success. By order of the Holy Father, every morning after Mass the priest prays to St. Michael to defend us in the day of battle, to be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil, and by the power of God to thrust down to hell the wicked spirits that seek the ruin of souls. To repair the ruin of our nature, to help us defeat the machinations of the evil one, to guide homewards men of good will, God instituted His Church and enriched her with His merits. The work assigned her and faithfully performed by her is eminently that of education.

To educate is to draw out and develop the latent or feeble powers of a given subject in relation to its end. Man belongs to God and was made to enjoy His society forever. Soul and body he should tend towards his destiny. In his soul there are various faculties, namely memory, imagination, intellect, free will, also appetites. The soul and all these powers should live and work for God. They have a beginning, a growth, a development. To aid this growth, to advance it and direct it to its proper end, this is education. Any action on the soul or on any of its powers or faculties that has not this aim is not education, but the reverse.

EDUCATION BUILDS UP AND TENDS TO PERFECTION,

it never obstructs or pulls down. "Education," says Webster in his dictionary. "is properly to draw forth, and implies not so much the com-

munication of knowledge as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles and the regulation of the heart. Instruction is that part of education which furnishes the mind with knowledge." An integral education," says Johnson in his cyclopedia, "must include at least five branches,—physical, moral, intellectual, æsthetic and religious. The tendency," he says, "is to remove all purely religious teachings from all institutions of public instruction, leaving it to the family and the Church. Hence the great development of the Sunday School." Education, according to both, embraces a religious element. "To furnish the mind with knowledge is but a part of education," says Webster, who seems to lay stress on the principles that regulate the heart.

The education of man made for God must in all its detail be on the line of his destiny; the education of a supernatural being must be in that order, and therefore religious; the education of an immortal being must in all its powers and faculties have an influence reaching away beyond the limits of time and must therefore be religious; the education of a soul made in the image and likeness of God must tend to draw out, define and perfect that image, and therefore be eminently religious. To speak of educating or set about educating a man in this or that science, in these or those branches usually taught in our schools with a view only to his comfort here for a few—a very few—years, and make no other provision for his welfare, is to betray a stupid, a shameful ignorance of who he is and what he is; it is to deny practically the immortality of the soul and the supernatural order; and to treat him as an animal. This is sheer materialism. From the contagion of such a view of education and its consequences may God preserve the country.

EDUCATION IS TWOFOLD, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR,

it fits man at once for this life and for that which is to come. The religious is the dominant, the essential element in education, it is its soul. The two elements, which, like soul and body, are one, can and should mutually aid each other. The religious element ennobles, elevates, purifies, inspires, directs the secular or scientific element, and the secular furnishes it in turn with basis for greater growth. They should not be divorced, and cannot be without detriment to both. God and nature, with whom they are busy, cannot be separated. As the separation of soul and body means death and dissolution, so the separation or divorce of religion and science will inevitably result in the corruption of the latter.

The nature of the child to be educated is fallen. The sad consequences of the fall are traceable in body in soul, in all the sources of one, in all the faculties of the other. The intellect is dark, the will weak, imagination defiled, the memory leaky, treacherous, the lower appetites insubordinate. The soul is a feeble government in a state of anarchy. Human nature is like the man who fell among robbers on his way to Jericho, stripped, wounded, crippled. It is the theater of all the woes that lead up to death.

The intellect made for truth is the hospitable home of errors of all kinds and the will which should be at one with that of God is the very womb of vice. Errors of all kinds cover the whole field of human nature, ever active, ever spreading, ever growing with amazing rapidity. Vice is behind and before and all around them eating its way like a cancer, spreading contagion and corruption on all sides. These evils are

LIKE A DELUGE WHOSE FOUNTAINS CANNOT BE CLOSED.

Evil spirits without number foster and propagate these curses incessantly with all their might and all their venom. Human nature is like a field overgrown with thorns and thistles of the rankest growth, and these spirits are the enemy who never cease night or day to sow it with cockle.

There is an alliance between the evil one and men. There is a triple alliance between the world, the flesh and the devil. No such alliance has ever crushed the earth or polluted with its abombinations the historic page. It is an alliance strong as hell, everlasting, aggressive, irrepressible; death, desolation and ruin track its course. It is not, I know, popular to expose it, brand it and raise a warning voice against it. The world and the flesh cannot bear it, will not bear it, and they have some influence. They regard it rude, retrogressive, shocking and offensive to the refined. It is, I know, the fashion to pass it over, keep it in the background and though dealing death around like a masked battery, to wink at it and call attention to more pleasing subjects such as history, science, philosophy, social, economical and political questions, but I know also that this fashion is pernicious and fatal and responsible for many scandals that thwart the true progress of our race, our age and country.

Before making light of this alliance pause, reflect, look around you. God's Son died for the human race to raise, sanctify, deify it. He left the race of men His merits for that purpose. He instituted the Church to teach the nations the whole Gospel which he has pledged himself to ever preserve on her lips in its purity and integrity. He has opened fountains in her

FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

He has perpetuated the sacrifice that redeemed the world. The Church is His body, she is the dwelling place of the Holy Ghost. He is here below, the embodiment of omnipotence and mercy, to raise man, guide him and help him on his way, and yet, though she has worked in the name of God, with the aid of God, and the riches of His mercy throughout the world for nearly 1900 years, she has not succeeded in bringing one-sixth of the human race under her direct influence, while the other five-sixths stand outside her pale with the enemy in an attitude of independence and unbelief. And of the one-sixth who are hers and bear her name, how many are there who have their own views and their own ways, and though of the fold pay little attention to the voice of the Shepherd. Again, God has become the teacher of mankind to unite all intellects in faith in His teaching, he has turned torrents of grace on human wills and hearts to unite them to the will and heart of God. He has exhausted, as it were, omnipotence to unite men in mind and heart. All men belong to Him, their bodies are His, their souls are His, their intellects and their wills are His. They should be one with Him and in Him. He is Father of all, His family should be one and wholly under His authority. Now go, attend the congress of religions, see there the children of God divided, distracted; listen to the vagaries about God and man, which they call doctrines, the babel of tongues and the conflict of thoughts. See the temple not built with hands in which God should be adored and served, in ruins, ruins which were under the eyes of Christ, as he wept and sobbed and stammered on the slope of Mount Olivet, and as you turn away in sadness reflecting on what they might and should have been, as you turn away from ruins that may never be repaired, certainly not by congresses, think lightly if you can of the triple alliance and keep it out of the discussion of the question of education. But do what you will the triple alliance and education cannot be kept apart. They are in the field in conflict and will so continue

TILL THE DAY DIES OUT AND THE FIGHT IS OVER.

The work of education is an effort to make a man under the light and by the aid of Heaven according to the model furnished, but the alliance is always in the way, bent on the work of ruin. The soul, like the body, has its infancy and manhood, so have it faculties. To nurse these faculties, to promote their growth and strength, to stimulate their activity

and direct them on their course homewards, this is to educate. All education must be on that line. It must build up, not tear down; or advance, not obstruct. The two leading faculties of the soul are the intellect and the will, both of which suffer not a little from concupiscence. The intellect is the basis of the human edifice whose architect is God; it is the seat of knowledge, natural and supernatural. It is to it God and man and nature speak. The lamp of the soul, its light must be steady; the guide of the soul, its course must be true. It must not be in doubt or hesitancy about the way. It needs certainty, stablity, firmness; it needs something solid to rest on, a rock foundation. It needs faith, it needs a creed, it needs authority. The strength of the intellect does not consist in the extent or variety of its knowledge. It is somewhat like a tree. The strength of a tree lies not in the size of its trunk and branches, the abundance and freshness of its foliage. All these it may have, be apparently strong and beautiful to behold, yet fall before the first shock of the storm. It consists rather in the strength of its roots, in the depths to which they have struck down and out into the soil that nourishes them, in their ability to suck in and elaborate the juices that become the life blood of the tree and distribute it all over under the light and heat of heaven. So the vigor of the intellect is not in its knowledge of the arts and sciences, in the cramming of the schools which, like undigested food or excessive flesh, is injurious and debilitating, but in the grasp with which it seizes and the tenacity with which it holds

THE GREAT PRINCIPLES THAT UNDERLIE IT,

that reveal to it its origin and destiny, furnish it life and health and growth, and in its power to assimilate the nutriment received and make new drafts for every emergency. The intellect is the seat of faith, and the active recipient of its object, the Gospel. It needs faith and revelation for its appointed work. Baptism imparts new life to the soul, it makes a new creature. This life surging from the heart of Christ fills the whole soul. As the soul is everywhere in the body, this new life is everywhere in the soul. It is in the intellect, where it deposits the germ of faith and preserves it. This germ has a growth, an office and a chequered history, somewhat governed by time and circumstances. God demands of man the acceptance of His word under pain of incurring His displeasure. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." His word is the Gospel addressed to reason. The intellect enlivened by faith can receive it and meet the demand. By reason of this demand and for other reasons, the intellect has a right to the Gospel, a right from God, a right to it in its integrity and purity. Else why has God by a miracle of omnipotence so preserved it, and commanded an imperishable Church to propose it? What are our high seminaries and universities and our world-renowned professors and our long and extra courses of theology for if not to give us men who will teach it fully, clearly, acceptably? By this teaching faith grows, and with it the intellect. As through the eye of the body in the light of the sun, moon and stars, the intellect looks out on the heavens and the earth, by day and by night, admiring their beauty, and their purpose, and reading the lessons they unceasingly teach, so through the eye of faith, and the light of the Gospel, brighter than that of ten thousand suns, it looks out on a new creation, grandest of all, God's own kingdom, with its suns and moons and stars revolving in their orbits, the triune God, the Incarnation, the Atonement, Jacob's ladder, the couriers from earth to heaven, the Church, the body of Christ and abode of the Holy Spirit, and all the forces which set it in love, transfigure it into a pillar of fire for the guidance of the human race, and shower manna in abundance all over the desert. To make the intellect, animated by faith, a lamp on the road to heaven, to light it up with religion, and science, the divine and human, to harmonize these forces and urge them forward on their course, this is

THE WORK OF EDUCATION VIEWED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF CATHOLICS.

From the intellect let us pass to the will. The intellect is its guide. A good will follows the light of reason. The will is the great faculty of the soul; it is the queen of all the rest; it is, so to speak, the power-house of the soul, where the electric forces that move the others are generated; it is free, it is responsible for its acts, it is the seat of virtue and of vice. It brought death into the world and all our woes, and gave God's Son a body in the womb of a Virgin. More than any other faculty it marks the difference between man and man. It makes saint and sinner, martyr and apostate; it sinks to the pit and elevates above the stars. At the great assize the human family will be divided into two sections, never more to meet, set as far apart as hell is from heaven. That division takes place here, though we cannot define its limits, and it is the will of man that makes it. Strength of the will does not lie in independence, obstinacy, tenacity of purpose, despotic force, self-assertion. No; it lies rather in humility, obedience, love, respect, reverence, rectitude, purity. A strong will loves God, obeys Him, respects His authority and every authority that emanates from His; that is, every well-founded authority. It respects and venerates what is pure and holy, and reverences the great and good of every age and clime who served God in their day, blessed their kind and left to posterity the bright example of their virtues. Peter, before the High Priest, when commanded not to speak at all in the name of Jesus, answering: "If it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard," furnishes an instance of strength of will. The martyr in the arena, commanded by Cæsar, or in his name, to renounce Christianity and sacrifice to the gods, in the midst of all the terrors of that place of torture, answering "No"—

IN THE VERY TEETH OF TYRANNY,

and in spite of bribes and threats and torments, persevering in that answer till the victorious spirit flies home to God to enjoy freedom forevermore, is an example of strength of will, of love, of liberty and of God, which only religion could produce. To promote, foster and invigorate this spirit by all the resources available therefor, is within the province, and is the work of Christian education. The will is the home of the affections. It is the seat of that Divine gift, love, which keeps the affections turned on God and on the neighbor for God's sake. It is the furnace of that heavenly fire, which, fanned by faith and fed by all the forces of religion, shoots upward to Him who enkindled it, and gaining new strength in His embrace sweeps down and out over land and water, clasping in its bright red arms friends and enemies without distinction, every child of Adam from him who sits in the chair of Peter sending blessings to the nations, to the savage in the jungle voraciously feeding on quivering Christian flesh. Such a faculty needs care, supreme care. Will-culture is preeminently the great work of education. Bright intellects in myriads have gone down to hell, a good will never.

Opposed to the legitimate growth of intellect and will, stand the appetites of the lower nature. By clouding the one and warping the other, they aim to control the soul. To repel these assaults, put down rebellion, faith and love stir up and strengthen conscience, a tribunal set up by God to judge of right and wrong, before which the pleadings of passion are disregarded and the suggestion of the wicked one swiftly condemned. Anarchy thus repressed, and order maintained, the soul speeds on her way rejoicing.

THE FORMATION OF A VIGOROUS CONSCIENCE IS OF THE ESSENCE OF EDUCATION.

Where is this religious education to be given, and by whom? At

home by the parents, in church by the priest, in school by the teacher, and all three should aid, and it will be a case of joy if their united efforts prove successful. They who, for obvious reasons, are opposed to religious instruction in the school and dare not deny the duty of giving it to children somewhere, say the proper places for it are the home and the church. This is a miserable subterfuge, an imaginary expedient to get rid of a difficulty by disregarding a duty. Religious education is not given at home, nor will it be, for the excellent reason that parents as a rule (there is question here for a general provision) have neither time nor inclination nor ability to give it. The bulk of the people are neither rich or learned. Fancy a poor man, laborer or mechanic, with little if any learning, tired after a hard day's work, taking up the catechism in the evening late when the chores are over to give instruction to his boy of twelve or fourteen, who is about to pass from the ward to the high school. Where is the boy at that hour? Who will find him, bring him home and hold him during this imaginary farce? Go call the man of leisure and some pretensions to letters who has not been to confession for years, neglects Mass on Sundays, eats meat on Fridays and fast days, from his cups and cards and other amusements to teach religion to his children. What mockery! When you consider the necessity, and the difficulty and the magnitude of the work of preparing a youth for duties of manhood, to say that it may be done at home by the fathers and the mothers of the masses is an insult to reason, it is cruel trifling.

Well, sure'y, the church is the proper place for religious instruction, and the priest is the proper person to give it. This seems plausable, but is it a provision that will prove adequate and satisfactory? Let us see. When is the instruction to be given? Not on a week day, for the children are at school or at work. Sunday is the only day on which it can be given, and between the end of High Mass and Vespers the only time.

THE SUNDAY SERMON IS NOT ADAPTED TO THE CAPACITY OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

They do not profit by it, for it is beyond their comprehension, and when there is mention of children attending schools from which religion is excluded if they happen to hear it, it is not too much to say that as a rule they care little about it. What of the catachetical instruction in the afternoon before vespers? Very many priests, pastors of congregations, have no assistance. Indeed, it may be said the average pastor has no one to assist him. In the Diocese of Dubuque there are nearly two hundred priests doing missionary work, and of these not more than six outside the city are assistants. It is quite likely that the same is true to some extent of many, if not most other dioceses. The bulk of the congregation of one of these pastors lies in the country within a radius of six or more miles of the town or village in which he resides. On Saturday evenings the priest hears confessions, he does the same on Sunday morning before and after first Mass, he says two Masses, sings one, preaches a sermon, baptizes whatever children are presented, and when all this work is over, about 1 o'clock or later, if he have not a headache or a fever or both after the long fast and labor of the morning, you can readily realize that he is not in a favorable mood to take up catachetical instructions. Be that as it may, he cannot have the children, The country children go home after Mass with their parents to escape a long fast and a long walk in the afternoon, only a few children from the town and its immediate vicinity can be had for catechism. The fact is, as a rule, and it is facts, not theories, we must consider, that children who depend on the priest for religious instruction go without it, and many of them otherwise intelligent and talented will not know enough catechism to memory at the ages of fourteen, sixteen and eighteen to secure them a ticket for Confirmation. The priest who is liked well enough by his congregations says

he cannot have the children for instruction on week days nor on Sunday except a small fraction as already stated. Be this as it may, the fact stands and is indisputable that the children of the people as a body are not instructed in their religion by their pastors.

As to the Sunday school conducted by young ladies and gentlemen, it is not worth speaking of. A moment's reflection will suffice to realize of how little value it is. As a provision for a great work it is simply ridiculous. The best if not the only good thing done there is to hear a memory lesson, but the memory is not the intellect, nor the intellect the soul, and

IT IS THE SOUL WITH ALL ITS FACULTIES THAT IS TO BE EDUCATED.

If children of school age, say from seven to fourteen, or from eight to sixteen years, are to receive a religious education to which they have a Divine right on many heads, the school is the place in which to give it. To prepare Christian youth for all the duties of Christian manhood, to case them in a Christian mould and fashion them after the model furnished by religion, to make another Christ out of human nature in its present state, is a work so great, so noble and withal so difficult that to essay it with a fair prospect of success, time, talent and favorable opportunity are needed. All these the teacher has or is supposed to have. He has ability, else why should the parents and the Church present to him the child and delegate to him their God-given authority. After some study of his pupil he is supposed to know him, his talents, his temper, disposition, habits, the strong and weak points of his nature. He is supposed to consider well his supernatural life and destiny, the faculties of the soul, the germs of the virtues, especially the theological, and the dangers that beset them, all the treasures of the Church, how to prepare for them and communicate them so as to prove productive. His is not the task to carve the image of a man out of the marble or put his likéness on canvas as sculptors and painters do, but to build up out of poor human nature a living, breathing, speaking, active image of God's Son made man. For this work, more difficult far than that of Eden, the riches of heaven and the forces of omnipotence are at his service, and, under God, the chief agent in this greatest work, in the accomplishment of this prodigious feat is the Christian teacher in the Christian school.

OF THE MODEL BEFORE HIM THE TEACHER HIMSELF SHOULD BE AS FAR AS POSSIBLE A FAULTLESS COPY.

He has time for the work, not one day in the week or rather one poor hour, but five days in every week and six hours of every day for seven, eight, or ten years as the case may be. I say six hours of every day he is making a religious impression all the time. Whatever he teaches regarding man or nature has a religious aspect and a religious influence. In teaching history and science, he is teaching religion indirectly. The world without God is not a fact, it is a fiction. As He is everywhere, the healthy eye, the Christian eye sees Him everywhere, and thus every lesson taught by a Christian and studied by a Christian furnishes its contribution to the formation of a man.

He has opportunities that are golden. He has youths to work on. Youth is the springtime of life, the season of sowing and planting. The soil is at its best. Youth is innocent, pure, loving, confiding, respectful docile, most susceptible of virtuous impressions. The teacher can mould the soul of youth as he pleases, it is like wax in his hands. He can fill it with admiration of the works of God, of His Church, of saints, heroes and all the models of true greatness furnished by history. From admiration imitation is but a step. If he does not form Christian character, who will? If in five days of every week and six hours a day for seven, eight, or nine years such a man with his ability, opportunity, and many

advantages will not prepare youth for manhood, who will? Will you take the work out of his hands and give it over to parents, laborers, brick-layers, carpenters, plasterers, painters, etc., etc., and to many, many fathers who can only make a flying visit to their little families once a week or once a month, or to the average priest who says, and says truly that he cannot get the children for instruction?

THIS FORM OF INSANITY SEEMS TO PREVAIL.

Remove religious education from the school and you do away with it altogether. To refer it to the home and the church and the Sunday-school is a mock provision that will deceive only those who are willing to be deceived. Banish religion from the school and you leave the intellect of the pupil without the knowledge of God, his heart without the love of God, his will without motive or desire to obey or serve God. Banish religion from the school and you leave the supernatural or Divine life of the soul received in baptism—the only true life, the only life that is crowned with glory—without the nutriment and the care that every kind of life needs. You leave the germ of faith and love which should grow up and acquire strength in intellect and will in a comatose condition; you leave the soul without moral or religious principles, and therefore without conscience. Heaven and hell and purgatory and judgment are but names—words, that are used after the prevailing fashion. Meanwhile, give the best secular education you can. Fit a youth as best you may for what is called success in life, for a career of prosperity. Teach him history, and the sciences and the arts, social and political economy, natural and mental philosophy, etc., etc. Sharpen the intellect, enrich the imagination, cram the memory, and what do you do but give light and strength and cunning, strong mental powers, to a man without faith, or love, or conscience. That is like giving tools to a burglar, or fire-arms to a footpad. You prepare the way for accomplishments which when discovered are sometimes sent for a time for safe keeping to state's prison. With the growth of the body that shoots up like a plant, and the growth of the soul in secular knowledge, the animal propensities gain strength daily. Freed from all control they grow apace. What is true of one child is true of all. They have the same nature and are similarly circumstanced. These appetites are stimulated by association, fomented by the surroundings and fed by the five senses. The sensational novel, the columns of scandal in the daily papers, which are devoured with avidity, the low theater, street scenes, indecent pictures, and the ways of the world, do their work in contributing to their growth. They crave indulgence, the same desire is on all sides. Why should they not be gratified, the ways of the world followed, its pleasures enjoyed?

THE EVIL ONE IS NEITHER IDLE NOR IGNORANT.

His suggestions succeed. Every indulgence is as oil on the flames which blaze more fiercely. Demands for pleasure are more strong and frequent; repeated acts become a habit, and habit, like that of intemperance, is a tyrant that holds its victim in the toils. Thus the youth of eighteen or twenty, a graduate with honor of some high school or college, but at the same time the slave of bad habits, without faith or love or conscience passes out into the world, into the farish day of public life, associating with the multitudes who are struggling or striving for the good things of this life, with scant respect for the Decalogue, to complete his education among them and become a man of the age.

Is this to be the type of the coming man, the father and head of the Christian family, the proud citizen of the great Republic? Is it on such as he we base our hopes of our country's future, its prosperity, its progress, its civilization? Progress and civilization, which are the outcome of great virtues, never were and never will be the product of such factors.

Lecturers subversive of religion and morality, of the foundation of society, because they deny or question the existence of God, which forty years ago, if heard accidentally, would have been hissed and hooted with virtuous indignation by an honest, Christian community, are now listened to with pleasure and received with thunders of applause by tens of thousands all over the land. Crimes are committed to-day that excite no surprise, so common are they, which in times within our recollection would have so shocked the public that some good people would begin to think that Antichrist was let loose and the end of the world was at hand. Witness the mania for suicide as the climax of great crime, the silly reasons for its commission sometimes, the startling methods of self-destruction and their horrid originality. Public morality does not seem to be improving, nor, due regard being had to varying population, does crime seem to be decreasing. And yet within the time before mentioned, schools, high and low, have been multiplied by the hundreds, they cover the land and billions of money have been expended on their support. Everything that can be thought of,

SAVE THE ONE THING NECESSARY,

is done to improve them. Themselves and the system on which they are conducted, are lauded to the stars by press and pulpit, and a certain class of speakers and writers point to them with pride as the bulwark of the commonwealth. What is the matter with public opinion? How explain facts that stare us in the face? A good tree does not produce bad fruit. Let people say what they will or act as they may, education without religion, that is without God, is not a good tree, it is a body without a soul, a corpse.

Even in the department of secular or scientific studies it is defective. How can you study nature properly, if you put out of it nature's God, or the lives of men, if you make no account of Him? Though God was never absent from man whose biography if history, not even for a moment, though God was always with the race of men, with the individual, the family, the communitv, though the philosophy of history is the tracing of the action of God in society shaping and directing its course without detriment to free will—though God's Son on the cross redeeming the human race is the central figure in history, Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day and forever, the very soul and life of it as He is of humanity, though all the lines of this history of the nations in the hands of God and under the guidance of His providence tend toward Golgotha like the radii of a circle to the center, or the lines of steel on which the multitudes from east and west, and north and south travel to Chicago, yet, notwithstanding all this, there is not a word about God and his Christ in all the lessons and lectures on history. Is this the way to teach history? Not a word about God in science. Though all creatures are the work of His hands, though nature's laws are His and nature's forces are His, though His finger is on every atom of matter in the universe, His blessing on every seed, His power and providence manifest in every blade of grass and in every ear of corn, yet is His name never mentioned in the discussion of the sciences that treat of plans and planets. But enough. Education without religion is not a good tree, on what side soever you view it it is found wanting.

THE EDUCATION OF A CHRISTIAN,

a child of God, a brother and coheir of Christ should be religious. Such education if given at all in any proper sense of the word must, save in very exceptional cases, be given in the school, during the years of schooling and by the most competent teachers that can be had. In this education the family, the Church and the State have the deepest interest. Who will respect or obey cordially authority in Church or State or family, if he

know not or care not for the authority of God from which it emanates. "There is no power but from God" and without such respect and obedience what becomes of the foundation and super-structure of the social edifice? Where there is a common interest there should be united action. Instead of wasting time on useless, irritating discussion, parents, priests and rulers should consider their duty to God, to their little ones, to themselves and to society, and do it promptly and manfully by uniting in giving to the youth of the nation that truly religious education to which they have a right from God. If any one, fond of flimsy objections should say or think that the study of religion in schools retards progress in other studies, let him go over to the Exposition grounds and examine for himself the Catholic Educational Exhibit. Growth in the body of Christ is in light, not in darkness.

After Mr. Harrison Wilde had rendered Moszowski's Tema con Veriazioni upon the organ, the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, was presented by Archbishop Feehan, in the following language :

It gives me great pleasure of introducing to you Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S ADDRESS:

THE VOCATION OF THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATOR.

To form an adequate estimate of the exalted vocation of the Christian Educator we must bear in mind that he who is called to this position must be all that the secular educator should be, in knowlege and aptitude to convey it to others, and must, in addition to all this, be qualified for the far higher education of the human soul in the knowledge of God and of itself, and in the preparation of man for his eternal destiny. The vocations of the religious and secular educators have much in common. Both are destined to dispell ignorance, to enlighten and enlarge the human mind, so that it may contemplate truth more perfectly, to refine and elevate our love of the True, the Beautiful and the Good. These two educators are thus far united in vocation and in mission. They ascend the mountain of God together, for all knowledge, whether religious or scientific, is holy, for God is master in the temporal as in the spiritual order—God of the starry firmament as well as of the sanctuary. Behold then these two lovers of truth ascending the mountain together. At a certain point marked by a cross on the wayside, the secular teacher stops and says "Thus far may I go, but no farther. I must return to bring pupils to this point and here part with them." "Do not go back, but give me thy hand," says the religious educator. "To these summits above us, bathed in celestial light, let us ascend and see what greater and newer things our God has made, and let us hear his voice speaking to us." Education to be perfect must consider man in his entirety, must call out the heart power as well as the intellect power, and educate the great religious element within as real as either and partaking of both. We must not omit the great fundamental principles of our existence, why we were made, for what object we are placed in this world, what is our future. The very philosophy of our being, the principle which determines the value of all other knowledge, cannot be ignored in a thorough education. The great infinite Being who placed us on earth and our relations to him ; the source of all knowledge and all good, must find the supreme place in education.

His existence and attributes are so mingled with all knowledge that to separate them and lay them aside for a distinct study, as we would arithmetic or geography, is an impossibility. If we exclude religion

from education we must, of course, exclude the consideration of God. Who is the being thus excluded, and what are his relations to human knowledge? Cardinal Newman, in a passage of surpassing eloquence, speaking on this subject in one of his university lectures, thus describes the Being whom the secularist would exclude:

"To Him must be ascribed the rich endowments of the intellect, the irradiation of genius, the imagination of the poet, the sagacity of the politician, the wisdom (as Socrates calls it) which now rears and decorates the temple, now manifests itself in proverb and parable. The old saws of nations, the majestic precepts of philosophy, the luminous maxims of law, the oracles of individual wisdom, the traditionary rules of truth, justice and religion, even though embedded in corruption or alloyed with the pride of the world, betoken His original agency and His long-suffering presence. Even where there is habitual rebellion against Him of profound, far-spreading social depravity, still the undercurrent, or the heroic outburst of natural virtue, as well as the yearnings of the heart after that which it has not, and its presentiment of its true remedies, are to be ascribed to the author of all good. Anticipations or reminiscences of His glory haunt the mind of the self-sufficient sage and of the Pagan devotee; His writing is upon the wall, whether of the Indian fane or of the porticoes of Greece. . . . . He speaks amid the incantations of Balaam, raises Samuel's spirit in the witches' cavern, prophesies of the Messiah by the tongue of the sybil, forces Python to recognize His ministers, and baptizes by the hand of the misbeliever. He is with the heathen dramatist in his denunciations of injustice and tyranny and auguries of divine vengeance upon crime. Even upon the unseemly legends of a popular mythology He casts His shadow, and is dimly discerned in the ode of the epic, as in troubled water or fantastic dreams. All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from Him."

Behold, then, how the Christian educator rounds and perfects education by teaching man what may be learned of the great Infinite Educator, who planted at once and developes all that is great and good in our nature, and replies to the soul's questionings concerning man, his origin and destiny.

It is also the vocation of the Christian educator, by the great truths which he teaches, to restrain human passion, and thus by acting on the heart of man to clarify his intellect and make him at once the best scholar and the best citizen. There is more intimate connection between head and heart than the generality of men imagine. The unrestrained passions of the heart send up mists from its valleys that rest on the headlands. Men cannot see truth through the prejudices which passion generates. It is the sacred office of religion to dispel these mists. Hence we find the great pagan philosopher, Pythagoras, bringing his pupils away from the world and its distractions, and in chastity, mortification and prayer to the gods, communicating the great truths of philosophy. This, though an extreme measure, inculcates a great truth—the influence of the state of the heart on the intellect. "What has piety to do with learning?" men may ask. "Some of the most learned men have been anything but saints. The fact that they are not bound down by the trammels of religion makes them freer to soar into the regions of speculation and theory, and no monkish chronicles or unscientific Bibles can call them back." But, as I have said, this freedom from the just restraint of the passions does darken the soul by prejudice. It is false to say that the most learned men have been those who ignored religion. Did Plato, Socrates and Pythagoras, did Cicero and Pliny and Seneca, did Augustine and Thomas

Aquinas and Lord Bacon and Copernicus and hundreds of others whose names stand so high in the history of intellectual progress, ignore the influence, the truth, the beauty and the goodness of religion? If others there were who were great without religion, what might they have been under its influence? And it is false to say that the intellectual liberty, or rather license of speculation unrestrained by any influence, is conducive to truth, just as it is false to say that liberty unrestrained by any command—divine or human—is truest liberty.

Who has speculated more boldly than St. Thomas Aquinas? Who has presented more powerfully the objections of infidelity and error? The men who held such opinions were unable to express and urge them as this intellectual giant could do for them. Why? Because, free from the darkness of prejudice, he could see the amount of truth mixed with their errors, and then, being absolutely certain of the truth of religion, he knew with the same certainty that there could be nothing to contradict in the region of science and true philosophy. The last man of earth to fear the progress of scientific and philosophic investigation is the Catholic, and the better Catholic he is and the more thoroughly instructed, the more fearless he should be. All truth is one, and from God. He cannot speak one thing in nature and reason, and another in revelation. If, therefore, I am absolutely certain of my religious truths, I am as absolutely fearless of scientific truth. But if I have only opinions, more or less vague, on religious subjects, I may fear that some day scientists may discover something to undermine them. The same is true of opinions in the natural order, and if I have an opinion that the moon is inhabited, I should not wonder if science proved the contrary; but I have no fear that science is about to prove that two and two are not four, for of this I am certain.

Now, I think it can be safely asserted that no class of religionists are more certain of the truths they profess and teach than Christian, Catholic educators. I am not here inquiring into the grounds for the certitude, but simply stating the fact. Hence, such educators must be the last to fear scientific revelations.

Another and most important part of the vocation of the Christian Educator is that of teaching the great, restraining doctrines of our religion which help to form the law-abiding citizen as well as the good Christian. One of the many delusions of the age is that education of itself is enough to form the moral man, by elevating and refining our tastes, giving wholesome thought-food to the intellect, thereby excluding what is coarse and vicious, and filling the heart and imagination with pure and beautiful ideals. No doubt all these things help, but they are far from being sufficient. Education will refine even vice itself, but perhaps it is more fatal in its refined than in its gross, repulsive condition.

No secular education can strike at the root of evil as religion does. "Quarry the granite rock with razors or moor the vessel with a thread of silk, then may you hope, with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against these giants, the passion and the pride of man," says Cardinal Newman. Experience confirms what the great Cardinal asserts. Greece and Rome in the days of their highest culture were vicious to the core—elegantly vicious, if you please, but supremely vicious.

"Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure," says George Washington in his inaugural address, "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." No, ladies and gentlemen, morality requires sacrifice, sacrifice requires a motive, and religion alone can furnish adequate motives for all kinds of temperaments. Religion must furnish motives stronger than those that move to sin in order that a man may rationally decide for the right against the wrong, for the pure against the impure. Hence religion

must not be mere sentimentalism or probability. It must be founded in our rational nature and appeal with irresistible force to a power within us stronger than passion. Its truths must be clear and convincing, and man must be educated in them. This is the office, supreme and all-important to the interests of the individual, the family and human society, of the Christian Educator. Of course, I shall be told that this is not properly the office of the mere educator. The parent and the priest can alone enter the sanctuary gates of the heart; and the home and the Sunday-school are the places for Christian education. I say, ladies and gentlemen, that these are sacred and appropriate schools, but I say that experience clearly proves that they are not sufficient, that when you take from the great body of parents three classes—those who have not the time, those who have not the ability, and those who with time and ability, have not the inclination, very few will be left to attend to the vital duty of religious education. The Sunday-school held once a week is wholly insufficient and very precarious. No child could learn arithmetic or grammar by one weekly lesson, and yet the all-important subject on which time and eternity depend is supposed to be left to this precarious mode of teaching. Are chastity and honesty and obedience to law less important than arithmetic and grammar?

But it may be still further urged, let us by all means have the Christian Educator, or rather, to render the title less sectarian, the Moral Instructor—the man who, rising above all sectarianism, teaches only the great moral principles upon which all men agree, who, eliminating dogmas, confines himself to morals alone. This vague general talk has done great harm to morality. I have shown that dogmas of religion, absolutely certain and well inculcated, are essential to give motive to self-sacrifice, and hence to morality. As well expect the flower and fruit without the stem or root as expect morality without the doctrines that give it motive and power. In unsectarian moral education the teacher is supposed to avoid touching on any doctrine which might clash with the faith of his pupils or with that of their parents. Let me suppose, for illustration, a congress of these youths taking your places in this hall. They are sharp nineteenth, nearly twentieth century young people combining Yankee acuteness with Chicago push. I, a quiet non-sectarian moral instructor from placid Pennsylvania and friendly Philadelphia, appear before them, giving them permission to object to anything like sectarianism, which may perhaps, unconsciously appear in my moral instruction, and to ask questions in explanation. I begin my address, "My dear young friends, fully impressed with the fact that I must avoid in my discourse any doctrine which may clash with the convictions of you or your parents, I shall, first of all, treat of a subject on which Pagans, Jews and Christians of all denominations entirely agree. I mean the voice within us that tells us that some things are right and some things wrong. This is the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God. "But," interrupts a smart young pupil amongst my auditors, "Who is God? What is God? Is He a person or only an invisible power, as my father thinks, and conscience, is it not the memory of perhaps a punishment received for doing wrong, as we see in the lower animals when they have been chastised and afterwards act as if conscious of guilt when they do something for which they had been chastised? Have animals consciences, sir?"

"I perceive," says the moral instructor, "that we have some atheists here; now, I come to instruct American Christian youth. Let the atheists, if such there be, retire. They require special treatment, and alone. Now, my dear Christian young men, I shall speak to you in a non-sectarian manner." "Christian young men," cries out a pale, intellectual young man, "my father is a taxpayer and a Hebrew, and he does not believe, of course, in Christianity. He thinks Christ at the very best, to have been an enthusiast, who fancied himself to be the Son of God. If this

instruction is to be non-sectarian and intended for all taxpayers, it cannot be Christian." "Well, young gentlemen," says the bewildered non-sectarian teacher, "I see the point, but this is a Christian country, and as I cannot be with Christ and Annas and Caiphas at the same time, let the Jewish boys leave; they also require special treatment. Now, thank Heaven, I have young American Christian boys to teach, boys who honor Christ as the Son of God." "Hold!" says a voice with a strong New England ring, "If by Son of God you mean that He was God, equal to His Father, the Great Almighty, I object, for my parents and I are Unitarians, from Boston, and I did not expect to have sectarian teaching inculcated in a purely non-sectarian school." Another crowd is dispersed, and the moral instructor, not yet entirely demoralized, proceeds with his lecture. "As I told you, conscience declares that some things are right and some things wrong, and that we shall be rewarded for doing the right and punished for the wrong.

Some believe that the punishment of a really bad man will be eternal, but as I am to be non-sectarian, I will not enter on that subject. "But, sir," interrupts a youth in the crowd, "it's a mighty important subject to know something about." "Well, replies the instructor, "suppose we say the punishment is eternal." "Then," says the pupil, "that is sectarian doctrine, for my father is a Universalist preacher and thinks and teaches that the doctrine is monstrous and contrary to all that we know of God's mercy." "Well. then, suppose we say the punishment is just temporal and just proportioned to the crime, and after this temporary hell God will receive the soul into heaven." "Temporary hell," cries out one in the audience, "I declare that most sectarian doctrine, for a temporary hell where souls suffer for some time before they enter heaven sounds mighty like what Roman Catholics call purgatory." By this time the poor moral instructor begins to feel something like the pains of purgatory, with a fear that he may get farther south, if these youngsters so torment him. I might, ladies and gentlemen, continue this examination until the hall of the moral instructor would become vacant, as some one would be found to object to every dogmatic utterance of his. In vain will he cry out, "Why, young men, the very Pagans believed in God and his providence and future rewards and punishments. Can I not teach this much? "Yes, sir," some one answered, "if you propose to make us young Pagans. But the world is progressing. Dogmatism, which, as some one has happily said, is only puppyism fully matured, has had its day, and we must think for ourselves and act out our own nature as we please."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, what is to become of a generation thus unrestrained by the great religious element within, and the great God above them? With a mother's instinct, the Catholic Church, who knows the human heart, who has been looking into it for nearly two thousand years, sees and feels the danger, and makes every sacrifice to avert it. Hence she offers her religious orders of teaching men and women in every part of the world, who in poverty and chastity and obedience give themselves to teach not only the intellect, but the heart, and thus save humanity from its own fierce passions. She appreciates the sublime vocation of the Christian educator. If it be noble for the painter or the sculptor to reproduce on canvas or in marble some great work of God, what of him who fashions the young soul, and impresses more vividly on it the very image of God, who points out the glories of the starry worlds above us, and fears not to soar higher to the God of these worlds of light? The Christian educator who, in teaching the history of humanity and its civilization, points to the great central Figure of both—the glory of our humanity and the founder of our civilization—Jesus Christ. He fears not the charge of sectarianism when speaking of Him, his Lord and his God. He hangs the image of Him Crucified on the wall of the school-room, and points to it as the symbol of "the wisdom of God and the power of God."

Look at that gentle, consecrated virgin, the Sister-teacher, with her young pupils around her. She speaks to them of the truths of human science, teaches them most diligently what is necessary to be known to fit them for their position in life, and then, as her heart glows and her eye brightens and her voice is tremulous with emotion, she speaks of Him whom she loves, to whom and to whose little ones she has given her young heart and bright intellect. She speaks of love and loyalty towards Him—of purity, of mastery of the passions. She is herself the living sermon which must leave its indelible impress on the hearts of her pupils. The Catholic Church, with a maternal instinct for the preservation of the spiritual life of her children, knows no sacrifice too great to be made for their religious instruction. You behold the result. Thousands of school-houses surmounted by the cross, and second only in importance to our churches, are seen throughout the land. Many religious orders of men and women are devoted to the same work. You behold at this Columbian Exposition some of the visible results of this remarkable self-sacrifice for the cause of education. You see how charity can do more than gold.

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, to sum up what I have said to you; because the vocation of the Christian educator is to the human intellect and includes all that is glorious in the vocation of the purely secular teacher, because in addition to all this it has a mission to the human heart, to the great religious element in man, to man in his entirety, because it elevates him at once to the plane of the supernatural, and by restraining passion, makes him the best individual and the best citizen; because it clarifies and strengthens conscience, which in a country like ours, where external control is so gentle, should act as a strong internal ruler; because unsectarian generalities and mere sentiment can never affect the passions so as to really master them, and only the truths taught by the Christian educator can effect this; therefore, am I not safe in concluding that the vocation of the Christian educator in this free land, and in this progressive nineteenth century, is one of supreme importance to the individual, to the nation, and to humanity?

The band then rendered a medley of American airs by Catlin.

Archbishop Feehan, in introducing Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, said:

I now have the pleasure of introducing the Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, of the Supreme Court of New York, who will speak to you upon "What Catholics have done for Education in the United States."

ADDRESS OF HON. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, SUPREME COURT, NEW YORK STATE.

What Catholics Have Done for Education in the United States.

Among the manifestations of God's creative power in this world man occupies the first place, not alone that he is the greatest and highest, but principally because of his moral nature and ultimate destiny.

This idea of his position and destiny is the characteristic distinction between his status under a Pagan and under a Christian civilization. Under the former, where the State was everything and the individual nothing, man had no rights which the State need respect.

The Christian idea of individual responsibility and glorious destiny has not only fixed the relative rights of a citizen toward his government, but has covered our land with asylums for the sick and aged, infirm and decrepit, which were unheard of under a Pagan civilization.

The progress made in the march of civilization is in nothing more marked than in the recognition of individual rights and duties. Man's past and present reads like a book on astronomy. Once astronomy considered the stars as mere fixed points of light, placed in space and without relation to other heavenly bodies; now it studies them, determines their size, movements, and the revolution of their planets. Astronomy now knows that each star has its relative place, performs its particular functions under given laws, gives out its light to illumine earth and space and aids in producing that life and beauty which make up the harmony of ten thousand worlds.

So since the Pagan times when death was thought to be annihilation, we know that man's use and function is to be witness of the glory of that God, who is the creator of these stars and numberless worlds, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

In determining, therefore, the benefits of any system, either of religion or education, it must be judged not alone by its effects or results upon man in his connection with what transpires about him here, but also by its influence upon his ultimate destiny.

This dual relation to time and eternity, though susceptible, in the abstract, of separate treatment and consideration, cannot, in the concrete, be dissevered, any more than can the body and soul.

Man's rights and duties, whether considered as an individual, as a member of the family, or that greater society known as the State, cannot be correctly determined without bearing this fact constantly in mind. What changes this wrought in men's lives, what transformations effected in nations, is most strikingly shown by contrasting Pagan and Christian civilization. The problem of life, the mystery of death, unknown to Pagan people, and the source of perplexity to the greatest sages and philosophers were solved, and are now in the possession of the poorest and most illiterate in Christendom. No longer left to the caprice of passion, this knowledge elevated man's dignity and position, and no longer left to journey from the cradle to the grave in doubt and uncertainty, he became infused with new blood, inspired with new hopes, and stood firmer, erect on God's footstool, with eyes ever fixed on his eternal home.

It would be both interesting and instructive to trace the influence that this knowledge of his dual relation to the here and the hereafter exerted upon man's condition and action, crystallizing in that Christian civilization which is now the heritage of all. It would exceed, however, the object, scope and expected limits of this paper, which will deal with it so far only as may be essential to answer the question presented for our consideration, viz.: What have the Catholics done for education in the United States?

There can be no question of more vital importance to the American people than this: How are children, who, within a few years are to be trusted with the responsibility of citizenship, and the destinies of the nation to be educated? The growth, development and prosperity of the State depends on the intelligence of the people.

Educational institutions may be divided into primary and secondary; the former embraces public, parochial and similar schools, devoted to elementary education, while secondary institutions comprise colleges and universities. Leaving out of view the religious feature, which we will discuss hereafter, and contrasting, from a secular standpoint, Catholic colleges and universities with other denominational or non-sectarian colleges, so-called, we are forcibly struck with how favorable, taking the past, is the comparison. Without means, without subsidies, without rich or influential friends, amidst trials and tribulations that would have excused failure, they have grown, flourished and multiplied, until to-day, we possess colleges and universities where every ambition for the most advanced higher education can be satisfied. The abundant money and

resources of other colleges is equalized by the superiority, as a rule, of the faculty of Catholic colleges.

But when we come to consider our parochial as compared to the public schools, then the results are remarkable. That the public schools, in their appointments, in their completeness and in their system and methods of instruction, are superior, must be conceded. But it should be remembered, that though the parochial school dates back forty years, it has only been within the past twenty years that Catholics have been in a position to devote to their advancement either time, money or effort. Yet the statistics show that there are between 700,000 and 800,000 in our parochial as against seven to eight millions in the public schools. In addition, there are many orphanages, children's homes and similar institutions, whose inmates receive a Catholic elementary training. So that, if we take the number of children of school age, it will be found, taking our entire population, that the per centage, as between Catholic and public schools, is greater in favor of Catholic.

When we remember that this involves the double burden of building and maintaining our own schools, besides contributing, in the way of taxation, to public instructiou, the result is not only extraordinary, but is evidence of a deep-seated and sincere belief in the necessity of Catholic Schools and Catholic Education.

We could continue our comparison and show that the education thus provided, regarded solely as secular education, equips the pupil with as good a mental training and intellectual equipment to contend for a successful position in life, as that furnished by other schools, public or private. But no idea of comparison, antagonism or competition, or even ambition to provide a better secular education, induced the establishment of the various Catholic schools, colleges and universities throughout our country. We recognize the necessity and utility of public schools and public instruction. These are essential for the safety and permanence of our country, needful to make intelligent citizens, and, for those who are indifferent or opposed to religion and education going hand in hand, or are opposed to religion, or who are indifferent to both the education and religion, and would neglect, were it not for the State, the obligation imposed upon them as parents to properly educate their children, as well as those who, with means, ability and disposition, are able to provide a thorough religious training otherwise, the public schools are highly necessary and beneficial. It is, therefore, a mistake to assert that Catholics are opposed to public schools. Gladly would we avail ourselves of their great advantages, willingly would we lay down the burden of maintaining separate schools, if this could be done without the sacrifice of principle. If conducted after the plan of the National School System of Ireland, or upon the denominational plan of Canada, which permits religious training, then could we conscientiously give up our own schools. We recognize their necessity, efficiency and usefulness for classes, some of which have been, and others which might be, enumerated, but they do not come up to the requirements of what, in a Catholic view, is essential to a true and sound education. Not the mind alone, but the heart, and the whole man, must be trained, because we accept alone as the true definition that given by Webster, according to whom to educate is "to instil into the mind principles of art, science, morals, religion and behavior." "To educate in the arts is important, in religion indispensable." As said Our Holy Father, "He who, in the education of youth, neglects the will, and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the intellect that sometimes joins with the evil propensities of the will, and gives them a power which baffles all resistance."

It is, therefore, in the language of Cardinal Manning, that we insist: "that a Christian child has a right to a Christian education, and a Catho-

lic child to a Catholic education." There is nothing new in this definition of education, which has not only been consistently maintained by Catholics under every form of government, but has received the sanction and endorsement of some of the most eminent Protestant writers and thinkers who have spoken of the dangers attending education without religion.

Although we have, considering the difficulties, obstacles and lack of means, just cause for pride in the number of our schools, colleges and universities, providing as they do, for fully eight hundred thousand pupils, with well equipped and disciplined teachers and professors, who have sent forth young men who have successfully battled in every walk and profession of life for the world's highest honors, it is not in any or all of these that we find our chief pride and glory, or on which we rest our just claim to the gratitude of our fellow-countrymen in what we have done for education.

Though we had for lack of means, been powerless to accomplish what has been achieved, nevertheless, the principle which has stimulated us to spend millions of dollars, to sacrifice the life and ambition of thousands of our Catholic teachers, to assume the burden of a double taxation would carry us on, stimulate us with the zeal and courage to carry to a successful issue a work that must redound in the greatest benefits to the individual and the permanent welfare of our country. It has never been questioned but that the safety of a Republic rests upon the virtue of its citizens, just as monarchies are sustained by strong central governments, supported by large standing armies, and in which the governing principle is force. The world knows but two principles of government, one the power of the sword, sustained by the hand that wields it, the other the power of law, sustained by a virtuous and intelligent public opinion. "Or, differently expressed, there is the principle of force and the principle of love."

Whilst intelligence, therefore, is a necessity, and tends to promote virtue and eradicate vice, besides qualifying a man for citizenship, it still remains true that virtue is essentially based on religion. There may be individuals peculiarly endowed, who may be exceptions, but it can be truly stated, as a rule, that intelligence may make a brilliant, but can never make a virtuous people. As well may we expect a tree torn up by the roots, and thrown on the wayside to grow and blossom, as to expect that virtue, separated from religion, can survive. The ages and nations that produced a Plato, an Aristotle and a Cicero were noted for the intelligence, not alone of a few, but of the entire people. But what of their virtue? No picture brush could paint, or pen describe, could ever color the frightful moral condition of Greece and Rome, the two greatest and most intelligent nations of antiquity. The history of those nations, as well as the study of all the civilizations known to man, bear striking testimony to that oft quoted, but profound expression of Washington, the Father of our Country, who, in his farewell address, said: "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle,"

And our own beloved Cardinal Gibbons, in his admirable book, "Our Christian Heritage," justifies the summary that "every philosopher and statesman who has discussed the subject of human governments has acknowledged that there can be no stable society without justice, no justice without morality, no morality without religion, no religion without God." And in this place I cannot forbear quoting from the same eminent author his eloquent description of religion and its salutary and far-reaching influences: "Religion is anterior to society and more enduring than governments, it is the focus of all social virtues, the basis of public morals, the most powerful instrument in the hands of legislators, it is stronger than self-interest, more awe-inspiring than civil

threats, more universal than honor, more active than love of country—the surest guarantee that rulers can have of the fidelity of their subjects, and that subjects can have of the justice of their rulers; it is the curb of the mighty, the defense of the weak, the consolation of the afflicted, the covenant of God with man, and, in the language of Homer, it is "the golden chain which suspends the earth from the throne of the eternal."

Religion, however, it may be asserted, is the proper theme for the church or home, but has no place in the school. That churches and the teaching of Christian homes do much to foster and promote religion must be conceded, but, generally speaking, churches are more potent in maintaining religious convictions already formed than successful in the inculcation of religion in children. Hence their greater utility for adults than for children. The benefits of a Sunday-School or of home training cannot be over-estimated, but what impracticable difficulties are there in the way of their ever being so arranged as to produce the desired results, for the great mass of our children, either because of the small time devoted each week in the Sunday School or the limited number that ever receive a thorough religious training at home.

That churches, Sunday-schools and home influence have not been as far-reaching as demanded by the religious wants of the people or nation, may be conclusively shown by dwelling for a moment on the past and present religious condition of our country. Those who founded our colonies, as well as our Revolutionary forefathers, were religious men. Physically rugged and hardy, they were imbued with strong religious convictions that influenced their every act. They came over a trackless ocean, and cut a way through impenetrable forests, and through their religion, intelligence and courage, established society and government and laws, and, after finally throwing off a foreign yoke, laid deep the foundations of a constitutional republic that is seemingly destined to be the foremost nation of the world. Are we acting up to the spirit, the principles, the traditions of the past? Are we advancing or retrograding? To assert that, having advanced morally to a certain point, we can then remain stationary, is to utter an absurdity, for a nation can no more remain morally passive than can a man; he is bound to go on and upward or to go on and downward.

That, in material prosperity, we have made giant strides is apparent. Our towns, cities and states have increased and multiplied. Men have amassed wealth running into the millions and hundreds of millions. Our corporations are striding a continent, but are we not equally accursed by incipent pauperism and discontent, do we not know that thousands are deprived of the very neeessaries of life, deprived of the benefits of education, religion and civilization, deprived of the very blessings which our Constitution guarantees, and which God seemingly intended for every man, woman and child in our land?

Has not agnosticism, materialism, infidelity and other forms of irreligion been as rapidly augmented as our national prosperity? Has not polygamy, under the form of Mormonism, or lax divorce laws, alarmingly increased? Have we the same spirit of public or private virtue that prevailed in the early days of the Republic? Have not immorality, gambling, intemperance, breaches of private and public trust, become prevalent among our citizens?

The fact, therefore, stands prominently forth that virtue has decreased in proportion to the destruction of the religious sentiment among our people, and it requires no prophet to tell what must be the inevitable end if some check to the rapid inroad of irreligion be not found. Kingdoms, empires and republics, some of which in territorial aggrandizement were larger than our own, some obtaining an intellectual supremacy which yet commands the admiration of the world, have, at times, glistened along the past only to be extinguished and to fade as

utterly as the vivid glories of the sunset. Shall our country, whose glory and prosperity are linked with every fibre of our hearts, whose foundations were laid so deep and strong, which through the heroism and patriotism of our fathers has given to the world a government so adjusted as to satisfy the highest and noblest demands of social and civil life, is this, through our indifference or folly, to repeat the history of nations which have fallen to rise no more? We believe that more of man's destiny has been committed to our country than to any other nation in Christendom.

But we know that nations, like men, may live to the fullness of their time, or perish prematurely for want of guidance or through internal disorders. Viewing, therefore, the causes which threaten our national existence, most if not all of which are directly traceable to moral decadence among our people, may we not profitably inquire into the remedy for these evils? That these have grown and increased, in spite of the influence of churches, and the possibility of children being given a religious training at home, is evident from the present social conditions.

That they could not be so alarmingly increased, augmented or prevalent, were our people as virtuous now as in the past, we think equally demonstrable. It is conceivable that even a highly educated and intelligent people may be both corrupt and immoral, as shown in the history of Greece and Rome, but it is a contradiction in terms to assert that any people with deep-seated religious convictions, based on Christ's teachings, can ever be any but a virtuous people. Catholics regard, therefore, the proper religious training of their children as essential, not only for moral perfection in the individual and in the family, but equally necessary to the formation of virtuous and patriotic citizens. Catholics regard the teachings of religion as of paramount importance to the individual and the State, and, to that end, have earnestly and conscientiously labored to adopt the most effective means of securing it.

We rightly view youth as the seed-time of life. If the ground is then tilled and watered and sown with good seed the perennial flowers of religion and virtue will bloom in the summer's sun, and their sweetness and perfume continue until winter's snow shall linger and be dissolved in the lap of an eternal spring.

Experience, human nature, the necessity of first, as lasting impressions, all teach that the seat of all that is good and bad, the source of virtue as well as vice—the human heart—shall receive the same continuous, devoted and consistent training as the human mind. The error of delaying this work, or having it imperfectly done, is fraught with such terrible consequences to the individual, the family and the State, that Catholics regard religious as superior in its claims to mere mental training. If we would, therefore, ask what have Catholics done for education, we would answer, though we might point with pride to the number and character of our schools, colleges and universities, that we have joined in holy wedlock religion and education in conformity to the eternal decrees and fitness of things; that we have produced teachers who have consecrated their lives to the work of the Divine Master, laboring to lift not only our minds but our hearts, who have struggled to emancipate us from the encroachments of a debasing materialism, who daily teach us there is something in life higher, better and more important than commerce and wealth, than poetry, eloquence and song, that spiritual life which holds us responsible for what we may do while here and accountable at last to the final Judge.

In our schools, therefore, there is taught all that is taught in others and something more. They teach not only the geography of this, but of the world beyond.

How important and beneficial such an education is, both to the in-

dividual and the State, I have endeavored imperfectly to outline. The underlying principle that distinguishes Catholic education is equally important to every other Christian denomination.

All professing Christians, be they Catholic or not, value the inestimable blessings conferred by religion in developing the men who hewed out of impenetrable forests a country, a government and a Constitution that is the envy of the world, and which, in its integrity, if preserved, assures not only to the present but to ages unborn the divine rights of civil and religious liberty. Our great achievements, our phenomenal growth, our long list of illustrious heroes, were the result of the religious spirit abiding in our people, and which found expression "in an admirable public conscience, rich in maxims of sublime morality, in laws of justice and equity, in sentiments of honor and dignity, in a profound respect for man and all that belongs to him, in a tendency to improve the condition of the many, to protect the weak and succor the unfortunate, in the indelible stamp which it has affixed on all our laws and all our institutions, and which has given us a civilization superior to that of all other civilizations, ancient or modern."

The weakening of this spirit, which we believe has occurred, is a national calamity, and the evils that must inevitably follow, if not already apparent, is due to the original vigor and strength as it existed, and which, thus far, it has been impossible to wholly obscure or destroy.

If religion, then, was the fruitful product of so much good, what other remedy so effective can be suggested for renewing the original energy of the nation? And, in what manner can this be more effectually accomplished than by properly training our youth? Feeling, as we do, that time and the sense of justice that ever abides in the American people will, sooner or later, bear testimony to the sincerity and value of the principle for which Catholics contend, we will patiently bear our present burdens, subject ourselves to the misrepresentation of those who will not understand us, and continue to uphold the principle that we shall not sacrifice the moral to the mental well being of our youth.

This idea, or principle, which we believe will finally meet with the assent and approval of all thoughtful and right minded men, is the Catholic contribution to education. This does not, let us repeat, place itself in antagonism to our public schools, nor does it, in any way, include the right of the State to teach religion. The latter would, to that extent, be a union of Church and State, to which in this country, where religious freedom is guaranteed, we, as American Catholics, are unalterably opposed.

The objection that this principle is opposed to the State is an old one, and was answered by Christ himself, when, in the Temple, he took the Roman coin, and enunciated the cardinal and guiding principle of civic rights and duties, by requiring tribute to Cæsar "of things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's."

That some will be found who, opposed to all religion, will not regard our contribution to education as valuable we know, but for those who believe in Christianity, be they Catholic or Protestant, no logical reason can be suggested why they should oppose the principle for which we contend.

When we find arranged against Christianity all the forces of irreligion—forces most powerful and unrelenting—having a single bond of union, hostility to religion, should the time of Christians be taken up in bitter strife among themselves, instead of directing their strength against the common enemy? What a striking parallel in our present attitude and that so graphically described by Scott in his "Talisman" of the spirit that filled the allied Christian princess before the walls of Jerusalem.

After years of preparation, after months of long and dreary marches, after suffering and untold hardships, with ranks already

decimated by the assaults of the eneny, they stood before the city of their God, which they had sworn should be wrested from the Saracen's hands. Instead of marching on the city, which the rank and file were anxious to do, they spent the time in vainly discussing as to who among them was, by right of precedence, entitled to lead the Christian hosts. After days thus spent by Richard the lion hearted, Philip of France, and Leopold of Austria, in useless wrangling, the debate was happily terminated by their uniting in a sentiment which we now adopt as our own, and which led the Christian hosts to victory: "In the face of our common enemy, let our quarrels be those of the past—to-day let each lead his own, and hereafter let him take precedence who shall carry furthest into the ranks of the enemy the Banner of the Cross."

The Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, of Boston, Mass., was introduced by Archbishop Feehan in the following words:

The Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, of Boston, will now address you, ladies and gentlemen, on "Patriotism—a Sequence of Catholic Education."

ADDRESS OF THOMAS J. GARGAN, OF BOSTON, MASS., AT CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

SUBJECT: CATHOLICITY AND PATRIOTISM.

I have been invited to speak to you on "Catholicity and Patriotism," and what more appropriate time than this to speak, when we are celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the great Catholic discoverer who made this Republic possible, and in this city, where the courage of our Catholic fellow citizens, acting as peace officers during the anarchistic disturbances, was put to its supremest test to uphold and maintain the doctrine of the founders of our constitution, "That this should be a government of laws and not of men." Catholicity and patriotism seem to me synonymous terms. What do we mean by Catholic? We mean universal, whole, liberal, not narrow minded. What is the end and aim of Catholicity? The happiness and eternal welfare of mankind. What is Patriotism? Love of country. The passion which aims to serve one's country. What is the end and aim, then, of patriotism? The prosperity and welfare of one's country. It is true, the end of Catholicity is the welfare of all mankind, while patriotism is defined to be the welfare of one's country; yet they are not inconsistent, for Catholicity teaches that we are to "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." In other words, we owe our duty and allegiance in all temporal matters, to properly instituted, authorized and organized government. We, as Catholics and citizens of the United States, yield, in our love and devotion to the country and its institutions, to no other organization or body of men; and we may be pardoned if at this time we indulge somewhat in retrospection.

De Toqueville, in his Democracy of America, and Bryce in his American Commonwealth, agree that the government of the United States had its origin in the New England town meeting, where exists to-day the best form of Democratic government; yet the idea of the town meeting came from Catholic Normandy, where it was the custom from the earliest history of the church after the last mass on Sunday, when the congregation was dismissed, to assemble on the common or green in front of the church and discuss the questions of new roads, and to fix the local rates and taxes, and to debate all matters appertaining to the material welfare of the people of the parish. The Normans, after the conquest, established this same custom in England, and the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonists brought over this idea to America. And thus we have in this Catholic custom the germ of

our whole system of Democratic government, the foundation stone on which our Union is builded.

Need I recall to you the early history of our country, or the events which led up to the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence? We cannot forget that Magna Charta, won from King John, of England, was the precursor, of that declaration, and that the great charter of England was won by the Catholic Archbishop Langton, who on the field of Runnymede administered the oath by which the barons and two thousand knights, esquires, and followers bound themselves "to conquer or die in defence of their liberties." The same liberties which were afterwards proclaimed and set forth in the immortal declaration and the bill of rights. That the subject should be secure in his person, liberty, and property; that he should not be deprived of either without due process of law; that the courts should no longer follow the person of the king, but be held in some certain place confirmed to all cities and towns, the enjoyment of their ancient liberties according to the terms of their charters and reaffirmed the rights of trial by jury. Thus, five hundred and fifty years before the Declaration of American Independence the spirit of catholicity, as expressed by Archbishop Langton, compelled King John to grant larger liberties to the people of England. The great charter was the dawn, the Declaration of Independence the full noon of liberty's day. In the events preceding the birth of the United States, the Catholics of the colonies were true patriots mindful of the teachings of catholicity. Catholic Maryland, the first of the colonies to grant civil and religious liberty to all settlers, gave aid and comfort to Massachusetts in her agitation against taxation without representation, and early in the struggle, Father John Carroll, afterwards bishop of Baltimore, went on a diplomatic mission to Canada to secure aid of the French colonists, a mission which would have been successful in adding Canada to our Union if it were not for some New England Burchards of those days. In one of the colonial congresses, prior to the Declaration of Independence, much was said about the doctrine of the divine rights of kings, when a Catholic patriot arose and said: "What about the divine rights of the people," and anybody who reads carefully the proceedings of the congresses and conventions must be struck with the wisdom of the utterances and the catholic spirit of the men who framed this government of ours. A government which Lord Brougham said: "Was the wisest and best government ever devised by the ingenuity of men."

The framers of our government were not mere theorists and experimenters. They were men who had thought seriously and soundly upon the great problems before them. They were men not unfamiliar with the teachings of the early Catholic philosophers and doctors, for when they proclaimed the doctrine that all government rests upon the consent of the governed, they had to sustain such authorities as Saint Thomas Aquinas, the great doctor, who says "that the ruler has not the power of making law except in as much as he bears the power of the multitude." And Sir Thomas More, in spite of King Henry VIII., maintained that the King held his crown by Parliamentary title, and Suarez taught "Whenever civil power is found in one man or legitimate prince by ordinary right it came from the people and community, either proximately or remotely; it cannot be otherwise possessed so as to be just," and Bellarmine says: "Divine right gave the power to no particular man; it, therefore, gave the power to the multitude." Is there a Catholic who can read without a patriotic thrill the original document of the Declaration of Independence? While venerating the memory of all who did and dared so much that this government of ours, founded upon manhood, suffrage, might exist, we recall with affection the memory of Charles Carroll, who affixed "of Carrollton" to his signature in that instrument that there might be no mistake as to his identity and that he might bear the

full consequences of his act, believing that if death were to be the penalty for his devotion to a righteous cause, "The fittest place for man to die is where he dies for man."

It would be invidious in me to single out names to show the patriotism of Catholics during those seven eventful years of toil and battle for the independence of our country. Washington bore testimony in his letter to his Catholic fellow-countrymen to their bravery and fidelity to the American cause, and to erase the names and deeds of Catholics from the history of our struggle to become a nation, would be to erase from the annals of our country's history some of its brightest pages. During all this critical period, after the peace of Versailles and preceding the formation of the Federal Constitutions, the patriotism of the Catholics of the United States was conspicuous. Nor was it less so during the war of 1812, where notably our victories upon the sea placed us in the front rank of naval powers. Nor could there have been a more complete answer to the slanders against Catholics as patriots than was afforded in the war against Mexico, a so-called Catholic nation—a war that was in many of the States an unpopular war; yet the Catholics followed the flag of their country on every battlefield, from Reseca de la Palma to the City of Mexico, and, while there are many Catholic names worthy of mention, I recall only the name of General Shields, conspicuous for bravery and gallantry not only in Mexico, but in our late war, a Catholic patriot, the hero of two wars and one who has had the distinguished honor of having served the United States as Senator from three States in the Union.

Faithful in three great struggles for the maintenance of their country's honors, where should we expect to find the Catholics of the United States in that great conflict which threatened the destruction of the Union? Perhaps if the framers of the Declaration of Independence had not omitted that clause in the Declaration intending the abolition of the slave trade, civil war might have been averted; a clause which Mr. Jefferson said was struck out in compliance to South Carolina and Georgia, and not without tenderness to some of our northern brethren, who, although they had very few slaves themselves, were very considerable carriers of them to others; yet, when that conflict came, much as it was deplored, while many recognized that the logic and the law and the constitution leaned in the direction of the legal existence of slavery, the logic and the law went down before the appeal to humanity; and when one of the States of the Union committed that supreme act of folly, firing on the flag of our country, the uprising of the people of the North was almost universal; Catholic and non-Catholic forgot all differences of politics and creed in the common danger that threatened us. The Puritan and the Catholic marched shoulder to shoulder; and on every battlefield of the late war where battle was fought or blood was shed, the Catholic soldiers fought, and bled, and died, with a courage and heroism not surpassed by any others; and they have bequeathed a rich legacy of patriotism to posterity, and have left memories and traditions to their children and children's children, with which history will indissolubly bind them to the soil forever; and the names of such brave Catholic soldiers as Sheridan, Rosecranz, Shields, Mulligan, and Corcoran, will be remembered so long as men love and are ready to die for the flag of their country; and so long as will spring in human hearts a responsive throb at the rehearsal of brave deeds, their fame will be secure in the United States of America. Not only on the field of battle, but in the councils of the country did Catholics furnish abundant evidence of patriotism. The clergy and the laity vied with each other, and the late Mr. Seward, our Secretary of State, under Mr. Lincoln, told me, a few years before his death, that no greater service was rendered by any one man for his country than had been rendered by the late Archbishop of New York, on his diplomatic mission to France in the early days of the rebellion; a patriotic service

for which this country would always be grateful, and which could never be repaid.

Nor will the American people forget the piety and devotion of the Catholic priests, the chaplains in the field, who shared in the dangers and hardships of the camp and the battlefield, administering, under the hottest fire of battle, the last consolation of religion to the dying. No march was too long, no cold too severe, no sun too hot, to deter these soldiers of the cross, and they have added a new lustre to the name of Catholics. Nor should we be unmindful of those noble women of the Catholic sisterhoods, "Angels of Mercy," as the soldiers of all creeds and of no creed call them; who in the field and in the hospitals soothed and comforted the sick and wounded and whispered words of hope and comfort to the dying soldier, actuated by that same spirit of love which inspired the divine mother at the foot of the cross of her son, where, nearly two thousand years ago, for the eternal instruction of the generations, the human law nailed the divine. With such examples and such evidence before us that Catholicity and patriotism in this country have walked together hand in hand, what is our duty as Catholics and patriots in our day and generation? We may not live in times when our services are called for on the battlefield, yet we must remember, that every privilege that we enjoy has been obtained by battle of some kind. What are the dangers that confront this Republic? Can a government founded upon manhood suffrage be maintained if the voters are not educated, and know nothing of the origin and early history of our government? Can it be maintained if in the system of education the youth receives no moral training? Will it live if men of education and property stand aloof, and by their silence and inaction allow ignorance and corruption to dominate?

To quote Jeremy Taylor "I cannot but think as Aristotle (liber 6) did of Thales and Anaxagoras that they may be learned but not wise, or, wise but not prudent when they are ignorant of such things as are profitable to them. For suppose they know the wonders of nature, and the subtleties of metaphysics and operations mathematical, yet they cannot be prudent to spend themselves wholly on unprofitable and ineffective contemplation." Are there not grave questions affecting the future of our Country requiring the active participation of Catholics and Patriots? Is there no menace and danger to our form of government in the concentration of population in the great cities of the Union? Are we not creating the causes or do some of them already exist that produced the French Revolution? I am not a pessimist; I am willing to trust the common people who saved this Union in the dark days from 1861 to 1865. Corruption has not vitiated the masses; it has to some extent poisoned our legislative bodies; we ought therefore as Catholics and Patriots to begin our reforms there; carefully scrutinize all expenditures of the public moneys; watch the actions of corporations, who by their very organizations are grasping and desirous of controlling municipal bodies and legislatures. We know that much of the discontent and unrest has arisen in our Country since the advent of great corporations. While the people have been benefited by cheap and rapid transit, and many articles have been made cheaper by the co-operation of capital; yet since the displacement of the individual employer, the individual laborer has been correspondingly depressed and degraded; under individual employers there was a personal sympathy with the employe; this has been lost under the corporation system. The man feels that he is looked upon as a mere piece of machinery, of no use except to earn dividends for stockholders, who live in cities, towns, and even countries far distant from his own, and in many instances endeavor to escape their fair share of taxation and place the burden on the working man.

In the last thirty years have we not looked on in silence and indifference when corporations have succeeded in inducing legislatures

to grant them power to increase their capital without adding any value to their original plant; have we not permitted the creation of fictitious indebtedness, and upon these fictitious values the masses of the people have been called upon to pay interest in the increased cost of all the necessaries of life? Is there not cause for the present condition of our country deeper than the depression of silver, requiring the thoughtful consideration of every patriot? Patriotic duty demands that we should visit all persons found guilty of dishonesty in public office with the severest penalties, and render them incapable of holding positions of public trust. Let the quality of our condemnation be not strained, but be visited on him that gives as well as on him that takes the bribe. Ours is the age of thought. We are living at the end of the nineteenth contury, when every appeal to the enlightened conscience of the people receives thoughtful consideration. I have yet to meet with an intelligent and thoughtful non-Catholic American citizen, who has read the Encyclical letter of Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., on the Labor question, who has not expressed his unqualified approval of its spirit and sentiments, and has not hesitated to say that a Catholic who followed the advice and teachings could not be anything but a patriot and a good American citizen.

We observe, then, that the Catholic cause progressess and the world moves. As Catholics and patriots it is our duty to keep step with the march of the age. We must jealously guard our institutions and the principles of our government. Let us remember that the chief provisions of our constitution are absolute freedom of religion, the right of the citizen to keep and bear arms, compensation for private property taken for public uses, trial by jury according to the common law, and that all powers not delegated by the United States nor prohibited by the constitution to the States are reserved to the States respectively or to the people thereof. Catholicity and patriotism command us to maintain and uphold these principles. Catholicity, which declares that all men are equal in the sight of God, will not refuse to acknowledge that all citizens are equal in the eyes of the law. Let us not forget that self-government politically depends upon self-government personally. Law has not an atom of strength unless public opinion endorses it. We must do our share to arouse that proper public spirit necessary to insure the perpetuity of our institutions. "I have an ambition," said Lord Chatham; "it is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have inherited from my ancestors." Such an ambition should be ours. We can never pay the debt to the generations that have preceded us, but the generations to come will hold us responsible for the sacred trust delegated to our keeping. May the generations to come be able to say truthfully of us, as we now say of those who preceded us in their day and generation, they deserved well of their country and their God.

The Rt. Rev. J. L Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria and President Catholic Educational Exhibit then addressed the audience as follows:

It is not my intention to make an address. After the discourses which you have heard, anything I might say would be superfluous.

I wish, however, as having had the privilege of taking an active part in bringing about the succes of the Catholic exhibit in the Columbian Exposition, to say, that, though its success is due, of course, to the prelates who first set the enterprise afoot, and to the orders who so gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to bring their work, as far as such a thing can be done, before the great American public,—I wish to say that its success, nevertheless, is due to Brother Maurelian more than to any other man. And it is for the purpose of saying this, more than for

any other reason, that I have presumed to present myself before this audience.

I will say that I am persuaded that our Catholic educational system is great proof of the vitality of our religion here in the United States, more than anything else we have done or are doing. The sacrifices we make, and the success with which we meet, in giving to nearly a million of Catholic children, an education which is at once intellectual, moral, physical, and religious, proves the living force of our faith. We do that at the sacrifice of money; we do it because the people—the multitude of Catholics are in sympathy with us.

It is the fashion to talk as though bishops and priests exercised an almost omnipotence over the people. I tell you where a mighty achievement, such as the Catholic educational system of the United States, exists, it does not exist through the power of the priesthood alone; it exists because the great heart of the people beats God-ward. The people stand back of us. The hundreds of thousands of young women, who go forth from happy homes, turning away from worldly love and domestic bliss, go, believing that it is a God-like thing to rear children for Heaven, even as it is a holy thing to bring them forth to be citizens and patriots here on earth.

This system of ours is an opportunity of our religious life. What does "America" mean? It means boundless opportunities. That is the only meaning I have for America. If it be better than any other land, it is because here is a fuller opportunity to bring forth whatever makes man God-like—what makes him intelligent, moral, religious, praying, true, loving, beautiful and fair—opportunity. That is America.

Freedom is but an opportunity to make one's self a man or a woman. Wealth is but opportunity for larger life. Physical strength is but opportunity to to bring out the spirit of man, which is like God.

Here (holding in right hand a cablegram) the wires have flashed across the ocean the glad tidings that Home Rule has passed.

What, in the name of God, is Home Rule but opportunity for Ireland and Irishmen to come out before the world and free themselves?

But I am not going to make a speech.

I wish to have the privilege of introducing to this audience Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who is to greet you in the name of the Lady Managers of the World's Fair.

MRS. ISABELLA HOOKER'S ADDRESS.

Holy fathers—beloved sisters—of the Holy Mother Church: I greet you first in my own name, because I come of a family that believes in freedom—in the right of speech, in the right of thought, and in that deep love for religion and morality for which this mother church is found throughout the centuries. If our Board of Lady Managers were in session I am sure they would have, in a body, officially, welcomed you to the gates of this beautiful White City.

Mrs. Hooker concluded her remarks with the following lines:

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
How Jesus came among men;
How he took little children as lambs to his fold,
I wish I had been with Him then.

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head;
That His arms had been thrown around me;
That I might have seen His kind looks when He said:
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

"But still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
For if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

PROTEST AGAINST EXHIBITING INDECENT PICTURES.

During the fall of 1892, some daily papers published illustrations and descriptions of certain sensational and objectionable paintings, and stated that they were to be exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.

The subject called for the following article from the pen of Right Reverend J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, and was published in the "Sunday Post," Chicago, January 1, 1893:

Pure Morals at World's Fair.

This is true liberty, when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise;
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace;
What can be juster in a state than this?

—EURIPIDES.

Ours is the busiest of all ages and we are the busiest people of the age. As a result, the wealth of the world is now greater than ever before, and we are rapidly becoming the richest nation in the world. What ends do our diligence and our money serve? They seem to enable us to become more diligent and to get more money. We are made the slaves of business and toil, and our wealth stifles the nobler faculties, shutting us out from the true intelligence and from the gentle usages which make life pleasant and sweet. In the midst of national prosperity there is an increasing dearth of men and women who are exalted by knowledge and virtue, who stand forth conspicuously as the intellectual and moral leaders whose speech and example enlarge and refine the life of the multitude. The feverish and absorbing pursuit of money, while it has established a great and growing inequality of possession, seems to make the rich and the poor equal in hardness, in narrowness in discontent and unintelligence. Our schools, which have helped to make us shrewd, and keen-witted, have failed to give us faith in high ideals or a sense for beauty or a love of culture.

Our material progress is a marvel to all men; our efforts to develop a nation of nobler, purer, more enlightened human beings than have ever existed elsewhere have been disappointing. This, however, is our mission, if we have a missi n, and it is encouraging to know that the best among us feel this to be so. Hence, when they turn

their thoughts to a national enterprise, such as the Chicago Columbian Exposition, they are less concerned to know what its effect upon trade and manufacture will be than what will be its religious, moral and intellectual influence.

Considered from a financial point of view, it will stimulate what does not need stimulation, but it will not help to solve any social problem growing out of inequalities in the distribution of wealth. If it is to lead to good results it must exercise an intellectual and moral influence on the millions by whom it will be visited. Returning to their homes, scattered throughout the land, they should carry with them new and fresh thoughts, deeper impulses to high and pure life. The gathering of vast multitudes in a great city inevitably leads to immorality of various kinds. What is unavoidable we accept without protest, but we have the right to demand that the municipal authorities of Chicago provide for the bodily health and well-being of its visitors by employing whatever means hygiene and sanitation may suggest; and still more that they remove, as far as possible, all temptation to wrong-doing. During the Fair the city should be cleaner than it ever has been, and its moral atmosphere should be purer. It will be crowded with the human beasts of prey who make a living by pandering to man's greed and sensual passions, and hence the laws of decency and order should be enforced with more than ordinary vigilance and severity. The amusements offered to the public outside the Exposition grounds should be of an elevating character, and the exhibition of the bodies of women in a condition more suggestive and more degrading than that of nudity, should be forbidden. Steps should also be taken to put a stop to the disgusting disfigurement of the city through the posting of indecent pictures, which tend to destroy both taste and morality. In this exposition Chicago will be taken, first of all, as a type of western life and civilization, and she must have a care that those who have persuaded themselves that the West is coarse, vulgar and material, shall not be confirmed in this opinion.

Chicago is the metropolis of a progressive, powerful and aspiring people, and there should be found nothing in it to remind us of the border town or mining camp, whose chief institutions are the saloon, the gambling hell and the brothel. As to the exposition itself, the directors and managers have repeatedly assured the public that it is to have an educational value; that its influence will be for good, both morally and intellectually. If this is to be made true, they must refuse to be guided by French standards, in the art exhibit at least, and in the character of amusemenss they offer visitors. The Paris exposition of 1889, in these two matters, certainly wat a source of corruption. Many of the paintings were fit to be hung only in a temple of Venus, and the lascivious dances which were performed every day in the Rue de Caire and in the theater on the grounds could be tolerated only among a people given over to the worship of the goddess Lubricity. Art ceases to be art when it becomes cynical and profligate, when it appeals to sensual instinct, and not to the soul. To permit the paintings of a certain French school to be shown in the exposition buil lings would be an insult to every pure woman. Nothing should be found there before which a true man may not stand without blushing by the side of his mother

or sister. The great weight of enlightened opinion favors the opening of the exposition on Sundays, but if the laborers, with their wives and daughters, are to be invited to inspect paintings and dances which one would not think it possible to find outside of the low haunts of debauchery, then no one who has at heart the welfare of his fellowmen, his country's good, can desire that the gates of the exposition be kept open Sunday or any other day.

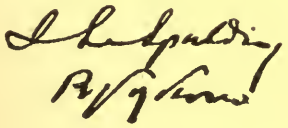
Would not the efforts to induce Congress to take the Sunday clause from its souvenir money grant be more likely to prove effective if the assurance were given by the managers that the Exposition shall in no way whatever be made to subserve the interests of the great goddess, Lubricity? The motive of the Fair directors in wishing to open the gates of Jackson Park on Sundays, has, of course, nothing to do with the lawfulness and propriety of such a proceeding. If it is right to visit the Fair on any day it is right to visit it on Sunday; and if the American people are once persuaded that whatever is objectionable to the moral sense will be kept away they will not insist on closing the Exposition against the toiling masses on the only day of the week on which they have leisure. The manifest indifference of some of the members of the board of the education exhibit has awakened the suspicion in a great many minds that the whole business will be conducted in a petty shop-keeping spirit, without regard to its intellectual and moral influence. The attractions of the Columbian Exposition will surely be great enough without such pitiful adjuncts as dance halls and obscene pictures.

Let the religious and enlightened minds of the country turn their attention to this matter; let them insist that the Exposition shall be such that it will be altogether good for man, woman and child to see it, and then there will be no sufficient reason why it should not be visited on any and all days. Those who observe, easily perceive that the danger which threatens our national life more than any other, is not drunkenness, but sexual immorality. Renan, uttering the thought of the whole French infidel school, has said that nature cares nothing for chastity, thereby implying that it is more or less a matter of indifference. Matthew Arnold says, in reply, that whatever nature may or may not care for, human nature cares for chastity, and that the worship of the great goddess Lubricity is against human nature—it is ruin. "For this," he continues, "is the test of its being against human nature, that for human societies it is ruin."

Impurity is not the only vice, but more than any other vice it stunts and mars what is high and harmonious in man; it robs the mind of noble thoughts, the heart of sweet love; it leads to hardness and insolence, to dishonesty and brutality; it feeds the beast in man and starves his soul. When a people hearken to false prophets, proclaiming that chastity is of no importance, it is lost beyond recovery. What its representatives are ready to do when opportunity is given we may learn from the disgusting disclosures of the Panama Canal scandal. It were idle to deny that the worship of the impure goddess threatens to bring calamities upon us. Who can read

the advertisements in some of our most widely circulated newspapers, who can look upon the bill-boards of our cities, reeking with vulgarity and obscenity, who can watch the proceedings of the divorce courts, who can stroll through the streets at night without being made aware that the sense of chastity is dying or dead? To add to the danger the reformers and zealots, shutting their eyes to this cankerlike and all-pervading evil, sit complacently astride some prohibition of the Sabbath hobby-horse, predicting woe if a glass of wine is sold or the gates are open on Sunday.

If the Columbian Exposition is to be a blessing and not a curse, its managers must see that it is kept pure and clean from even the suspicion of pandering to the worship of the goddess Lubricity. If it leave us less moral, less chaste; if it lead us deeper into what Huxley calls the rank and steaming valleys of sense, then, though it should bring us billions of money, there will be hopeless loss.



The repeated announcement that improper paintings were to be exhibited, caused the following form of protest to be circulated for signatures:

SOLEMN PROTEST.

Against Exhibiting Indecent Pictures at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. This Protest, with Signatures, to be Presented to the Art Committee in Chicago, March 1, 1893.

CHICAGO, ILL., February, 19, 1893.

To the Officers and Members National Commission, Executive Committee, Council of Administration and Art Committee, World's Columbian Exposition, 1893:

Free from the mercenary motives that may prompt interested persons, and actuated by a desire to keep our moral atmosphere as untainted and fresh as possible, we are impelled, for the sake of all that has moral worth in our national existence, and in the name of Religion and her daughters, Art and Piety, to enter SOLEMN PROTEST against the proposed exhibition at the World's Fair of the nude and lewdly suggestive subjects that have been made the theme for the brush and chisel of talented men, who have thus prostituted the gifts to which high Heaven has made them heir.

COLUMBIAN LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

An appeal was made to Catholic authors and publishers to contribute to the establishment of a complete library of Catholic authors in print in the English language.

The time was too limited to complete the collection. About three thousand volumes were contributed. Eight hundred and fifty-five authors whose names are known are represented in this library. Of three hundred and thirty-nine volumes the names of authors or translators are unknown.

The Jesuit Fathers of London, Rev. H. J. Coleridge and Rev. John Morris, sent 128 volumes of which the Jesuit Fathers are authors.

There are in the collection a number of French, Latin, German, Spanish, and Italian books. There are 225 autograph letters from authors and publishers, the result of correspondence concerning the Columbian Library. Many of the volumes were contributed by authors. The following publishers deserve credit for generously contributing their publications.

J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Appleton & Co., New York City; Art and Book Co., London, Eng.; Benziger Bros., New York and Chicago; Brown & Nolan, Dublin, Ireland; Catholic Publication Society, New York; W. J. Cahill, London, Eng.; Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; F. De Richmont, Watertown, N. Y.; P. F. Fletcher, London, Eng.; M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, Ire.; I. J. Griffin, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Anselm's Society, London, Eng.; Burns & Oates, London, Eng.; Blackwood & Sons, London, Eng.; Denis Lane, London, Eng.; Straker & Sons, Whitefriers, Eng.; John Hodges, London, Eng.; P. F. Cunningham & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.; McMillin & Co., New York and London; Catholic Truth Society, St. Paul, Minn.; Catholic Truth Society, London, Eng.; Patrick Fox, St. Louis, Mo.; Harper & Sons, New York; Hoffmann Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.; B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.; W. H. Allan & Co., London, Eng.; Kegan Paul, Trench. Trubner & Co.; H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Lee & Shepherd, Boston, Mass.: McGrath & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. B. McDevitt, Dublin, Ireland; McClurg & Co.; Chicago, Ill.; Frank P. Murphy, Baltimore, Md.; David Nutt, London, Eng.; P. O'Shea, New York.; Rev. John E. O'Brien, Cambridge, Mass.; F. Pustet & Co., New York.; Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sealy, Byrnes & Walker, London, Eng.; D. & J. Sadlier, New York; Sullivan Bros., Dublin, Ireland; C. L. Webster & Co., New York, and Fredrick Warne & Co., London, Eng.

The following magazines were sent in sets or parts of sets:

"St. Joseph's Advocate," "Georgetown College Journal," "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society," "Quarterly Bulletin of the American Catholic Historical Society," "Researches of the American Catholic Historical Society," "Der Armen Seelen Freund," "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," "Pilgrim of Our Lady of Lourdes," "The Dublin Review," "St. Joseph's," "The Marygold," "The Rosary," "St. Franziskus Bote," "Poor Soul's Advocate," "The Month," "Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," "The Little Bee," "Ave Maria," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Sacred Heart Review," "Annals of St. Joseph," "Catholic Reading Circle Review," "The Owl," "Catholic Youth's Magazine," "Catholic Family Annual."

The Columbian Library of Catholic Authors has been placed with the "Catholic Historical Collections of America," at Notre Dame, Ind., and will form part of the "Catholic Reference Library of America." The original idea of a complete collection of Catholic Authors will thus be carried out, as there are already in this Reference Library of Notre Dame thousands of rare volumes of which copies could not be secured during the brief period of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

APPRECIATION OF EXHIBITS.

The kind words of appreciation received from the World's Fair Officials, Educators, Foreign Commissioners, the Press and Visitors, is a source of gratification and of encouragement to the Projectors, Managers, Patrons and Pupils of all our Catholic schools.

Letter from Director-General Geo. R. Davis, Commissioner.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
OFFICE OF THE
DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE EXPOSITION.
504 Rand-McNally Building.

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A., April 17, 1894.

BROTHER MAURELIAN,
Secretary and Manager Catholic Educational Exhibit,
World's Columbian Exposition.

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the catalogue of the Catholic Educational Exhibit, which you were kind enough to send me, and beg leave to compliment you on the complete and attractive form in which it has been issued.

I embrace this occasion to also express my appreciation of your most satisfactory management of the affairs of the Catholic Educational Exhibit in its dealings with the Exposition. Considering the extent of interests involved, it has been conducted with noteworthy smoothness and order—thanks to your own excellent judgment and executive ability, and the wisdom and experience of the distinguished Catholics throughout the world, who lent their powerful influence and aid.

Occupying about one-sixth of the entire space set apart for educational purposes, in the department of Liberal Arts, and embracing subjects in range from the kindergarten to the university, the exhibit constituted a complete representation of the Catholic educational institutions of the country, and also contained much that was interesting from abroad. It has been seen by hundreds of thousands of visitors from abroad, and may be regarded as one of the marked successes of the exposition.

The efforts put forth to secure this result were in the highest degree gratifying to the management. Indeed, the flattering interest evinced toward the entire exposition by His Holiness in Rome, has been the cause for great congratulation, and the favorable disposition of the Vatican, manifested in various ways, has been regarded as an important factor in furthering our own efforts and contributing to the general success of the undertaking.

Wishing you a long life of continued usefulness and successful achievement, I have the honor to remain, with great respect, Yours very truly,

GEO. R. DAVIS, Director-General.

Letter from Right Reverend J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, and President of the Catholic Educational Exhibit, to Brother Maurelian, Secretary and Manager.

My Dear Brother Maurelian: Your final report, made to me, as President of the Catholic Educational Exhibit, at the World's Columbian Exposition, is evidence of the intelligence and earnestness with which this enterprise has been undertaken and brought to end. Of your zeal and unflagging interest in the work, the success of which depended, in so large a measure upon you, I need not speak. To have done well is enough, is more than praise. The ends for which the Exhibit was made have been attained. It was made possible by the generous co-operation of those who are engaged or interested in Catholic Education, in whatever part of the country, and had it done nothing more than show how united these willing workers are, the gain would not be small. In presenting the results of their labors to the world, in so far as this is possible in an Exposition, they proved their confidence in the worth of what they are doing and their desire to submit its value to the test of enlightened criticism. Not to know our educational work, our system and methods, is henceforth inexcusable. No one now, who respects himself, will affirm that our parish schools are inferior to the public schools, or that our teachers in appealing to the heart, the conscience and the imagination, lose sight of the importance of quickening and training the mental faculties. In the Catholic Directory for 1894, 768,498 pupils are reported as attending our parochial schools, and the number is rapidly increasing. When we consider that our school system is a work of conscience, which involves a very large expenditure of money and labor, it may be held to be, from a moral standpoint, the most important fact in our national life. For various reasons it is worthy the attention of enlightened and patriotic minds. It is the only elementary education in the United States which holds to the traditional belief that the morals of a people can be rightly nourished and sustained only by r ligious faith. Whether a purely secular system of education will not prove fatal to reli ious faith is as yet a matter of doubt, it being in no way doubtful that the basis of popular government is popular virtue. What Catholics then are thus doing deserves consideration, though it be looked at as an experiment or as a survival of what is destined soon to pass away. Indeed, the best people in America, if the case be presented simply as it is here presented feel an interest akin to sympathy in Catholic schools: and our position is really altogether plain and simple. We believe that religion is an essential element of human life, and therefore of human education, and we establish and maintain schools in which we strive to put this belief into practice.

We do this as a matter of conscience, and without ulterior views. In this country, at least, Catholics claim and exercise a large freedom of opinion, and hence we are not surprised to find among them, men who have plans and schemes for

COLUMBUS SOLICITING AID OF ISABELLA

LANDING OF COLUMBUS

ISABELLA PLEDGING HER JEWELS

COLUMBUS ANNOUNCING HIS DISCOVERY

FLEET OF COLUMBUS

COLUMBUS PRESENTING NATIVES

COLUMBUS IN SIGHT OF LAND

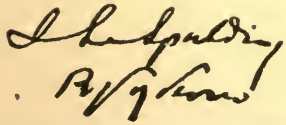
COLUMBUS DESCRIBING THIRD VOYAGE

the overcoming of whatever difficulties; but the church is not responsible for their views and does not commit itself to them. If here and there a compromise has been proposed with the purpose of getting support from the public moneys, or agitation for a system of denominational schools has been recommended, this has been done by individuals, who have never succeeded in gaining a numerous following. The Church has contented itself with urging the establishment and support of parish schools. Double taxation for education is, of course, a grievance; but the Catholics of the United States believe in free schools for all, and since the religious condition of the country is such that denominationalism could not be introduced into the State schools, without risk of ruin, they are willing to bear the burthen of a double school tax; and, with few exceptions, they have no desire to introduce this question into politics. What they have been doing with constantly increasing success, they are content to continue to do—to build and maintain their own schools.

Among the good results springing from the Catholic Exhibit, not the least, is the impression we have received of the extent and efficiency of our parish school system. We thence derive new zeal and confidence. The revelation of what we have done becomes a promise and a prophecy of what we shall do. We feel the work is great enough and holy enough to command our best efforts. We resolve to concentrate them upon the upbuilding of a system of more effective religious education, persuaded, that we thus most surely promote the interests both of the Church and the State. This is our task, and anything that might divert us from fulfilling it, is to be put aside as evil. We love our religion and our country well enough to be glad to make sacrifices for both.

Another result of the Exhibit is a better acquaintance of Catholic teachers with one another, and with the various methods of our schools. The bringing together the work of the different orders and of numberless individuals has been an objective lesson of real value. Our labor and expense would not have been in vain had e done nothing else than give to the members of our religious-teaching orders a unique opportunity to study the work of the Catholic Schools. Nothing in the World's Fair appeared to me more beautiful or more inspiring than the groups of Catholic sisters, to be seen at all times, in the booths of the Exhibit, wholly intent upon learning whatever there was to be learned. From that little space a spirit of enthusiasm, a desire for excellence, has been carried throughout the land, into the schoolrooms of a thousand cities and towns. Many a one who, in some remote village, felt lonely and half discouraged in what seemed to be unavailing work, became conscious of belonging to a great army of men and women who bring strength to souls and light to minds. The whole country, in fact, is indebted to us; for the zealous and energetic efforts of the managers of the Catholic Exhibit had not a little to do with the appropriation of the large sums of money and the allotment of the great space, devoted to educational matters, at the Columbian Exposition. Your report, my dear Brother, is a fitting memorial of a noble and fruitful work.

Affectionately and sincerly yours,



PEORIA, July 19, 1894.

President of the Catholic Educational Exhibit.

All then rose and sang the Te Deum (Holy God, We Praise Thy Name), to an organ accompaniment by Mr. Harrison Wilde, after which the audience adjourned to visit the Catholic Educational Exhibit in the southeast gallery of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

On the stage were the following prelates, clergy and persons:

Mt. Rev. P. A. Feehan, Chicago.
Mt. Rev. P. J. Ryan, Philadelphia.
Mt. Rev. J. J. Hennessy, Dubuque.
Mt. Rev. F. J. Katzer, Milwaukee.
Rt. Rev. J. Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria and President Catholic Educational Exhibit.
Rt. Rev. M. J. Burke, St. Joseph, Mo.
Rt. Rev. J. Janssens, Belleville, Ill.
Rt. Rev. Silas Chatard, Vincennes.
Rt. Rev. Thos. Heslin, Natchez. Miss.
Rt. Rev. C. B. Maes, Covington, Ky.
Rev. Canon Bruchesi, Commissioner for the Province of Quebec, Catholic Educational Exhibit.
Rev. Father McGuire, Chicago, rector St. James' school.
Rev. Brother Maurelian, F. S. C., Secretary and Manager Catholic Educational Exhibit.
Rev. Bro. Paulian, F. S. C., president Christian Brothers' College, St. Louis, Mo.
Rev. Bro. Emery, F. S. C., Assistant Provincial Christian Brothers.
Rev. Bro. Felix, F. S. C., Vice-President Christian Brothers' College, St. Louis, Mo.
Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Chancellor of the archdiocese of Chicago.
Ex-Gov. Hoyt, of the Bureau of Awards.
Dr. S. H. Peabody, chief of Liberal Arts.
Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, New York.
Hon. Thomas Gargan, Boston.
Hon. Jno. Hyde, Chicago.
Prof. J. E. Edwards, Notre Dame University.
John D. Crimmins, New York.
Rev. Andrew Morrissy, Pres. Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.
Gen. John Eaton.
Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker and Mrs. Mulligan, of the Board of Lady Managers.

A very large number of the Reverend Clergy, Brothers of Teaching Orders, and about 900 members of the various sisterhoods were in the Auditorium.

An effort was made to secure the names of all of the Reverend clergy present. The following names were obtained:

Rev. F. X. Antill, C. M., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. B. Baldi, O. S., Chicago, Ill.
Bro. Baldwin, F. S. C., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. J. A. Balthasard, Quebec, Can.
Rev. F. J. Barry.
Rev. M. E. Begley, Boston, Mass,
Rev. Alphonsus Bergeur, O. S. F. Quincy, Ill.
Rev. A. L. Bergeron, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Alfred Belanger, C. S. V. Chicago, Ill.
Bro. Bernard Leimkuhler, Dayton, O.
Rev. Mariames Beyerle, O. S. B. Decatur, Ala.
Rev. P. J. McDonney.
Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O. S. B.
Rev. S. P. McDowell, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Thos. McLaughlin, Whitehall, N. Y.
Rev. P. A. McLaughlin, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Thos. McMillan, New York N. Y.
Rev. D. J. McNamee, Aurora, Ill.
Rev. C. Mahe, Lake Providence, La.
Rev. Bede, Maler, O. S. B., St. Meinrad's Abbey, Ind.
Rev. Thos. F. Mangan, Joliet, Ill.
Bro. Max, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. M. Meagher.

Rev. P. L. Biermann, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. B. Biermann, Newport, Ky.
Rev. Francis Bobal, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. G. Boll, Crete, Neb.
Rev. J. B. Bourassa, Pullman, Ill.
Rev. J. A. M. Brosseau, Montreal, Can.
Rev. P. R. Bulfin, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. P. F. Burke, Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. Edm. Byrnes.
Bro. Calixtus, F. S. C.
Rev. T. F. Galligan, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Louis A. Campbell, Austin, Ill.
Rev. J. J. Carroll, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. J. P. Carroll, Dubuque, Ia.
Rev. J. J. Cassidy, Brooklyn, Ia.
Rev. J. F. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill.
Rev. P. A. Clancy.
Rev. N. Chartieu, Canada.
Rev. J. Chundelak, Omaha, Neb.
Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C. Notre Dame, Ind.
Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., Chicago.
Rev. R. Coyle, Jamestown, N. Y.
Rev. M. T. Crane, Avoca, Pa.
Rev. H. Crevier, O. S., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. John H. Crowe,
Rev. Delisle, Quebec.
Rev. Dr. DeParadis, Coal City, Ill.
Rev. J. J. Denison, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Jno. Dogherty, Norfolk, Va.
Bro. Domuan, F, S. C.
Rev. M. J. Dorney, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. N. Dreher, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Thos. Drum, A. D.M., Mullinga, Ireland.
Rev. E. J. Dunn, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. J. F. Durin, W. De Pere, Wis.
Rev. C. J. Eckert, Chester, Ill.
Bro. Edward, F. S. C.
Rev. Jno. Egan, Belwood, Ill,
Bro. Fidelian, F. S. C., Chicago, Ill.
Rt. Rev. Mgr. Fetu, Quebec, Can.
Rev. Jno. S. Finn, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Bro. Fink, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. P. Fischer, Chicago. Ill.
Rev. C. P. Foster, Joliet, Ill.
Rev. J. E. Foucher, C. S. V. Quebec, Can.
Rev. Cyrille Fournier, C. S. V.
Rev. T. J. A. Freeman, S. J., New York.
Rev. J. Friolo.
Rev. Jas. A. Gallagher, Clinton, Ia.
Rev. J. B. Galvin, Boston, Mass.
Rev. G. C. Gamache, Detroit, Mich.
Rev. J. Gernest, Southbridge.
Rev. Geo. Geigler, D. D. West Burlington, Iowa.
Rev. Jos. Glenon, Hyde Park.
Rev. Bro. Geo Meyer, S. M., Dayton, O.
Rev. Jos. Molitor, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. P. C. Moormann, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. E. M. Nattini, Council Bluffs, Ia.
Rev. Maximilian Neumann, O. S. F., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. P. Prokop Neuzil, O. S. B.
Rev. M. Nevin.
Louis E. Newell, S. J., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Pius Niermann, O. S. F., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. P. Nolte, O. S. F., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. J. Van den Noort, Putnam, Conn.
Rev. A. Numicki, South Chicago, Ill.
Rev. M. J. O'Dwyer.
Rev. T. F. O'Gara, Wilmington.
Rev. Thos. O'Neil, S. J.
Rev. A. O'Neill, S. J., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Jos. H. O'Niell, Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. Denis T. O'Sullivan, Woodstock, Md.
Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. W. J. Peil, Manitowoc, Wis.
Rev. H. Picherit, Vicksburg, Miss.
Bro. Pius, F. S. C., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. F. S. Plante, Minneapolis, Minn.
Rev. V. E. Richmond.
Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C.
Rev. P. H. Riley, Cambridgeport, Mass.
Rev. D. J. Riordan, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. E. V. Rivard, C. S. S., Bourbannais, Ill.
Rev. Ant. Rossbach, Cassville, Wis.
Rev. A. Rousseau.
Rev. Jos. Ruesing, West Point, Neb.
Rev. F. J. Saxer, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. J. M. Schafer, Chicago, Ill.
Rev, A. P. H. Schacken, Patterson, N. J.
Bro. Bernard Schub, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Benj. Schmittdiel, Monroe, Mich.
Rev. Thos. Scully, Boston, Mass.
Rev. Jos. Selinger, D. D.
Rev. Jas. Sheil.
Rev. T. E. Shields, St. Paul, Minn.
Rev. A. Snigurski, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. J. R. Slatterly. Baltimore, Md.
Rev. E. M. Smith, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Anthony B. Stuber, Cleveland, O.
Rev. J. J. Sullivan, California.
Rev. A. J. Thiele.
Rev. D. A. Tighe, Chicago.

Rev. J. J. Gormully, Renovo, Pa.
Rev. F. E. Hannigan, New York.
Rev. J. A. Hamel.
Rev. Wm. Hein, O. S. B. Chicago, Ill.
Bro. Geo. Heintz.
Rev. G. D. Heldmann, Chicago, Ill.
Bro. Henry, S. M. Chicago, Ill.
Rev. W. S. Hennessy, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. N. J. Hitchcock, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. M. J. Hoban, Scranton, Pa.
Rev. J. E. Hogan, Harvard, Ill.
Rev. P. N. Jacgar O. S. B.
Rev. Alex. Jacovits, Greek Priest, Streator, Ill.
Bro. John, S. M.
Bro Joseph, F. S. C.
Bro. Julius, F. S. C.
Bro. Justinian, Chicago, Ill.
Bro. Albert Kaiser, Chicago, Ill.
Bro. John Kautz.
Rev. H. B. Kelley, Marengo, Ill.
Rev. Chas. S. Kemper, Nat'l Military Home, Ohio.
Rev. John F. Kemper, Adair, Ia.
Rev. W. Kockuik, O. S B. Chicago, Ill.
Bro. Chas. Koetzner, Chicago, Ill.
Bro. Jos. A Kress, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. A. La Chance.
Rev. D. I. Lanslot, O. S. B. Pawhuska, O. T.
Rev. D. J. Larkin, Dayton, Tenn,
Bro. Jos. Lattner, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Bro. Leo, F. S. C., Feehanville, Ill.
Rev. J. S. La Sage, Brighton Park, Ill.
Rev. M. J. Lochemes, St. Francis, Wis.
Rev. M. Tatu, Quebec, Can.
Rev. August Tolton, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. B. Torka, O. S. F., Harbor Springs, Mich.
Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, Detroit, Mich.
Rev. H. G. Van Pelt., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. E. J, Vattermann, Ft. Sheridan, Ill., (U. S. Army).
Rev. Dominie Wagner, St. Joseph, Mo.
Rev. John A. Waldron, Dayton, O.
Rev. J. T. Walsh, Stanford, Conn.
Bro. Mart. Werheburg, Chicago, Ill.
Bro. Willebrord, O. S. B., Muscogee, Ind. Ty.
Rev. J. H. O'Neil, Philadelphia.
Rev. J. B. Galvin, Boston.
Rev. J. Chundelak, Omaha, Neb.
Rev. J. P. Carroll, Dubuque, Ia.
Rev.J. A. Balshsard, Quebec, Can.
Rev. J. E, Foucher, Quebec, Can.
Rev. V. Chartier, Quebec, Can.
Rev. John T. Walsh, Stamford, Conn.
Rev. D. F. Dunn, Depere, Wis.
Bro. Abban, F. S. C.
Bro. Adjutor, F. S. C., Chicago.
Bro. Adjutor, F. S. C., New York.
Bro. Ambrose, F. S. C., Chicago.
Bro. Andrew, F. S, C., Chicago.
Bro. August, Chicago.
Bro. Quintinian, New York.
Rev. J. McCarthy.
Rev. Canon McCarthy, Ottawa, Can.
Rev. C. McCarthy, Cahvicireen, Ireland.
Rev. R. F. Sylvester, O. S. F., Superior, Wis.

The train conveying His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburgh, and other distinguished prelates, arrived too late to enable them to attend the exercises, very much to their regret.

Very many letters were received, explaining that previous engagements would prevent their arriving in Chicago in time for the exercises, and expressing regret at being unable to attend. Among those whose letters are on file are the following:

Mt. Rev. P. W. Riordan, D.D., archbishop of San Francisco.
Mt. Rev. J. B. Saltpointe, D.D., archbishop of Santa Fe, N. M.
Rt. Rev. Henry Joseph Richter, D.D., bishop of Grand Rapids.
Rt. Rev. Wm. Geo. McCloskey, D.D., bishop of Louisville.
Rt. Rev. Denis M. Bradley, D.D., bishop of Manchester.
Rt. Rev. John Phelan, D.D., bishop of Pittsburg.
Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, C.M., D.D., bishop of Buffalo.
Rt. Rev. J. O'Sullivan, D.D., bishop of Mobile.
Rt. Rev. James Augustine Healy, D.D., bishop of Portland.
Rt. Rev. Ignatius Frederick Horstman, D.D., bishop of Cleveland.

Mt. Rev. John Joseph Williams, D.D., archbishop of Boston.
Mt. Rev. Francis Janssens, D.D, archbishop of New Orleans.
Rt. Rev. John J. Kain, D.D., coadjutor archbishop of St. Louis.
Mt. Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, D.D., archbishop of New York.
Rt. Rev. Henry Cosgrove, D.D., bishop of Davenport.
Rt. Rev. Theophile Meerschaer, D.D., vicar apostolic of Indian Ty.
Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriel, D.D., bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D.D., bishop of Nashville.
Rt. Rev. M. F. Burke, D.D., bishop of St. Joseph.
Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell, D.D., bishop of Omaha.
Rt. Rev. James Ryan, D.D., bishop of Alton.
Bro. Justin, New York.
Rt. Rev. Thos. D. Beaven, D.D., bishop of Springfield.

From Canada:

Cardinal Tachereau, archbishop of Quebec.
Mt. Rev. L. M. Begin, archishop of Cyrene.
Mt. Rev. C. E. Fabre, archbishop of Montreal.
Mt. Rev. J. T. Duhamel, archbishop of Ottawa.
Rt. Rev. L. C. Morean, bishop of Hyacinthe.
Rt. Rev. Max Decelle, bishop of Druzipora.
Rt. Rev. A. A. Bloris, bishop of St. Germain de Rimouski.
Rt. Rev. L. F. Laflache, bishop of Three Rivers.
Hon. L. P. Petterer, secy. Province of Quebec.
Mgr. E. U. Archambault, Montreal.
Abbe Roulian, Quebec.

Vicar-General F. Bourgeault, Montreal, and other Rev. Clergy sent letters of regret, that they were unable to attend and of expressed assurance of full sympathy with the great cause of Catholic education.

Many prelates and clergy called at the Catholic Educational Exhibit and expressed regret that they had not been able to attend.

PRESS NOTICES.

Education Day and the Congress.

The New World this week devotes a large amount of its space to reports of the two great Catholic events of this and last week, Catholic Education day and the Catholic Columbian Congress. We regret that we cannot devote more space to them than is at our disposal. Catholic Education Day was celebrated on last Saturday, and the Catholic Congress opened on Monday of this week. There has already been one Catholic Congress in the United States—the present one is the second. But Catholic Education Day was never before celebrated in the United States—nor in any other country. It would be impossible this year but for the existence of the Catholic Educational Exhibit, and this exhibit would be impossible but for the World's Fair. No one can tell when a World's Fair will again be held in the United States, but Catholic Congresses may be held as often as our Catholic people determine to have them.

This will explain the priority and preference we give to the report of Catholic Education Day in this issue of The New World. But another and stronger reason justified us, which is this: Catholic Education Day was the celebration of the success—may we not say triumph?—of Catholic education in the United States. It was the celebration of the triumph of our Catholic schools, and by our Catholic schools we mean every one of our Catholic educational institutions, from the kindergarten to the university. It is by our Catholic schools, Catholic congresses are made possible. Without our Catholic schools there could not be a Catholic congress in the United States. Our people would be so uneducated, so ignorant, that they could not conceive of a Catholic congress, or they would be so indifferent to the needs of the Church in our country, so de-Catholicized, let us say, that they would never think of holding a Catholic congress.

The Catholic Congress that is now in session in Chicago is the result, the consequence, the fruit of Catholic education. The men who conceived it and the men who are now directing it, as well as those who compose it, are men who, all of them are imbued with the spirit of Catholic education; and many, if not most of them, received in Catholic parochial schools, colleges and universities the talents, the abilities and the spiritual force which they display in this great Catholic Congress.

We devote to reports of the Catholic Congress as much space as possible this week, and we hope to devote to it much more next week. But we make the statement candidly, that, notwithstanding its great importance, we would exclude every line of it from our columns this week, were it necessary to do so in order to make room for the report of Catholic Education Day. The proceedings of last Saturday within the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition, in the presence of more than eight thousand of the Catholic *elite* of the United States, was the greatest, the most imposing and impressive manifestation of the love of American Catholics for education that this country has ever seen. And besides this, it was a declaration, in the presence and hearing of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, that the Catholics of the United States demand Christian education, and that, regardless of cost to them, they will have no other education, except when forced by circumstances of direct necessity.

What stores of strength and spirits the teachers of our Catholic schools took home with them from Festival Hall last Saturday cannot be measured, even by themselves. How the hearts of the pastors must have been cheered, and how their determination to do more and more for the Christian education of our children must have been strengthened by the glorious manifestation they witnessed of the determination of the Catholic laity of the United States to be loyal to the principle of religion in education!—*Editorial New World, Chicago.*

An Authoritative Expression.

The Parliament of Religions was prefaced yesterday with Catholic Education Day. The hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church presided in Festival Hall over an imposing scene, the audience comprising large numbers of the teaching communities, men and women, of that church, assembled in public and in common with the laity for, undoubtedly, the first time in the long history of the creed to which they belong. The speakers were Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque; Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and two eminent laymen, Morgan J. O'Brien. of the Supreme Court of New York, and a gallant soldier and polished advocate of Boston, Thomas J. Gargan.

It will not be contended that the concurrent speech of these hierarchs and laymen is lacking in any note to make it absolutely authoritative on the attitude of their Church on any questions in which Americans or the times are concerned. It was inevitable that the occasion should voice the determination of the hierarchy on the school question: and, judging by the enthusiasm and applause of the audience, the laity are in indivisible accord with their leaders. There was but one strain directed toward the public schools of the country—one of kindness: and only one concerning the parochial schools of the Catholic communion—that of invincible resolution to maintain them in their present complete detachment.

There was frank affirmance of indefinite content to pay the double taxation now borne; but by neither reserve nor intimation was it indi-

cated that any portion of State money would ever be sought to help perpetuate the separate school system. All the speeches and the music were rife with ardent devotion to American institutions.

The oratory, as might have been expected, was characterized by breadth of learning and embellished with the graces of culture.

—*Editorial Chicago Herald, September* 3, 1893.

At the conclusion of the formal ceremony an invitation will be extended to all present to go to the exhibit in the Manufactures Bulding. It is located in the east gallery and takes up half of the entire section on the west side of the great floor. Here Brother Maruelian and a committee appointed for the purpose will receive the visitors and take them through the display, explaining the various methods of instruction and school work exhibited. The specimens of work done by the children to be seen in this department are worthy of particular notice. If the visitors manage to get through the exhibit in the half day that is left them after the ceremony they will have done better than any one has yet been able to do and they will secure a fund of information that will give them food for thought for a long time to come. Plans are being made for the entertainment of the educators and churchmen on the grounds in the evening. and it is probable many of them will remain for the night attractions on the grounds. —*Chicago Evening Post, Sept. 1, 1893.*

No more notable gathering of the priesthood ever faced a speaker than that which Archbishop Feehan saw when he arose to greet the audience at nine o'clock. Festival Hall was crowded with Catholic clergy and laymen, and in the center were several hundred sweet-faced sisters of charity.—*Chicago Herald.*

Speaking of Bishop Spalding's remarks the Chicago *Herald* writes: As the Bishop thundered forth these impassioned sentences the mighty audience rose to its feet and cheered to the echo. The speaker checked himself as the demonstration began, and when the applause died away he declared that he had not intended to make a speech, and abruptly retired to his seat. The remarks and the demonstration they elicited were a fitting climax to a memorable day.

Archbishop Corrigan in referring to the Catholic Educational Exhibit said: What do we find in that educational exhibit? I trust you have all made a special business to examine the magnificent display of our schools and academies in the World's Fair. That exhibit speaks volumes of itself for the self-sacrifice and enthusiastic devotion of the teachers of our Catholic faith, of our sisters, of our brothers, who have toiled day after day to accomplish such results, and all this without State aid, in the midst of many difficulties, sowing in tears that they might reap in joy. The results speak for themselves. [Cheers.] St. John, in one of his homilies, said: "Great, indeed, is the power of the painter, wonderful the profession of the sculptor, of those who make the picture canvas breathe, and the marble instilled with the glow of life: and yet nobler far is he who, from unformed materials, fashions and models the soul to lineaments of virtue." And this is what is being done all our country over by our teachers. [Applause.]—*Chicago Herald.*

The Catholic Educational Exhibit in the Liberal Arts Building is very extensive. The drawing from casts and the plaster bas-relief work in many of the booths are excellent. The example of illuminated text work shown in the California section, the work of the pupils and teachers of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, is exquisite, and excels any work of the same character exhibited in the Columbian Exposition. The system of map drawing continues to be taught in all Catholic schools; the specimens displayed are well drawn and colored with

pretty effect. The profile maps, the work of young children, are most interesting. The lingerie from the various convents is undoubtedly the best at the Fair.—*Art Critic in Chicago Herald.*

Catholic Education Day.

The committee charged with the arrangements of Catholic Education Day, in connection with the Columbian Exposition, which is fixed for September 2, could hardly have chosen two more qualified speakers for the subjects they are to present, than Abp. Ryan, who is to speak on "The Vocation of the Christian Educator," and Abp. Hennessy, whose theme is "The Catholic View of Education."

Both of these distinguished divines have a national, aye, more than a national reputation for eloquence; and what is more to the purpose, both have proven themselves staunch friends of Catholic education and parochial schools. The pages of the current *American Catholic Quarterly* bear testimony, in addition to the many previous similar evidences he has given of the high regard in which the Philadelphia prelate holds the Catholic school and the Catholic teacher; and what better proof of Archbishop Hennessy's qualifications to present the Catholic view of education can be asked than is contained in the simple fact that since he assumed charge of the Dubuque diocese its parochial schools have increased in number from two to one hundred!

The committee in charge of this Catholic Education Day have also done well in providing for addresses which shall show how the Catholic idea of education has benefitted and is still benefitting this country, by imparting to so large an element of the rising generation moral as well as intellectual instruction, and by imbuing them with a patriotic love of their land and its noble institutions. Such addresses cannot fail to remove many of the prejudices with which a certain class of non-Catholics regard the parochial schools, and to effectively silence the slanderous statements sedulously circulated about those institutions by the A. P. A. calumniators.—*Catholic Columbian, Sept. 2, '93.*

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, I wish to express heartfelt thanks for the generous aid and co-operation by which I have been enabled to carry out the difficult work assigned me.

To you, my very dear Bishop, I am profoundly grateful for your kind, prudent, and wise direction in all matters relating to the Catholic Educational Exhibits.

I also offer sincere thanks to the Most Reverend and Right Reverend Prelates, the Reverend Clergy, the Religious Teaching Orders, the Officials of the World's Columbian Exposition and National Commission, the Laity, the Press, and all the Catholic Institutions of Learning who have in any way contributed to the success of the Exhibits.

I have always regarded it a very high privilege to serve the cause of Christian education.

Asking your blessing, I remain,

Very sincerely and gratefully,

Brother Maurelian

Secretary and Manager, Catholic Educational Exhibit.

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